

Charged entirely with its own Natural Cas.

Johannis

Promotes
Appetite,
Assists
Digestion, and
Prolongs Life.

"KING OF NATURAL TABLE WATERS."

INVALUABLE AT CHRISTMASTIDE.

 $\begin{array}{c} \textbf{PRICES} \; \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textbf{Bottles} \;\; ... \;\; ... \\ \textbf{Half Bottles} \;\; ... \\ \textbf{Quarter Bottles} \end{array} \right. \end{array}$

per Case of 50 ... 22 per Case of 100 ... 35 per Case of 100 ... 25

SPRINGS: ZOLLHAUS, GERMANY.

LONDON OFFICE: 25, REGENT STREET, S.W.

PÉRINET ET FILS' EXTRA CHAMPAGNE

PERRY PENS

Everlasting Wear.



Holborn Viaduct, Lonion

Sold by all Stationers.



BILLIARD TABLES

AND FITTINGS.

BURROUGHES AND WATTS, Limited,

Makers to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. Contractors to the British War Department and Admiralty.

Sole Makers of the Patent Eureka Steel Block Cushion,
Acknowledged to be one of the greatest improvements in Billiard Table Manufacture.

SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.



"PRINCE OF WALES"

SMOKING MIXTURE. FRYER & COULTMAN, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1803.



HAIG & HAIG

THE OLDEST DISTILLERS IN THE WORLD.



SCOTS WHISKY



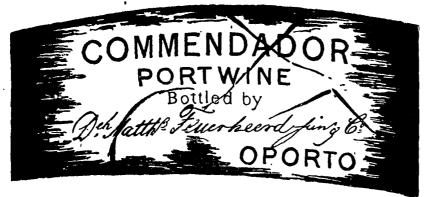
M. B. FOSTER & SONS, Ltd.,

27, BROOK ST., BOND ST., LONDON, W.

FIRST QUALITY
BOTTLED BEERS.
PURE MINERAL WATERS

FEUERHEERD'S "COMMENDADOR" PORT

OLD MATURED IN WOOD.



OMMENDADOR is a fine Tawny Port 25 YEARS OLD IN WOOD, such as is drunk by the shippers in Oporto—as good judges as any in the world of what Port Wine SHOULD be.

The old-fashioned heavy Vintage Port Wines—strong and heady and dark—are fast losing their hold upon the public. Fashion now favours tawny Ports, namely Wines matured in wood, which, although not possessing the peculiar qualities of youthful vigour preserved under the cork, are more pleasant drinking, lighter and of easy digestion.
Such Wine as the COMMENDADOR is now recom-

mended by some of the highest Medical Authorities as a desirable, safe, and pleasant Stimulant for the Gouty (see Opinions of Dr. Peter Hood and Dr. Granville).

The Commendador Port is a light and elegant Wine, and being thoroughly wholesome, may be drunk freely and enjoyed without fear of unpleasant consequences. It is valuable for Invalids and others requiring a safe and pleasant Restorative, and, in fact, for all drinkers of Port Wine where powers of direction are not asked to the house early bettled Wines.

for all drinkers of Port Wine whose powers of digestion are not equal to the heavy early-bottled Wines.

The COMMENDADOR PORT is shipped direct from Oporto by Messrs. D. M. FEUEHHEERD, JUNR., & Co., whose well-known name is a guarantee of the high quality of the Wine. The bottles are packed in Portuguese rush envelopes and shipped in Cases of one and three dozens. N.B.—Each bottle is labelled, and each cork branded with Messrs. FEUERHEERD'S name.

Recent Medical Opinions on the Use of Tawny Port Wine in Gout, &c.

Dr. PETER HOOD, the eminent Gout Specialist, says-

"Notwithstanding its bad reputation as a cause of gout, there is no more wholesome wine than genuine port, when it is matured; and the chief fault which can be imputed to it is that of palatability, which renders people disposed to partake of it too liberally. The wine merchants will allege that long keeping in wood will deprive the wine of two of its most valued qualities—colour and flavour. This may be disputed, but it does not admit of doubt that wines so treated are far more wholesome than those which are bottled earlier. Two or three glasses daily of such wine will act as a grateful stimulant to the stomach, and assist digestion."

Dr. Hood's opinion is supported by the further testimony of the Dietist, Dr. MORTIMER GRANVILLE—

"Stimulants are almost always, I believe, necessary in cases of a gouty tendency, and during the intervals of the attacks I impose no restrictions, except that all alchoholic beverages shall be taken with food, and that new wines shall be avoided. Port which has been long enough in the wood to be thoroughly matured before bottling I regard as not only permissible, but to be recommended, particularly in the cases of those who are much subjected to mental worry, &c."

Ask for

and See that you get it.

PYN-KA is pronounced the Cheapest, Cleanest, Brightest, and Best of Metal Polishers.

PYN-KA was awarded Gold Medal, Berlin, 1886.

PYN-KA contains No Mercury or Deleterious Compound.

PYN-KA Does Not Scratch.

PYN-KA Retains its Brightness Longest with Least Labour.

PYN-KA is used largely in the Army and Navy, the Clubs, Volunteers, Police, and Fire Brigades; also extensively in Hotels, Restaurants, Licensed Victuallers generally, and Coffee Palaces throughout the country.

Ladies use PYN-KA in their Boudoirs.

Butlers use PYN-KA in their Pantries.

Shopkeepers use PYN-KA for Brightening their Brasses.

Bicyclists use PYN-KA for their Machines.

Housekeepers using PYN-KA Refuse All Other Polishing Preparations.

EVERYBODY should use PYN-KA. It saves Labour, Money, Time, and Temper.

You can obtain PYN-KA at all Stores, Chemists, Ironmongers, Grocers, and Oilmen throughout the United Kingdom.

Sold in 1d. and 2d. Tablets (in Tins 3d.)

SAMPLES will be FORWARDED on APPLICATION to the SOLE PROPRIETORS-

THE PYN-KA SYNDICATE, LTD.,

62 & 63, Minories, London, E.; and 41, Lord St., Liverpool.

The Christmas Mumber of The "Freemason."

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1892.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.

"The Queen and the Craft."



OW many are there among the Masons who honour this toast at the banquets which follow our lodge meetings—and during the long and prosperous reign of her Most Gracious Majesty it must have been proposed and honoured many thousands of times, and in nearly every part of the British Empire—how many are there, I ask, who pause to consider why it is the Sovereign Lady of these realms and the Society of Ancient Free and

Accepted Masons should be thus associated together? The majority of them, no doubt, regard it as of the very essence of Freemasonry that at our festive meetings due respect must be paid to the Head of the State. It is done at all such gatherings of loyal Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, wheresoever they may happen to be gathered together, and it stands to reason that a custom which is so religiously observed in the world without Masonry will be observed within it with, if possible, even greater earnestness and cordiality. But the Craft—why is it invariably and so intimately associated with our beloved Sovereign? Though loyalty to the powers that be is one of the fundamental principles of our Society, we cannot, in justice to our fellow countrymen, claim a monopoly of that virtue, and therefore the association cannot be intended to imply that our love and respect for the Queen are greater than those of non-Masons. If her Majesty were a Mason-which is virtually impossible-then the form in which the toast is given might be taken to imply that we honoured her, not only as Head of the State, but also as Head of Freemasonry, which is only a part of the State. A reference to the earlier volumes of the Freemasons' Quarterly Review discloses that in the reign of her Majesty's uncle and predecessor, William IV., the first toast at our Masonic banquets was "The King, the Patron of the Craft." But William IV. had been a Mason for upwards of forty years when he succeeded his brother, George IV., and moreover, on his accession to the throne, he accepted the honorary office of "Patron," which had become vacant by his brother's death. In George IV.'s reign I have no doubt the form of the toast was the same as in King William's time, and for the same reason, George, on becoming Regent for his father, having resigned the position of Grand Master, which he had held for upwards of 20 years, and accepted that of Patron. In what form it may have been given in the days of the First, Second, and Third Georges I know not, though "The King and the Craft" is to be found in the Freemasons' Magazine, which was published in London towards the close of the last century. They were not Masons, but I dare say a mode of expression was adopted when toasting, at all events the First and Second, which served to indicate that, though we were not more loyal than other people, we were very proud of our loyalty as well as of the loyalty which our operative predecessors had always exhibited towards the sovereigns of this country. Yet, I imagine, there must be a reason why this particular toast should be given as it is, especially in the case of her Most Gracious Majesty, and though the brethren may not be conversant with all the details, I do not think it will be necessary to travel far afield or that we shall experience any great difficulty in discovering it.

There are not a few families resident in the United Kingdom in which a love for our Society appears to be hereditary, and although in many instances it will happen that one or more generations of such a family may pass which knows not Masonry, the love is not dead, but only dormant, and in the lapse of time a new generation arises in which the old love for the Fraternity is revived, and the association of the family with Freemasonry is renewed. But though, as I have said, there are many such families among us, there is none, be it gentle or simple, in which the hereditary love for our ancient Craft stands out more conspicuously than it does in our Royal Family. What may have been the nature of the association which is said to have been established between sundry of our sovereigns and the Freemasons before the days of the Hanoverian dynasty, I shall not stop to inquire; but under the auspices of that dynasty the connection between the sovereign and the Craft has been a very

real one for upwards of a century and a half. The first Prince of the Blood who was received into our ranks was Frederick Prince of Wales, the Queen's great-grandfather, who was initiated into Free-masonry at his palace at Kew in 1737, or just a hundred years before her Majesty ascended the throne. This Prince died in 1751, and for the next 15 years the Craft was without a Royal member, but in 1766, the Duke of Verland Clauseters and in 1767, the Duke of 1766, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, and in 1767, the Duke of Cumberland were made Masons, the Duke of York abroad, and the others in England. Of these Royal brethren, who were younger sons of Frederick Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cumberland was elected G. Master in 1782, and retained the office till his death in 1790, when his nephew, George Prince of Wales-who with the Duke of York and Prince William, afterwards Duke of Clarence, had been initiated in 1787—was elected his successor. Of the seven sons of George III. who grew to man's estate, six were members of our Society, and of these six, the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of Kent and Sussex were Grand Masters of England; the Duke of Cumberland, on ascending the the throne of Hanover, became Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of that country, while the Duke of York succeeded his elder brother when the latter became King, as perpetual Master of the Prince of Wales Lodge, and was succeeded by the Duke of Clarence, who retained the office till his accession to the throne in 1830, when he accepted the position of Patron. Of the next generation of the Royal Family, that is, among the grandchildren of George III., the only one who was a Mason was the late George V. of Hanover, who, on his father's death in 1851, became Protector of Hanoverian Masonry and was afterwards initiated in the lodge of the Black Bear, at Hanover. Of the Queen's sons three have been initiated into our Society-the Prince of Wales in Sweden and the Duke of Connaught and the late Duke of Albany in England, while two of her daughters were married to Freemasons, the Princess Royal to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, subsequently Emperor of Germany, who was Deputy Protector and afterwards Protector of Prussian Freemasonry, and the late Princes Alice, who was married to Prince Louis of Hesse, afterwards Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, and Grand Patron of the G. Lodge "zür Eintracht" at Darmstadt. Lastly, we have the Prince of Wales's eldest son, the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who was initiated by his father in the Royal Alpha Lodge in 1885, and at the time of his death in January last was Past S.G.W. of England and Prov. G. Master of Berkshire. Thus, during the 155 years which have elapsed since Frederick Prince of Wales was initiated at Kew, there has been only one brief interval of 15 years, in which the Craft has been unable to boast that it numbered in its ranks one or more members of the Royal Family. This amply justifies the association in our first regular toast of "The Queen and the Craft."

But in narrating these facts, I have been stating only what is pretty generally known by the members of our Society. The following particulars in the Masonic career of the Queen's father—the late Duke of Kent—are in all probability not quite so familiar, and when taken in conjunction with the work accomplished by her eldest son, the Prince of Wales, as Grand Master, and her late grandson, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, and her own generous support of our Institutions, offer a further and still stronger justification for the toast which forms the title of this article.

THE DUKE OF KENT,

Her Majesty's father, is said to have been initiated while on his travels in the Union Lodge at Geneva in the year 1790, and on the fact being made known in the Grand Lodge ("Moderns"), the usual compliment was paid his Royal Highness of constituting him a Past Grand Master. Our official calendar further informs us that in the year of his initiation he was appointed Prov. G. Master of Gibraltar. It is also generally known that he took a principal part with his younger brother, the Duke of Sussex, in effecting the Union of the rival societies of "Ancient" and "Modern" Masons, into which English Freemasonry was divided in the early years of the present century, the opinion being pretty generally held that his Royal Highness was appointed G. Master of the "Ancients" in succession to the Duke of Atholl, in order to facilitate the work of union. But those who accept this opinion literally, and without taking note of

his great merits as a Mason, do a great injustice to the memory of the Duke, who exhibited a deeper interest in Masonic affairs, and rendered more important services to our Society than is generally imagined. This, I think, is made clear by the following details, mostly derived from the archives of the "Ancient" G. Lodge.

Though, as I have just said, the earlier offices that were held by his Royal Highness in Masonry were conferred upon him by the Modern G. Lodge, it was with their rivals "according to the old Institutions," that he more particularly identified himself. In the Athol minutes of the 7th March, 1792, it is recorded that, Deputy Grand Master Agar being in the chair, it was "Moved and seconded that R. W. Brother Alexander Wilson, of Lower Canada, be appointed, under the sanction of this Rt. W. Grand Lodge, Substitute Grand Master of the said Province of Lower Canada"; and also that it was "Ordered upon like motion that our Rt. W. Brother Wm. Jarvys, Esq., soon about to depart for Upper Canada, be invested with a like appointment for the said Province of Upper Canada." In the same minutes, however, will be found a long correspondence re certain disputes among the brethren in Quebec, the following being one of the letters:-

"Quebec, 27th Decr., 1791.

"Right Worshipful Sir and Brother,

"It is with infinite pleasure We have to inform the Grand Lodge of England of the Advancement of Ancient Masoury in this part of the world by the valuable acquisition of His Royal Highness Prince Edward, who has made himself known to our Brother Alexander Wilson as an Ancient Mason, and has consented under his signature to become Provincial Grand Master of Upper and Lower Canada—an office we consider as absolutely necessary for promoting the increase and ease of the Craft in this country, particularly while under the patronage of so exemplary a character as His Royal Highness. And we hope it will appear evident to the Grand Lodge the difficulty Masons must have in the remote parts of these wide extended Provinces to carry forward to England applications for Wayneyers to constitute Lodge. applications for Warrants to constitute Lodges.

'We, therefore, for ourselves and in the name of the Bodies we represent, Supplicate the Grand Lodge to send by the earliest ship for Quebec a Warrant constituting His Royal Highness Prince Edward Provincial Grand Master of Upper and Lower Canada, with Authority to hold a Grand Lodge and to constitute Lodges.

"We have to request you will lay the above circumstances and requisition (in our humble Opinion so advantageous to the Interests of the Society) as early as possible before the Grand Lodge, and we flatter ourselves it will give them much satisfaction and meet their approbation.

"The Warrant, &c., &c., you will please to convey to Alex. Wilson, Esq., Surgeon to the Royal Artillery here, whose zeal and assiduity in promoting the good of Masonry has our hearty thanks, and, we humbly conceive, deserves the attention of the Grand Lodge.

"The amount of the expense attending the above business shall be sent to you by the first returning ship for England.

George Beattic, Master Archibald Ferguson, S.W. John Lynd, S.W. Thos. Ferguson, J.W. Andrew Cameron, J.W. Jas. McDougall, J.W. Jas. McDougall, J.W. "George Beattie, Master of Lodge No. 241. of Lodge No. 40. of Lodge No. 9.

Under these circumstances it is not suprising we should find in the minutes of the next Quarterly Communication, held on the 6th June following, that Deputy G. Master Agar, who presided, after stating to those present the purport of the above letter, pointed out "that in consequence of such application the Authority granted to our Right W. Brother Alexander Wilson, Esq., had been rendered of no effect, and had not been made out or forwarded; and that a Warrant had been granted to His Royal Highness Prince Edward constituting and appointing His Royal Highess Grand Master for the Province of Lower Canada." As Bro. William Jarvys appears to have been in England at the time of the March Communication and to have been invested as Prov. G. Master for Upper Canada, it was of course impossible to comply with so much of the Canadian requisition as concerned the Upper Province, and the Warrant, which is headed

> " Athole ---GRAND MASTER,

James Agar, Depy. Grand Master; Watkin Lewis, Senr. Grand Warden; John Bunn, Junior Grand Warden,

and bears date the 7th March, 1792, was made out accordingly for the Lower Province only. It is unnecessary I should transcribe the whole of this important instrument; but the reasons for granting it and the powers conferred thereunder are set forth in the following terms:

"In order to Remedy the Inconveniences Arising from the Delays and Distance in communicating with the Grand Lodge upon various Occasions by the Warranted Lodges in Lower Canada held under our Authority and to facilitate the Establishment of new Lodges and in order more Effectually and Speedily to Rectify and Determine All Masonic Differences Disputes and Controversies if any such should arise Between the Brethren now resident in the said Province of Lower Canada It was this day in Grand Lodge Resolved That a Warrant be granted appointing a Provincial Grand Master for the Province of Lower Canada and Invested with the full and ample Powers Privileges and Authority by the Constitutions of Masonry Annext to and Vested in the said office of Provincial Grand Master In pursuance whereof we Do hereby Nominate Constitute and Appoint our Trusty and Well Belovel Brother His ROYAL HIGHNESS Prince Edward fourth Son of Our Most Gractous Sovereign Lord George the Third King of Great Britain &c., &c., Grand Master of Masons in the said Province and Invest our said Royal and Worshipful Brother with full and ample Powers Privileges and Authority as aforesaid hereby authorizing and empowering our said Royal and Right Worshipful Brother to grant Warrants and Dispensations for the holding of Lodges and making Free Masons in the said Province and forming the same into Regular Warranted Lodges according to the Most Ancient Custom of the Craft in all Ages and Nations throughout the World and to convene a Grand Lodge when and as often as the same may be deemed necessary and expedient within the said Province AND WE Do by these Presents further Authorize Appoint and Impower Our said Royal and Right Worshipful Brother to Rectify Irregularities and to hear adjudge and Determine all and singular Matters of Complaint Controversies or Disputes if any such should Arise Relative to the Craft when and as often as

the same may Occur in any of our Warranted Lodges or Masonic Jodies or between the Brethren thereof resident or being in the said Province of Lower Canada aforesaid Strictly requiring All and Every our Worthy Brethen in the said Province to be conformable to all the Orders and Decrees which shall be made and to All things done by Our said Royal and Right Worshipful Brother in the due Execution thereof, Our said Royal and Right Worshipful Brother duly conforming to the known and Established Rules and Regulations of the Craft and the said Lodges paying All due respect and conforming to the Laws and Regulations thereof and preserving a regular and Yearly Communication therewith And We Do by these Presents further Authorise and Impower on Royal and Right Worshipful Brother to nominate constitute and appoint his Deputy Grand Master in and over the said Province who shall be invested with the same Powers Privileges and Authority to Act for our said Royal and Right Worshipful Brother our said Provincial Grand Master Aforesaid it his Absence or by his Directions or Desire hereby ratifying and cofirming whatsoever our said Royal and Rt Worshipful Provincial Grand Master or his Deputy shall legally do in the due Execution of their respective Offices aforesaid

The Warrant containing these provisions, which was signed and sealed with the Seal of the Grand Lodge by "R. Leslie, G.S.," reached its destination, but without any "Order of Deputation" for the installation of his Royal Highness-it would be difficult to find an occasion on which G. Secretary Leslie discharged his duty in other than a slipshod, perfunctory manner. Hence the Masters and Wardens of Nos. 9, 40, and 241 took upon themselves to authorise "Alexander Wilson, Esq., Doctor of Physick, one of our Master Masters (! Masous) to Hold a Grand Lodge in the City of Quebec and there to install with due Honor His Royal Highness Prince Edward Grand Master of Ancient York Masons for the Province of Lower Canada aforesaid, and Gratulating the Brethren thereupon, forthwith to close the said Grand Lodge and afterwards transmit what he shall do and cause to be done by virtue of these presents to the Ancient Grand Lodge of London." This authority hears date the 21st June, 1792, the names at foot being those of the Masters and Wardens of the said lodges, with that of "W. Lindsay June, G.S. for the Installation" Accordingly on the following days County Lodge was the following days County Lodge with the county of the following days County Lodge with the county of the following days County Lodge with the county of the following days County Lodge with the county of the following days of the county o Installation." Accordingly on the following day a Grand Lodge was held in the Masonic Hall, Quebec, and Brother Wilson, as Grand Master, having appointed his officers from among the brethren present, solemnly and in accordance with ancient usage installed his Royal Highness as Provincial Grand Master of Lower Canada. The Princethen appointed the said Bro. Wilson his Deputy G. Master, and the rest of the P.G. officers, comprising two Wardens, Treasurer, Secretary, two Deacons, Pursuivant, and Tyler. The newly-installed Prov. G. Master and his officers and the lodges under his obedience and their officers then marched to church in procession and attended divine service, and I have no doubt the day concluded in the usual manner among Masons, with a banquet and the customary loyal and Masonic toasts. An account of these proceedings as to the installation of his Royal Highness was forwarded to the Atholl Grand Lodge in London, and at its Quarterly Communication, on the following 5th September, it was Ordered "That the same be Inserted in the Minutes, and that a congratulatory address be presented to his Royal Highness upon the occasion—the same to be drawn up by or under the direction of our Rt. W. Deputy Grand Master, and forwarded by the Secretary with all convenient dispatch.'

Of the Prince's acts as G. Master I am unable to furnish information, but that he must have succeded in ingratiating himself with the fraternity in Lower Canada, both "Moderns" as well as "Ancients, is shown by the very hearty address which was presented to his Royal Highness when he was on the eve of quitting Canada for England, and which bore the signatures of the leading representatives of both Societies. Strange to say, this address, which is dated "Quebec, January 9, 1794," expresses an earnest hope that a Union of the rival Societies may be effected at as early a date as possible, while the Prince to whom it was addressed was, many years later, one of the chief instruments in bringing about such Union. The address and the reply will be found in the Freemasons' Magazine, Vol. III., July to December, 1794, the passages in the two relating to the much-desired Union being printed in italics in the

said Magazine, and reading as follows:

(1) We have a considertial hope that under the conciliating influence of your Royal Highness, the Fraternity in General of Freemasons in his Majesty's dominions will be united .- In the address.

(2) You may trust that my utmost efforts shall be exerted that the much wished for union of the whole Fraternity of Masons may be effected.—In the Prince's reply.

Let me add that the Address is signed, on behalf of the two Fraternities, by "William Grant, D.G.M. of Modern Masons," and "Thomas Ainslie, D.G.M. of Ancient Masons."

Many years elapse before we again read of the Duke of Kent taking any prominent part in the proceedings of Ancient Masonry. Indeed, the negotiations for a Union of the two societies in England had been in progress for a considerable time, when his Royal Highness, having graciously signified his intention of accepting the invitation he had received to be present at the Anniversary Festival of the Masonic Institution for Clothing and Educating the Sons of Deceased and Indigent Ancient Mason act of respect to the Duke, "as H.R.H. had been Grand Master of the Ancient Masons of Canada, to receive him with Masonic honours in Grand Lodge." Accordingly, a special communication was summoned for the 18th May, 1813, at which his Grace the Duke of Atholl, Grand Master, presided, and at which there were present, in addition to his Royal Highness, Bro. Thomas Harper, Deputy G. Master; Bros. James Perry and James Agar, Past Deputy G. Masters; Bro. Archibald Herron, S.G.W.; Bro. Jeremiah Cranfield, J.G.W.; several Past G. Wardens; Bro. Robert Leslie, G. Secretary; Bro. W. C. Clarkson, G. Treasurer; Bro. Edwards Harper, Dep. G. Secretary; Bro. the Rev. H. I. Knapp, Dep. G. Chaplain; Bro. Robert McCann, G.S.B.; and the representatives of the lodges in

and adacent to London. Grand Lodge, having been formed, "received His Royal Highness upstanding, after the custom among Master Masons. His Grace the Duke of Atholl, being on the throne, congratuated Grand Lodge and the fraternity on this cordial visit of our illustrious Brother, and paid a very high and just compliment to the active zeal and lively interest which H.R. Highness had always manifested for the Fraternity. His Royal Highness made an elegant reply to the Most Noble and R.W. Grand Master, and expressed in the warmest terms his unchangeable affection and attachment to Masonry according to the Ancient Institution and to the Grand Lodge of England in which those principles were so purely and correctly preserved. His Royal Highness further said that upon every occasion he should be happy to co-operate with them in exerting themselves for the preservation of the Rights and Principles of the Craft, and that, however desirable an Union might be with the other Fraternity of Masons, it could only be desirable if accomplished on the basis of the Ancient Institutions, and with the maintenance of all the rights of the Ancient Craft." Grand Lodge was then closed in ample form, and the G. Master, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, and a large company of the G. Officers and brethren took

part in the celebration of the Boys' School Festival What further I have to relate concerns principally the important part played by his Royal Highness, in bringing about the Union of the two Societies, the negotiations for which had reached so critical a point, that it was deemed necessary there should be a conference between the heads of the two Grand Lodges. With the object of arranging for such conference, the Deputy Grand Master called for a Special Meeting of the Ancient Grand Lodge, to be held on the 4th August, 1813, at which was read a letter, dated 12th July, from Bro. William Henry White, G. Secretary, in which he stated, by command of the Dake of Sussex, Grand Master "of the Society of Free and Accepted Masons, under the patronage of the Prince Regent, that the Grand Lodge of that Society feeling, with its Royal Grand Master, the fullest conviction that the Union, so long contemplated by the two Societies of Masons in England, would be of the greatest advantage to the Craft in general, has requested and empowered his Royal Highness, the Grand Master to take such steps as may appear most proper for arranging and concluding so desirable an object upon terms that may be equal and honourable to both parties, trusting that a correspondent disposition continues on the part of the Society under his Grace the Duke of Atholl." He (Bro. White) therefore stated that he had it in command from the Duke of Sussex, to express his wish "to have a meeting as early as possible on the subject, should the proposal accord with the sentiments of your Society." A letter was also read, bearing date the 13th July, from Bro. Harper to the Duke of Atholl, in which, after informing his Grace of the receipt of Bro. White's letter, he expresses it as his opinion that "it would be extremely desirable if your Grace could be present at this interview," and expressed the hope that should that not be practicable, his Grace would honour him with "his sentiments as to the method proposed." He further asks that, "in the event of your Grace not being able to be present, that you would be pleased to signify your pleasure as to our Royal Brother the Duke of Kent being appointed to act instead on this occasion, His Royal Highness being firmly attached to the Ancient Craft and not disposed to concede any of its Rights, Privileges, or Ancient Landmarks." The Duke of Atholl's reply was also read, dated "Dunkeld, July 30th 1813," in which he said it would be impossible for him to be present at any meeting at that time, but, added his Grace, "I am perfectly persuaded that our interests would he eminently guarded in any discussion that might arise and the landmarks of the Ancient Craft adhered to by our noble brother, His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, if he could be prevailed upon to act in my stead, and I am perfectly ready either to solicit our noble brother by letter or to authorise you to wait on His Royal Highness in my name, whichever a Committee of the Grand Lodge may think most expedient and fitting." On this the Grand Lodge unanimously resolved that Deputy Grand Master Harper and Past Deputy Grand Masters Perry and Agar "do wait upon his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent respectfully to communicate to Him the earnest desire of our Most Noble Grand Master of this Grand Lodge that he would be graciously pleased to take upon himself this office so important to the welfare and prosperity of the Ancient Craft." It was further resolved that a letter in reply be written to Bro. White, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge under the Duke of Sussex, Grand Master, informing him that the Ancient Grand Lodge had appointed Grand Master H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, Deputy Grand Master Harper, and Past Deputy Grand Masters Perry and Agar as a Commission "to meet with a Commission to be appointed on their part with full powers to confer on, and agree to a basis upon which the said Union may be happily effected." At a Special Grand Lodge held on the St. No. 1 happily effected." held on the 8th November a letter was read from his Grace the of Atholl "intimating his desire of resigning the office of Grand Master in favour of his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent;" and after compliments had been paid to his Grace, and Bro. Harper had been requested and consented to continue in office as Deputy Grand Master, and had been placed in the chair and saluted in due form, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent was unanimously elected Grand Master, and as his Royal Highness had already signified his intention to accept the office, it was arranged that his installation should take place with all the ancient forms and ceremonies on the 1st December following at high noon. Ten brethren were appointed Stewards "to assist in the solemnities of the day," and an "Outline of the Order of Proceeding on the Installation"

It is not necessary I should give in full was adopted. this outline, which was strictly carried out in all its details. Suffice it to say, that on its being announced to the Grand Master in the chair that the Grand Master elect had arrived, it provided for his introduction into Grand Lodge "in ample form," the procession in which his Royal Highness was the principal figure, being led by "the Grand Pursuivant with his Staff," followed by "His Royal Highness's band of music, being Masons," and "the Regalia of the Grand Master elect on a velvet cushion, to be borne by a Grand Steward," and flanked on either side by "Two Grand Stewards, with their Staves." Then came the "Nine Excellent Masters, three and three, bearing the implements of Masonry. The first Three with those of the Entered Apprentices. The Second Three with those of the Fellow Craft. The last Three with those of the Master Masons." Then followed "Banner of the Royal Arch," borne before the "Grand Principal of the Holy Royal Arch," and then the several Grand Officers, the Junior G. Warden, preceded by his Pillar, being immediately in front of "The Standard of Ancient Masons," flanked by Past Grand Wardens, the Senior Grand Warden, preceded by his Pillar, following. Then other Grand Officers, visitors of distinction, &c., &c.; the whole closing with the Grand Master elect, preceded by his banner and Grand Sword Bearer, supported by two Grand Masters of other Grand Lodges, the Duke of Sussex—who, with the Grand Officers attending him, had been previously made "Ancient" Masons in Grand Master's Lodge, No. 1, held for the purpose in an adjoining room—being one, and followed by Grand Stewards and the Grand Tyler. This imposing procession was, according to the order of the day, to approach the Grand Master by the left, each member on passing the throne to make his due reverence, the Grand Master elect to make his reverence "opposite the throne, after which all the members standing shall salute him in the First Degree." The salutes, on the second and third circumambulations, were in the Second and Third Degrees respectively, after which his Royal Highness was to be "conducted by his supporters up the centre of the Lodge, the Grand Officers being ranged on both sides, to the throne, and then all the other Grand Officers shall take their respective places." Then having gone through the ceremonials which cannot be written or printed, "his Royal Highness was invested with the emblems, apron and gloves of Grand Master." After which he was installed in the chair, and "put on his hat," and the banners having been placed over the throne, and the Holy Bible, &c., laid before him, the Grand Chaplain proclaimed the installation, after sound of trumpet, in an audible voice, thrice, the brethren saluting after each proclamation, in the First Degree, after the first proclamation; in the Second Degree, after the second; and in the Third Degree, after the third. Then, in order to constitute his Grand Lodge in ample form, his Royal Highness appointed Bro. Thomas Harper Deputy Grand Master, who withdrew and was introduced with similar ceremony, and clothed, installed, and saluted. The remainder of the proceedings included "an exposition of the antiquity and principles of Ancient Masonry, with an Exhortation to the Craft on the view which opens of the future prosperity of the Grand Lodge by the Union of all Masons under the high auspices of the Illustrious Princes of the House of Brunswick," which was delivered by Bro. James Perry, Past Deputy Grand Master; after which Grand Lodge was closed, to meet again in Quarterly Communication at 8 p.m., the illustrious and other brethren repairing in the interval to another room, where a sumptuous banquet was served, the Grand Master being supported by the Duke of Sussex and his Excellency Count La Gardje, Past Grand Master of Masons

In the evening when the regular Quarterly Communication was held, after the minutes of the Special Grand Lodge of the 8th November and of the Stewards' Lodge of the 17th November had been read and confirmed, and the Grand Officers "for the ensuing year, or until they should be relieved from the duties thereof," elected, his Royal Highness the Grand Master "announced that in consequence of the appointment which he had received from the Grand Lodge upon the 1st of September, in conjunction with the Right Worshipful Brother Thos Harper, Deputy Grand Master, and the R.W. Brothers Perry and Agar, Past Deputy Grand Masters, they had held several conferences with H.R. Highness the Duke of Sussex, Grand Master of the other Fraternity, who was also assisted by three of Ilis Grand Officers-the R.W. Brother Walter Rodwell Wright, Provincial Grand Master of the Ionian Isles, and Brothers Tegart and Deans, Past Grand Wardens, the happy result of which was that Articles of Union between the two Grand Lodges of Masons in England were signed and sealed in duplicate at Kensington Palace, on the 25th November last," and His Royal Highness laid the same before the Grand Lodge. The announcement of this Great Event was received "with Masonic acclamations and the said Articles were read," and thereupon the following resolutions were moved and "carried in the affirmative unanimously," namely:

- (1) "That the Articles of Union now read be Ratified and Confirmed.
- (2) "That the Most Worshipful His Royal Highness the Grand Master be requested and empowered to affix the Great Scal thereto and to exchange the same with His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex as Grand Master of the other Fraternity.
- (3) "That brotherly application be made to the Grand Lodges of Scotland and Ireland, enclosing them a copy of the above Articles when ratified, and entreating them to delegate two or more enlightened members of their respective bodies to be present at the

Assembly of Union on Monday, the 27th December instant, pursuant to Article IV.

- (4) "That the Grand Master do nominate nine worthy and expert Master Masons and Past Masters to discharge the duties set forth in Articles V. and XV.
- (5) "That a Special dispensation under the Grand Seal be issued to these nine Brothers and their Secretary, to hold a Lodge of Reconciliation, in conjunction with an equal number to be appointed and empowered by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex to fulfil the duties set forth in the said Articles of Union.
- (6) "That the Master, Wardens, and Past Masters of the Warranted Lodges do attend the said Lodge of Reconciliation according to Notices to be addressed to them, for the purpose of being obligated, certified, and registered, to entitle them to be present at the Assembly of Masons for the Union of the two Grand Lodges of England on Monday, the 27th December instant.
- (7) "That the Secretary of the said Lodge of Reconciliation shall keep a book, in which shall be entered the names of all the Regular Members of the Lodges belonging to both Fraternities so obligated and certified, that they may be registered without fee or reward in the books of the two Grand Lodges, and be thereby entitled to tickets of admission to the said Assembly of Union; and that a correct return of the whole be made to the Grand Secretary on or before the 23rd December instant.
- (8) "That the Grand Treasurer be directed to issue a sufficient sum out of the fund, to defray the expenses of the said Union, upon the drafts of the Deputy Grand Master, who shall submit vouchers of the appropriation thereof to the Stewards' Lodge.
- (9) "That a number of copies of the above Articles of Union be printed for the use of the Lodges at home and abroad.
- (10) "That a copy of these Resolutions be transmitted to the Grand Secretary of the Society of Freemasons, of which His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex is Grand Master, for the information of their Grand Lodge."

With the transaction of other business of lesser importance the proceedings of this eventful day were brought to a close. On the following 23rd of December a last meeting of the Grand Lodge of Ancient Masons according to the Old Institutions was held under the presidency of Bro. Thomas Harper, Deputy Grand Master, at which H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex and several members of the other Fraternity, in attendance on his Royal Highness, were present. In the course of the proceedings, upon motion made by R.W. Past Deputy Grand Master Perry, it was resolved unanimously "That the most grateful thanks of this Grand Lodge begiven to the Most Worshipful His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent and Strathearn, Grand Master of Masons of England according to the Old Institutions for the gracious condescension with which he came forward in a most interesting moment, and yielded to our earnest and unanimous desire to take upon himself the truly important Task of negociating a Union with the Fraternity of Masons, of which His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex is Grand Master; for the zeal, ability, and conciliation which he displayed in all the conferences that took place in the progress of the same-for the firm and brotherly determination with which he asserted, maintained, and secured the Ancient Landmarks of the Craft, as well as the rights and privileges of this Grand Lodge and of all its constituents—for the earnest and strict attention which he paid to the principles of perfect equality upon which the Union was to be founded, and of the pure unity of obligation, discipline, and working to be established, by which alone the Union which was effected could be rendered truly cordial, and an unsullied system of Masonry be consolidated in the Metropolis of the British Empire. And they beg leave to express the lively and warm sense which they entertain of the noble generosity which His Royal Highness has manifested in the intimation that he has made to us of his design to move in the General Assembly of the two Fraternities to be held on the day of St. John the Evangelist, that his illustrious Brother, the Duke of Sussex, should be elected Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of Ancient Freemasons of England, a proof of the distinguished spirit by which His Royal Highness has been actuated throughout the whole of this concern, so important to the cause and interests of Masonry throughout the world. And, further, to be seech His Royal Highness to be graciously pleased to sit for His picture in quality of of their Grand Master, that the same may be placed in the Hall of the United Fraternity." Thanks were also voted to the Deputy Grand Master for his services to the Ancient Fraternity during the preceding 28 years, and to Bro. Perry, Past Deputy Grand Master, for his services to the same body generally, and for the talents and eloquence he had at all times displayed in their behalf, and then we are told that "Grand Lodge was closed in due form, and adjourned till St. John's Day next ensuing, then to meet in Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, London, at the hour of ten o'clock in the fore-

Of the part played by the Duke of Kent in the memorable "Assembly of Union." in Freemasons' Hall, on the 27th December, 1813, it is unnecessary to speak. A full account of the meeting will be found in Preston's "Illustrations of Freemasonry," as edited by the late Bro. the Rev. George Oliver, D.D. Suffice if to say, that the Union was effected in the spirit, and on the terms indicated in the foregoing excerpts from the Atholl minutes, and that on the proposition of his Royal Highness of Kent, his illustrious brother, the Duke of Sussex, was elected by acclamation Grand Master of the United Fraternities. Nor is there much else to record of his Royal High-

ness's Masonic acts during the remainder of his life. He presided at the Anniversary Festival of the Institution for Boys in 1814, and died in 1820, a short time before his father, George III., leaving an only daughter, the Princess Victoria, who, in June, 1837, ascended the throne of the United Kingdom, and still reigns over it as its Sovereign Lady.

Thus have I set forth—in greater detail than was absolutely necessary, because the incidents in the Masonic career of the Duke of Kent, as derived from the "Ancient" minutes are less fully and generally known than they deserve to be—a number of circumstances which give point and emphasis to the association which has been established by custom in our first and most honoured toast at all Masonic festivities between her Gracious Majesty the Queen and the Craft of Freemasonry. They demonstrate clearly that to her illustrious father, as well as to his younger brother, the Duke of Sussex, the Fraternity is deeply indebted, not only for the interest le manifested in our Society, but also for the active and beneficent part he took in the most momentous Masonic event of the present century. Moreover, they will help to infuse—if that be possible—still greater enthusiasm into the proposal and acceptance of the suid toast when it is realised that it is to the Queen's father, acting in conjunction with one of the Queen's uncles, that the Craft in England mainly owes its present position.

But there are still other reasons which give force to the conjunction in the aforesaid toast. The Queen is not only the daughter of an illustrious Mason, but the mother of three, and the grandmother in the direct line of descent of one, who have—or to our sorrow, be it said, in the case of two of them, had in their lifetime—distinguished themselves as members of our Society. Among them

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

as the eldest son of her Majesty and as having occupied the foremost place in English Masonry for the last 18 years, is of necessity the central figure. His Royal Highness was made a Mason, while on a visit to the Swedish Court, by the late King of Sweden-who wat assisted in his task by the present King-towards the close of the year 1868, the event, which turned out to be fraught with such importans consequences to the Craft in this country, being announced in Grand Lodge by the then Grand Master, Bro. the Earl of Zetland, at the June Communication, 1869. After making the announcement, his lordship stated his intention of moving at the next Quarterly Communication in September that, in accordance with precedent, the rank of Past Grand Master be conferred on his Royal Highness, and he added that the Prince had already expressed his wish to become a member of three or four English lodges, so that he might the more thoroughly identify himself with the Fraternity. In the ensuing September, Bro. Bagshaw, P.G.M. Essex, acting as G.M. in the absence of the Earl of Zetland, proposed that the rank of Past G.M. be conferred on the Prince; and at the Quarterly Communication on the 1st December following, as soon as the minutes of the September meeting had been confirmed, his Royal Highness was introduced into Grand Lodge, and the Earl of Zetland, M.W.G.M., invested him with the insignia of his rank, the Prince acknowledging the honour in a brief, but appropriate, speech. In 1874, on the retirement from Free-masonry of the Marjuis of Ripon, M.W.G.M., his Royal Highness was pleased to accept the office of Grand Master thus suddenly vacated, and on the 28th April, 1875, in the presence of from 8000 to 10,000 brethren, he was installed as M.W. Grand Master by Bro. the Earl of Carnarvon, Pro Grand Master, in a Grand Lodge holden in the Royal Albert Hall. South Kensington, the speech addressed to the brethren by his Royal Highness after his induction into the chair being received with unbounded enthusiasm by those present, who made the vast hall ring again and again with their cheers, the passages which were acclaimed with the greatest heartiness being that in which he declared, with exceptional emphasis, that it would be impossible for him while he lived to forget the events of so memorable a day, and his declaration that the fundamental principles of Freemasonry were "Loyalty and Charity."

Since that glorious event the occasions have been very numerous on which his Royal Highness the M.W. Grand Master has exhibited his sympathy with the grand principles enunciated by him in the Royal Albert Hall, as well as the great personal interest he has always taken in the more active pursuits of Masonry. In the year following his installation he laid with Masonic ceremonial the foundation-stones of the new Docks at Bombay, the new Market at Gibraltar, and the new Post Office at Glasgow. In 1880 he visited Truro, for the purpose of performing a similar function in connection with the Cathedral about to be erected in that city; while in 1882 he presided in Grand Lodge, and moved that an address be presented to her Majesty the Queen, congratulating her on her providential escape from the hands of a would-be assassin; his Royal Highness subsequently attending at Buckingham Palace at the head of a deputation from Grand Lodge—all wearing their Masonic regalia—and presenting the said address to her Majesty. In connection with the visit of the Prince to Grand Lodge for this special purpose it may be mentioned by way of parenthesis that his brothers, the Dukes of Connaught and Albany, were also present, it being the only occasion I can call to mind on which the three Royal brothers attended Grand Lodge together. In 1883 the Prince laid the memorial-stone, firstly, of the Indian Institute at Oxford, and secondly, of the New Institute of Art. Science, and Literature, at York, while in 1884 he performed a like office on behalf of the Chapel of the new schools of the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's at Redhill. In 1885 he had the very great pleasure of initiating his eldest son, Prince Albert

Victor, in the Royal Alpha Lodge, No. 16, and two years later he presided at the second grand Masonic gathering held in the Royal Albert Eall, and moved an address of congratulation to the Queen on the completion of the Jubilee year of her happy and glorious leign. On this occasion upwards of 6000 brethren were assembled, while the address itself was presented to her Majesty at Osborne ly a deputation from Grand Lodge, headed by his Royal Highness. In 1888 two noteworthy events occurred. In the first place, Grand Lodge, in order to show its appreciation of the great services rendered to the Craft by his Royal Highness, voted a sum of £500 for the purpose of presenting a diamond butterfly to the Princess of Wales on the occasion of the Silver Wedding of their Royal Highnesses; and in June, the Prince, supported by his Majesty the King of Sweden, who 19 years previously, had assisted at his initiation into the Craft, presided at the Centenary Festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, when the total of donations and subscriptions was announced as exceeding £50,000. Subsequently by way of completing this asspicious duty on behalf of our senior Institution, his Royal Highness, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, visited the School, and formally opened the new Hall, which in the meantime had been erected out of the proceeds of the Centenary Celebration. There are many other occasions on which the Prince has demonstrated his love for the Craft, and many are the public functions in which he has taken part in his capacity of Grand Master of English Masons; but there is only one that I need add to the list I have enumerated, namely, the installation in the late autumn of 1890, of his son, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, as Grand Master of the newly-created Province of Berkshire. But in order to make this brief retrospect of his career in Masonry more complete, it seems fitting I should record that his Royal Highness is Grand Patron of the Order in Scotland and Ireland, and that previous to the part he took in the Girls' School Centenary, his Royal Highness had already presided as Chairman at a Festival of each of our three Masonic Charities. With reference to the private lodges of which he is or has been an enrolled member, it is needless to enumerate more than a few, among the most prominent being the Prince of Wales, No. 259, of which he is perpetual Master, the Royal Alpha Lodge, No. 16, and the Apollo University Lodge, No. 357, of which he was installed Master in 1873. In the case of the Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 259, of which his greatuncle, George Prince of Wales, was founder and perpetual Master, his Royal Highness was present at the celebration of its centenary a few years since, and has always evinced the greatest interest in its welfare.

The Prince of Wales, his brother, the Duke of Connaught, and the late Duke of Albany belong to the fifth of the generations of the Royal Family which have successively furnished members to our Society, and it will certainly give the appearance of greater completeness to this paper if I state a few particulars of the Masonic career of the Queen's eldest grandson in the direct line of descent,

THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE,

who was introduced into Freemasonry under the auspices of his illustrious father and by him initiated into the mysteries of our ancient Craft, as already stated, in the Royal Alpha Lodge, No. 16. Shortly after that important ceremony, the young Prince, who had but just attained his majority, was passed to the Degree of Fellow Craft in the Lodge of Friendship, No. 100, Great Yarmouth, and still later was raised to the Sublime Degree of Master Mason in the Isaac Newton University Lodge, No. 859, Cambridge. In 1887 he was appointed Senior Grand Warden of United Grand Lodge, and on the lamented death of Bro. Sir Daniel Gooch, Bart., P.G.M. of Berks and Bucks, and the sub-division of that Province into two separate and

distinct Provinces which followed that event, his Royal Highness was appointed Prov. G. Master for the Royal County of Berkshire, and formally installed, as I have before mentioned, by his father, the Most Worshipful Grand Master. In the year of the Queen's Jubilee, the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the Jubilee Wing of the Northampton Infirmary, and in 1891 he did Bro. Lord Carrington the honour to instal him in office as Provincial G. Master of Buckinghamshire. He had also served as W.M. of the Royal Alpha Lodge, and at the time of his death was W. Master-elect of the Studholme Lodge No. 1591, and a candidate for exaltation to the Royal Arch Degree in the Chapter attached to that Lodge. But before these and the further distinctions which assuredly awaited him could be conferred upon him, his Royal Highness was prematurely cut, off to the deep grief of his illustrious parents; the Queen, his grandmother; the illustrious lady, the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, with whom, had it pleased the Great Architect to prolong his life, he would have been, a few weeks later, united in wedlock; and the whole British nation. But though his career was brought to so untimely a close, the late Duke had been long enough a member of our Fraternity to have endeared himself to its members generally, but in a more especial degree to those with whom he had been brought into contact either in Grand or his Provincial Grand Lodge, or in the private lodges of which he was a member.

I have thus given, firstly, general reasons, based on the fact of the Queen being the head of what may properly be described as a thoroughly Masonic family; and secondly, certain special reasons, derived from the fact that her father and her eldest son were Grand Masters of England, and her late grandson, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, a distinguished member of our United Grand Lodge and Prov. G. Master of Berkshire; which amply justify the association of the Craft with her Majesty in our first and most familiar toast. To these I am able to furnish other reasons on her Majesty's own account, derivable from the generous support and patronage which she has been pleased to extend, during the greater part of her reign, to our Masonic Institutions. Her Majesty is Chief Patroness of the Girls' School, became firstly Patroness in 1852—and more recently Grand Patroness-of the Boys' School, and is a Vice-Patron of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution; and her claims on our loyalty and respect are enhanced by these as by the other facts I have enumerated. However, it is not necessary I should prolong this paper. I have already extended it beyond the limits I had originally marked out, because, as regards the Masonic career of the Duke of Kent, the part he took in the affairs of "Ancient" Masonry is not so widely known as it deserves. Preston appears to have allowed his bias towards the "Modern" Society to outrun the absolute impartiality he should have shown as an historian, and those who are content to read his "Illustrations of Masonry" without going further into the history of the Union and the circumstances which brought it about will, in all probability, remain under the impression that the Duke of Kent was an ornamental G. Master rather than one who understood and was prepared to safeguard the interests of the Society he presided over. As a matter of fact, there is no member of our Royal Family in past days-with the solitary exception, perhaps, of the Duke of Sussex-to whom the Craft owes a deeper debt of gratitude than to the Queen's father; just as in the present day there is none to whom, for similar reasons, we are more grateful than her eldest son. Hence this toast of ours—"The Queen and the Craft"—above and beyond the propriety of the association of which it is the symbol, has a special significance of its own which the mero verbal form in which it is expressed is quite incapable of conveying; and I can only hope, as I am sure all the readers of this journal must hope, that for many years to come, "The Queen and the Craft" will retain its place of honour among the toasts of our Lodges, in whatever localities in the British they may be authorised to assemble.

Brotherly Love.

"Let Brotherly Love continue."

As modern science with its wond'rous skill Imperious bends, subservient to her will, The power electric o'er the earth's wide face Alike, annihilating time and space; Our mystic science, hallowed from Above, Sends forth its message of fraternal love; From Arctic regions to the torrid sun, The electric flash of Brotherhood will run.

Solo and Chorus-

Speed, swift, O spark of Love to distant lands, In circling sympathy unite our hands; Dispel dark Error with thy splendour bright, And Truth reveal in thy effulgent light.

Of parts conjoined, yet perfect as a whole, The cable joins the North to Southern pole; The lightning current flows with rapid force, But slightest flaw will stay its useful course. And so with us, joined in fraternal ties, Should cold mistrust within our hearts arise; The chain of sympathy, one link but gone, No longer binds two friendly souls as one.

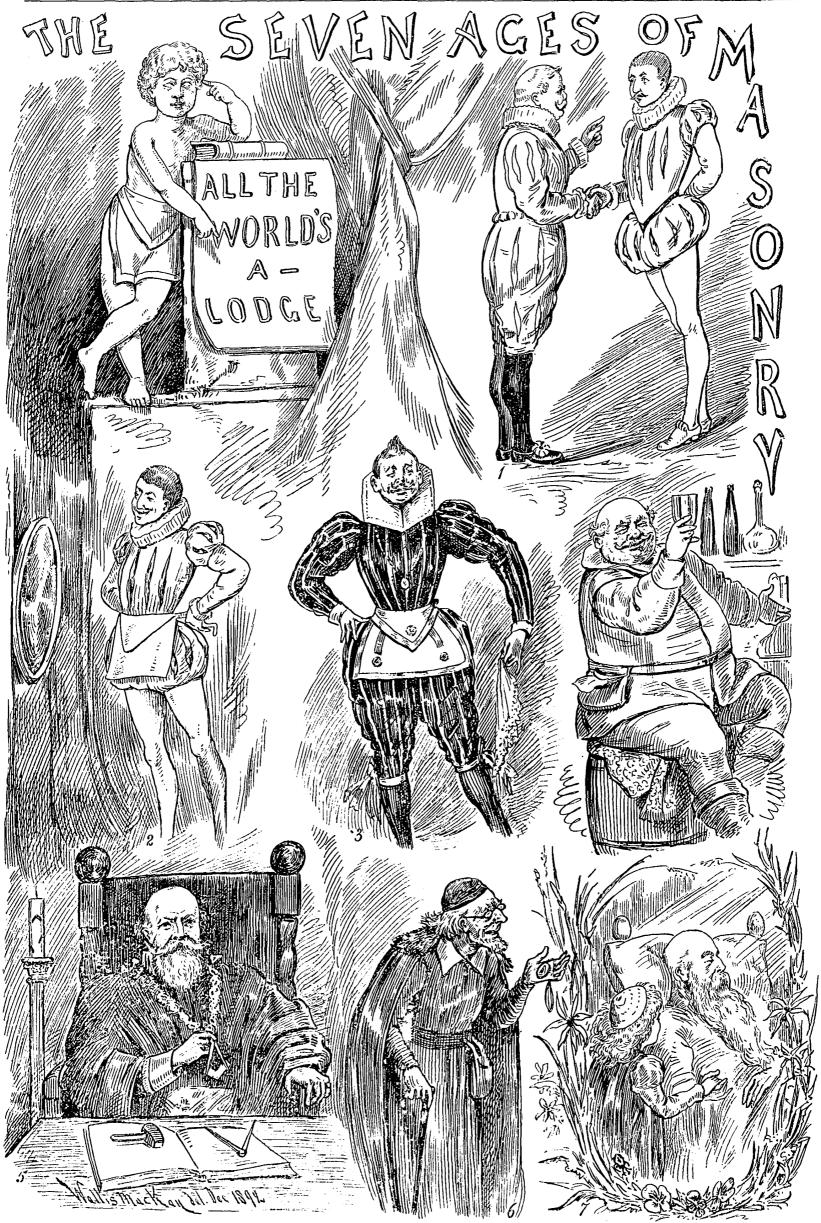
Solo and Chorus-

Speed, swift, O spark of Love, &c.

The Electrician in his watchful care, Will neither time nor auxious toil forbear; Strive to the utmost, to enhance his fame, And grateful thanks from future ages claim. Such be our task, that home and foreign land Be linked together in unbroken band, Prove to the world, that pure Masonic love, Is but the forecast of Grand Lodge Above.

SOLO AND CHORUS-

Speed, swift, O spark of Love, &c.



(1) At first the Initiate, Learning and rehearsing, in the Instructor's hands. (2) And then the Smiling Apprentice, with his Apron and shining evening clothes, preparing with alacrity to attend his Lodge. (3) And then The Master Mason, proud as a pracock, with a jovial ballad made for his Brothers' cars. (4) Then The Mason of "The Fourth Degree," seeking bubble reputation even in the goblet's mouth. (5) And then The Worshipfel, Master, with eyes serence and beard of snowy white, full of wise thoughts and Masonic information; and so he plays his part. (6) The sixth stage Shifts into the lean and slippered Past Officer, who pipes and chatters of his memories. (7) Last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, in love of childhood and sweet oblivion, sans

The Dumfries Kilwinning MSS.



ELDERS of the excellent History of the "Dumfries Kilvinning Lodge, No. 53," by Bro. James Smith, will be aware that through our Brother's researches, assisted by other local Craftsmen, five more copies of the "Old Clarges" have been traced, all of which are domiciled in Dumfries. The oldest four belong to Lodge No. 53, and the junior is the property of the "Thistle Lodge, No. 62."

Prior to their discovery, but five of these important documents were known in Scotland, one of which is simply a late transcript. These are familiar to Masonic students by their ordinary titles, viz., 1, The "Kilwinning MS" of A.D. 1665 circa; (Mother Lodge Kilwinning, No, 0.); 2, The "Atcheson Haven MS," dated 19th May, 1666 (an extinct lodge, but the scroll is in the library of the Grand Lodge of Scotland); 3, The "Aberdeen MS." of A.D. 1670 ("The Aberdeen Lodge, No. 13."); 4, "The Melrose MS. No. 2," of December, 1674 ("The Melrose Lodge, No. 12"); 5, The "Melrose MS. No 3," a transcript of the fourth, made in 1762. Practically, we have now ten MSS. of the "Old Charges," traced in North Britain, most of which exhibit proofs of their having been in the custody of the lodges named for a very long period, some probably being so preserved from their origin to now.

These five, as numbered, belong the "Grand Lodge family," according to Dr. W. Begemann's classification, and are, in no sense, remarkable texts, save the "Melrose" version, which, in the final clauses respecting Apprentices, is certainly wholly different to any other MS. known. Being in all probability a copy of a Roll of 1581, or earlier, these special rules are all the more noteworthy and valuable,

and are as follow:*

APPRENTICE REGULATIONS, 1674.

"Y' is no frie mason neither M' nor fellow y' ought to take any more prentises during his lifetyme but thrie, which prentises he must take for vii years (y' is to say) The first of them seven yeirs after he be frie mason, and then vii yeirs after his yeirs is expired to take another, and so ye next and y' he ought to take no more except he cause ane Lodge to be set and have the leave if all his masters and fellows, of ye set Lodge and y' ye prentise y' is so taken ar lawfully taken and they y' are otherways taken are not lawfully takin. They that are lawfully takin, after they come out of y' prentisschipe ought not to be name loses but they ought to be named frie men from their M or fellows if they have their M' loselarge and all other y' are not lawfully takin are to be namit Loses, y' ought neither M' nor fellows, make no frie mason except one of his lawfull prentise nor he ought not to be made made frie mason except he give in his (say) before ane sett Lodge to see what he can begin from ye ground and furnish to ye tope for staining of a noble scienc. Y' ought no frie mason neither M' nor fellow y' taketh his work by great to tak any Loses, if he can have any frie masons, or lawfull taken prentises, & if he can have none of them, he may take as many as will serve his turne and he ought not to let y'' know ye priviledge of ye compass Square, levell, and ye plum-rule but to set out their plumming to them, & let them work between y'' w' a lyne, and ought not to let them know any more for putting down ye noble scienc and if there come any frie mason, he ought to displace one of ye Loses, and put in his brother yt taketh worke or if y'' come one of ye lawfull taken prentices likeways, and if he or neither have no work for them he ought to give them money, to bring them to ye next Lodge or next frie mason, also if any M' or fellow have any lawfull taken prentices Doe run away and Doe come there to M' or fellow he shall sett him in worke till he can send his M' and for ye performance of these covenent. We Do swear,

The "Dumfries Kilwinning MSS," I have numbered 1 to 4, for the purpose of identification, and according to their approximate age. Nos. 1 and 3 are given for the first time in Bro. Smith's welcome History; No, 2 is herewith reproduced, and No. 4, transcribed by Bro. John Lane, will be printed in the first part of the "Ars Quatuor Coronatorum" for 1893.

No. 1 is described as "Anent the Office of Masonrie," and is apparently of the latter part of the seventeenth century. The wages are unusual for St. Albans' period, viz., "four shillings and sixpence per week," and some of the old worthies are not described as they are generally; still the version may be classed with the same group as the previous five MSS., as the differences are but slight, which distinguish it from the other members of that family. I do not think it was ever used in the form of a roll, being written on three leaves of paper about 15 by 12 inches, which exhibit no signs of any such treatment.

No. 2 is a roll of paper (of three pieces), running to nearly 4 feet in length, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width. Unfortunately, the commencement is imperfect, owing to portions being removed, which is all the more regretted, as the few words left indicate that a prayer originally preceded the Invocation (peculiar to this copy), and even what remains of the latter is not quite of the ordinary text. This Roll (which has been kindly transcribed, verlatim et literatim, by Bro. James Smith for reproduction), evidently was not so correctly copied as No. 1 (which it generally resembles), and possibly was carelessly made and varied from the same original, sometime during the latter part of the seventeenth century. The watermark in the paper is composed of a crown and fleur de lis, as No. 1, but is not dated, and the scroll, not like No. 1, has numbered clauses. It appears to me that the 18th Regulation was overlooked by the scribe in copying; or may have been intentionally omitted, which is unlikely. It

is to be found, though not numbered, in the previous MS., and concludes that scroll. This interesting document has not been printed hitherto.

No. 3 is a valuable Roll, written on vellum, the seven strips of which, joined together, extend to the extraordinary length of $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet, the width ranging from 5 to 6 inches. It is referred to in the records of Lodge No. 53, on November 22nd, 1696—"The qlk day, the fraternity ordered William M'George, ye clerk, to deliver up the institutions in parchment to Robert Anderson;" and likewise later on. The first three MSS. are about the same age, as respects transcription.

In 1882, the "Harris MS., No. 1," was copied and published by Bro. John Constable, and at that time was accepted as a sui generis. Some six years later, Bro. John Lane and myself discovered the "Harris MS., No. 2," in the British Museum, which for all practical purposes may be accounted a duplicate of No. 1, written during the latter part of the last century. I now find that these two MSS. are virtually, possibly actually, copies of the "Dumfries Kilwinning MS., No. 3," their origin being probably due to members of Lodge No. 53, who left Dumfries for London early last century. The owner of the "Harris MS., No. 1," is the "Bedford Lodge, No. 157," which was known as an operative lodge, years before its constitution by the Grand Lodge of England in 1766. It is but fair to state, however, that this document was not presented to the lodge by Bro. James Harris (according to the records) before 1809, thus leaving its earlier history in doubt, but I think it likely the Secretary had received it from an older member. As to this, and other points, Bro. Smith's history and volume IV. of the "Masonic Reprints" of No. 2076, edited by Bro. G. W. Speth, should be consulted, especially as the latter fine volume (containing several complete facsimiles of MSS.) includes an exact reproduction of the junior of the curious trio, all of which possess features so far untraced in any other MSS.

Many are the departures in the text of these MSS., as compared with the "family" to which they may be said to belong. The marginal titles alone single them out as quite a distinct variety to themselves. Bro. Speth has pointed out the 11th Regulation, which in the MS. No. 3 of Lodge No. 53 reads, "You shall not make any mould, square or rule for any who is but a Lewis. A Lewis is such as served an apprenticeship to a Mason, but not admitted as ye custom of makeing Masons" (Freemason, 25th August, 1888): and rightly states that "as far as we know, the word [Lewis] was first used Masonically and applied to George III., the infant son of Frederick, Prince of Wales." By the discovery of this Dumfries Roll, the use of that word, Masonically, is dated back at least 50 years, and it is also used in the "Harris MS., No. 1, early in the last century.

also used in the "Harris MS., No. 1, early in the last century.

The words introducing the "Oath," and also the obligation itself, are not usual in MSS. of the "Old Charges," and should be read, side by side, with the "Harleian," "Buchanan," and some other scrolls reproduced by the "Quatuor Coronati Lodge." The conclusion to the vellum roll concerning the "Charges yt Prince Edwin gave ye Assembly at York," and instructions respecting "Tutors" are important additions, and record certain customs of the lodge during the seventeenth century, which have, more or less, continued to this day.

No 4; of the "Sloane Family," is, in some respects, the gem of this remarkable quartette, but, historically and Masonically, the third of the series is the most valuable, because evidently it is the roll that was in use by the members of "Dumfries Kilwinning" more than 200 years ago; whereas the others, though so long in lodge custody, were not, apparently, the favoured versions of the brethren.

It is quite impossible to do justice to this version, which has come down to us in book form (8 by 4 inches, elongated), without reproducing nearly all its text. Until its publication early in 1893 (as already mentioned), I should like simply to note some of its peculiarities. Not a few of the additions appear to me purely fanciful, and unless other documents are found to partake of the same character, it will not do to accept such curious readings as having been in actual use by one or more lodges, for recital to initiates early last century, especially as they seem to be such modern innovations.

Like the preceding three, this MS. states that marble was one of the two stones selected on which to write the "Seven Sciences," but instead of mentioning some variety of "later" (a brick) as the other, styles the second "monament." As we cannot say a brick "would not drown in water," it is difficult to understand how a burnt tile would answer that description. Bro. Oscar Guttmann suggests that by "lacus" ("laterus," &c.), is meant amber, as that word is frequently to be met with in medieval histories of Mining, and always meant, and is so translated, as he favours. That would burn but not drawn.

The wages noted for "St. Albans' Day" were the "third part to vr payment;" whatever that may mean.

The length of the "cable tow" in regard to the annual assembly is stated to be five miles, but the other three MSS. have fifty, which is the ordinary distance specified. The "William Watson," "Hope," "Waistell," and three others agree with MS. No. 4.

Of Hiram, the MS. says "the world hath not produced his equal to this day, he was a Master Mason of exquisite knowledge." Nimrod taught the Masons "sigrs and tokens," so we are told, and such words as "duly qualified and orderly created in a true lodge," certainly indicate a modern usage. The "Special Charges" end with the hitherto unknown, but suggestive, injunctions "That no lodge or corum of Masons shall give the Royal Sceret to any suddenly, but upon great deliberation. First let him learn hi

^{* &}quot;History of Freemasonry in the Province of Roxburgshire and Selkirkshire, from 1674 to the present time, by W. Fred. Vernon, &c. London: Geo. Kenning."

questions by heart, then his symbols, then do as the lodge thinks fit." An extraordinary catechism follows the MS. proper, which

does not concern our present purpose.

Of the 10 copies of the old MS. Constitutions in Scotland, this is the only one that contains the regular "Apprentice Charge," even of the numerous versions preserved in England, there are not a dozen which recite these special regulations. The text of the Apprentice Rules is similar to the "Clapham" and "Wren," but all the eleven known have much in common. The "Melrose" variety,

herein given, represents quite a different code.

The "Thistle MS.," which belongs to the lodge of that name (Dumfries, No. 62), is written in the first minute book, of the year 1756, and was signed, in token of their adhesion, by the early members, over 60 in number. The text is of no value, save as a curiosity, as it is quite evident the numerous additions to the document were the production of an ignorant brother, who mixed up theological injunctions with Masonic regulations, and who knew as little of the cosmopolitan spirit of the Craft as he did of Orthography or the requirements of his trade. So far as it is written in accordance with Masonic usage, it is based upon the previous document.

W. J. HUGHAN.

DUMFRIES KILWINNING MS. No. 2.

[The prayer and introduction are not complete the paper having been torn or defaced to the 4th of the Seven Sciences.]

"4. Arithmetick which teacheth men to reckon and accompt all numbers.

5. Geometrie which teacheth men to mett & measure of earth and all other [things].

6. Musick which teacheth men Craft in Song, voice & organ & trumpet.

7. ASTRONOMIE which teacheth men to know the course of sun,

moon & stars.

These are the Seven Liberal Sciences. They are all founded upon Geometrie, viz.: weight, mett & measre for yr is no Craft or traid y'soever but it is [?] by weight & measr as in example the plueman he is guided by meas^{re}; the gardner in setting & sowing by weight & meas^{re} And y' you may plainely understand y' y' is no traid y'soever but it depends upon this Science therfor it is to be reckoned most worthie.

How this science was first begun I shall now relaite.

Before the flood of Noah yr was a man called Lamech as it writen in the fourth chapter of Genesis 19 verse & he had two wives the name of the one was Ada & the name of the other Zilla; by the first wife Ada he had two sones the name of the one was called Ja [ball] and the name of the other was called Juball, and by his other wife Zilla he had a son whose name was Tuball cain & a daughter called Naamah, and those four children found out all the Liberal Sciences. His eldest son Jaball found out the Craft of Geometrie, and he parted the flocks of sheep & lambs in the field and first wrought in stone & timber and his brother Juball found out the Craft of Musick as song, organ, & harpe. The Third brother Tuball Caine found out the Smith's Craft to work in Gold, Silver, copper, steel, & brass & irone, and the daughter Naamah found out the Craft of Weaving. And these children knew well y' God would take vengeance for sin either by fyre or water. Therefore the Sciences which they found out they wrote them upon two pillars of stone that they might be found after the flood. The one pillar was of marball y' would not burn w' fyre & the other pillar was of a stone called Laccerus y' would not droun in water.

Now our intent is to tell you how and in what maner these stones or pillars were found qr: on these sciences were written. 'The great Harmarines y' was Cubies Sone which Cubies was Shemes Son yt was Noahs Son. This Harmarines was after called Hermes the father of wise men he found one of the pillars qt on the sciences were wrote. And he taught them to other men And at the building of the tower of babylon y' was the first masonric made use of. Nimrod he was a Mason himselfe qo: was then King of babylon and had the same craft in great estimatione. And when the citie Ninivie and other cities were to be built the King of Babylon sent sixty masones at the request of the King of Ninivie his cusine. And when he sent them out he gave them a Charge yt every man should live truely one to another and y' they should serve the Lord truely for his pay. So y' he may have worship and all belonging to him, and other things he gave them in Charge and y' was the first

Charge y' ever was given the Craft of true masonrie.

Moreover when Abraham and Sara his wife went into Egypt then he taught the sciences to the Egyptians. And he had a worthie schollar named Euclid and he learned right well, and was an master of the: 7: sciencies liberall, and in his days it fell out the Lords and States of the realm had so many sons which they had begotten of y' wives & Ladies for the land is hot and plentions of generatione and they had not competent means to send yr children qr: for they took much caire yt they might bring up yr children, and y" the Kings of the Land called a great counsell to know how they might find out a way to bring up y' children to live like gentlemen wt honesty. So proclamatione was made throughout all the Realme y' if y' was any man y' could informe them, he should come to them. and have a great reward for his labour & travell and yt he should find himself well pleased. So proclamatione being made Came the worthie Euclid and sd: to the King and his Lords if you will take me to govern the people I shall teach them the 7 liberall Sciencies ar: by they might live honestly as gentlemen should, upon conditione y' ye will grant me and them Commission y' I may have power to rule them after the maner yt the Sciences ought to be ruled. The King and all the Counsell granted him presently yt request & scalled the Commissione, then this worthic clark [?] took sons and taught them ye Science of Geomitrie in practise. Then the Craft of Geomitrie was used y' to work in stone & timber, to build Churches, temples & Castles & towers and all maner of buildings and he gave them a Charges as followeth-

First yt they should be true to ye King or Lord they serve. And they ordaine the wisest amongst them to be Masters of the work. Neither for love favour linage or for great riches to set them to work y' hath little cunning to be m' of the lords work q' the lord shall be evilly served & you ashamed. Also they shall call the Governour of the work M' so long as the work laxeth and y' they work wt him, And many other charges gave he them which they were sworn to by Solemne Oath and ordered them large pay y' they might live honestly. And also y' they should assemble and meet togethir once every year how they might serve the Lord best for his profit & ther own worship. And to correct wt in themselves those yt trespassed agt the Craft. And thus the Craft was first founded by the worthie Mr Euclid and he gave it the name of Geometrie which is now called Masonrie.

Sith thenre long after the children of Israell came into the countrie of the East, which is called the Land of Judah, King David began the Templum Dei, and then David loved Masons and cherished them & gave them good wages, & he gave them a charge and maners as he had learned of the Egyptians given by Euclid

and other charges as for shall hereafter meet wt

After the Death of King David, Solomon, his son King of Jerusalem, finished the Temple yt King David his father began, and sent into many countries and called together four score thousand masons y' wrought in stone, all fit men for the work, and he choosed out of them three thousand and 300, and apoynted them masters and overseers of the work. There was also another King at Tyre named Hiram, y' furnished or gave King Solomon timber to his work. And he had son named Aynon yt was master of Geometrie, and was the chiefe over all the Masons of those yt cut or carved in stone y' belonged to the Temple, as witness the scriptures in primo libro regum et quinto cap: and this King Solomon confirmed these charges and maners yt his father had given. And thus was the worthie craft of masones confirmed in the City of Jerusalem.

And then they began to travell into divers countries, some to learne more craft and skill, others to teach those yt knew it not. Ther was a cunning man, a curious mason named Minnus Grecus, who was at the building of King Solomon's temple, and he came into france and ther taught the french our Craft of Masonrie in

y' countrie.

And there was one of the Royall Lyne of france yt height Charles Marshall, and he was a man yt loved all such crafts, and he drew to this Minnus Greens and learned of him the craft. By God's blessing he was elected King of france and qn he was so elected he took masones, and helped to make many yt were none, and set them to work and gave them charges and manners and good pay as he had learned of other masons, and confirmed them by charter from year to year to hold ther assemblies q' they would, and cherished them right well, and thus came the craft into france.

England at yt tyme had no masones til Saint Alban's time, and in his dayes the King was an pagane qr walled the toune about called St. Albans, which St. Albans was a worthic knight and servant of the King's household, and had the Government of the realm and also in making of the toun walls. He loved well the masons, and cherished them, and made their pay right good, four shillings and sixpence a week standing wages, which, before his tyme, throwout all the land was but one peny a day and meat untill St. Albans mended it, and he got Charters from the King & his Counsell for to hold a generall assembly, and he did help to make many masons,

and gave them charges as you shall hearafter meet with.

But right soon after the date of St. Albans y' came divers warrs into this realme of England out of sev" nations, so yt the good rule of masonrie was destroyed untill the tyme of King Athelstonne days y' was a worthic King of England, and brought the land into good peace & rest, and built many great works, Abbays, castles, citties, and tounes, he loved well thes masons and he had a sone called Edwine and he loved well masons much better than his father did, he practised geometric & communed w masons much & learned of them the Craft, and for the great love he bare unto them & ye Craft was made a freemason and obtained a charter of his father to hold ane assemblie every year in the realme of England & to correct faults & trespasses done by the Craft. He held himself an assembly at York and qr he made freemasons and gave them charges & taught them the maners of masons & commanded them to be kept as a rule ever after.

Then the Charters and Commissions were ordered to be keept and made ordinances y' the roule from King to King should be renewed and produced and read at the assemblies and proclamatione was made when the masones was gathered together, that all masones both old and young y' had any understanding or writing of the charges and maners y' were made before in the land or in any other parte that they would produce them, which was done & there were found some in french & in Greek, and Latine, and found also in English and in other languages yet all were to ye same effect.

And he caused a book thereof to be made and how the Craft was founded, and he had & commanded yt it should be read or told at the electione of every masone & to give him his charge and from

yt tyme unto this day maners of masones have been kept in this forme as well as men might governe it, and furthermore at divers assemblies have been made & ordained certaine charges by the advice of masters & fellowes.

Tunc unus ex senioribus tenebat Librum ut ille vel illi ponant vel ponant minus super librum et tunc precepta deberunt legi.

Everie man yt is a mason is to take heed to this charge well, for if any man ind himself guiltie of any of these followings y' he amend himseli toward God in the first place, and they be charged to take good heec yt they keep ye charge, for it is a great perill for a man to forswear himselfe on a booke.

1. The first charge is y they shall be true men to God & the

holy Church and use no error nor heresie to the best of y' understanding

or God's teaching.

2. That they be true Leidgemen to the Kire wt out treasone or falsehood & yt they conceall no treason or treaching [?] will shew it to the King and his Counsell.

3. That you be true on to another, viz., every mason yt is allowed a mason of the Craft of masonrie you shall do to them as you will have them do to you.

4. That you keep all the Counsell of the Lodge & Chamber & all other things belonging to the Masons good.

5. That you be true and do not steall or use thift nor keep no theeves nor theeves followers so far as you know or understand.

6. That you be true to the Lord or master qr you serve & work truly for his advantage.

7. That you call all masones fellows or els brethren & no other

8. That you shall not take your fellows wife in vallanie nor [?] his daughter nor his servant nor put them to any disworship.

9. That you pay truely for your meat or drink qr soever you go

and that you do no vallanie qr you go to board qr: by the Craft may be disgraced or slandered.

This is the Charge in general y belongs to every true mason both Master and fellows.

Now will I rehearse other matirs y' belong particularly to Masters & fellows.

1. That no master take upon him any lords work or other mans unless he know himself able to perform it so yt ye craft have no slander or disgrace and y^t the lord be truely served.

2. That no master take any work but y^t he take sufficient

paym' so y' ye Lord may be truely served and the Master to live honestly & to pay his fellowes truely.

3. That no Mr or fellow shall supplant each other of yr work, viz., if he have taken work or stand Mr of Work, you shall not put him out unless he cannt go on wit for want of cunning to end the

4. That no M or fellow shall take one apprentice under the tearm of 7 years and yt the apprentice be free borne, whole of limbs, and no bastard.

5. That no Mr take any to be made mason wt out the consent of his fellows at the least 6: or 7: at y' he y' is to be made free be able in all degrees, viz., free borne and of good kindred, true, & no bondman & yt he have right limbes as a man ought to have.

6. That no Mr take ane aprentice unless he have sufficient employm^t for 2 or 3 at least.

7. That no Mr or fellow put any Lords work to task yt was wont

to be for meate & wages. 8. That every M' give such wages as the persones employed may deserve so yt he be not [? deceived] wt fals workmen.

9. That none slander others behind his back, to make him lose his goods or good name.

10. That no fellow win or wout the lodge may ly or swear

11. That every mason reverance his [elders] and put him to worship

12. That no mason shall be a common player at cards or dice or any other unlawful game q' by the Craft may be slandered.

13. That no mason use lecherie or debauchrie.

14. That no fellow go into the toune in the night except he have a fellow to bear him witness yt he was in honest place and Company.

15. That every Mason come to the Assemblie if it be wt in 50 myles of him and have warning, and if he have tresspassed agt the Craft to abyde ye ward of Mrs & fellowes, and if any Mr or fellow have tresspassed wyt the Mr and fellows make them agree and if they cannot cause them accord to let them go to the Common Law.

16. That no M' or fellows make any Mould or Square or Rule to any Layer or sett any Layer win the Lodge or wout sending moulde stones.

17. That every mason & fellow receive & cherish strange fellows qr they come over the countrie & set them on the Work and if they will as the maner is, if you have not moyled stones in his place to set him on work you shall [refresh] him wt money to the next Lodge.

Masters kind prove true in mynde I pray you love your fellows well and brothers and servants then prove true againe This day your Craft all craft excelled."

Grand East of The Ulster.



AVING for several years past been actively engaged in collecting materials for a Historical Sketch of the Masonic Order in Ireland, my attention has frequently been directed to the extraordinary difficulty experienced in procuring evidence with reference to events of comparatively recent occurrence, and in no instance has this truth been more fully verified than in my enquiries concerning the history of the Grand Lodge of Ulster—a

fact rendered the more remarkable when I state that I am myself resident in Ulster, and that my Ulster brethren have almost invariably accorded a willing and ready response to my oft-repeated applications for information on this and other points connected with the history of the Order.

The formation of this Grand Lodge, sometimes styled the Grand East of Ulster, was no less important an event than an actual revolt from the properly-constituted authority, "The Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Ireland," and yet Masonic writers seem to be practically ignorant of the fact that such a Grand Lodge ever

existed, and amongst Ulster Freemasons of the present day one seldom meets with a brother who has ever heard of such an event. Bro. Gould, in his comprehensive "History of Free-masonry," does not, so far as I can ascertain, even once refer to the history of this body, and I think I am, therefore, correct m arriving at the conclusion that this exceedingly painstaking and accurate writer mus; have been ignorant of its existence. Millikin, writing in 1848, after referring to the termination of the conflict between the Munster brethren



and the Grand Lodge of Ireland, alludes to it in the following words:-"Thus was Masonry placed on a lasting foundation in Ireland, with but a trifling intermission, occasioned by an attempt to erect a Grand Lodge in the North, under the name of the Grand East of Ulster. But, as error cannot remain long undetected, some of the leaders in this revolt saw, with contrition, the ill-tendency of their proceedings, submitted to the Grand Lodge, and were again

received within the legitimate pale of Masonry."

With a view, therefore, to elicit further information on this most interesting and important subject, permit me to lay before your readers some of the facts which have come to my knowledge.

The office of Deputy Grand Secretary had, prior to his death in the month of January, 1801, been held by Bro. Thomas Corker, who for a considerable length of time before that event had been in a delicate state of health. To this office the then Grand Secretary, Bro. George Darcy Irvine, appointed Bro. Alexander Seton, Barristerat-Law, who, immediately after his appointment, is stated to have proceeded to the house of his predecessor, and, having obtained admission to his office, carried off "a hackney coach full" of books, documents, and other articles, the property of Grand Lodge, of which he failed to make a return to the Grand Lodge, and of which he was subsequently accused of having converted to his own use. In the month of May, 1805, on his promotion to the office of Junior Grand Warden, Bro. G. D. Irvine resigned the Grand Secretaryship, and was succeeded in that office by Bro. John Leech, who continued Seton in the office of Deputy Grand Secretary. Up till the month of May, 1806, Bro. Seton continued in office, when, owing to the unsatisfactory manner in which his duties were performed, Seton was dismissed from office, and ultimately, on the 10th of February, 1808, Leech instituted a Chancery suit against Seton, before the Right Hon. Thomas Lord Baron Manners, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, of which the following is a carefully-prepared abstract, the details of which have served to throw a vivid ray of light on the causes leading

"On 10th February, 1808, John Leech, of the City of Dublin, Esq., Grand Secretary of the Friendly and Charitable Society known by the name of Freemasons, filed a Bill of Complaint or Petition in the High Court of Chancery in Ireland, and thereby, after setting out the nature and constitution of the Society, its Officers, Lodges, &c., averred, amongst other things, that Alexander Seton, Barristerat-law, the then Grand Secretary's Clerk, upon the death of the former Clerk in January, 1801, and immediately after being appointed to said office by the former Grand Secretary, possessed himself of the books, muniments, and papers of the said Society, and never returned or made an account thereof to Petitioner or his predecessor in office, George Darcy Irvine.

"That on Petitioners appointment as Grand Secretary, in May, 1805, he appointed said Alexander Seton as his Clerk or Deputy, and continued him in said situation until 8th May, 1803, when Petitioner dismissed him from said office.

"That, at the time of his dismissal, the said Alexander Seton had in his hands moneys, to the amount of £300, or some other considerable sum, which he had received on account of Warrants issued and contributions paid, and had failed to pay over to Petitioner as his principal, to be by Petitioner paid into the funds of the

"That said Alexander Seton, having been appointed by Petitioner to said situation, the emoluments of which were considerable, should have evinced in its conduct both gratitude and obedience to Petitioner, and fidelity to the Grand Officers and Lodge; but, on the contrary, had wholly omitted to hold any communication with Petitioner or the officers of the Grand Lodge, and had entered into a confederacy against Petitioner, and had endeavored to prevent his election as Grand Secretary.

"That said Alexander Seaton had instigated and directed various turbulent, irregular, and disorderly proceedings amongst the members of the said Society, with a view to securing for himself an estate for life, as he termed it, in the perquisites and emoluments of his

office.
"That, on Seton's dismissal, Petitioner demanded said books and muniments from him, but he peremptorily refused to deliver up same, and continued to act as Grand Secretary's Clerk, and to receive the fees of said office, contrary to the will, and in defiance of Petitioner, and in opposition to the Grand Lodge.

"That Seton, in consequence of his misconduct, had been on the 2nd April, 1807, unanimously expelled by the Grand Lodge from

the Grand Lodge, and from the Society.

'That, pursuant to the Rules and Regulations of the Society, the Deputy Grand Master called on Scton for said books, and commanded him to attend therewith, which he had refused to do, and

paid no attention to said commands or application.
"That, pursuant to the said Rules, a regularly appointed Committee of the Grand Lodge called on Seton to deliver over the Books to Petitioner, but he refused to give them up, alleging there was money due to him on them, which the Committee offered to pay, but

"That every amicable method that could be possibly resorted to was taken to induce Seton to give up the Books, and come to an

account with Petitioner, but without effect.

"That Petitioner, although he had an absolute right to said Books and Muniments, was ready and willing, and thereby offered to pay Seton any sum which might appear on a fair account to be due him, but that the allegation of any sum being due him was a mere colorable pretence for keeping the Books, &c., and to avoid coming to an account: and Petitioner charged that Seton had received various sums on account of the various Charitable Funds of the Order, and of Petitioner, to the amount of £100 and upwards, for which he had not accounted, although bound to do so with

"That the principal Book witheld by Seton was the Register, in which the Lodges in the Kingdom were ranged in numerical order, and in which, under their respective numbers, the names of all the Lodges in Ireland were entered; and for every person's name so entered a fee of 2s. 8½d. was payable to the Grand Sceretary, and was usually given to his Clerk as a perquisite; and a further sum of 2s. 2d. by every such person on obtaining a certificate; which sums, with a further sum, therein after mentioned, constituted the principal emolument of the Grand Secretary, or his Clerk, when the former chose to give them to the latter; and which sums could only be correctly estimated by the possession of the Register, &c., withheld

by Seton.
"That said Register being very old, the Deputy Grand Master had authorised and directed Seton to have said Books copied, which had been done, and such copies, contained in seven volumes, were

then in the possession of Seton.

"That Seton had also in his possession a Book, or Books, containing the Transactions of the Grand Lodge up to 3rd May, 1806, and also a Book, or Books, containing the Transactions of the Committee of Charity and Inspection for the same period, and a great number of cancelled or dormant Warrants, copperplate Certificate, and the Seal of the Grand Lodge; that same came to his hands merely as Clerk, and that Seton, having been dismissed, had no just right to withhold same from Petitioner.

"That Seton, ever since being dismissed, had continued to Register members, and grant Certificates to all Freemasons applying for same, for each of which he received 4s. $10\frac{1}{2}$ d.; and had re-issued cancelled or dormant Warrants, for each of which he was paid £7 13s. $5\frac{1}{2}$ d., though such Warrants ought to be absolutely null and invalid.

That, under said Regulations, each Lodge was to pay 10s. 10d., yearly as Grand Lodge dues, in aid of the Charitable Fund, such contributions to be paid by City Lodges half-yearly, and by country Lodges before 25th March in each year, under certain penalties therein set out; that Seton, before and after his dismissal, had received, and continued to receive, from all such Lodges as he could prevail on to pay him said sums of £7 13s. 5½d. and 10s. 10d., all of which he had converted to his own use, and refused to account for, which sums amounted to £1000 and upwards.

"That Seton had not only done all in his power to injure the Society by receiving the contributions and converting them to his own use, but had, by every means in his power, endeavoured to destroy such sources of Charitable contribution, and had, in the previous May, attempted to prevent the performance of a Masonic play at the Theatre Royal, Crow-street, in aid of 'The Charitable Fund for the Relief of Distressed Freemasons,' by sending a menancing letter to

the Deputy Grand Master, and by threatening to advertise that such play was advertised without the authority of the Graid Master; that he was warranted in doing so from his communication with the Grand Master, which was untrue; that, having failed in this attempt to injure the Charitable Fund, he, on the night of the performance, under pretence of installing a Warrant, revived or issued by himself, assembled all the military Freemasons in Dublin, and provented their attendance at the Play, thereby injuring the Charity.
"That the Female Masonic Orphan School had been nuch injured,

and almost annihilated, by the mal-practices and machinations of Seton; that said School was entitled on the granting of any new Warrant to £1 2s. 9d., and 2s $8\frac{1}{2}$ d. on registering or granting Certificates to Freemasons admitted in country Lodges from 27th December, 1802, which sums, amounting to £300 and upwards, Seton had re-

ceived and retained.

"That, without the interposition of the Court in compelling Seton to account and hand over said Books, &c., not only the School must fall to the ground, and the eighteen Orphans sheltered therein must be thrown unprotected on the world, but the general Charitable Fund must be exhausted.

"That the Charitable Funds of said Society were so much reduced by Seton's misconduct that the Grand Lodge was scarcely able

to dispense as many pounds as it formally did hundreds.

"Petitioner prayed, for the reasons shown, that Seton might, upon oath, make true, full, plain, perfect, and distirct answer to the matters and charges thereinbefore set forth, and to the several interrogations thereinafter set out.

That Seton might be bound to account for all sums received by him for the Charitable purposes of said Society, and to hand over to Petitioner whatever sum he might appear, on such account, to have received of the Charitable Fund; to set forth a true account of all the Books, &c, then in his possession; and to give up same to Petitioner, or deposit them with the proper officer of the Court.

"That he might be restrained by injunction from registering Freemasons, or granting Certificates, or using the Grand Scal, and from issuing, reviving, or restoring warrants to hold Lodges; that all proper and necessary accounts might be directed; that Seton should, before answering, inspect the letters, &c., in Petitioner's possession, endorse his name thereon, and say if same, or any of them, were written or signed by him, or if the originals of such as were copies were received by him.

"That Petitioner might have such further relief as the nature of the case would admit, and to Justice and Equity should belong.

"And Petitioner prayed that the subpoenas, therein mentioned, directed to Seton, should be issued; and that a Writ of Injunction, directed to Seton and his confederates, should be granted, restraining him and them from reviving or restoring any Warrant to hold Lodges, and from demanding money on account thereof, or on account of the Charitable Funds of the Society.

"(Signed) by

DANIEL O'CONNELL, as Junior Counsel for Plaintiff. ABRAHAM G. HILL, Solicitor for Plaintiff."

On 3rd March, 1809, defendant filed his answer, which was on 15th July, 1809, expunged for prolixity and impertinence, pursuant

to order of 13th July, 1809.

On 18th November, 1809, the cause was heard, and by an order or conditional decree of that date, it was ordered that Plaintiff's bill and all the matters and things therein contained should be taken as confessed against Seton; that it should be referred to one of the Masters to take an account of the moneys received by him for the Charitable purposes of said Society, and on account of the Plaintiff as Grand Secretary, and that he should hand over all such moneys to the Plaintiff; that Seton should account, on oath, for all books, &c., in his possession, or of any person for him, which came to his possession, since being appointed Clerk; that Seton should lodge all such books, &c., in the Bank of Ireland; that he should be restrained from registering any persons as Freemasons, and from giving certificates thereof; and from making or reviving any warrants; and that Plaintiff might make up and enrol a decree, with costs, against Seton, unless good cause be shown in the then next Hilary Term; but that before Seton should be permitted to show cause, he should purge his contempt and pay Plaintiff his costs out of pocket.

"On 15th December, 1810, Seton filed his first further Answer.

" By an Order of 5th February, 1810, it was ordered that it be referred to William Henn, one of the Masters of said Court; to inspect the Plaintiff's Bill, the Defendant's further Answer and the exceptions thereto; and to certify whether said Answer was short and insufficient in the points excepted to, or not. And, by a Certificate dated 10th February, 1810, said Master certified that Defendant's further Answer was short and insufficient in all the points excepted

to by Plaintin.
"On 12th February, 1810, Defendant filed his second further

"By Certificate, dated 14th June, 1810, the said Master certified, pursuant to Order of 6th June, 1810, that Defendant's second further Answer was short and insufficient in all the points excepted to by the Plaintiff.

"On 19th July, 1810, Defendant filed his third further Answer. "By Certificate, dated 12th December, 1810, the said Master certified, pursuant to Order of 23rd November, 1810, that Defendants third further Answer was short and insufficient in the 4th and 5th exceptions taken thereto, and full and sufficient in the 6th exception

taken thereto.

"On 24th December, 1810, Defendant filed his fourth further

"By an Order, dated 9th March, 1813, it was ordered that said Conditional Order should be renewed to the then next Easter Term.

"By an Order, dated 8th May, 1813, it was ordered that Service of said Decree, order to renew, and subpæna to show cause, on Thomas Spunner, Defendant's six Clerk should be deemed good service thereof

"The said Thomas Spunner having been so served, and no cause having been shown, it was, by order dated 13th May, 1813, ordered that said Cause should be set down in the list of Causes to be heard, upon such Conditional Decree or Order, to have service made

absolute against the Defendant.

"The said Cause was heard on 31st May, 1813, by the Right Hon. the Master of the Rolls; and, by an Order or Decree of that date, after reciting the said Conditional Decree, and the Orders of 9th March, 1813, 8th May, 1813, and 13th May, 1813, it was ordered, adjudged, and decreed by the Master of the Rolls that the said Conditional Decree be, and the same was thereby made absolute against the Defendant; and that it be referred to Edward Westby, Esq., one of the Masters of the Court, to take an account of the moneys received by the Defendant for the Charitable purposes of said Society, and on account of the Plaintiff as Grand Secretary of said Society; and that Defendant hand over such sums of money to the Plaintiff; and that Defendant account before the said Master, on oath, for all Books, Papers, and Muniments of the said Society, in his possession, or in trust of any person for him, or which came to his power, possession, or custody, since he was appointed Clerk to the Grand Secretary; and that he deposit same in the Bank of Ireland to the credit of the Cause; and that Defendant be restrained from registering any persons as Freemasons, and from giving Certificates thereof; and from making any use of the Grand Lodge Seal; and from restoring or reviving any Warrants to hold Lodges with power to said Master to examine witnesses—and that, upon the return of the Report, such further Order would be made as would

> DANIEL O'CONNELL, (Signed by) (Presumably as Junior Counsel for Plaintiff) on 24th July, 1813."

I entered minutely into the circumstances attending the appointment of Bro. Alexander Seton as Deputy Grand Secretary, his subsequent dismissal from office, and the various stages of the protracted legal proceedings instituted against him by Bro. John

Leech, Grand Secretary.

In a paper, read by me a few years ago before the Provincial Grand Lodge of Down, I endeavoured to establish the fact that, in old times, the higher Masonic Degrees were habitually conferred in Ireland under no other authority than that of a Craft Warrant, and that the fourth decade of the present century was well advanced before they were finally placed under the control of a properly constituted central authority. I find, however, that, so early as the year 1805, efforts were made to effect an improvement in this respect. What may have been the exact scheme proposed I am not at present aware; but that the "Extraordinary Dues demanded for defraying the Expences of these new and complex Systems" were, in certain quarters, streamously opposed there can be no doubt; for, on the 20th of January of that year, I find that, at a meeting of sixty-two Lodges held in Belfast, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted, and ordered to be transmitted to the Grand Lodge of Ireland :-

"1st. That it appears to us that the Innovations lately proposed to be placed on the higher Masonic Orders, are unnecessary, inasmuch as these Orders have hitherto enjoyed uninterrupted Tranquility without any ostensible Head or controlling Power.

2nd. That we pledge ourselves to one another, and to all K.Ts. and Royal Arch Masons in the Kingdom, that we never will acknowledge such Innovations, considering them of so dangerous a nature, as may, if persisted in, dissolve that good understanding which has hitherto subsisted between the Rt. Worshipful the G.L.

'3rd. That we think it a Duty incumbent on us, earnestly to recommend to the Right Worshipful the G.L. that, instead of new, chimerical, and complex systems of Finance, they will be pleased to restore the Original Regulations which have formerly produced

general satisfaction.

I also find the same meeting complaining of "Dissensions and Contests about Places of Power and Emolument" in the Grand Lodge, and of the unsatisfactory financial working thereof, all of which, in the opinion of the meeting in question, demanded the serious consideration and attention of its rulers, with a view to their

discontinuance and improvement.

At a meeting of thirty-two Lodges held in the following month at Dromore, the Freemasons of Down "highly approved" of the Belfast resolutions, and expressed their determination to "abide by them"-a resolution also adopted by twenty-five Lodges meeting at Ballymoney, Co. Antrim, in the following April. Further resolutions adopted at these meetings clearly establish the fact that the treatment extended by the Grand Lodge of Ireland to Gorges Darcy Irvine, late Grand Secretary, and to his Deputy, Alexander Seton, met the disapproval and incurred the resentment of the Northern Brethren; nor can I avoid arriving at the conclusion that these feelings were to a large extent fomented, if not absolutely instigated, by these two Brethren themselves. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt of the fact—that a strong feeling of dissatisfaction as to

the action and management of the Grand Lodge of Ireland existed in the North of Ireland at this particular time, and that the Grand Master himself had been warned that "the Masonic Constitution in Ireland was endangered" thereby.

On the 6th May, 1806, Bro. Seton was dismissed from the office of Deputy Grand Secretary by Bro. Leech, who had succeeded Bro. G. D. Irvine as Grand Secretary. The actual schism appears, however, to have taken place at a meeting of the Grand Lodge, held on the 5th of the following month, to which we find the following reference:-"For some time past, a riotous and turbulent Faction has existed amongst the Fraternity in Ireland, but which more particularly manifested itself on the 5th of June, 1806, when a Number of Persons, at that Time unknown to the Grand Lodge, though claiming to be Freemasons from the North of that Kingdom, did assemble and obtrude themselves into the Grand Lodge, and there attempted, by force of Numbers alone, to pass certain resolutions subversive of the true Principles and Usages of Masonry; and the said Persons, after the Grand Lodge had been duly closed by the Deputy Grand Master and Grand Wardens, at a late Hour, and after the Grand Officers and most of the Representatives of the Dublin Lodges had retired, did affect to re-open the Grand Lodge, to rescind several of its solemn and deliberate Acts, to remove from their Situations two of the most respectable and zealous Officers of the Grand Lodge, and to substitute other Persons in their Places, contrary to the established Laws and Usages of the Craft: and it appears that Alexander Seton, late Deputy Grand Secretary, appears to have been at the Head of, and acting, aiding, and assisting in said illegal Faction." A strange confirmation, of the deliberate manner A strange confirmation, of the deliberate manner in which this raid was planned, is furnished by the old Minute Book of Lodge No. 386 Lettermoney, Co. Fermanagh, which now lies before me. Bro. G. D. Irvine was W.M. of this Lodge 1798-1801, and in the year 1806 I find the following entry: - "By cash paid part of the subscription money collected from the different Lodges in the County Fermanagh to defray the Expences of the Delegates that went to Dublin, 16s. 3d." The two Brethren here referred to, as having been "removed from their situations" were Bro. John Boardman, Grand Treasurer, and John Leech, Grand Secretary. the 2nd of April, 1807, the Grand Lodge of Ireland expelled Bro. Seton from the Grand Lodge and from the Masonry in general, and cautioned the Order against receiving any Certificates signed by him, as his authority to issue such Certificates had ceased on the

date of his dismissal by Bro. Leech. The immediate outcome of this contention appears to have been the establishment of a second Grand Lodge in Dublin, composed of Seton's adherents, of which Bro. Gorges Darcy Irvine was Grand Secretary and Seton himself Deputy Grand Secretary. Seton and his party, for a time at least, appear to have retained possession of the premises in which the Grand Lodge was accustomed to meet, and, by observing the same stated time for its meetings, forced the Grand Lodge to meet temporarily in William Street. Possessed of the books and property of Grand Lodge, retained by Seton after his dismissal, and emboldened by the maxim that "possession is nine points of the law" the assurance of the party in revolt knew no bounds. They issued a circular to "all the regular lodges in Ireland," a copy of which is now before me, in which—in virtue of their time and place of meeting, and of their possession of the Books, Documents, Certificate-plates, and Seal of the Grand Lodge—they arrogated to themselves the title of "THE Grand Lodge of Ireland," and referred to the Certificates and Seal of the actual Grand Lodge as counterfeit and forged: and they reminded the members of the Order that "Brother A. Seton is alone qualified" to receive annual dues. They further announce, evidently as a solace to their Northern Brethren, "that all transactions which respect Red or Black Masonry have been expunged from the books of the Grand Lodge"; and they "order a General Convocation of the representatives of the Order, to be held on Thursday, the 12th day of November, 1807, at the Grand Lodge-Room, Taylor's Hall, Back Lane." Whether this Convocation was ever held I am at a loss to know; but, on the 7th of April, 1808, we find the Grand Lodge proper in occupation of its old premises; and, actuated by motives of conciliation, the Grand Master himself, the Earl of Donoughmore-seeing that "all the muniments of the Order had been produced and delivered over to his Lordship's custody, as the head of the Order "-moved a resolution restoring Bro. Seton to Masonic standing. In this act of leniency he was seconded by Bro. John Williams, "who avowed himself the mover of Bro. Seton's expulsion," and the same was adopted without a dissenting voice. So far, however, from securing Seton's allegiance to Grand Lodge, we find that Brother engaged in litigation with Bro. W. F. Graham, his successor in the office of Deputy Grand Secretary. An action against Graham for defamation of character and libel, damages being laid at £2000, was brought by Seton at the Assizes for the County of Tyrone, held at Omagh, before the Right Hon. Judge Daly. The libels complained of were the publication of Bro. Seton's expulsion from the Order, and the caution given to its members against receiving his Certificates. The result was a verdict for the Defendant, with 6d. costs, thereby securing to Grand Lodge the right of publishing the expulsion of its members. From this decision Seton appealed to the Court of Common Pleas in Dublin, when Lord Norbury, Judge Fox, and Mr. Justice Fletcher confirmed the decision of the Court below. The reasons which influenced Seton in the selection of Tyrone, as the venue for his action, will immediately appear.

Finding that their cause was not supported as they had antici-

pated, but nevertheless determined in their opposition to constituted authority, we next find the revolting party shifting their quarters from Dublin to Dungannon, in the County Tyrone, where, for the first time, we find them assuming the less pretentious title of Grand Lodge of Ulster. From this centre we find the following circular issued, the contents of which are of such importance that I feel bound to give them "in extenso:"

"Pursuant to a requisition, signed William Irvine, Grand Master of Ulster, by whom a meeting was called for the purpose of vindicating the rights, and for establishing the future meetings of this Grand Lodge, at such times and places as should be then and there agreed on, and for the regulation of such other Masonic business as should be deemed necessary for the preservation of the ancient and general principles of Masonry in Ireland. A meeting was held at Dungannon, on Monday, the 6th June, 1808, at which 311 Lodges were represented, when

"Bro. William Richardson, Esq., in the absence of the Grand Master of Ulster, was unanimously called to the chair; Bro. William Bateman, Esq., Senior Grand Warden; Bro. John Taylor, Esq.,

Junior Grand Warden; Bro. Alexander Saunderson, Esq., Secretary.

"It was unanimously Resolved—'That a Committee, consisting of a Chairman and two Representatives from each County, be formed, to report their opinion on the best mode of accomplishing the object of this meeting.
"The Committee having made its report the following Resolutions

were severally agreed to:—
"'That a Grand Lodge be forthwith formed in the Province of Ulster, and that the said Grand Lodge will not be governed by the Grand Lodge held in Dublin; the conduct of the said Grand Lodge having been entirely repugnant to the opinion of the brethren of

'That if the Grand Lodge in Dublin shall, at any future period, make such concessions to us, with respect to the election of officers and those other points on which we hold a different opinion, as shall be reasonable and satisfactory, the door of reconciliation shall be opened, and we will be happy again to meet our Brethren of Dublin.

'That a fund be forthwith formed for the relief of indigent Brethren and the support of an Orphan School in this Province, and that the fund so formed shall be expended on these purposes by a Committee of thirty members, appointed by the country Lodges, which Committe shall meet once in each month.

That, for the formation of such fund, all dues and arrears of dues, &c., shall be paid on or before the 6th day of July next, into

the hands of the Treasurer to be this day appointed.

'That the different Lodges of Ireland, not present at this meeting, be, and are hereby requested to accede to these our resolutions, and to assist us in the accomplishment of the above objects

That we will not hold Masonic communication with any Lodge in the Province of Ulster which shall not accede to these our reso-

'That the town of Dungannon is a fit and proper place to hold the meetings of the Grand Lodge.

'That said Grand Lodge shall hold Quarterly Communications, the

first to be on the first Wednesday in July next.

The under-mentioned persons were unanimously elected Grand Officers for this present year, viz :- Bro. Colonel William Irvine, Grand Master; Bro. the Hon. John B. O'Neill, Senior Grand Warden; Bro. the Right Hon. Archibald Earl Gosford, Junior Grand Warden; Bro. Gorges D'Arcy-Irvine, Esq., Grand Secretary; Bro. William Brownlow, Esq., Grand Treasurer.

'That the thanks of this Grand Lodge be presented to our worthy and revered Brother Colonel William Irvine, for his promptitude in

calling this meeting.

That the warmest thanks of this Grand Lodge be, and are hereby presented to, our much esteemed Brother, Gorges D'Arcy Irvine, Esq., for his uniform, persevering, and spirited conduct, in defending the rights of the Order.

That the warmest thanks of this Grand Lodge be, and are hereby

presented to, Brother Alexander Seton, Esq., for his uniform, persevering, and spirited conduct, in defending the rights of the Order, and we strongly recommend him to the Grand Secretary to be continued in the office of Deputy Grand Secretary.

'That we entirely approve, and hereby return, our thanks to those brethren who attended the Grand Lodge in Dublin, on the 5th of May last, for their very proper and spirited conduct in refusing to acknowledge as Treasurer an individual who had previously been disqualified to hold any situation in the Order.

That the proceedings of this Grand Lodge be published, and circulated to all the lodges in Ireland, and that Bro. William Canning, of Dungannon, be appointed Printer to this Grand Lodge.

"Bro. Richardson having left the chair, and Bro. the Reverend Francis Burrows been called thereto, it was unanimously resolved:-'That the thanks of this Grand Lodge be presented to Bro.

Richardson, for his proper conduct in the chair.'

"Signed by order,

"A. Sanderson, Secretary."

The next reference to the transactions of the lodge with which I am acquainted is dated 6th December, 1809, when, in pursuance of the summons of the R.W. and Rt. Hon. the Earl of Belmore, Grand Master, a meeting was held in Dungannon, the Rt. Hon. A. Thomas Lord Blayney, Senior Grand Warden, being in the chair, when the Grand Officers were installed, Bro. Seton, Deputy Grand Secretary, submitted a statement of accounts, and a vote of thanks was passed to him "for his proper and spirited conduct, evinced on all occasions, in support of the interests of this Grand Lodge, and of the true

principles of Free Masonry.

On the 27th of December, 1809, we find a circular issued by Bro. G. D. Irvine, in his capacity as Grand Secretary, in which he "congratulates the brethren on the growing prosperity of their establishment," and then proceeds to accuse the Grand Lodge of Ireland with having expended in litigation a sum of "£500, vested in Government Debentures, which sum had been collected from the Brethren for Charitable Purposes" This is followed, in the course of a few days, by a similar circular from his Deputy, Bro. Seton, composed chiefly of a recriminatory attack on those opposed to him.

A Quarterly Communication of the Lodge was held in March, 1810, presided over by Bro. William Richardson, an eminent Mason, who for many years had occupied the distinguished position of President of the "County Tyrone Masonic Committee." The chief business recorded is the adoption of a number of resolutions antagonistic to the Grand Lodge of Ireland, in which that body is satirically referred to as "A Right Worshipful Grand Lodge held in Dublin;" a brother was expelled from the Order; and a Warrant

was cancelled, with the consequent exclusion of its members.

Four weeks subsequently Bro. Seton addresses another of his diatribes to the members of the Order, amply abounding in self-

laudation and lavish abuse of his opponents.

The circular containing the transactions of the next Stated Communication, held at Dungaunon on the 6th of June, 1810, gives us a list of the Grand Officers at that time, viz.:-Somerset, Earl of Belmore, Grand Master; Sir G. F. Hill, Senior Warden; Lord Blayney, Junior Warden; G. D. Irvine, Secretary; William Brownlow, Treasurer; Alex. Seton, Deputy Grand Secretary; Robert Mitchell, Tyler; Henry McLaughlin, Pursuivant. Reference is made to a statement, emanating from the Grand Lodge of Ireland, to the effect that the Grand East of Ulster "would not be acknowledged in any part of the world;" but we have it here asserted that "the Warrants and Certificates issued under the authority of the Grand Lodge of Ulster are received with all Masonic honours by the brethren of England, Scotland, and America." transactions of this meeting testify to the bitter feeling existing between the members of the Order in Dublin and those who acknowledged the supremacy of the Grand East of Ulster. A list is given of brethren excluded from the Order for periods ranging from twenty-one years to twelve months; and then follows a lengthy communication from Seton, in which, referring to the Grand Lodge of Cork as doing "all the acts within the power of a Grand Lodge, he claims for the Grand East of Ulster a similar privilege. remainder of his letter is a coarse and ribald exhibition of personal feeling against the members of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, in which he charges the Grand Master with having squandered the Charitable Funds of the Order in idle litigation; with having "formulated dissensions, for the sole purpose of subjecting the Order of Free Masonry in Ireland, in all its branches, to his absolute control, to be converted into a tool of family aggrandizement;" and with having, "at the end of twenty-one years, forced the Order to the verge of pecuniary and Masonic ruin." At the same time he endeavours to justify his own conduct in the legal contest in which he was engaged with the authorities in Dublin.

The next stated communication of the Lodge was held at Dungannon on the 5th of September, 1810, Bro. G. D. Irvine, Grand Secretary, in the chair, at which an address was adopted for presentation "to his Grace the Duke of Richmond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland," as a brother; "expressing the unshaken loyalty of the brethren of Ulster, and their implicit confidence in his Grace's Government." A copy of the address, with his Grace's reply, is given, as is also a copy of a resolution thanking Bro. G. D. Irvine for his zeal and unremitting attention to the interests of Masonry, and the support of the Independence of this R.W.G. Lodge." same circular gives a short account of a stated communication, held, presumably at Dungannon, on the 5th of December, 1810, the principal business of which was the suspension of two lodges for improper conduct, and the adoption of a resolution thanking "our worthy Bro. John Maginu, Esq., P.G. Sec. of Munster, for his attachment to the interests, and his zeal in promoting, as far as in him lay, the general advantage of Free Masonry." Then follows another abusive letter from Seton-the length of whose epistles must have been a source of considerable satisfaction to Bro. William Canning, "Printer to the Grand Lodge"—and the document concludes with an account of "A meeting of the Masters of fifty-two Lodges, convened on the 25th day of August, 1810, at Glenavy, Co. Antrim, for the purpose of taking into consideration the line of conduct most advantageous and honourable to adopt in the present melancholy and extraordinary situation to which Masonry in Ireland is reduced." Thirteen resolutions were adopted at this meeting, one of which I quote in full: "9th. That the principles on which the Grand Lodge of Ulster has been established appear to this meeting to be the genuine, ancient, and unchangeable basis on which Masonry was originally founded; and we conceive it the imperious duty of every Mason in this province to attend, support, obey, and hail the the same as the true and legitimate Grand Lodge, fully competent to protect and hand down the Craft, in its original purity, to the latest posterity." In these resolutions reference is made to a meeting of "The Belfast District Committee, held on the 4th of June, 1810, clearly indicating that that body was composed of Brethren determined to support the authority of the Grand East of Ulster in

opposition to the Grand Lodge of Ireland." Another resolution points to the fact that "some few credulous and misguided Lodges" had already submitted to the authority of the Grand Lodge of Ireland. It is also announced that the next meeting of the Grand Lodge world be held on the 5th of March, 1811, but where that meeting was held, or whether it was ever held at all, I am not aware. When we find, however, that we have no record of this meeting, and that revolutionary tactics were being carried on with renewed vigour on fresh ground, we are the less surprised to learn that the leaders deemed it advisable to shift the headquarters of the revolt from Dungannon. In accordance with this determination we find that a meeting of the Grand East of Ulster was held in the town of Belfast on the 18th of September, 1811, in connection with which the following list of Grand Officers is given: James Craig, Esq., M.P., Grand Master; John Shaw, Esq., Deputy Grand Master; the Rt. Hon. A. T. Blayney, Senior Grand Warden; Sir G. Hill, Bart., Junior Grand Warden; George D'Arey Irvine, Grand Secretary; the Rev. Francis Burrows, Grand Chaplain; A. Seton, Esq., Deputy Grand Secretary; and William Brownlow, Esq., M.P., Treasurer. The chief business transacted at this meeting was the formation of a "Master's Lodge," similar in composition and function to the present "Board of General Purposes," the result of whose deliberations was to be reported to the Grand Lodge at each Quarterly Communication. It is also announced by "Wm. Berriman, Secretary to the Master's Lodge," that "the next meeting of the Grand Lodge of Ulster will be held at the Donegall Arms, Belfast, on Wednesday, the 4th day of December, 1811, at High Meridian.

Appended to the yearly abstract published by the Grand Lodge of Ireland for the year 1811, we find that body adopting a conciliatory spirit in relation to the revolting party, and we read a statement to the effect that "in numberless instances this forbearance has succeeded," but that even mercy having its limits, they were "firmly resolved to SUSPEND or CANCELL all lodges, and expel all Masons persisting in rebellious defiance to its LEGITIMATE and UNQUESTIONABLE AUTHORITY." They also caution the members of the Order against recognising the PRETENDED warrants and spurious certificates issued by the party in revolt, reminding them that none are genuine excepting those signed by their own properly authorised officers. Appended to the abstract in question we find two letters, one from Lord Blayney, and the other from Sir G. F. Hill, Bart., repudiating in the strongest possible terms their countenance of the Grand East of Ulster, the former stating that in attending its meetings he had been misled by the misrepresentation "that the lodge assembled in Dungannon was by permission of the Grand Lodge, and under their direction and control, for the accommodation of the Province of Ulster," and the latter assuring Grand Lodge that he had never authorised the use of his name, nor had he attended a Masonie lodge since the year 1798. In the same paper we find that Somerset, Earl of Belmore, was Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Ireland for the year 1811. Thus, at one full swoop, we find a G.M., a S.G.W., and a J.G.W. of the Grand East of Ulster, repudiating their connection with the revolt!

The next item of intelligence is dated 2nd December, 1812, when at a meeting of "The Grand Lodge of Ulster," held in Belfast, "James Craig, Esq., on the Throne," it was resolved to establish a "Masonic Orphan Asylum" in Belfast, and a Committee was appointed to draw up a code of rules for its management.

A communication of the Grand Lodge was advertised to be held at the Donegall Arms, Belfast, on the 3rd of August, 1813, at which the collectors of the fund for the erection of the Masonic Orphan Asylum were requested to report progress.

A similar meeting was summoned for the same place on the 3rd of June following, and it was announced that "The Most Noble the Marquis of Donegall had given a grant of a lot of ground for the erection of the Masonic Orphan Asylum," plans for the building of which had been prepared, and estimates for the building were invited.

I have been unable to discover any record of the lodge subsequent to this date, and I am inclined to the belief that the legal decision of the Court, pronounced in July, 1813, finally terminated its existence.

But by far the most interesting relic of this revolt, with which I am yet acquainted, is a "List of Lodges on the Roll of the Grand East of Ireland, from 27th December, 1806, up till 6th December, 1809," with a copy of which I have been furnished by a highly-esteemed brother—himself an ardent Masonic archaeologist. The list in question comprises 157 lodges, a careful analysis of which is extremely interesting and important, as tending to exhibit the astute generalship of our worthy Bro. Seton in collecting and

marshalling his revolutionary forces. In a "List of Lodges Erased from the Books of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, orded to be printed on the 5th of November, 1801," and signed "A. Seton, D.G. Sec.," we find reference made to no less than 169 lodges, the warrants of which were thereby cancelled. In the "List of Lodges on the Roll of the Grand East of Ulster," we find no less than 43 lodges mentioned in the "List of Erased Lodges" Nine of these cancelled warrants, having been either in Bro. Seton's own possession prior to his dismissal from the office of D.G. Sec., or his previous knowledge having enabled him readily to lay his hands upon them, were at once utilised for the purposes of the Revolt, whilst the remaining 34 were revived by the Grand East of Ulster. Eight other warrants were revived, which must have been cancelled at some other time, as they do not appear in the List of 1801, and fees were paid for such revivals, to the amount of £175 3s. 6d.; 14 new Warrants were issued, the fees for which amounted to £63 14s.; 90 Lodges, whose Warrants were in full force at the time, are given in the list, and may, therefore, be termed disaffected; whilst in two instances only, viz., in the case of Lodges 242 and 439, have I been unable to satisfy myself as to the nature of their connection with the movement. A further analysis of the list of disaffected Lodges, shows 81 Lodges for the Ulster Counties, viz., Antrim 21, Down 18, Tyrone 17, Fermanagh 8, Armagh 7, Londonderry 4, Monaghan 3, Cavan 2, Donegal 1. And 9 Lodges for the remainder of Ireland, viz., Clare 2, Wexford 2, Longford 2, Tipperary 1, Galway 1, and Louth 1. Thus clearly establishing the fact that the revolt had its origin, and was almost entirely supported by Ulster Masons, the number of malcontents elsewhere being both few and far between.



Three different seals appear to have been in use at different times, copies of which are now reproduced. The first seal is attached to a document emanating from Taylor's Hall, Back Lane, Dublin, dated 6th August, 1807; the second to a Dungannon document of the year 1809; and the third to a Belfast document of 1811.

The causes of this revolt appear to be of a twofold nature—the ostensible causes being abuses on the part of the Grand Lodge of Ireland in the selection of its officers, threatened interference on the part of that body in the

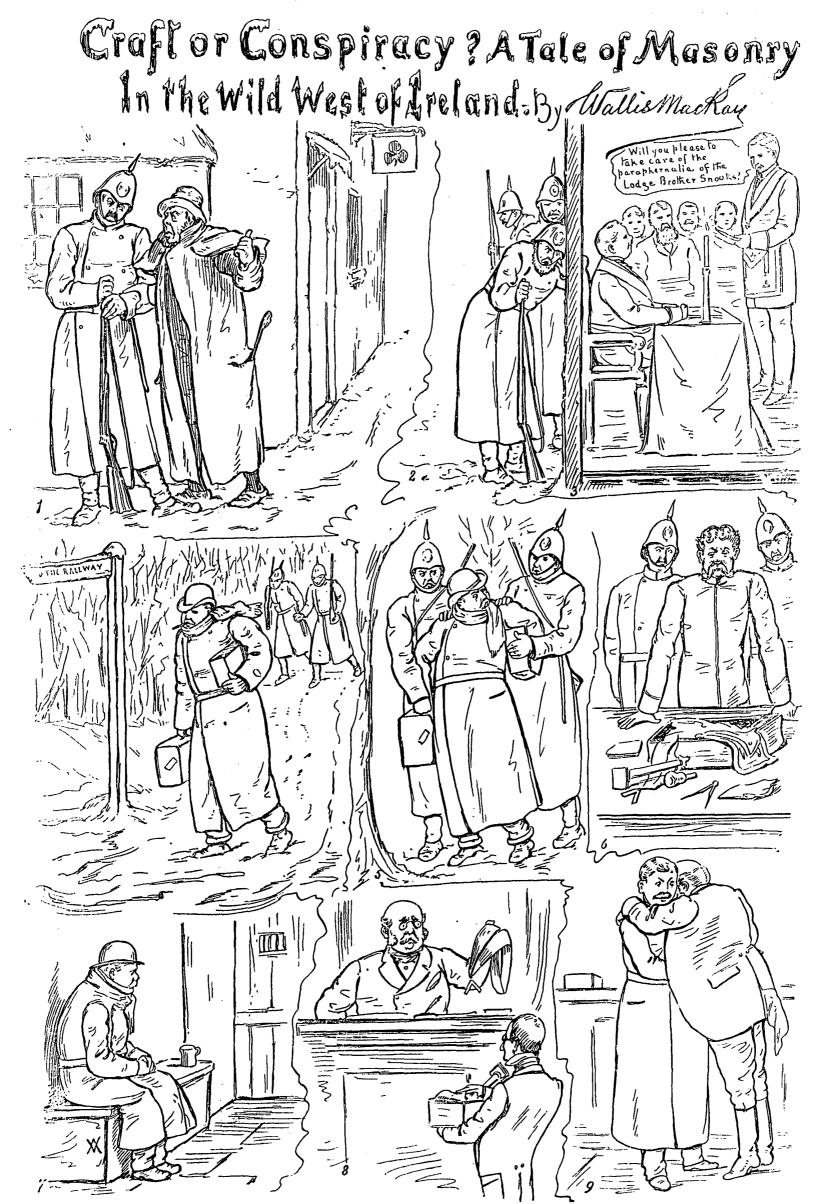
working of the Higher Masonic Orders, and a system of finance both faulty and extravagant. But, whether the treatment extended to them was justifiable or not, to our mind the real cause is to be found in a determined feeling of resentful opposition to the properly constituted authorities of the order on the part of Bros. Irvine and Seton; who, in consequence of Bros. Irvine's undoubted popularity in the North, when they found it impossible to carry on the war in the enemy's camp, transferred the scene of their operations to Ulster. That I am right in this conclusion will, I think, be readily ceded on a candid and impartial consideration of the foregoing facts. The determination which characterised the commencement of hosilities in Dublin; the removal to the North; the extraordinary apathy of the brethren in the South, East, and West, on whom real grievances, had they existed, must have pressed with equal severity; the repudiation by three individuals, of exalted position and unblemished character, hoth in the Order and in Society; and the fact that, out of the entire field, Irvine and Seton alone, are to be found in the race from start to finish; to my mind clearly establish the fact that motives of resentment on the part of these two brethren incited them to a course of action, their persistence in which might have been of more protracted duration, but for the intervention of the legal decision pronounced against them by the Master of the Rolls.

Permit me to add that these are all the facts with which I am acquainted in this connection; that I trust their narration may tend to elicit further information on this most important and interesting event in the history of Irish Freemasonry; and that I am most deeply grateful to the Editor of the Freemason for having so graciously opened his columns to my too protracted observations.

FRANCIS C. CROSSLE.

Newry, 18th November, 1892.





(1) The Law receives information at Ballymud, that a group of men are holding secret meetings in the Shamrock Hotel. (2) A Watch is kept on the premises. (3) When some compromising orders are overheard. (4) And as one of the "suspects" emerges carrying mysterious packages he is "shadowed." (5) And arrested. (6) The Sergeant in charge of the local force is not sure, but thinks the objects suspicious, and doubtless belong to some dangerous engine of destruction. (7) Snooks therefore has the felicity of spending a night in an Irish police cell. (8) In the morning he is arraigned before a Justice of the Peace who recognises familiar objects in the articles found with the prisoner, and orders his immediate release. (9) And embraces him upon the bench as a Brother, with profuse apologises for official blunders and a hearty invitation to spend Christmas with him.

Ibungarian Masonic Medals.



continuation of my article on this subject in last year's "Christmas Freemason," I wish to give descriptions of a few more of these very interesting medals and jewels; but first I would remark that Bro. W. T. R. Marvin in quoting the former pieces in the appendix of his splendid work on "Masonic Medals" has made several corrections which are incorrect, and my own descriptions will hold good. I have sent him word of this, and no doubt in the next number of

the Numismatic Journal he will acknowledge the same.

I. Medal of Lodge "Grossmuth," or "Magnanimity," during the time that it was a clandestine or irregular lodge. This is similar to the present medal previously described by me, but is smaller in scale, and the crown on the head of the female figure; the coins falling from the hand and other details are different, whilst the reverse has inscribed "Pester Loge zur Grossmuth," the "zur" being surrounded by the other words forming a circle, separated by a star right and left. The inscription is nearly enclosed by a wreath joined at the top, the circle being completed by the dates "1780 * 1870." The scale is 26. The date 1780 refers to the fact that a lodge of the same name existed in the old town of Pest at this date, but it had no connection of any kind with the irregular

lodge formed in 1870."

II. A very handsome gilded medal, scale 26, of Lodge "László Király." The obverse bears a figure of King Ladislas on horseback, crowned, and bearing a sceptre in his right hand; and around a circle the inscription "LASZLO KIRALY. J.: és T.:.Sz.:.K.:. NAGYVARAD KELETEN +," the translation being "Regular and Perfect Free-masonic Lodge 'King Ladislas' at the Orient of Nagyvārad." There were five kings of Hungary named Ladislas, the monarch in question being the first, and known as ." Saint Ladislas" for his noble character and great achievements. He reigned from A.D. 1077 to 1095, and the town of Nagyvarad, in the Province of Bihar, in Eastern Hungary, was his favourite seat and his last resting place. The reverse bears two right hands clasped, and above them .:; and round a circle the inscription "000876 BÖLCSESSÉG ERÖ ÉS SZÉPSÉG," the translation being "1876, Wisdom, strength and beauty." The lodge was established in 1875-6, under the former St. John's Grand Lodge.

III. A gilt medal of scale 25, obverse and reverse both bearing the same device and inscription; namely, at the top, the lower half of a sun shedding rays all over the field, and over this as a raised charge, three torches tied together by a ribbon, and in a circle round the edge "VILLAGOSAG E BEREGHSZASZ 000871," i.e., "Lodge Villagosag at Bereghszasz." The name is mis-spelt and should be "Világosság" or "Light." The lodge was founded in 1871, but is

No. 3.

now defunct, and the medal rare.

No. 7.

IV. A gilt medal, size 22, of lodge "Eintracht" or "Concord." The obverse has a square and compasses, over which, in bend sinister, is laid a bundle of rods tied transversely in two places (the fasces), and the whole surrounded by a wreath of acacia [or oak] tied at the bottom. The reverse has round the edge a circle of square-linked chain; and the inscription "JOHANNIS : | .. EINTRACHT .. | OR .. NEUDORFL | A.D. LEITHA," meaning "St. John's Lodge Eintracht, orient of Neudörfl on the Leitha." This is a small town on the borders of Hungary, and the river Leitha divides it from Austria, the lodge being one of those frontier lodges, which, as Freemasonry is forbidden in that country, hold their meetings on Hungarian soil. It was founded by the St. John's G. Lodge and still

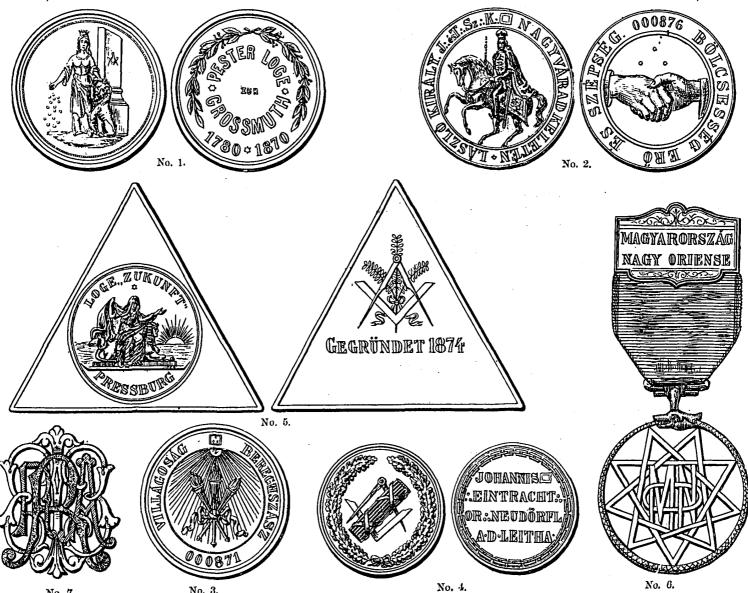
V. A very beautiful triangular medal, equilateral, the side measuring scale 43, of gilt metal. The obverse, within a narrow gold edge is enamelled a light greenish-blue, and bears a gold circle of scale 24. On this is a veiled female figure seated on a sphynx, by the sea shore, with the setting sun in the background, and above her head two interlaced triangles. Curved within the top of the circle is "Loge 'ZUKUNFT,'" and at the bottom "PRESSBURG." On the right hand corner of the slab on which the sphynx lies is, in tiny letters, INER, probably the name of engraver. The reverse is not enamelled, and bears three acacia twigs tied by a ribbon, and supercharged with square and compasses, and underneath in a straight line is "GEGRÜNDET 1874," i.e., "Established 1874." This is the medal of lodge ZUKUNFT, or "the future," the device being emblematical of the name of the lodge. It is still flourishing at Pressburg. It was founded by the St. John's G. Lodge. The ribbons of all these medals are blue.

VI. A white metal medal, consisting of a snake forming a circle with its tail in its mouth, surrounding three interlaced triangles, in the centre of which are the letters M.N.O. (also interlaced), for "MAGYARORSZAG NAGY ORIENSE," i.e., "Grand Orient of Hungary," the same words appearing in full in the ornamental bar at the top of the green-edged yellow ribbon from which it is worn. The whole of the field of the medal is removed, and the reverse blank. This was worn by the Grand Officers of the former G. Orient of Hungary.

VII. is not a medal, but a jewel formed by the letters composing the name of Lodge IRENEA, arranged as a monogram in gilt metal, and suspended by a pink ribbon. The lodge was founded in 1882 by the former G. Orient, at Karánsebes in Southern Hungary, but is now extinct, and the jewel very rare.

There are still more of these very interesting medals and jewels to be described, but as they have not yet arrived, I am unable to do so at present. I have again, however, to express my grateful thanks to my friend, Bro. Malczovich, for enabling me to continue my

FRED. J. W. CROWE, P.P.G.O.



The Priest's Secret.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS,

Author of "Mary Jane's Memoirs," "The Confessions of a Mother-in-Law," Se., Sc.

T was long past midnight, but still Doctor Hanson and the Rev. John Wannop sat by the fire in the beautiful oak library at Studley Court.

The doctor was a broad-shouldered, healthy-looking Yorkshireman, whose age you would have given at forty, but who was really on the wrong side of fifty. The clergyman was many years his junior. A tall, thin young man, with rounded shoulders, and an awkward, nervous style about him. You looked at the Rev. John Wannop's body and you thought him a very ordinary person; you looked up at his face and instantly you were fascinated. It was almost a perfect face, and the dark, dreamy eyes were made all the more beautiful by the pallor of the delicate skin.

Young ladies who saw him for the first time raved about him. His dark eyes and black hair made him quite a hero. Some of them described his beauty as "Byronic," others declared that he looked like a Greek god. No one in Studley had ever seen Lord Byron, or looked upon a Greek god in the flesh. The Rev. Mr. Wannop's female admirers simply used the comparison that

came handiest to them.

The male population of Studley were not quite so enthusiastic. They liked the Rev. John, but they thought there was something uncanny about him. When he first came among them a young curate of six-and-twenty to do the whole of the work for a wealthy vicar, who spent the best part of the year travelling about "for the benefit of his health," they thought he was disappointed in love, or suffered from some internal complaint. And as time went on and they saw more of him, and listened to his sermons, those of them who troubled about him at all made up their minds that he had "done something," that he was a young man "with a past."

His appointment to the curacy was understood to be due to the influence of Mr. Arkwright, the new owner of Studley Court. The curate and Mr. Arkwright arrived in Studley almost on the same day, and it was understood the greatest

intimacy existed between them.

Mr. Arkwright was a wealthy merchant, who had retired from business after amassing a large fortune. He came to Studley Court with his wife and a large retinue of servants, with carriages and hor es, and every outward and visible sign of wealth. For twelve months previously an army of workmen had had possession of the old Court, which had been tenantless for years, and everyone who saw the magnificent improvements felt convinced that it had passed into the hands of a millionaire.

There was considerable anxiety to see Mr. Arkwright when he arrived, but it must be confessed that Studley was a little disappointed in him. There was nothing grand about him. He was a quiet, benevolent-looking old gentleman, with kind blue eyes and beautiful iron-grey hair, and his wife was as simple and unpretending as himself. But that he was immensely wealthy there could be no doubt. His hospitality at Studley was noble; he was a lavish patron of all the local charities, and he soon became the good genius of the district, and a man of

importance in the country.

Everybody liked him, and adored his wife. A more unassuming couple it would have been impossible to find. They were always accessible to their poorer neighbours, and the amount of good which they did in a quiet, unostentatious way

was incalculable.

On great occasions, such as Studley Races, the Agricultural Show, and the Ycomancy Drill, Studley Court was an open house, and filled with visitors from town. But as a rule the Arkwrights lived their life very quietly, and confined their hospitality to a few local friends, whose acquaintance they had made since their arrival at the Court.

The Rev. John Wannop was a constant visitor. On fine afternoons it was generally leaning on the curate's arm that Mr. Arkwright walked about his grounds, and when the Arkwrights drove into Studley town the Rev. Mr. Wannop very frequently occupied the back seat in the carriage.

Of late Dr. Hanson had been a frequent visitor as well. Mr. Arkwright had not been very well. He was troubled with the return of a malady which he had contracted, it was understood,

in his early manhood in California.

Latterly the doctor had been in daily attendance, and very soon it was known that Mr. Arkwright was seriously and dangerously ill.

It was a fever of some kind, it was said, and the poor old gentleman had become delirious, so delirious that it was necessary for someone to be always with him, and the doctor, the curate and Mrs. Arkwright, the devoted wife, had been relieving each other day and night by the sick man's bedside.

Dr. Jones, Dr. Hanson's professional rival in Studley, shook

his head when he heard the details of the illness.

"I can't make it out," he said, "if all I hear be true, they ought to have a professional nurse—a man in that condition is likely to do himself or others an injury at any time. It can't be a question of expense, and yet there are these two men and the wife wearing themselves out and undertaking duties for which they are unfitted, rather than have proper attendance. It's odd, very odd. I'm afraid Hanson doesn't appreciate the gravity of the case."

But Dr. Hanson did appreciate the gravity of the case, and that is why he and the curate are sitting together to-night in the

great library at Studley Court.

"I don't know what to do for the best," said the doctor, after he gazed long and anxiously at the fire, as if for inspiration. "Mrs. Arkright can't go on much longer. At any moment some new case of illness may call me away, and you must attend to your duties."

"I can give my nights," replied the curate.
"Yes, my dear fellow, that's all very well, but if you watch by our poor friend's bedside in the night and work all day you'll soon be worn out."

"We can't call anyone else in. You know it's impossible." "We might get a nurse who could be trusted. Nurses do have to hear a good deal and, after all, the secrets of the sick room are sacred."

"Some secrets, yes; but not a secret like this. Sooner than let a stranger hear what that poor fellow says in his delirium, I would give up everything and remain by his side. And if we yielded, you know, Dr. Hanson, his wife would never consent."

"No, poor lady. My God, what a terrible revelation it must

have been to her; how bravely she has borne it."
"Bravely. Yes," said the curate, rising, and pacing the room, "it's marvellous. Do you know, Hanson, that when I first became the possessor of the secret of John Arkwright's life I thought it would have killed me." "Killed you, why?"

"You don't understand what it has been to me. I loved this man, I venerated him. It was he who took me by the hand when I was left motherless and fatherless, and penniless. It was he who educated me and brought me up, and gave me my chance in life. I felt to him as a son to a loving father, and when I learned that he was a-

"Hush!" exclaimed the doctor, glancing towards the door. He rose and opened it, looked out cautiously, and listened

for a moment.

"I thought I heard someone moving about," he said, as he came back and sat down by the fire.

There was a moment's silence, and then the doctor continued

the interrupted conversation.

"I can quite sympathise with you my dear fellow," he said. "It must have been a terrible blow. I don't think I ever heard such a ghastly story in my life."

"You agree with me that it is absolutety necessary to keep silence on the subject. You consider that I have done right in

holding my peace all these years."

" Most certainly. I can quite understand that as a clergyman, you may at first have had some scruples as to your duty, but looking at all the circumstances I think you are fully justified."

"And you, now that you also know the truth, will keep

silence, too."

"Absolutely. If the circumstances under which the story reached me-from the mouth of a delirious patient-did not justify me, I should only have to think of that brave devoted wife upstairs and that would decide me. Besides, even prcsuming that the poor fellow were alone in the world, what good would come of betraying him now?"

" None, none," replied the curate, the tears coming into his eyes. "But I sometimes wish that he himself had had the moral courage to confess the truth-to tell his horrible story

and risk everything."

"It would have done no good," said the doctor, "it would have ruined a life of great usefulness and I doubt if ever he could have been put on his trial for the crime. He could'nt have been tried here, because this country has nothing to do with the matter, and it would have been an absurdity for him to go back to America and give himself up there. Had he done so, I doubt if anything would have been believed. It might even charitably have been considered an hallucination on his part."

"Yes-yes, he said that himself when we talked the matter

"How did he come to tell you?" said the doctor.

"We were travelling abroad together. It was the year before he met that lady who is now his wife. I was only 20 then, and, as I have told you, he treated me as a son. He was taken seriously ill in Rome, and had a touch of the fever. One night he became a little light-headed and talked about his old life, and some words he made use of startled me.

"The next day he was calmer, and gradually got quite well again. When he was able to get about I told him what strange things he had said in his delirium. He started, and seemed

terribly upset, but made no reply.

"Late that evening he came to my room and said he had something to tell me. He said that all his life he had wanted somebody to confide his secret to—someone who would understand him and sympathise with him, and then he told me all.'

"It must have been a terrible shock to you."

"Yes, but I hardly recognised all that it meant then. I suffered more afterwards. I suffer more now. I loved this man, my benefactor, my almost father, then, and I love him more now; yet not once, but a hundred times, have I felt that the burthen he had imposed upon me was greater than I could bear—that I must go out into the world and cry it aloud. I have felt that I was sharing his guilt—that I was aiding him to deceive and defraud the world in which he was honoured and respected. Dr. Hanson, answer me this question as man to man—you have, during the short time he has been in the place, seen him honoured and respected, looked up to, almost revered? Do you believe if it had been known that he had taken the life of his wife and child that the one living soul would have taken his hand in friendship?"

The doctor hesitated.

"Let us look at the matter calmly," he said, "You know it, I know it, and the wife who sits upstairs by the bedside knows it now, and we are still his friends; we pity him, and you, too, love him still."

"Yes, that is true, but it is not a fair answer to my question," said the curate, sadly. "The knowledge has come to us as a

sacred trust."

"His wife does not shrink from him."

"No! But from this hour I believe she will be a brokenhearted woman. Life can never be the same to her again. Do you believe that she, a good, pure, true, and loving woman, would have married him had he come to her and said, "I am a murderer. I killed my first wife. I killed my child, but I love you, will you be my wife?"

"Well, honestly I don't suppose she would; although the

"The circumstances cannot alter the facts. For all the lifelong sorrow that this poor lady must suffer now, I blame myself. I should have spoken out, I should have insisted on his telling great love for him, and ever since I have felt that I shared his guilt."

"Come, come, my dear fellow!" exclaimed the doctor kindly "You are a little too hard on yourself. The whole business is very terrible, I grant you. I myself was inexpressively shocked when I discovered the truth, but as a man of the world I believe you have done nothing of which you need be ashamed.'

"Ay, as a man of the world, but I am a priest of God." "It is the duty of every priest of God to help the suffering, mourn with them that mourn, to console the wretched, to show the sinner his way to salvation, but surely it is not the duty of a priest of God to betray his friend and benefactor, to give up to shame and degradation a man he honestly believes to have been the victim of a moment of madness. Come, I have only heard the rough outline of this terrible story. Tell me the whole truth-tell me the circumstances as they were told to you, and let us see if you are really justified in torturing yourself in this.

"Yes," replied the curate, "I will, and if you can say, when I have finished, that no blame attaches to me it will be at least Would to God I could persuade myself that I some comfort.

am innocent."

"One moment!" said the doctor, "let me just go upstairs and see how Arkwright is. He was asleep when I left min. will just tell his wife that we are sitting up, and at a word from her one of us will relieve her."

The doctor was absent for about ten minutes.

"He is still sleeping," he said. "To-morrow we shall probably know the best-or the worst-I think everything will depend upon how he wakes after his long sleep. Now, tell me the whole story."

"I will tell it to you," said the curate, with a deep sigh, "as nearly as I can in John Arkwright's own words. I remember them. They are seared on my inemory, and I shall carry them to the grave.

"He told me that when he was a very young man, barely 30, he left England. He had neither father nor mother, and his uncle, with whom he had lived, was a hard, miserly man, who treated him badly. Anxious to get rid of him at any price, he obtained for the young man a situation in an office in New

"John Arkwright remained in New York for two years, doing very little to improve his position, and just earning enough

to pay for his food and lodging.

"Then he made a move, and managed to get to San Francisco, where after undergoing great vicissitudes, he obtained employment in a drinking and gambling saloon, kept by a

notorious ex-prize fighter.

"While there he fell in love with a young girl whose father had been killed in a drunken row in this 'hell' one night. The fathers's friends and associates got up a subscription, and handed it to the girl, who was a hardworking, decent lass, and had done all she could to keep her father straight after her mother's death. While the funds were being raised John saw a great deal of her. He pitied her, and sympathised with her-for her lot was a very cruel one-and by a natural process fell in love with her. They were both alone in the world, they were both unhappy, and what was more natural than that they should come together, and at last make a match of it.

"One thing they were both agreed upon, and that was to get away from their miserable surroundings, to leave San

Francisco, and start a new life together far away.

"So it came about that soon after they were married John and his wife set out with a band of adventurers for a wild spot where, it was stated, fortunes were to be made. Thousands of men and women went on the same errand in those days and, though many failed utterly and died miserably, some became the pioneers of a great movement. On the lonely spots where they settled, made a clearing, and built their wooden huts, mighty cities stand to-day, to bear witness to their courage and their enterprise.

'John Arkwright and his wife were among the unfortunate ones who failed. They found themselves after years of hardship and misery one of a band of men and women settled in a lonely spot cut off from civilisation, and surrounded by a lawless

band of half-starved adventurers.

"John and his wife starved with the rest, and, to add to their misery, they had now a little child-a poor sickl, little thing, whose sufferings only added to their own misery.

"Hard as their lot was it gradually grew harder still. The wife fell ill of a kind of wasting fever, and the child moaned in ceaseless pain. Then John fell ill, and could do no work at all,

and starvation stared them in the face.

"Some of the men and women, rough creatures, hardened to fate by a ceaseless struggle for existence, helped them a little; but times were bad all round, and it soon became a case of each for himself and his own. To add to the general misery and terror, a gang of thieves and murderers had been at work in the neighbourhood. In a camp some miles away, the women had been murdered and a lot of cattle stolen and driven off. These men were mad, drunken desperadoes, ruffians who would murder a whole family for the sake of their little money or the few valuables that might be about the place.

"It was notorious that many of the settlers in these lonely places, though to all appearances poor, had money hoarded away -money they scraped together in order to get back to civilisation, or in some instances to buy claims further afield. The gang, which was at the time I speak of the terror of the small camps, had been encouraged by finding a quantity of gold in one or two shanties, and this had led them to continue their

 ${\it depredations}.$

"One night John Arkwright woke up with a strange pain in his head. He told me that it was as if he had suddenly gone mad. He woke up with the idea that he was going to die-that the fever would kill him. He looked round him and saw his wife asleep by his side-her baby in her arms. She was terribly ill and weak, and her face was white and pinched.

"Suddenly the terrible idea came to the frenzied man that he was going to die, and leave these two helpless creatures at the mercy of the world. He was mad at the moment—I am sure

of it—the delirium of the fever was upon him.

"'It shall not be,' he said to himself, 'there is nothing but misery and starvation before them. I cannot die and leave them to suffer alone—we will die together.'

"Then in his madness he rose quietly and went to the table and took a knife that lay there—a long, sharp knife that he used at his work-and-

The elergyman paused for a moment.

"Oh, it is too horrible," he said, "you know—you have heard from his own lips. You have heard him rave in his delirium now what he did that awful night. He killed them-

killed them as they slept, and took the knife and turned to lift it to his own throat, and just as he felt the cold edge touch his his flesh, the strength that frenzy had given him suddenly left him, and he fell down and knew no more.
"When he came to himself it was bright daylight.

"He had forgotten everything for the moment, all was vague and dim, and a great mist was before his eyes, and a great buzzing in his ears.

"Gradually he became aware that there was a noise in the next room. He heard the sound of trampling feet and voices,

and presently a couple of men rushed into the room.
"'By—they've murdered 'em' cried a man of -they've murdered 'em,' cried a man, and instantly

a crowd of men were round the bodies.

"No!' exclaimed another rough voice, 'they're not all dead -the woman and the child are, but the man's alive, they didn't

"John felt himself gently raised up, and saw a great ring of faces round him. He recognised some of them—they were his

camp mates.
"'Don't tell him anything about it yet, poor chap,' said one man, kindly; 'let's get him away. Here, bring him to my place, and see what we can do for him. He'll know what's

happened soon enough, God help him!'
"They carried John Arkwright gently away, they attended to his wound, which was only a slight one, and gradually their rough skill hrought him back to the point at which his life was safe. And then, before he could tell his story, they told him theirs. During the night the gang of robbers had been in the camp—they had murdered a poor fellow about a quarter of a mile away, and robbed the place, and then they had gone on and broken into John's place.

"John stared in astonishment,

"Ah, you didn't see 'em, I suppose,' said his informant; 'they must have done their work quietly, while you was asleep. They must have been frightened or disturbed before they finished you, old chap, but God help you, they've killed your wife and child.

"'They broke into my place,' said John, half in a dream.

"Yes, the place is upside down. They turned over everything to see if you'd got any money. We shot two of the brutes dead this morning in the open, but the rest got clear

away."
"That was all John heard, for he was faint and weak—the excitement had been too much for him, and he swooned away. When gradually he recovered and his strength slowly returned, he hesitated to tell these wild, lawless men the truth. might not even believe him. He almost tried to persuade himself that he had been the victim of a delusion. There was no doubt stantial evidence was all in his favour. these men had ransacked the outer room of his dwelling.

"On one of the bodies of the men who had been pursued and shot had been found property taken from his home-it was of no value, but it was known to be his-an implement of his

trade with his name carved on the wooden handle.

"The men must have broken in and searched his place, and have taken alarm at some sound before they had time to enter

the second room and see the two bodies that lay there.

"The whole settlement believed that John Arkwright's wife and child had been brutally murdered by the robbers, and that John owed his escape to their having left him before they had completed their barbarous work.

"For months afterwards he suffered the most terrible mental torture, but his fortunes underwent a change. A stranger arrived in the settlement for a time—a man with a certain amount of capital—he took a fancy to John and invited him to go with him to a big city. John Arkwright was glad to leave a place haunted by such terrible memories, and accepted the offer.

"The two men became partners in the city; their enterprise succeeded, and they made a fortune with the rapidity common

enough years ago in the United States.

"Then they separated, and John speculated on his own account, and at last came back to England at the age of 50,

a man of wealth and position.

"It was in London that he met me and our friendship commenced," said the curate, after a pause. He was my benefactor and protector, and you know he rest. He had me educated for the church since that was my aim, and it was just before I took holy orders that he told mounder the circumstances I have narrated to you, his ghastly secret."

"Then he met the lady who is now his second wife, and until this week I have been the only living man who knew the story of his past. You have discovered it as his poor wife has discovered it, listening to the ravings of a delirious man-and

The doctor looked up from the brow. study in which he had fallen.

"Tell me," he said, "How much does his wife know?"

"What do you mean?"

"She has heard his terrible confession, but she cannot know any details—unless you have told her."

"I have told her nothing. I only know she heard him denounce himself as a murderer."

"Then?" said the doctor, "my task is easier than I thought."

"Do you mean that—"

"I mean that she really does not yet understand thoroughly what her husband has said. She knows that her husband accuses himself of a terrible crime—a murder. You told me when we came away from his bedside enough to convince me that he was speaking the truth, but I have all along tried to persuade her that it was the delirium which suggested the horrible charges he brings against himself."

"But she agrees that we three must watch him between

us-that no stranger must come near him."

"Naturally, no wife would want strangers to go out of her house with such words as these ringing in her ears. They might believe them."

The curate rose from his seat and paced the room.

"Dr. Hanson," he said, "do you wish me to be party to a further deception. Do you wish me to lie to John Arkwright's

"No, I wish you to say nothing more. I command you to say nothing. Mrs. Arkwright's health is in my charge and I warn you that you are to do nothing and say nothing, which, at such a time of anxiety as this, might have terrible consequences. Do you understand?"

"I unclerstand."

"And you will obey."

"Yes-for the present, I will obey."

"Then good-bye. You go home and get some rest. I will stay in the house all night, and relieve Mrs. Arkwright. Remember, until I as the medical man in attendance here, responsible for the lives of my patients-for the shock of her husband's crime has been a severe one to Mrs. Arkwrightgive you leave to speak, you are to remain silent. Now, good-

They shook hands, and the Rev. John Wannop went out

into the night.

He went home but he could not sleep. He sat till the dawn by the window of his room looking out at the shadows, and crying out that he, a priest of God, was shielding the blood guilty, and when the dawn came he flung himself down on his knees and prayed to Heaven for light and guidance.

The next morning after his duties were over, the curate went up to Studley Court.

He met the doctor near the lodge gates.

The doctor took him by the arm. "Old friend," he said, "you will have a sacred mission in that house presently; how will you perform it?"

"What do you mean?" said the curate, uneasily.

"I mean that this morning early there was a great change in John Arkwright. He will not live till to-night.'

"Is—he—is he conscious."

"Yes-and you can go to him, go to him and comfort him, and when he is gone it will be your duty to speak words of hope and comfort to the poor woman who loved him. You will have to decide what those words shall be. Will you as a priest of God raise her drooping heart and give her a message of hope; or will you, as a priest of God, tell her that the dead man she loved was what the world would call a murderer! That is what you have to decide. Good-bye till we meet again."

John Wannop went sadly through the gates of Studley

Court and up to the great house.

The dying man's wife took him gently by the hand, and led him to the bedside of her husband. Then she left them alone.

John Arkwright knew that he was dying. The delirium was over now, and he could speak calmly of the end.

He put out his weak hand and drew the priest gently

"John," he said, "I am going far beyond the punishment or the forgiveness of man. Will you leave it to God to punish or forgive me? Will you promise me that my secret shall die with me, that the woman who has given me her love shall never know from you when I am gone what I was?

The young clergyman bent his head. "Why do you ask me that?" he said.

"Because, John, the doctor has told me that I have been wandering and talking, that I have said strange things, and that my wife has heard them. He has told her that they were nothing, that they are the terrible words which come sometimes to fevered brains. But he has also told me that he has guessed the truth, that you have confirmed his suspicions, and that you are hesitating even now as to whether you shall assist him in-in deceiving my wife. John, I have loved you as my own son, you can repay that love now. Let me die knowing that you will not say the words which would break a desolate woman's heart, and leave her to bear the bitterness of my guilt. Promise!"

The young priest's pale lips moved for a moment as if in prayer. Then falling on his knees by the bedside, he took the dying man's hand in his, and answered softly:

"I promise."

They buried the master of Studley Court in the little green cemetery out beyond the town and the people came in crowds to the funeral to show their respect for the good man who had passed away.

The doctor and the curate left the churchyard together. Outside the gate their hands met and they said no word for

their hearts were full.

But that grip was a silent renewal of the promise the priest

had given the dying man.

Buried in their hearts for ever is the secret they will carry to their graves. They alone will ever know that the good man, over whose grave there stands a marble memorial on which are recorded his honorable life and his Christian virtues, was a murderer—the murderer of his wife and child.

"Adrs. Quilliam."

A MANX STORY.

CHAPTER I.

HE day was a dull and sunless one, the hedges were brown and withered, the fields had a sodden, dreary look. Sea and sky merged into each other, no colour anywhere. All distance shut out by a chill grey mist.

A day in consort with my feelings, for I was leaving my old home and beginning a new life, without anything to hope for and little to fear—only a dreary monotony of years stretched before me. My life, like this day,

seemed far removed alike from the storms of winter and the

brightness of summer.

As I drove along the country roads, my heart numbed with sorrow, I felt that for me life was over. Life—meaning youth and hope. I could scarcely be thankful yet that I had a shelter or a warm heart to receive me, tho' at one time I feared that I should not even have that.

My father (the High Bailiff of Peel) had not been dead many weeks, and I was left quite alone in the world. We had kept open house in his lifetime, and I had been a sort of lady-bountiful to the country round. When he died there was but slight provision left for me, and in the last few weeks I had found friends kind, but patronising. I could not bear to live in a humble way amongst the people who had looked up to me.

I don't think I was proud in my prosperity. ("A real lady, without a grain of pride about her," I had heard myself called.) It had been easy and pleasant to bestow favours—not so easy or pleasant to receive them, and so I had determined to go and live with my old nurse, Nanny Quilliam, in the country, having sufficient to keep me, but not much over for luxuries.

I was twenty-eight, and my youth was over, I thought. It is

twenty years since, and I do not feel so old now.

How bare and unfriendly the trees looked as I drove along. I should miss the sea and Creg Malin rocks. Ah, how I loved them; where my happy childhood and gay youth had been spent! Those headlands had been my nursery, my life had been spent in the open air, rocks and stones had held the place of dolls in my youthful affections. Now I was leaving all and beginning my new life amid new scenes.

My future dwelling—I could not yet call it home—was a little cottage with four rooms and a "laft." I was to have two of these, quite enough for all my requirements.

CHAPTER II.

Nanny's hearty welcome was soothing to my feelings. "Aw the bough millish, the glad 1 am to see ye, it's dead ye'll be with the long drive, and cold and starved into the bargain. Come yer ways

in, I've got a comfortable fire for ye in the parlour."

The fire looked cheery, but the room seemed strange to me, with its old medley of furniture. The whitewashed walls were hung with an immense print of the field of Waterloo, known to me in my youth, a likeness of myself in sunbonnet and sulky face (how well I membered it being taken quarter of a remarkable water-color likenesses of Nanny and her husband, done by the well-known "Buck Keoin," whom I remembered going round to farmhouses and painting portraits for his keep. A square table covered with a red and green cloth, almost filled the room, and on this were placed Nanny's stock of books. A horse-hair sofa occupied one side, and the chairs were quaint old Chippendale. Chimney-piece and cupboards were ornamented with an odd mixture of china ladies in wonderful costumes, bright red china cows, candlesticks with dangling pendants, and an assortment of broken china, familiar to my childhood.

Nanny evidently expected to be complimented on her "best parlour," and I tried to praise it.

"Its a poor place, Miss Marcia, not like what you have been used upon," she said with pride that aped humility, "and what there is in it I got mostly from yourselves. Aw, to think of the likes of you comin' to live in my poor house, for all, who'd have thought it? You that was mixin' with all the quality of the lan'!"

"I am only too glad, Nanny, to get away from the quality, and take shelter with you," I said, giving her a kiss.

"And it's myself that's proud to recave you, terrible plased I am. I never was one for praisin'up myself, but I don't think ye could have made a bather chice of a place. Wasen' I always allowed to be a shockin' good cook (I bis to be, cookin' for the Deempsthers and the Kays and all to that. Then there was no ones that wud bate me at clanin' a room, and blackleadin' a grate. Yes, that's what the poor misthress wud be sayin' when I was for gettin' married, 'I don't know what we'll do without you, Nanny.'

"That was quite true; we never have had your match since."

"No, its like not," Nanny complacently remarked.

CHAPTER III.

I had been at the Keroo some weeks now and was getting accustomed to my quiet life. Occasionally old friends came to see me, but they did not seem so fond of my society as formerly. It was good for my pride. I had thought myself an important person in Peel—now I saw how easily I could be done without, how readily my place had been filled by the new High Bailiff's wife.

I soon recovered my spirits, however, and was not lonely, or even sad, after the first weeks. It was a happy thing for me that I could so readily adapt myself to circumstances. With health, books and

work I was never idle or dull.

In the evenings Nanny would often come in to me, sometimes knitting while I read aloud, but oftener telling me stories, of which she had a fine stock. The tales of my youth never failed to delight both of us. "You were always middlin' fond of yer own way, but a wise child ye war, uncommon, Miss Marcia. Do you mind yanther time when ye put yer han' into the kitchen drawer and filled yer mouth with pepper, thinkin' it was shuggar? As quate as a mouse ye war, for all it burnt yer mouth dreadful, naver a cry did ye give tho', for ye knew right well I had tauld ye naver to touch that drawer."

I remembered it perfectly.

"Then that time, when I went to show off yer readin' to my sisther's son-him thats in Ameriky now and is so good to me since 'himself' died. Thinks I to myself when Sarah-that's my sisther, Mrs. Cowle, that's gone-was braggin' about her boy Evan being such a schollard, 'he's nawthing to Marcia'; so says I to her, 'When Evan's round with the milk to-night I'll hev him up to our nursery, and let him hear our young lady, the way she can read, for all she's so young.' So up me gentleman comes that evenin', as bauld as ye plase, for he naver wass shy like the most of boys.

Well to be sure, he did take my breath away tho', for he read like the pazon himself. Naver waited for a stop nor nawthin' till he had finished the chapter. I knew that you wern't for readin' like that; so says I to him, 'You are a big boy, Evan, and Marcia is lilla, but wonderful learnin' at her for her years.—I was preparin' him, ye see, for I didn't want you to be put to shame. But wasn' I surprised when you up and read a chapter as gud as himself. Well I remember, it was the last chapter of Ecclesiastes. When you hed done, says he, 'She's a bather reader till me, and I am the best in Cowler's school.' When he went out, I says, 'You've come on oncommon in yer larnin' lately, Marcia,' and you says, `l'll tell a saycret, Nanny, its a chapter I have off by heart; that's why I read Well, well, if I didn' laugh, to be sure-you war a it so well.' ninted one, Miss Marcia.'

I recollected the circumstance perfectly, and how I repented my deception that night, and went and told my father what I had done, and by his advice confessed my deception to the boy. He was an unusually clever lad, and we had become great friends afterwards. Many a time had he pulled me along in my green and yellow Norwegian eart, and often had I gone with him to feed our dog

Mrs. Quilliam was almost as fond of descanting on this nephew's merits as on mine. "He's got on terrible well, away foreign," she

would say, for the twentieth time, "and he hasn' forgot his auld aunt nayther, but ever since my man died, sends me quarterly what keeps me like a lady. I have no call to take in lodgers, as you know, Miss Marcia, nor to do nawthin' clse for my livin'. Aw, yis, I understand, bless you, with the likes of you it is different. You are only nice company for me; I'm not thinkin' nawthin' of the throuble, and glad enough to oblege ye. He's not like them ones that makes their money at the diggin' nayther, makin' and spendin'. Evan is noane of them sort. Its with his brains, as you may say, he's made his money. Isn' he an engineer with a hundred men under him? Haven' I got a picture of him taken with them, and him lookin' jus' like a workin' man himself I didn' like it when I seen it first, for he had no call to be dressed like a workin' man, and I said that when I wrote. (I'm thinkin' it wass yourself that wrote that latter for me, for my schoolin' is but poor.) He wrote back, tho', sayin' it wass only a workin' man he wass, for all he was gettin' a middlin' rich one. Aw there never wass a bit of poor pride about Evan, I'll say that for him."

CHAPTER IV.

I had been nearly a year in my new home when I accepted an

invitation to go and see an old friend in England.

After being away two months, I was glad to get back to my own rooms and to Nanny, to whom I was all the world. My friend had married a rich man, she was kind and affectionate as ever, but I was nothing in her life. She did her best to make my visit pleasant, but I couldn't help feeling I was of no consequence to her, and that I made no one's life brighter—had no duties. It was only for my own pleasure she had me, and I longed to get back to the humble home, where I was first, if it was only in one old woman's affection.

It was a bright starlight night with a touch of frost in the air as

I approached the Keroo. How well I remember the scene.

The whitewashed house, nestling in the dark hill, with its wide porch covered with trailing creepers; the tall red hollyhocks standing out against it; the scent of sweet-briar. A late monthly rose came against my face as I tried to peep in at the window. The curtains had been drawn and the geraniums in the window seat were outlined on the white blind. How home-like every place looked! How glad I was to get back!

I had not told Nanny when I should return; knowing that things were always in order, and wishing to give her a pleasant surprise, I lifted the latch, and in another moment was in the bright

warm kitchen.

How was this? Nanny was not alone! Who could the man be who was so much at ease in the kitchen? Some neighbour doubtless. But no, I knew everyone for miles round, and this was a stranger.

I had time to examine his appearance, for they were talking too

A muscular frame, with square head and deeply lined face, large mouth with heavy jaw. Not an interesting or handsome faceand yet when he looked up and caught sight of me, there was such a pleasant gleam in his eyes, that I half changed my mind.
"It's Miss Lace, Aunt Anne," I heard him say. Who could the

man be? I had not much longer to wonder, for Nanny came quickly

forward and gave me one of her hearty hugs.

"Well, to think of your comin' upon us unbeknowns like this, and me thinkin' so much of ye and wonderin' when would ye be back. Why didn' ye let me know you're comin' for all?"

I explained that I had meant to give her a pleasant surprise.

"And so you hev, Miss Marcia, veen, but you see my mind was that took up with Evan comin' home, that for the time you had clean gone out of my head."

This somewhat chilled me, tho' Nanny had no such intention.

"Come here, Evan," she went on, as he was leaving the kitchen.
"Isn' this yer auld frien', Marcia Lace, that ye used to be so fond of?" Then, turning to me, "You'll be mindin' him well enough, I'm thinkin', he isn' so much changed, for all he's so rich, and quite the gentleman."

I understood now. This was Evan Cowle, Nanny's nephew, who went away twenty years ago, the boy I well remembered

As I held out my hand, and looked into his face, I could trace some of those boyish features; but I preferred the boy to the man, I thought. He spoke with an unpleasant American twang, and his manners were as free from embarrassment as if he was a gentleman. There was no reason why they shouldn't be, of course, in his aunt's house; but it was very annoying to find him here just as I had come back.

That I was no longer first in Mrs. Quilliam's mind soon became evident. Everything was referred to Evan. Whatever statement I made he had to be applied to for confirmation. I who used to be the "law and the prophets" to Nanny! Now it was, "I don't know in my sinses, what do you think, Evan?" It was often hard to keep from making some sharp retort, and to do my best to be friendly.

He took the position quite naturally, and seemed to speak over my head, as it were, and to have no consciousness whatever of any difference in our rank. This was, doubtless, American inde-

It was too late that night for the parlour fire to be lighted, and I soon pleaded fatigue and proposed going to bed.

"I know you always keep my bed aired, Nanny, and I am tired, so I will say good-night."

A blank look came over Mrs. Quilliam's face, and I saw something was wrong.

"Isn't the bed ready?" I asked.

"Aw, vis, to be sure, it iss reedy and cored enough, but there's" -glancing at her nephew—"the chile."

"The what?" I asked, in amazement.

"The lille falla as Evan has tuk home! he's in yer room, ye see he wasn' to say strong," she went on more volubly, " and your room was warm, and so I put him in a cot beside your bed, naver supposin' you would be comin' home so soon."

This was very provoking, and I did not answer. My place was,

indeed, filled!

There was an awkward pause, which was broken by Evan Cowall

saying:-"It is easy enough to move him, aunt, Miss Lace need not be

I recovered myself then, and was ashamed of my irritation.

The child can stay where he is, he need not be disturbed to-night," I said.

On reaching my room, accompanied by Mrs. Quilliam, I saw a small delicate-looking child of six lying asleep in his little crib. He had none of the pretty roundness of youth, but was thin and pale, with a look of thought beyond his years. His fair hair

curling over the pillow was the only pretty thing about him.
"He's mortal delicate, the bough!" Mrs. Quilliam said; "Evan tuk pity on him when his father died, and he hed no ones belongin' to him, and has hed him since he was two years auld, and is so fond of him, its terrible, for all he's nawthin' to look at. Its like a fairy changelin' he is, I'm sayin'; but, bless ye, Evan doesn't believe in them things-a wonderful kind heart he has, and aver had."

I had to sit and listen to a recapitulation of all his virtues, feeling

all the time unreasonably provoked

When at last I was left alone, I tried to banish the unwelcome remembrance of the new comers in sleep-but they were even there.

I was sailing in a ship on a stormy sea, in horrible fear, while a little child clung to my skirts. Evan Cowall suddenly appeared at the helm-" Shall I never get rid of him," I thought and as if I had willed it, he disappeared, and the ship was sinking—sinking. I was struggling in the water with the child in my arms, his eyes looking appealingly into mine.

I awoke to see the eyes of my dream-large, serious eyes in a small face. It was the little child I had seen last night, standing

looking at me curiously.
"Who are you," he demanded; "you were not here last night. Are you a Manx witch?

I was amused, and asked if I looked like one. He didn't know

SCOTCH WHISKY. "Marie Stuart" Highland Whisky. 428. ner dozen. 42s. per dozen.

"Clontarf" Old Irish Whisky. IRISH WHISKY. 42s. per dozen.

These celebrated Whiskies to be had from all Wine and Spirit Merchants and Grocers throughout the United Kingdom.

About 2000 dozens. Shipped by HENRI & Co., Bordeaux, CLARETS. ranging from 12s. per dozen and upwards.

H. W. WILEMAN & CO., 7, CRUTCHED FRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

what they were like, but Mrs. Quilliam said they came down chimneys, "but I don't think they laugh," he concluded; "they are bad people, and you look good; only you are very lazy. I have been up hours, and I want you to open the door.

He came back to say his name was Tony Fox and to ask what mine was. I told him he might call me Witch, and Witch I was

called by him from that day forward.

CHAPTER V.

I had lost my luggage crossing in the steamer, and told Mrs. Quilliam next day, as she was taking away my breakfast, that I meant to go to Douglas about it.

"Bless ye! Evan will only be too glad to go for ye. Evan," raising her voice, "come in here and speak to Miss Marcia."

This was not at all what I would have chosen, but I could not help myself. He ignored my objections, saying it was no trouble as he meant to go to Douglas that day. The man was very goodnatured and well-mannered for a person in his station. I wondered how long he would stay; surely not more than a few days, for he had already been here a week.

At any rate it was much pleasanter to have Mrs. Quilliam and the house without him. I should miss her companionship in the evenings while he was here; for of course, she would choose his

company rather than mine, and she couldn't have both. I was mistaken, however, for that evening she not only came to

my room, but brought her nephew too.

He had found my luggage in the packet office and had brought it home. Having explained this, I thought he would go; he did not, however. He talked easily on a variety of subjects, until I got quite interested. He was well informed, I soon decided; remarkably so, I found later on-had travelled with his eyes open. Books had always been his friends, I remembered; his knowledge of them was marvellous. Besides having an excellent memory, he was an original thinker-starting theories of his own, sometimes curious, sometimes startling, always interesting.

Living in a small place where few were clever, none brilliant, this mind came as a revelation to me. He not only was a good talker, but made me one too. It was a new and delightful experience. Not always so, however; occasionally I felt piqued, that I, who had thought myself superior to most of my acquaintances, should be inferior to a man I had thought of looking

down upon.

All this came to pass by degrees, for the weeks went on, and Evan Cowall and the child still continued at the Keroo. It had become the custom to spend our evenings together. Mrs. Quilliam was always satisfied to sit and listen, occasionally showing her appreciation by remarks such as, "There now, Miss Marcia: didn't I tell you the gud he wass at larnin." Sometimes she would think I had done well, and equally pleased, she would say, "It's not many a young lady could talk like yanther Evan; 'deed I always said she wass as gud as the English praicher.'

I might have felt disposed to be more friendly to him, but for one circumstance: it soon became apparent that Mrs. Quilliam was doing her best to make up a match between us. This might not have mattered if the knowledge had been confined to me; but her devices were of the simplest, and Evan Cowle could not help seeing through them. He not only saw, but was amused, I found-nothing

disconcerted him.

It was in vain that I tried to be reserved. My efforts were quite lost upon the easy assurance of the one and the beaming good

nature of the other.

The first hint of her plans was given one evening when she told a story of old Sammy Gordon not being able to get a wife without a "Dooiney Moyllee" (match-maker). "You're not favorin' him, Evan," she concluded, "tho' ye war related on our side; he was a dacent man, but shy and stupid-like, and gettin' auld into the

bargain; what age will you be now Evan for all, but you are something alike, I'm thinkin', in not gettin' shooted with a wife, and its myself that'll have to be your Dooiney Moyllee." Then came a volley of nods, winks, and inuendoes which made her meaning plain.

I should have liked an evening to myself occasionally, but had not the option, for Mrs. Quilliam, who used to wait for an invitation, now did not only think it unnecessary for herself, but gave one to her nephew, too, when he was at home. When I tried to hint this to her, she answered with cheerful alacrity, "Bless you, Miss Marcia, you're all the bather for a little company, and if its him yere considerin', he'd as soon be in the parlour as in the kitchen. Iss it readin' ye say he might like bather? He's plenty of time for that all day, and hasn' he done readin' enough any way; what more does he want?"

Sometimes when Evan Cowle and I got rather hot in argument, Nanny would exclaim "Well, to hear you two quarrillin', one would think ye was gettin' fond of one another." If we were agreed, it

would be "You two are gettin' very great, for sure."

It was disagreeable; at times almost unbearable! Respect for her old master ought to have prevented her from supposing that his daughter would think of her nephew in such a light, "But money," I thought, bitterly, "more than compensates for birth and breeding."

CHAPTER VI.

One day little Tony had not been well, and I had been sitting with him all the evening. Thinking Mrs. Quillian and Evan had gone to bed, I went downstairs with a shawl round my shoulders, meaning to go outside to get a breath of fresh air.

It was a clear moonlight night, everything smelt fresh after the e rain. Opening the door I saw Evan Cowle sitting in the porch smoking. He inquired anxiously for the child, and thanked me so warmly for my attention that I was touched. The affection between the strong man and the little child was wonderful. Tony was a strange mixture of old-fashioned thoughtfulness and waywardness. When no one else could manage him, a word from "Uncle Evan" would quell his outbursts of temper. He had taken a liking to me, too, but I played a very secondary part in his affections.

We were standing in the porch when the door opened, and Mrs. Quilliam appeared, shading a candle with one hand, and clad in the

wonderful head-dress she called her nightcap.
"Well I naver" she began "its here you are, Miss Marcia. I went in to say good night to you and enquire for Tony (havin' said my prars, and read my bit of scripture), and when I didn' see ye, I declare in my heart I was fritened, for I didn' know in my senses where you were!'

I began to explain, but she interrupted.

"Its all right—aw I'm glad enough you two are making it up, its a fine night for coortin."

"I was just going upstairs when you came," I said, but was

again interrupted.

"Aw ye needn' mind me at all-don't I know what it is to be coortin', and that there's no time like when everyone is in bed, and you've got the place to yourselves. I'm not goin' to stay and interrup' at all, take you yer time."

With a parting wink Mrs. Quilliam disappeared shutting the

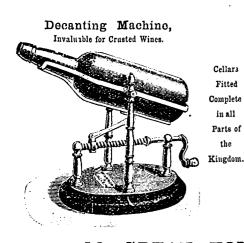
door behind her.

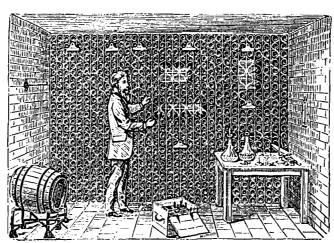
I did not know whether to be amused or annoyed, but the broad smile on Evan's face decided it, and I laughed heartily. After this there seemed to be a bond of sympathetic amusement between us, which in a great measure destroyed awkwardness.

I could not quite decide whether it made me more or less able to endure Mrs. Quilliam's mistaken kindness that her nephew showed no intention whatever of falling in with her plans. I suppose if he had, I should have thought it intolerable presumption at that time,

FARROW & JACKSON

By Appointment to H.M the Queen and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales. Makers of Wrought-Iron Wine Bins,
Bar Fittings, Bottle Wax, Seals,
Capsules, Taps, and all Cellar
Requisites,







TOWER STREET, E.C., AND 8, HAYMARKET, S.W. 16. GREAT

and yet I occasionally wished I had some power over the man; he was so strong it would have been a satisfaction, even if he were the nephew of my nurse. I suppose every woman is a coquette at heart. Perhaps this was the reason why he began to occupy my thoughts It was unpleasant, but natural, separated as I was from the outer

When I insisted upon explaining to Nanny how I came to be in the porch, she said: "Well, ye needn' be blushin'. There's no harm 'Traa dy-liovar,' isn't that done, but y're slow at makin' it up. what they are sayin', the Manx are still; and its thrue too. I'm tellin' Evan he cudn' do bather, for all he's a gentlemen with a the quality—and all to that, a shootable wife for any man. Yis, that's what I say." fortune at him. You're a lady, tho' you are poor, and belongin' to

"I wish you wouldn't then, Namy," I said, with exasperation.

But her good humour and density were still temper proof.

"And who cud do it better for all? Him, my own sister's son, and you like my own child. Aw, noane of us knows the gud that's in store for us.

CHAPTER VII.

It was Christmas Eve, and Tony was much excited about the making of a "Kissing Bush," for which Mrs. Quilliam was busy cutting out paper roses and long streamers of pink, yellow, and blue. These were to be hung on a hoop made of holly, garnished with apples and oranges. This, hung up to the ceiling, constituted the time-honoured "Kissing Bush."

I was feeling pleasantly excited over our small preparations for Christmas, and was on the top of a ladder in the passage hanging up

our work of art, now complete.

"Oh, isn't it lovely?" exclaimed Tony, who, never having seen "Hibbin and Holly" before, was proportionately delighted. "Lift me up, Witch, and let me have the first kiss of you under it.

Just then Evan appeared in the outer door, and Tony held out his arms to be taken down, calling "You have just come in time, Uncle Evan. I have got the first kiss under the bush, you may have the second. Come and kiss Witch, she is real good to kiss."

Mrs. Quilliam overflowed with delight at this suggestion. "Thet's right, Tony," she called, hardly able to speak for laughing. "Now then, Evan, here's your chance;" at the same time giving him a push in my direction.

"I shall be delighted," he said.
"You certainly will not dare," I interrupted, choking with rage and indignation, but unable to get down from the ladder without assistance.

"Excuse me, Miss Lace," answered Evan cooly; "May I not kiss my aunt? I was about to say I should be very happy.' giving her a hearty kiss he turned and helped me down from my unfortunate position, chatting easily to Tony the while. I made a hasty retreat upstairs, fairly crying with wrath and vexation.

That evening Tony climbed on my knee and whispered, "What for have you been crying, Witch, were you naughty, or was it because Uncle Evan would not kiss you? it wasn't kind of him, but

I will ask him again.

"Be quiet! you are a naughty little boy," I said, putting him

down; "I have not been crying."

"Oh, Witch! I wouldn't tell stories if I was you; you'll go to the bad place, Mammy Quilliam says so; and I'm not naughty, neither, for I said I would do all you told me if you made me the bush, and I have, too.'

I repented my injustice and called the child back and kissed him. "Never mind, I'll forgive you this once," he said, patronisingly; "and don't cry any more, for Uncle Evan and me both love you."

"Perhaps she doesn't care for our love, Tony." I looked up at

Evan as he spoke. There was a new expression on his face, and his voice was soft and low-no raillery in it now.

Half in fear and half in hope I looked at him, wondering what he meant, when Mrs. Quilliam awoke from her nap, taking the red silk handkerchief from her face.

"What's that ye're sayin' about love, Evan? A saycret iss it, Tony; they're a middlin' sly pair anyway, and no mistake.'

CHAPTER VIII.

Christmas Day came in sharp and frosty. There had been a slight fall of snow in the night, and everything looked crisp and new outside. Tony and I went to Kirk Patrick church in the morning.

His spirits were overflowing at the first sight of snow.

I had been in a strange mood, hardly understood by myself. Had I been asked yesterday if I had any love for Evan I would have laughed the idea to scorn. "As little as he has for me," I would have answered. But the night before I thought I saw something very like it in his eyes, and a spark had been kindled in my heart. But could I have been mistaken? Had I betrayed my own feelings to him? These thoughts kept surging in my mind all the morning, sometimes lifting me up in happy day-dreams, and again casting me down in self-distrust. How would he look when I saw him again, I wondered. I should know then, I was sure."

Tony and I got back from our walk with rosy cheeks and tingling

gers. Mrs. Quilliam and Evan were sitting in the kitchen. "Well, you're lookin' right stout this mornin', Miss Marcia," was Nanny's salute. "Now, if you always had that color there's not one that would come up to you in the country round."

"Oh, don't flatter me," I said, merrily, with the happy conscious-

ness of looking my best.
"Me! I wouldn' do the like! I'm not sayin' that ye're goodlookin' in a general way, you're too shaller, but I'm not blamin' ye for that. 'Handsome is that handsome does.' What do you say, Evan? Which would you rather have, a sensible wife or a pretty doll of a one, such as the likes of Jack Cregeen's daughter that I seen makin' eyes at ye in church last Sunday?

I was glad to escape upstairs from these personalities. When I got down dinner was ready, and we were to partake of it all together

in honor of the day.

It was not the merry meal I had looked forward to. Evan was silent, and did not respond with his usual twinkle or dry speeches to his aunt's raillery. Tony alone was in high spirits, and I tried to keep up the conversation and fun, but my merriment was forced. After dinner I proposed that Tony and I should have a snow-balling, which suggestion he received with delight.

"Come, Uncle Evan, we want you too," he said, walking up his

legs as he was fond of doing.

To Touy's disgust he was refused, and he had to be content with my company. It was difficult to keep up even a pretence now of high spirits, and, after a short game, I sent Tony in, and went to see an old woman who lived near. I wanted some time to think over the change in Evan's behaviour.

I must have been mistaken in thinking he liked me. Had I shown too plainly my liking for him? A cold shiver ran over me at the thought. He never could be such a coxcomb! And yet what

could it all mean?

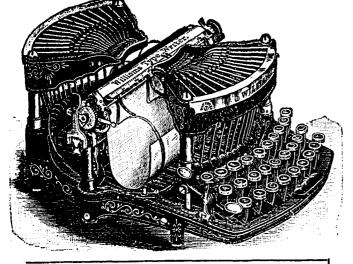
Having paid my visit, I returned reluctantly to the house. I had opened the door, and was standing rubbing the snow off my boots, when I heard Mrs. Quilliam say my name.

"Miss Marcia, the bough! Whatever is to become of her." There was no answer, and she went on, "You're sure there's no mistake about it, Evan? Has the bank really stopped payment?"

"Yes, I heard a rumour of it yesterday, and this morning I went

down to Peel, and every one is talking of it.

"There will be terrible throuble this day in th' Island, but every man for his own, and its Miss Marcia I'm thinkin' of. Glad enough I am, too, that my little savin's was put into a mortgage las' year



Early in January we expect to receive one thousand photo-etchings of the Masonic Temple, Chicago, U.S.A., the highest Masonic building in the world.

These pictures will be sent post-free to the first thousand applicants.—Address, WILLIAMS TYPE-WRITER Co. FOR EUROPE, 21, CHEAPSIDE.

WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER,

Price £20 19s.

Writes in perfectly plain sight. It is compact, portable, and strong. It has direct Inking. No Ribbon. It is nearest noiseless. Its speed is unequalled. It is easily learned and easily operated. It has a light and easy touch. Its manifolding capacity is unsurpassed.

Williams Typewriter Co. for Europe { 21, CHEAPSIDE,

G: M. MOORE, Managing Director.

But what'll she do for all, she wouldn' take nawthin' from me, I'm afeared."

There was a minute's silence, and I stood chained to the spot.

"I was thinkin', Evan, that you might have took a likin' to her, and I'll bet she wouldn' be agin' it."

"No, no, aunt, you are quite mistaken. I am afraid that's impossible, but I'll tell her about it to-night, and then -

I had heard enough, and crept softly up stairs and sat down in the chill darkness, I think as miserable a woman as could be found in the Isle of Man that Christmas evening. That the money was gone was but a small part of my trouble. That this man—so much beneath me, too—should think that I was ready to marry him, and that he should say it was impossible. This was, indeed, a bitter degradation. All my old feelings of pride came back. Could it be that this morning I had thought I could have stooped to love him? I hated him now. I paced the room in indignation with myself as well as with the man who had roused it.

Then, how dared Mrs. Quilliam so speak of me? I was at war with my small world, but had to face it, for I heard Tony's voice calling me down to tea.

CHAPTER IX.

How I got through that tea, I never knew. I have a dim recollection of making a pretence of the wildest spirits, while Mrs. Quilliam's pitying eyes made my mirth more uproarious.

This mood continued till ten o'clock, Tony's bed time. I had been watching the clock, longing for the time to come so that I

should escape.
"Come, Tony," I said, when I saw the lagging hours had reached ten, "Time for bed; we ought to sleep well to-night after such a jolly day!

To my surprise he put his hand in Mrs. Quilliam's, saying "Mammy Quilliam is going to put me to bed to-night and tell me a story of fairies.'

Finding I could not prevail on him to alter his mind, I said I

was tired and would go to bed, too, but was stopped.
"Would you mind waiting a few minutes," Miss Lace, Evan said, "I have something to say to you."

I would not sit down again, but stood with my hand on the door. He was standing with his back to me, and instead of speaking at

once, he began to arrange the ornaments on the mantlepiece.
"When you are quite ready," I said in a distant voice, "perhaps

you will tell me what you want to say.'

I knew that he was going to break to me the news of my loss, and that it was a hard thing for him to do, but I had no pity-none to spare from myself.

Suddenly he turned towards me, with another expression. What did it mean? the look of last night. For a moment it set my heart beating. But no, I decided it was only compassion I saw in his face, compassion for my loss.

"Miss Lace," he said at last, hesitatingly, "I have something to say that may surprise you. If I give you pain will you forgive me and believe. I am not good at saying what I feel; but, Marcia, will you trust your future to me? Will you marry me?"

He was coming towards me with his hands outstretched, but I suppose something in my face stopped him. I did not speak at first, but looked the indignation I felt. How dared he think that I could accept such an offer given out of mere charity? (I forgot for the moment he did not know I had heard of the bank breaking.)

"Don't answer me now," he went on. "I know you are surprised. Believe me, I would not have said this to-night if I could have waited."

"Thank you," I said, when I was able to control my voice, "I quite understand your motives; they are doubtless very admirable, but I would rather beg my bread than accept such an offer.'

That was all. In another moment I was in my own room in a wild state of indignation. Surely never before had a woman's feelings been so outraged!

He had said nothing untrue, I thought bitterly; he had not pretended to love me. Perhaps, had I waited a little longer he would have gone on to explain that the arrangement was entirely for my benefit. He should see that I was no craven spirit, no lovesick girl. He must have felt very sure of my love to dare to make

Oh, it was hard to be a woman and be insulted without means of redress! Why had I treated him with such friendliness? But he should see that I cared nothing for him—that I would not stoop to marry him!

CHAPTER X.

I did not see Evan Cowle all next day. Mrs. Quilliam had avoided me until the evening when she came in and sat down, heaving a heavy sigh. "It's a sinful world we live in, Miss Marcia, she began, "and there's a dale of throuble in it, but the Lord knows what's best for us, and His will be done."

Miserable as I felt, Nanny's pious manner made me laugh-

perhaps there was not much merriment, but the incongruity of things struck me as it has often done at inopportune moments before

"It's no laughing matter, I can tell you, Miss Marcia," said Nanny reprovingly, "and not becoming in a young lady to laugh at scripture, and you wouldn' laugh machine if you knew; there's a sore throuble come on ye, and I wish I cud spare ye, but I can't."

Nanny had come up to me now, and had her arms round my neck. "I know what it is, Nanny," I said; "Holmes' Bank has broken, and I shall have to turn out into the world and earn my living.

"Oh, not that, not that, Miss Marcia, veen! you'll always have a home here if you'll accept of it."

The old woman's sympathy was very sweet, and I relieved my

"How did ye find out?" she asked, after a time spent in soothing me, as in the days of my youth. "Wass it Evan that let it out last night? I was thinkin' he would go about the business in a wrong way, and that yer pride would interfere. Aren't ye yer father's daughter, and wasn't he one of the proudest, for all he could be so lowal with the likes of me? Not a likely thing you would be havin' him all of a suddent like that, more perticuler when yer pride was up at the loss of yer fortune, and that's what I tauld him.

"My pride has nothing to say to it," I returned, "and it wasn't

he who told me at all."

"Well, that's what he said; but men are such toots. Not but what our Evan is as good and bather till most of them, but it takes a woman to understan' women's feelin's, that's what I said to him. and don't be down-hearted, for like enough she would say no at firs'. Didn' I do the same when himself asked me to name the day before now? I wasn' goin' to pretend I was ready waitin', for all I

was glad enough—for he was middlin' slow at comin' to the pint.'
"You are mistaken," I said, when I could get a word in." could never marry your nephew, so let us say no more about it."

"Well, maybe ye might do wuss for all that, Miss Marcia, and you may change yor mind yet," Nanny answered with some spirit.

CHAPTER XI.

I saw very little of Evan during the next few days, but I heard from Mrs. Quilliam that he had made up his mind to return to America shortly. The news was a great relief to me, I told myself, for I must have left the house unless he had, and the' I had been making inquiries, I had not yet heard of any situation.

One evening I was in the kitchen with Mrs. Quilliam and Tony when Evan came in. He had been in Douglas all day, and looked tired, I thought, certainly not as pleasant and happy-looking as I

had seen him.

FRODSHAM & Co., CHAS.

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS.

Manufacturers of Best Quality Watches and Clocks.

By Appointment to the Queen and to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, Superintendents of Her Majesty's Clocks and specimens of Horology at Buckingham Palace.

THREE GOLD MEDALS have been awarded to CHAS, FRODSHAM & Co. for the excellence of their Clocks and Watches,

Chronometers and Deck Watches purchased by the Admirulty at the Greenwich Trials, 1882, -81, -85, -87, -90, -91, -92.

SOME OF CHAS. FRODSHAM & CO.'S SPECIALITIES.

Lady's Miniature Keyless Lever Watch, in Gold Half Hunting Cases, pink or blue enamelled band, £12 12s. "A beautiful Watch for a Lady."

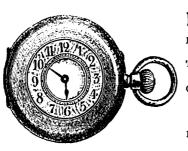
The "New Calliper" Half Chronometer. 'Great improvements in English Keyless Watches,''

£25. £56.

Finest Quality Half Chronometer (Double Roller Lever), 'The Chronometer for the Pocket.'

Illustrated Price Lists of Clocks and Watches post free.

Only Address-84, STRAND, W.C., LONDON.



Sultable for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, NEW YEAR'S GIFTS, WEDDING PRESENTS, COMPLIMENTARY GIFTS.

"Well, aunt," he said, as he sat down, taking Tony on his knee, "I have taken my passage for this day week for America, and as I have business in Liverpool, I am off to-morrow morning.

I was leaving the room when I heard this, and involuntarily stood still. I had not expected it so soon, and my heart sank like

lead.
"You're never goin' in a hurry like that," Mrs. Quilliam remonstration of the stocking done vet. Aw, but we'll strated, "bless me, I hevn' them stockins done yet. Aw, but we'll miss you terrible, we'll be longin' shockin'."

"Where are you going, Uncle Evan?" asked Tony. If its back

to America I am going too, and so is Witch, for we couldn't do

"No, Tony, you will have to stay here to take care of Mammy Quilliam," said Nanny.
"No, I'll not," answered Tony, resolutely.

"Don't be naughty, Tony, little boys don't know what's good for

them," Mrs. Quilliam observed, in her pious tone.

"I am not naughty, and you are a ugly old woman with cracks in your face, and I hate kissing you," broke out the child, blazing into sudden passion. It was some time before he was quieted, and put to bed in a repentant mood.

I had gone into the parlour and was sitting idly gazing into the fire, when I heard a knock at the door. It was Evan coming to say

good-bye, I supposed.
"I have a favour to ask you, Miss Lace," he began. I have to leave Tony behind, and if you will undertake his education, a great weight will be taken off my mind."

My first impulse was to refuse. I felt that this also was done out of pity; but after a time I was convinced by his representations that this would be much better for the child, than for him to be sent amongst strangers, and I consented to take the charge. There was an awkward pause after this, which I felt I must break.

"I wish you a pleasant passage and good-night. You will have

many things to do yet, I dare say."

"Good-bye," he said, holding my hand. "Thank you for all your kindness. Will you sometimes think of me, and write and let me

know how Tony is getting on?"

I made a hasty assent, and strove to free my hand. For a moment I looked into his eyes—there was no mistaking them this time. It was love I saw there. But it was too late now. In another moment I had said good-bye and he had gone.

CHAPTER XII.

A year had passed uneventfully. At first it was hard to go about my duties and keep my thoughts from dwelling on what might have been. But I had plenty of employment happily, and little leisure to dwell upon my mistake. I saw it plainly enough now. I had spoilt my life by my hasty pride. It was little comfort to know that I should regret it more than he for I decided that in new scenes, he would soon forget me. Still, on the whole I was not unhappy even at first, for the thought that Evan loved me, tho' it often made my heart ache for his presence, oftener made it rejoice that he had chosen me.

that he had chosen me.

Mrs. Quilliam, I think, never quite forgave me for my refusal.

"Do you remember yanther night," she said one evening,

"when ye first heard of Holmes' Bank being broke? Evan was in
a terrible way for ye. 'I'd rather,' says he, 'have lost every penny,
than that she should suffer.' 'Can't you ask her to marry you?'
says I, 'that would be makin' everything square.' 'Impossible,' says
he, "she wouldn' have me. 'Chut,' says I, 'Can't ye ask her and
see?' But I was wrong it seems. Aw, pride is a bad thing. I'm
thankful I've got noane of it, tho' there's ones that's sayin' I'm holdin'
my head high, and I come of good neonle on my mayther's side, but my head high, and I come of good people on my mawther's side, but we're all come from the same auld stock, and its not right to look down on nobody."

When Nanny got on the subject of her own humility it was hard to stop her, and I went on with my own thoughts. Had I overheard more or less that night it might have been different—but I must make the best of it now, and I would not let this mistake spoil my life.

Very soon my spirits regained their usual buoyancy, and I was

content, if not happy.

Perhaps the arrival of the American mail helped in this. Every month it brought Evan's letters, and carried mine back. I wrote freely, telling of all our pursuits, and perhaps he gathered hope from those letters. Perhaps it was Tony's doing.

The child had learnt to write very quickly, and one evening he asked me if he might send a letter of his own to Uncle Evan. This was his letter:—" Dear Uncle,—Come hoame sune, me and

Witch wants you verry bad.

Some time after a letter came which puzzled Mrs. Quilliam very much. "I left some property in the Isle of Man which I thought valueless, could you tell me if it is worth my coming home to look

"I naver knew he had bought any land, did you, Miss Marcia?"

Mrs. Quilliam asked, eyeing me critically.
"I could not keep from smiling as I replied, "I don't know any more than you do."

"Well, he was always a close chap, but ye'd bather tell him that property is going up in the Isle of Man, and he'd as well come home

and look after it. So that was the message 1 sent.

CHAPTER XIII.

One evening, a few weeks later, I walked into Peel to buy some groceries for Mrs. Quilliam.

It was early summer, and the country looked fresh and green.

How well I recall each well-known scene.

The river running lazily along to my right, with the low soil hedge between, and fields beyond, yellow with gorse, while Slice Whallian rises steep and dark on my left; the stream by Ballamoar, where ferns grow abundantly—slender lady fern, sturdy hart's-tongue, delicate shield. The road turns now, and the trees meet over it, and I see Peel Hill standing out against the evening sky.

Farther on is the old mill, and across the river the steep road

leading up from Glenfaba.

I have reached the top now, and Peel is in view, and I look down on valley and river. The old eastle rises before me in the distance, the fishing fleet standing out to sea.

Who is this I see coming towards me, his face lighted up with more than the light of the setting sun?

Almost before I realise it is Evan, he has clasped my hand, and I cannot disguise the joy in my face.

"Have you come to meet me, Marcia?" he says.

I look up inquiringly, but have not spoken a word yet.

"Ah, you did not get my letter, but you are glad to see me? Won't you say a word of welcome?"

A cart passes noisily along the road. A man and woman look at us curiously.

My welcome could scarcely have been heard, but I think it was enough. I think my face was sufficient without any words.

"Ah, Marcia, we have wasted a year," he says, after a while.

"How do you know?" I ask happily.

"I suspected even when you told me you would rather beg your bread, but I was afraid of your pride and determined to wait a year. I thought you would be ready to come to me then."

I told him what I had thought about his offer, and he was amused. "Poor little girl! How could you be so foolish? I was a blunderer, but I fear you gave me too much credit. I would never have had such an unselfish thought. I loved you, Marcia—I can't remember the time when I didn't love you. Thro' all these

WINTER AND THE POOR.

Field Lane Refuges and Ragged Schools

YEARS' EXPERIENCE. WORK AMONGS'T THE POOREST CLASSES—50

The Committee carnestly appeal for Funds to enable them to continue their beneficent work.

SPECIAL HELP is asked for so that the Committee may provide

700 to 800 Christmas Dinners for the Homeless. Dinner for 600 Deserving Families. New Year's Dinner for 800 Poor Children.

FUNDS are also urgently needed for "The Refuges for the Homeless Poor." ± 2000 required before Christmas.

years I have worked for you, tho' you seemed so far out of my reach; and I came home determined to win you.

When we reached the Keroo, Mrs. Quilliam was in the kitchen, and Evan went in to her, while I slipped upstairs unobserved.

When I joined them I saw she was still in ignorance of our

"Do you see who I've got here since you left?" she asked, looking anxiously to know how I would receive the new comer.

"As we cooly shook hands and I sat quiet, she said in a stage aside, "You might take some notice of him for all, and him comin' so far to put a sight on us.

As she bustled about getting the tea ready, talking excitedly, she

was evidently in doubt as to the turn events would take.

"When he come in, I was that through others you could have knocked me down with a father. I was frikened, thinkin maybe it wass his sperrit come home; that he was longin' maybe, or in throuble. But its himself and no mistake, and I'm right glad to see him."

After tea I went into the parlour, where Evan followed me. Presently I heard the creaking of boots, and saw Mrs. Quilliam's

face looking in at the door.

She came in with smiling countenance. "Well, how are you gettin' on here?" she asked. "You're lookin' middlin' comfortable anyway - the two of you.

Evidently thinking things were going on well, she was going out again, but stopped to say "That's thrue, Evan; where wass that bit of property you wrote about? Wass it in this neighbourhood?"

Getting an affirmative reply, she continued with a knowing look, "Wouldn't it be nice now if ye built a house on it and settled in these parts, only you'd want a wife."

Evan said certainly, he couldn't do without one.

Mrs. Quilliam felt in smooth waters at last.

"Now, where would you get a bather than Miss Marcia here? "Could you put in a good word for me, Aunt?" Evan asked, with a sly twinkle at me.

"To be sure I will, and that right willingly," she said, with radiant face. "Didn' I tell you I was a gud "Dooiney Moyllee"? Miss Marcia, you couldn' do bather than take him, he's mortal fond of you, and rich into the bargain, and what more do ye want?"

Then turning to Evan, "It's all right," she said, "you can do the

rest," and with that disappeared.

When she came back she was satisfied that things were settled to her mind; and to this day she tells how she acted "Dooiney Moyllee" saying that only for her "Miss Marcia would naver have

BARRULE.

Featherstone's Frank Fairy.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR CHILDREN OLD AND YOUNG.



T was about the last place in the world where any wellconditioned fairy, who respected conventional environments, would be expected to pay a visit.

True, it was Christmas Eve, when the denizens of the Spirit World are apt to play elfish tricks upon credulous mortals; when to the sweetly-pealing bells shadowy forms glide in and out of firelit rooms, where, wrapped in some

tender memory of the by-gone, sits the lonely dreamer; or gazing from the casement in his dingy attic, far above the snowy street, where only he and the silvery stars look down in the hush of the midnight solitude, the poet sees white-robed forms, with shining wings, float between earth and sky, and hears, with throbbing heart, and eyes moist with unbidden tears, the faint echo of that glorious song, sounding through the centuries-

"Peace on earth to men of goodwill."

But Frank Featherstone was neither dreamer nor poet, and had, in common with the matter-of-fact young man of our incredulous age, a fine contempt for everything he could not understand.

A clerk in a City warehouse, earning the miserable stipend of £70 a year, his hours of drudgery as exceptionally long as his salary was meagre, with little prospect of advancement, and no friends, Frank was as sad-hearted, and lonely a young man as any of that countless army of toilers, who, like mere writing machines, keep on day after day, year after year, thankful only for holidays, because

"So this is Christmas Eve!" he sighed, filling his pipe, and gazing wearily out of the smoke-grimed window upon the dreary,

fog-wrapped prospect which lay beyond.

It was a miserably wretched evening, a choking miasmic pall shrouded everything, and the few lamps were utterly powerless to dispel the gloom, even in their vicinity, appearing only like blurred dashes of dull yellow upon a background of impenetrable darkness,

whilst the unfortunate pedestrians, whom necessity compelled to be in such an atmosphere, loomed like shrouded spectres as they momentarily passed within the sickly gleam of the lamplight.

With a shudder of disgust, Frank hastily pulled down the blind, and drew together the curtains of dull, faded purple moreen, to shut out the unpleasant prospect, and then picking at hazard a book, which stood in a row with a few others on a shelf against the wall, he threw himself into a dilapidated arm-chair, the antiquity of whose covering of frayed chintz was artfully hidden beneath a hideous wrap of knitted wool, whose glaring mixture of red and orange was sufficient to set one's teeth on edge.

Some rooms can never be anything but vulgarly common-place. This one was a striking example. Its dull drab paper, scattered over with impossible blue and pink flowers; its pembroke table beneath the window, bearing its trophy of shell-work flowers, in a glass shade eovered at the top by a crocheted horror; the half-dozen chairs, ranged stiff and unbending against the walls; the hard sofa, standing by itself against the doorway; the tawdry glaringly coloured prints, and no less common Bohemian glass vases on the mantle-board; the whole reflected in a tarnished mirror, all, all were vulgar, even as was the large, brass-bound-gilt-edged Bible, also covered by an antimacassar, which stood in the middle of the green cloth on the table in the centre of the room.

Only the fire, with its darting, dancing flames, its showers of sparks, as some half-burned coal fell into its glowing heart, its pleasant crackle and hiss, gave the room anything of a home-like

So thought Frank, as he sat idly gazing into its ruddy cavernous depths, endeavouring to make all kinds of curious things out of the black and scarlet contrasts.

Evidently imagination failed him, for he poked at the fire with his

foot, and turned his attention to the volume he had selected.

As he opened it, a little old-fashioned valentine fluttered from its pages and fell at his feet. He stooped and picked it up. It was only a tiny affair of lace paper, with a silver dove bearing a golden heart in its beak, across an expanse of white satin, with the legend in the scroll of roses round the edge:-

> "As long as ever sun shall shine I'll be your own true valentine!"

and at the back was written, in a childish round hand "From Elsie to Frank,'

FIRST PRIZE MEDAL, ADELAIDE JUBILEE EXHIBITION, 1887, AND SYDNEY CENTENARY EXHIBITION, 1888.

Cheapest House in London for English and Foreign Picture Frame and Room Mouldings.

Two Million Feet always in Stock-all the Newest Designs. Picture Frames of Every Description.

Veneered and Fancy Wood Mouldings, &c Oleographs, &c.

Further Reduction in Prices. Wholesale Carver and Gilder. Every Requisite for Trade and Exportation.

Special attention to Shipping and Country Orders

Full Particulars in New Pattern Book and Catalogue, 85 pages 4to Demy (Revised for 1893), Post Free for Three Penny stamps. Stock lists and prices of Glass monthly, free on application.

MORELL, Η.

17 and 18, Great St. Andrew Street, Bloomsbury, London.

MASONIC AND OTHER FRAMES AT LOWEST PRICES. Telegraphic Address—"Rabbitry, London."

A trivial thing in all conscience, yet his eyes grew suspicionsly moist as he tenderly prest the souvenir of those far away days of childhood to his lips.

It was Christmas Eve, remember, and even the most commonplace of us are liable to sentimental weaknesses unpermissable at all other

"Poor little Elsie! How many years ago can it be since you sent me this? At least a score. It must be! I remember, I was a lad at Sawchester Grammar School then.

"You'd used to call me your big sweetheart, and many is the fight I've had with your cousin Ted over you. I daresay you married him after all. Well, he wasn't bad hearted, if a bit of a bully, and I hope you're very happy. Pretty little Elsie! How you cried when we were first parted, and I came with my poor old mater to live in London. Now she's gone—and you're gone—at least as far as I am concerned, for although you promised you would never marry any one but me, I couldn't expect you to wait for ever, and I've no prospects of making a home fit for you, my darling, on my wretched screw. I daresay you'll wonder why I ceased writing—but what was the use? Best to forget! Best to forget!"

Across the fog-gloomed air he heard the muffled peal of the bells just commencing to ring in the Day of Peace, and with a sense of strange emotion, altogether foreign to his ordinary everyday existence, he saw beyond the barrier of darkness, his past unroll like a sunlit scroll before him. The days that were no more became present unto him, whilst his present was utterly blotted out by them.

It was Christmastide! But ah! the difference. The sparkling air was keen and crisp, and the sun shone brightly from the cloudless vault of flawless azure over a snowelad world of wonderful whiteness. The hedges were clad in sparkling crystals, and delicate hoar frost hung in threads of diamonds from bough to bough. The uplands stretched like a bed of purest swansdown to the horizon, and the frozen pools and rivulets shone golden in the noon-radiance, which gleamed through the windows of the quaint old Norman church, turning into spots of vivid fire the red berries amid the glossy holly, which was twined around the massive pillars.

The organ peals forth, and all join in the Christmas song of

praise-

"Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new born King, Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled.'

Elsie is not singing. He turns to her. Her eyes are filled with tears. She places her hand in his. "I can't help it, Frank!" she whispers.

In his heart wells up such pure devoted love for the little fairhaired maiden as only an untainted heart of sixteen knows.

Night has fallen, bright with wintry starshine, silent, mysterious, out in the ghostlike world of snow.

The raftered kitchen at the old farm glows with blazing firelight, and numberless candles placed in tin reflectors against its evergreen bedecked walls, shed a mellow radiance upon the scene.

Merrymaking is at its height, and heartiest laughter rings from lusty throats. There is the scraping of a fiddle, the shrill piping of a flute, and couple by couple of all the company form in line for Sir Roger de Coverley.

Strange and wonderful are the steps, wildly grotesque the postures of the gaiety infected throng, as the stout floor shakes

beneath their heavy tread.

Elsie is Frank's partner, and every time her fingers touch his, he gives them a tender grasp, while his heart throbs wildly with unspeakable happiness, for has she not said she loves him! and at sixteen all possibilities lie in youth's hand.

The candles flicker in their sconces, the arm of the fiddler waxes faint, the dancers are tired. The Merry Christmas is numbered

with the bygones.

It is a dull afternoon in February, with a slow, steady drizzle noiselessly falling over the gaunt, leafless trees and newly-furrowed uplands. Daylight is well nigh spent, only the faintest flicker of fading gold lingers beyond the firs crowning the hill's summit. The little village lies buried in soft grey haze, here and there a shaft of ruddy light from some diamond-paned easement falling athwart the shadows.

"I have come to say good-bye, Elsie," he says, as they stand beneath the shelter of the rustic porch over the farmhouse door. He feels her grasp convulsively tighten in his, and although he cannot see, he knows she is weeping.

"Mother thinks it will be for the best, dearest," he continues, as she does not reply. "Her brother Humphrey has offered me a situation in his office, and although the salary is small, it is an opening I

dare not refuse.'

"O! Frank," she murmurs, "must you go?"

"I must, Elsie, there's no help for it, you see. Uncle is rich, and he might take a liking to me, as he has no children of his own."
"I don't want you to be rich, Frank! I only want your love."

He soothes her tenderly, then pressing her to his heart, kisses her tear-stained face.

"You will not forget me?" she asks pitifully.

"I shall never forget you, Elsie, never. God bless you my darling. Good-bye.

One last kiss, and he turns away with a heavy heart, and walks rapidly through the drizzling nightfull.

"And so you have not forgotten her!" said a voice of silvery sweetness behind him.

He rubbed his eyes and looked round the room, but could see no

"I must have been dreaming," he said.

"You have," replied the voice, "Such dreams as Love and Memory supply to hearts of weary mortals.

Again he looked sharply round the room, but failed to discover

from whence came the voice.
"Where and who are you?" he asked in the tones of a man to whom a practical joke is an insult.

"I am present with you, although you cannot see me. Indeed,

it was I who caused the past to become a living reality to you."
"Indeed!" rejoined Frank sceptically. "Then why didn't you show all my past?

"Because I did not desire to cause you pain; because your foolish quarrel with your uncle, which drove you from his office and ruined your future chances, would have embittered the dreams I gave," said the voice sadly.

"It was none of my seeking!" exclaimed Frank, bitterly. "He said that I was idle and careless, that I only hoped to reap the fruits of all his long years of hard toil!"

"Did you not Frank Featherstone? Come, you know in your inmost heart it was so. "His harshness killed my mother. I hate him!"

"Hush! Hate and ill-will cannot live in my presence; besides, to-morrow is the day when all enmities should cease, and old wrongs

"Such a wrong as he did me I shall never forget!"

"Humphrey Alton has suffered deeply for the wrong he did. He is friendless, childless, and alone."

'He has only met with his just deserts."

"And you, Frank Featherstone! Have you no cause for blame?" asked the voice severely. "A great chance was given you, and by your own selfish indulgence you lost it."

"I saw my folly when it was too late," he moaned sadly.

"It is never too late," said the voice gently. "I have marked your strivings to regain the position your own actions lost. Keep on striving. Be resolute! Be earnest! Be true! And you shall reap your reward."

With these last words the voice faded like a sigh, and he knew

that he was once more alone.

"Be resolute! Be earnest! Be true!" he murmured to himself as he crept into bed, whilst over the murky night chimed the 'silver herald of the Dawn of Peace.

"Half-past eight, Sir Francis."

With a start Frank awoke, sat up in bed, and turned a bewildered

glance on his surroundings.

"Am I still dreaming?" he gasped, as his eyes fell upon an utterly unfamiliar room to that in which he believed he slept last night. A manservant stood at his bedside with a cup of chocolate on a silver tray in his hand, and the whole appointments of the apartment betokened a luxury and refinement to which his dingily dull lodgings were certainly a stranger.

WHELPTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS

HELPTON'S PILLS AND OINTMI

Recommended for Headache, Bile, Indigestion, and Obstinate Constipation; also in Rheumatism, and all Skin Diseases-these Pills being a direct

> PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD.

WHELPTON'S

HEALING OINTMENT



Both Pills and Ointment are sold in Boxes, Price 71d., 1s. 14d., and 2s. 9d., by

G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet St., London.

Medicine Vendors at Home and Abroad,

Sent free by post in the United Kingdom for 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

"Cream, Sir?" asked the man respectfully.

"Yes, yes," replied Frank, wondering what extraordinary miracle had so changed his environment since last night.

He sipped his chocolate-yes, that was real enough and hot enough to make more cream advisable.

"Your bath is quite ready, sir," said the deferential valet, as he handed him a silk-lined dressing gown.

Frank jumped out of bed, and looking at the door leading to his bath-room he saw written above it in characters of shining gold the

BE RESOLUTE! BE EARNEST! BE TRUE!

"What was that mysterious voice?" he asked himself, as, on entering the luxurious breakfast room, the selfsame golden letters

His mind was in a turmoil. What did it mean? Who and what was he?

Another servant brought in the post-bag. He unlocked it, and drew forth its contents. All the letters were addressed to Sir Francis Feathersone! He looked at the date of the post-mark and started. It was June 24th, 1903!

More than ten years had passed since he fell asleep that Christmas Eve in his lodgings in Camden Town.

He opened them, and read the contents, which were mostly of a social nature, invitations to dinners, and solicitations for his presence at various public functions.

Vainly he tried to find some clue between the past and present, but, except the golden letters above the portals, he could find none.

"The carriage is waiting, Sir," said one of the men who had

waited on him at breakfast. Mechanically he rose and followed the man, and entered a splendidly appointed landan, which stood with its pair of perfectly matched horses at the front entrance to the imposing mansion.

"Where to, Sir?" asked the liveried footman, handing him the wrap for his knees.
"City, please," replied Frank.

Away they went, and did not stop until they arrived at the warehouse in which his Uncle Humphrey had made his fortune.

As he entered the office the clerks all rose and bade him "Good morning," and he passed onward to his uncle's private room, noticing as he went along the legend inscribed over every door that that wonderful voice had uttered ten years ago.

The chief cashier entered, and laid before him such letters as required his personal attention, and as he listened to the details of the business in hand, the mist floated from his brain, and he delivered his orders as though cognisant of the intricacies of the business over which he evidently had rule.

It was all wonderfully strange and perplexing, but nobody, himself excepted, seemed surprised, and so he tried to treat his changed position calmly and dispassionately, till a sudden memory flashed upon him, and thrilled his heart to its core.

He thought of Elsie!

"I will go to her at once," he exclaimed.

"At last—at last, I can win her for ever, my own."

Swift as the electric train bore him to Sawchester its speed did not equal his longing to see and be near his dearest one again.

At last he arrived there, and disdaining a conveyance, walked to the little old-world village, under the hill, where she dwelt. "How will she greet me, after all these years?" he said softly, as he paused a moment on the old grey-stone, lichen clad bridge, which spanned the brawling, swiftly flowing stream, and gazed down the single row of white-walled, half-timbered cottages, their window-sills gay with bright-blossomed flowers, to the church, whose low castellated tower stood blackly against the sunset sky.

With wildly beating heart he arrived at the farmhouse to find the windows barred, the garden a wilderness of weeds, the whole place unutterably sad in its desolateness. No smoke curled from its chimneys, no hand was there to open the door unto him, nor voice to

With a sense of unspeakable sorrow he turned away. "She is married!" he said, with intense bitterness

With slow and heavy steps he passed onward, until he came to the church, and opening the lych-gate, he entered the quiet graveyard. The air was heavy with the scent of lilac, and vocal with birdmusic, while the splendid sunset died in rosy gold behind the leafy elms, and a mystic aureous haze stole gently up the fertile valley. He heeded none of Nature's harmonies. Bitter, very bitter, was his heart within him.

Distinct among the age-worn headstones and low turf mounds, he noted a broken pillar of white marble gleamed. He approached it to see what name was carved on its base.

There was but one word and the date.

"ELSIE, June 24th, 1903.".

With a voiceless sob, he east himself before it, then utter darkness fell upon him, and he remembered no more!

"Ain't you a never a goin' to get up, Mr. Featherstone! 'Ere 'ave I bin a 'ammerin' at your door this five minutes, an' there's a hold gent a waitin' as wants to see you pertickler 'ee ses."

"It's only me, Frank. Let me in please, I want to see you."
"Why, Uncle Humphrey!" exclaimed Frank, in astonishment, as he opened the door to his visitor.

Yes, lad. I thought I'd come early in case you might be gone You don't seem very glad to see me, though.'

The younger man held out his hand.

"A merry Christmas, Uncle!

"And so it shall be, my lad, if you will make it so. We've both acted like a couple of fools. There, there, let bygones be bygones.

"I shall be happy to do so so, I'm sure, Uncle."

"You must come and dine with me to-day, Frank. You will, lad? I'm terribly dull and lonely all by myself. Look here, I've kept my eye on you for a long time past, ever since—"Don't let us speak of the past, Uncle, please."

"All I want to say is you've proved yourself worthy of my confidence. Your employers give you an excellent character. More than I did, egad, when—"

"I try and do my duty. It's sometimes hard enough heaven knows."

"I want you to come back to me Frank. Not as a servant, but as a son. Try and love me a little lad for I'm going down hill fast, and its dark there, when one has nobody to trust in or care for." The old man's tears fell upon Frank's hand, which still held his own, and the young man answered huskily, "I'll come, uncle. Yes;

"I've invited some old friends to dine with us to-day, Frank. I want to introduce you to them as my future partner," said Humphrey as they drew near his house. Frank did not ask who the friends might be, as he believed they were city men, to whom as a business man his uncle desired to introduce him.

"Excuse me a little while, uncle, I have a letter I must write at

once," he said, as they entered the house together.

"See my friends first my lad" urged the old man. "They're staying here for a few days and are waiting to see you." He opened a door, and Frank saw a beautiful girl rise from her seat at the fireside, and come forward to greet them.
"Elsie!"

"Frank!"

Humphrey softly closed the door upon them, and said under his breath "We shall have a merry Christmas after all!"

And they did!

WILL EDWARDES SPRANGE.

NEARLY 5,000 ORPHANS & WAIF CHILDREN BARNARDO'S HOMES

Receiving food, clothing, education, and industrial training—of these 1,900 are boarded out

NO REALLY DESTITUTE Girl or Boy is ever refused admission, even though blind, deaf and dumb, crippled, or otherwise diseased. Over 22,000 Waifs have already been admitted.

Who will help to sustain so needful, so comprehensive, and so great a work, now in great and pressing need of Funds?

GIFTS in response will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the Treasurer, WM. FOWLER, Esq.; the Chairman of Committee, Samuel G. Sheppard, Esq.; by the Bankers, London and South Western Bank, Fenchurch Street; or by the Founder, Dr. T. J. BARNARDO; or by

JOHN ODLING, General Secretary.

Mademoiselle Horemac; or, The Power of Song.

By W. FRED VERNON.

Author of "The History of Freemasonry in Roxburghshire and Selkirkshire," "Tales from the Diary of a Doctor," "Saved by a Sign," Se.

CHAPTER I.

"She never told her love."



ordinary scene—a youth and a maiden together in a parlour. They had sung several songs, and played various selections on the violin and piano, and during a pause she observed-

"And so this is our last musical night, Jamie; I shall miss you very much, but I am glad your going away will be to your advantage. There's not much scope here for any one who is ambitious, but in Edinburgh you'll have

more room and greater facilities for the expansion of your genius." "Now, Peg, you're laughing at me; I have nae genius, although I winna deny I hae ambition."

"No genius! Hav'nt you read that genius is simply an infinite capacity for taking pairs?"

"Then Auntic mann be a rale genius for she's aye takin' pains,

they were in her shoothers yesterday, an'the day-

James! No levity, please. I am surprised you could perpetrate such a heartless pun on this our last evening together. ashamed of you; I was about to pay you a compliment—but I'll not

"Thank you all the same, I ken what ye were gaun tae say, it was about the pains I took wi' music; they were necessary, as I am mae musician, its different wi' you; music's born wi' you, you 'only sing because you must,' and your voice is the sweetest I ever-

"You're turning the tables with compliments now; but, as I was saying, I am glad for your own sake that you're going away, but sorry for your aunt's and my own, but its for the best; you'll rise and be a great author some day, and then you'll forget your old

playmate."
"Dinna say that, Peg, I'll ne'er forget ye, we've kent each other a' oor lives, an' noo I'm gaun away I feel my heart-strings drawn tight an' vibrating, Peggy, to one sweet song."

"You're quite poetical to-night, Jamie," maliciously interrupted

she.

"And what for no? Why should I no be poetical when the theme is the same that has inspired a' oor poets sin' poetry was gifted to man to express in beautiful language the intensity of his love, an' so I canna part without telling you how deeply and truly I

loo ye."
"Thank you, Jamie Grant, but you're no blate, and maybe there's no call for you to be, seeing we've been as brother and sister this many a year; but we are both far too young to talk about love

and all that.

"You are far ower practical and prudent."

"And you are too precocious and poetical; but listen to what I've got to say and don't interrupt. We are both much too young to think about sweethearting yet, so let us just be as we've always been, like brother and sister. You know I've always liked you next to my father."

"Oh thank you for that sweet words, they'll cheer me on when I think on them. But we can aye write to each other?"

"No Jamie, I think we'd better not. As I said we are too young, and we don't know what's before us. We are both poor, and though you are likely to rise, I—I can never be any more than what I am." "There's nae saying; ye mind what I read tae ye in Shakespeare

the other night?

'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough hew them how we will.'

And wha kens what either o' us may be. You may rise to be a great

singer some day, while I may never be more than a literary hack."
"That's nonsense, you are sure to get on, and I sometimes feel I might be something, but, there's the stumbling block, Jamie, we're poor. Father has to work hard for his weekly wages, and has already spent a lot of money upon me, but to educate me for a singer it would take a fortune. But I am talking nonsense now, it is but a day-dream. Let us say no more about it, but have one more song before you go-what shall it be?"

"Sing 'Auld Robin Gray.'"

"Very well, that's as good as any" said she, turning over the music, and having played the symphony and declaimed the opening stanza, was beginning the air "Young Jamie lo'ed me weel," when a consciousness of the appositeness of the words struck her, and stealing a glance at her companion she saw him smiling approval, and catching his laughing eye she stopped, shook her head, and said "Jamie, you're an artful rogue," to which he answered "The sang says true, Peg," and then in the impulse of the moment he had the

effrontery to kiss her, a liberty he had never taken before.
At this she blushed, and said "And now for that, I shan't sing it," but seeing the look of remorse and disappointment upon his face, she added "but I'll give you something else," and forthwith she sang with thrilling pathos and carnestness the not inappropriate song of Burns, "Ye banks and brace o' bonnie Doon."

These two young persons, as will be gathered from the above conversation, were enthusiasts in their way, and had high aims and aspirations, and yet they belonged to the working class, and had had little more than the ordinary education as given in the parochial schools all over Scotland before the era of School Boards and the introduction of "standards." They were natives of Inverness, where they had lived all their lives. "Neighbour's bairns "they were, and had been brought up together, playing the same games, going to the same school, and learning the same lessons.

In later years they had studied music together until they were fairly proficient, and sometimes when the girl was employed with her necessary needlework or knitting, the lad would bring his books and read to her. And thus they had grown from childhood as brother and sister, and never thought of love until the coming departure of the lad had brought to him the discovery that he had more than an ordinary liking for his companion. The girl had long since made the same discovery as regarded herself, but never by look or word had she betrayed herself, for, as she had told him that evening, they were both too young to think of courtship, being an eminently practical person, and of the mature age of sixteen, the youth being only a few months her senior. He had been early left an orphan, and had been brought up by an aunt, whose source of income was a little grocery business, which she managed almost entirely herself, assisted only by an errand boy, for her nephew had no business qualities, and would soon have ruined the poor woman by the recklessly liberal way he supplied customers, giving what he considered good weight or measure amounting sometimes to double what was charged for. Beside this, she saw the lad had talent, and had no desire to see him selling soap and sugar behind a counter, so his school career was continued in the capacity of a pupil teacher, by which means his education was considerably advanced. He had a great liking for literature, and, having practised stenography, he used to assist the local newspaper reporter, and occasionally contributed notes and news to the Conrier, and so gradually drifted into journalism. The discriminating proprietor of that paper encouraged his literary tastes, and through his recommendation he ultimately got an appointment on the staff of the Edinburgh Econing Concaut, then in the height of its literary fame, and it was on the eye of his departure to this post that the scene we have described took

Margaret had lost her mother a few years before this story opens and although then a mere child she had realized what the loss was to her father, and had done her best to fill her absent parent's place by ministering to his comfort and attending to his wants, as she had been instructed by her mother. Perceiving that she had a strong prediliction for music he rewarded her attention by presenting her on her thirteenth birthday with an old square piano he had purchased-in her eyes it was the finest instru-

METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL,

KINGSLAND ROAD,

Patron-THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Olairman-JOSEPH FRY, ESQ.

Hon Secretary—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE

THE NEW BUILDING FOR 160 BEDS IS NOW COMPLETE. THE HOSPITAL IS CONDUCTED ON STRICTLY PROVIDENT PRINCIPLES. ACCIDENTS & CASES of URGENCY ADMITTED AT ALL HOURS FREE,

THE CHARITY HAS NO ENDOWMENT.

Funds urgently needed for Furnishing, Opening, and Maintaining the New Wards, Bankers-GLYN, MILLS, & Co., and LLOYD'S BANK, LIMITED CHARLES H. BYERS, Secretary.

ment ever built-and also engaged a teacher for her. And was not he amply rewarded when a little more than twelve months after, on the anniversary of his own birthday she gave a concert in his honour, playing and singing a song she had practised in secret, "The March of the Cameron men," as it was a favourite of his, he joining in the chorus much to her delight, and Jamie Grant doing his best to swell the volume of sound with voice and violin. When Peg, as her father and intimates called her, began to learn music she had to impart her knowledge to her friend, and he having an old violin that had been his father's, set to work to keep pace with her, and by dint of much practice and painstaking overcame the difficulties of his instrument and many a musical evening they had, such as that with which our story opens. But it was their last, and a cloud seemed to hang over them, and though both made a show of indifference they felt the parting more keenly than they would have cared to acknowledge. The girl was the more successful in her assumption of coolness and kept her feelings more under control, for she wanted to make the parting less painful to him. "I will be sure to hear from Auntie how you are getting on, and no doubt you will hear from her how we are keeping; "she called his relative "Auntie," as a matter of course, as she had known her from childhood. And so they parted. But the night watches were far spent before a heart-stricken maid sobbed herself into the blessed forgetfulness of slumber.

CHAPTER II.

"Friend after friend departs."

Angus Cameron, the father of our heroine, was a mechanical engineer, and was employed at an engineering factory in the neighbourhood. He was a shrewd, intelligent individual, and was much respected by his fellow workmen, and treated with great consideration by his employers. He had a vast store of information on various subjects, and between him and his daughter there existed more of an equal companionship than is generally found between parent and child, and to this and her fondness of reading may be attributed the rather sententious or old-fashioned style of speech and manner she affected. A thoroughbred Scot, it was only on the rarest occasions she lapsed into the homely Doric, and her talk like that of Invernessians generally, was free from any provincial twang or drawl, but her rendering of the songs of her country was such as only a native can attain to. In figure she was tall and slender, and though she could hardly be called beautiful, she had a very pleasing and winning expression, her eyes were large and lustrous, but her nose was perhaps too unobtrusive while it was decidedly "tip tilted," as the late Laureate has it, giving her a somewhat piquant expression. The mouth, however, amply compensated for the diminutiveness of the other organ, and yet it was not ungainly, and when she spoke her face was lit up with a charming expression, for the beauty of her soul animated her countenance and shone in her features, to which her golden hair formed a very aurcola. From her friend, James Grant, who was an assiduous student, she got the loan of the best books which they generally read and discussed together, and thus her mind was gradually developed in "wisdom, strength, and beauty."

After the departure of her companion, Peggy sought to forget

her sorrow in her household duties, but she found that her work was not so engrossing as to demand the whole of her attention, and she often found her thoughts wandering in the direction of the "Modern Athens." Sometimes she would take her sewing and drop in on Auntie for company, and as they chatted in the back shop, the old lady would grow garrulous upon the doings of her "laddie." Occasionally she would read a portion of his weekly letter, and not unfrequently there was a paragraph of particular interest or even a message to Peggy. The following, for instance, was intended more for her delectation than her aunt's. 'Our Editor," he wrote, "is a great friend of Thackeray, and during the latter's absence from England on account of ill-health, edited his 'English Humourists,' and added such copious notes that Thackeray declared they were the most valuable part of the work. His name is James Hannay, and he is an author of some repute himself, having written a very

successful novel, 'Singleton Fontenoy, R.N.,' and 'Sketches in Ultramarine,' both of which I will send to Peggy shortly. I had occasion to see him the other day, and on learning my name he asked 'any connection of 'The Romance of War?' meaning James Grant, the author of that well-known novel. I told him I was not, and that I came from Inveruess, when he asked if I knew "Carruthers." I said yes, it was on Mr. Carruthers' recommendation that I had been appointed to the *Courant*. Then he asked if I had ever met Thackeray, I said I had not. 'Well,' said he, 'he is the double of Carruthers, they are as like each other as the two Dromios.' 'All this,' said the old lady, 'I dont understand, but no doubt you do, and it is evidently interesting both to you and to him."

"I am glad," said Peg, "he writes in such good spirits and that he seems to like the work and the people."

"Oh, yes, he speaks, or rather writes about them as being jolly fellows to work with, and particularly mentions a big man of the name of Smith as an awfully comical fellow, and another, let's see what his name is, oh, yes, 'Farnie, our sub-editor, who is everlastingly writing plays and concerns himself more about the plot of a play than the politics of the party."

"I suppose you will follow him one of these days auntie, he will

be taking a house and installing you as housekeeper.

"Well, dearie, he's been more than hinting at something of the sort, he says lodgings are dear, and not very comfortable, and he says he is sure I would like to live in Edinburgh.

"I am sure you would, it would be very nice for both you and him," said Peg, although she could not but feel that with the removal of the aunt the connecting link between her and Jamie would be broken. And it did come to pass, and the link was severed, for within a year of young Grant going to Edinburgh his aunt disposed of her business, and with her goods and chattels to furnish a flat he had taken, she left for the metropolis of Scotland.

With her departure Peggy felt more lonely than before, still she went about her work apparently as cheerfully as was her wont, for had she not her father to minister to. To the study of music she applied herself more assiduously than ever, for the loss of her other friends made her reflect, and say to herself-" If anything were to happen to father I would have to earn my own living, and I think I would succeed better in music than anything else," so she set herself to study with a purpose, and found a solace in so doing, and in this uneventful manner mouth succeeded month, the monotony being broken occasionally by the arrival of a copy of the Courant when there was anything of special interest for her in its columns. rare intervals, too, a book would find its way, and this would be devouved as food by the hungry soul. But this monotony was soon going to be changed, a crisis in her life was at hand, though she knew it not. A short letter on the eve of his departure as a member of an exploration party to which he had been appointed, and a promise to write from abroad, seemed to ring the knell of utter separation between her and James Grant.

One evening her father came home earlier than usual, and told her that their firm had failed, and the whole of the hands had got their discharge. "It will be a sair blow to many, especially them wi' big families," was his summary, as he considered the calamity as it affected others rather than himself. "But we have the future to think o' ourselves, and though we can make a shift to live for a time on what's laid by, yet I maunna lose time in looking out for another job. There's nae work tae be had here, so I'll 'een hae tae tak' the road, any gang frac toon tac toon, frac factory tac factory, till I find something tae dae; but it will be very lonely for you while I'm away, I fear me-Peg, lass."

"Oh, never mind me, father, I can always find something to occupy myself with, and maybe you will soon get work, and then we'd be together again."

"Ay, lass, ye're age brave and hopeful, and I trust I may be as

successful as you wish."

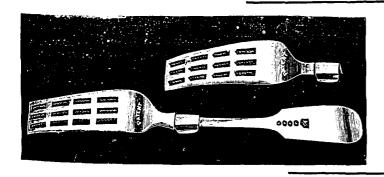
"Ye'll never fail, father, remember ye're a Cameron, and, as the song says, "a Cameron never can yield."

MASTICATOR. PATENT

TO USE IN PLACE OF KNIFE.

Price 2/6.

SIXTEEN BLADES IN ONE.



For preparing meats and other food for mastication by mincing and pulping same on your warm plate, and so preserving all the nutriment. Invaluable to the Aged, Young Children, and all suffering from Weak Digestive Organs or Defective Teeth.

"I'll no yield to ony man in determination or perseverance, and if I fail it 'll no be for want o' trying," said the dogged old Scot.

In this spirit he left home, and Peggy was now indeed alone, and as the weary months glided by without word of the wished for employment she began to feel dull and dispirited. Her father had written to her regularly every week, and as regularly had he heard from her, as he always advised her of his intended stopping places. One dayshe got word that he had expectations of getting something to do in London through an acquaintance there, so her next letter was to be directed to the Post-office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. She wrote as directed, but a week passed without the usual letter, so she wrote again in some anxiety, and waited another week, an anxious, weary week, without a word; and then, almost despairing, she wrote another, announcing her intention of starting for London. Packing a few necessary articles into a bundle, and securing the remnant stock of money, she locked up the house and bravely set out on foot to walk to Aberdeen in order to economise her funds. From thence she took the steamer to London in order to search for her father, who she feared had fallen ill, and would fare badly among strangers, so it was therefore her bounden duty to find him out and tend him. In due time she was safely landed at Irongate Wharf, and immediately began what most persons would have considered a Quixotic quest. She had her own scheme for finding him; she would utilize her heavenly gift and endeavour to draw her father to her by the power of song.

Brave Peggy! God bless your filial devotion, and may He guide and prosper you—direct your footsteps aright through the labyrinth of London

CHAPTER III.

"All things above, I'd sing of love,
I'd sing of gentle love, and strong,
Till hearts would melt, because they felt,
And owned the power of love and song."

About five years after the event recorded in the close of the last chapter, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, was crowded one evening during the Christmas holidays by an audience eager to hear the new vocalist whom all the critics had been lauding to the skies, and, as she had only appeared previously in Italian opera, there was considerable excitement and curiosity to hear her in the rolé of ballad singer. Notwithstanding her foreign-sounding name, Mademoiselle Marguerite Noremac, rumour said she was an English-woman, while the natives of the other portions of the Kingdom—Irish, Welsh, and Scotch—thought they had as much claim to her. A strange story had got about that she had been a street singer who had been run over by a gentleman's carriage, and he, on her recovery, finding she was possessed of a splendid voice, had sent her abroad to have it cultivated. Whatever the truth concerning her previouscareer, there was no doubt, from the crowds who flocked to hear her, that she was a prime favourite.

The occasion of the concert was the raising of funds for a police orphanage, and it seemed as if the whole force of the Metropolis had gathered together. It transpired that the lady hearing that the funds of one of their institutions were at a very low ebb, had volunteered to get up a concert, pay all expenses, and hand over the whole proceeds to the fund. As her numbers on the programme were all old-fashioned English songs, it was evident she had selected what she thought would best suit her audience. Each time she made her appearance she was enthusiastically received, and encored every time she sang, and at last a distinct call was heard above the applause "Gie us 'The March o' the Cameron men,' This was taken up all over the hall, the whole house rising and vociferously demanding "The Cameron men!" and upon silence being restored she complied, and gave the well-known air in such a style that her hearers were electrified. Long and loud were the cheers on the conclusion of the song, and during the hubbub a gentleman left his stall and made his way behind the orchestra. He had been puzzling himself for some time during the concert as to where he had seen the face of the singer before, but "The Cameron men" dispelled his doubts, and James Grant, for it was he, at once recognised in Mademoiselle Noremac, his old friend Peggy Cameron, the foreign-looking name being only the thin disguise of her own name reversed.

The applause was still resounding through the hall when a maid, handing a card to her mistress in her retiring room, said "a gentle-

man to see Mademoiselle."

A glance at the card showed the name "Mr. James Grant, Savage Club," and upon her saying "show him in," a monstached and bearded figure, very unlike the Jamie Grant of her memory, bowed himself in, saying "I have the honour," then seeing she was all alone he changed the style of address to "No, hang it all, Peg, I have the pleasure"—

He got no further, for seizing him with both her hands she cried "Jamie, Jamie, is it indeed you?"

No doubt he lost no time in satisfying her of his very identity; and of the many questions and answers they put and gave to cach other we have no space to record. She briefly recounted to him her extraordinary venture in London, how her father had met with an accident, having been knocked down by the horse of a gentleman's carriage and conveyed to the hospital, and how during the time he lay unconscious she of course never heard from him, which so alarmed her that she went to Aberdeen and took the boat to London, and on her arrival there she enquired for Regent-street, which she imagined was the principal street, and having gained the corner of a quiet off street, Princes-street-she knew it well now-she began to sing and speedily attracted a crowd. She sang her father's favourite -"The March of the Cameron Men," so that if he were not within hearing he should of hear it, and then told the crowd in a few words that she sang in order to find her father. A kindly sergeant of police, whose name, singularly enough, was Cameron, procured her a comfortable lodging with a relative, and caused enquiries to be made through the authorities at Scotland Yard concerning her father. She had told the crowd she would be at the same spot the following evening, about the same time, and sing them the same song, and the consequence was that there was a tremendous gathering of people, chiefly Scots, and before the song was finished, a carriage drove up, in which was her father and a Mr. Cameron, who had been the unfortunate cause of the accident. Through this gentleman her father got a very lucrative appointment, and he also interested himself in getting good teachers for her until her father was enabled to send her to the Continent to study at the best schools there. This was briefly her story up to the present time, and she had hardly finished ere a knock at the door warned her that her turn had come to sing again. Rapidly running over a heap of pieces of music, she selected one, and giving it to her attendant, said "I am going to change the song in the programme, give this to the accompanist," then turning to Grant, she added, "Go to the front again and I'll sing you a song you once asked me to sing, but which I refused at the time, and when the concert is over, you may, if you please, come and

He had scarcely regained his seat, when the fair singer re-appeared, and was greeted with loud applause, which was presently hushed as the well-known words of "Auld Robin Gray" fell upon the ears of the delighted audience, which, when the song was finished, testified its appreciation of it in a loud and demonstrative recall.

Smilingly she consented, and entranced her hearers with her rendering of "I dreamt that I dwelt," and it seemed to strike not a few that she emphasised the refrain—

"But I also dreamt, which pleased me most, That you loved me still the same,"

in a most bewitching manner, and this thought thrilled James Grant particularly, and, need we say, ecstatically, as he felt and owned the power of love and song.

The concert over, he went behind again, and found the fair cantatrice receiving the congratulations of a number of persons, to some of whom he was duly introduced, amongst whom were "Mr. Cameron, to whom we owe so much," who immediately recognised Grant as a man he had met in society before, and "Inspector Cameron, my first friend in London," who wrung his hand with a grip of iron, and agitated it like a pump-handle. "Here is one you do not require to be introduced to," said she, bringing forward a grizzly-bearded man, to whom she remarked, "Here is our old friend, Jamie Grant, father!" and the two with exclamations of delight and surprise warmly greeted each other. He was invited to accompany them home, and, we need hardly say, required little pressing. What a deal they had to talk about; he had to listen to further details of their wonderful adventures, and they in return had to hear a summary of his travels, for he had been nearly all over the world since they had last heard of him.

On the following day he brought his old aunt to see her, and the meeting between the two was, as might have been expected, a very affectionate one. They have seen a great deal of each other since, and are likely to see a great deal more in the future, if there is any truth in the brief announcement in the newspapers to the effect that "We understand that the well-known traveller and author, Mr. James Grant, is shortly to lead to the hymeneal altar the celebrated singer, Mademoiselle Noremac."

St. Andrew's Day, 1892.



Ballad.

THE NOBLE SOUL,

OR

Life for Life.

The Baron sat in his stately hall,
On a dais of high degree;
On plate of gold was the banquet served,
But of nought there tasted he.

Mute was the harp; and the minstrel's song In its echoes died away, For sorrow with heavy hand oppressed The Baron that fatal day.

On the chase intent, his only son, In the vigour of life that morn: At the close of day, a lifeless corse To the castle gate was borne.

For a murd'rous hand had laid him low; And, quenched by untimely death The lamp of life, and a father's hope Had vanished with parting breath.

- "Go, fetch me forth from his dungeon cell, And let him before me stand! The villain, who dared with my dear son's blood To stain his unrighteous hand.
- "A father's vengeance he soon shall feel, Stern Justice asserts her sway; By ling'ring torture his life prolonged, For Death shall he wildly pray."

Unmoved by fear, with undaunted mien, With glance from an eagle eye, Prepared for the worst that Fate decreed, Prepared for a doom so nigh,

The captive stood in the Baron's hall, And looked with a scornful gaze, As the thronging vassals press around, And their threat'ning daggers raise.

Fierce flashed the eyes of the angry lord, When the caitiff wretch he viewed; Thrice had the sword by his fury urged In his life-blood been imbrued.

But he checked his hand and thus outspoke, "No mercy restrains my steel,
A thousand deaths shalt thou die in one,
And the keenest tortures feel.

- "But, if for this deed of blood, thy soul The pardon of Heaven would crave, If, murderer, ever thy bones would rest In the quiet of the grave.
- "Declare what cause could impel thy hand The blood of my son to shed; Why hast thou heaped such a load of care And grief on this aged head?"
- "Thy son was slain to fulfil a vow;
 A vow which to Heaven I made:
 That the life his hand in anger took,
 By death should alone be paid.
- "My son was as dear to me as thine,
 As loved as thine own could be,
 The heavy anguish thy heart must feel,
 Was as deeply felt by me.

Fair was the form of my noble boy,
As ever the eye could view,
The pride and hope of a father's heart,
Who never a sorrow knew,

"Till in evil hour, Oh! sad mischance,
Thy son to our home drew nigh;
Ah! well may the thought afflict thy soul,
And force from thy breast the sigh.

- "For had not Fate in her stern decree, To a destined doom betrayed, Thy son with his hound in eager chase Had ne'er to our cottage strayed.
- "Ne'er had the stag with his footsteps fleet From covert in terror fled, Ne'er would the hound, in swift pursuit, So distant a course have led.
- "But so it chanced—with an instinct true, Which never restraint could brook, Swift as an arrow from archer's bow, Old Bruno my son forsook.
- "And now, together, the rival pair,
 With ardour their efforts strain,
 Each striving by fleetness to outstrip,
 For each would the prize obtain.
- "Closely they press on the wearied stag, And as struggling side by side, So fully matched, it were hard to say, How the issue would decide.
- "At length, by effort, but ill repaid,
 Poor Bruno, with sudden bound,
 First with his fangs on the prey he seized,
 And in triumph on the ground,
- "The antiered monarch of forest glade Now prone in the dust he lay; And with tearful eyes and many a groan, Was sobbing his life away.
- Deeply incensed was the high-born youth That his hound defeat had known.
 And angered more that his hopes and pride, A peasant had overthrown.
- "'Oh never again, thou laggard hound, Thy fame shalt thou thus disgrace, The stain affixed to thy high renown, But Death can alone efface.
- "Nor shall thy rival in triumph live,
 To share in his master's pride,
 Nor shall peasant voice its prowess praise,
 And the lordly name deride."
- "No mercy restrained his cruel hand, But instant, without delay, In the pangs of death, on the ground outstretched The victor and vanquished lay.
- "'Now foul befall thee! thou ruthless lord!'
 My son in his anger said;
 'Nay Heaven requite this evil deed

'May Heaven requite this evil deed, With curses upon thy head!'"

- "'Base peasant slave! and wilt thou presume So boldly thy voice to raise; And knowest thou not that unguarded speech To its punishment betrays.'
- "As fuel fresh to his recent wrong,
 More fiercely his anger burned
 At these threat'ning words, and haughty look
 My son with like scorn returned.
- "Now in their breasts an o'erwhelming tide Of impetuous passions rage; Reason no more with power controls, Nor their fury can assuage.
- "At length, half maddened with frenzy wild, That peasant his wrath should brave, Sudden, the noble his dagger drew, And the fatal death-blow gave.
- "Oh, woeful sight for a father's eyes, When home, as a corse they bore My chiefest joy, yet I grief restrained, And a solemn oath I swore.

- "That I would not rest, nor mourn his loss,
 Till speedy revenge I knew;
 Though weak the law to avenge his death,
 Yet Justice should have her due.
- "Thy son for days did I watch unseen, But never alone had found, For numerous friends his steps attend, And vassals his form surround.
- "To-day it chanced that afar he strayed, When instant before his sight I stood confessed and declared my wrong, And dared him to mortal fight.
- 'Short was the strife, for his arm unneaved,
 In vain could his fate control,
 Bravely he fought, but a deep remorse
 Sat heavy upon his soul!
- "He fell, and with dying breath declared,
 That justly did Fate decree,
 His death should atone the life he took,
 And I his avenger be.
- "He pressed the hand that had laid him low, And in fainting tones besought, The pardon he granted I would give, For the deed his hand had wrought.
- "Thus freely forgiven, I forgave,
 Revenge from my breast had fled;
 With pity I viewed the gallant youth,
 Who, low at my feet, lay dead.
- "The vow I had sworn was now fulfilled, Nor cared 1 by flight to save A hateful life, but to captive bonds Myself as a prisoner gave.
- "And now let thy voice my doom proclaim, Let torture and death be near, The keenest torments thou caust devise, Will I suffer without fear.
- "No mercy, Baron, I ask of thee,
 This boon would I only crave,
 That my mangled corse at length may join
 My son in his lowly grave."

He ceased—in silence he boldly stood, And calmly, to fate resigned, Expectant waits to be led away, To torture and death consigned.

The Baron paused, for though passion urged That revenge should have its way, To the voice of Justice anger yields, And Reason asserts her sway.

Then he raised his head and thus he spoke,
As the list'ning crowd drew near. [doom,
"Though vengeance would instant urge thy
From me thou hast naught to fear.

- "For though thy hand has destroyed my hopes, 1 dare not the deed arraign; Alas! I feel and confess with grief, That justly my son was slain.
- "The life my son in his anger took,
 As forfeit his own repaid;
 Two father's hearts, by the selfsame grief,
 Have thus desolate been made.
- "Then take thy life, but avoid my sight, And afar, in some distant land, In safety dwell, and never again. Do thou in my presence stand.
- "May Heaven bless, as we each forgive, And grant us His strength to bear With hearts resigned to His Holy will, The sorrows we both must share!"

F. W. DRIVER, M.A.

"The Secret Tribunal."

A LEGEND OF OLD WESTPHALIA.

By T. C. WALLS.

Author of "Saved by a Sign," "Light and Shade," Sec.

CHAPTER 1.



was just at the stroke of midnight on the 29th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1598. The day had been exceedingly fine considering the lateness of the season, but towards evening the rain commenced to fall, and a strong south-easterly wind had risen. Very few way-farers were to be seen, and those whose avocations or inclinations had caused them to be abroad on so boisterous a night were hurrying homeward. Presently there sounded resonant and powerful, and clearly heard above the howling tempest, the solemn chimes of the clock of the ancient Cathedral in the quaint, historic

city of Osnaburg, announcing to the burghers and others who had not yet courted the drowsy god, that another day in the history of the world was about to pass On the night in question, and in one of the narrow, ill-paved, yet picturesque streets of the aforesaid North German town, two stalwart men, carrying lanterns, slowly paced along. They were warmly clad, and apparently quite unmindful of the inclement weather. Had it been a calm, balmy night in summer instead of one in late autumn, they could not have evinced less concern. They bore stout oaken halberts, and were on duty as custodians of the public peace. In plain language they were officers of the city watch, and thus it was that they so quietly perambulated the highways and byways disregarding the rain, the wind, and the cold.

"Well, Hoffman, my comrade," said one, the younger of the two, "dost thou not wish that thou wert within the doors of the "Duke's Arms," with a tankard of good linear in this cheef, and a beight glove from the worth case of Parallian.

good liquor in thine hand, and a bright glance from the pretty eyes of Fraulien Gretchen, the daughter of thine host, to give a zest to the draught?"

"A truce to thy fooling, I pray thee, Meyer," replied the other, sharply.

"One would'st think that thou had'st never been out in a storm before. For nigh 20 years have I patrolled these streets in all weathers, good and bad, and it is little that I care to night for the tempest, wild as it is. That was a terrible blast them?" I he added. "Thus the sign bloomed given and grown."

though," he added. "Hark! how the sign-boards creak and groan."

In such idle discourse they plodded on, ever and anon casting the glimmer of their lanterns into dark corners and gloomy portals, and occasionally trying the fastenings of the doors. The respective clocks of the venerable city had just chimed the half-hour after midnight, when the men heard in the distance a cry that startled them. It was so piercing and pitiful in its tone that for a time they were unnerved. It sounded like the voice of one in the direct agony, or whose last moments on earth had come. Having recovered their composure, they ran as fast as their heavy clothing and appointments permitted towards the spot whence the cry had emanated. The first thing they noticed was a dark object lying on the ground. They lowered their lanterns, and by the flickering gleams they were horrified to perceive the form of a young man, whose features bore a terrible expression of anguish, and who evidently had been the victim of an outrage. In those by-gone days such a spectacle was common enough. The cities and towns of Europe were badly lighted, indifferently guarded, and everything conspired to render crimes of every description easy of accomplishment. The watchmen at once calmly proceeded to ascertain if life still remained

within the body.

"By St. Ursula of Cologne! This is a [sad sight," ejaculated Meyer,

compassionately.

'He is quite dead," remarked Hoffmann, after a careful examination "Poor youth. What has he done to meet so dreadful an end? apparently has not been attempted. See, his trinkets are untouched."

This was true. Two rings of value sparkled on the stiffening fingers.

"Thou art right, comrade, this deed is not the work of a cut-purse," said Meyer, pointing to a satchel that was suspended, according to the fashion of the time, to the shain man's girdle, and which could have been severed in an instant if theft had been the object of the attack. The purse, upon being opened, was found to contain numerous gold views. found to contain numerous gold pieces.

"A crime of revenge, I take it to be," surmised his colleague.

They were about to raise the youth when their attention was attracted to a

long, double-edged dagger that was lying close to the body. It had probably been plucked from the wound by the poor fellow ere consciousness forsook him.
"Hoffman, this may be useful," remarked Meyer, as be carefully secured the

They then crossed their halberts, and having arranged the victim's cloak thereanother crossed their manners, and naving arranged the victim's clock thereon so as to form a rude litter, they bore the body to the watch-house attached to the Rathaus, where the head constable, one Johann Goetze, made an official inspection of the remains. The deceased man was about 22 years of age, tall, and gracefully formed. He was richly apparelled. In one of the pockets of his trunk-hose they found his tablets, and written therein was the name "Conrad you Weber." von Weber.'

Conrad von Weber," slowly muttered the chief of the watch. "Why he must be the son of Mein Herr von Weber, our late Burgomaster. Poor fellow I warrant that bright eyes will moisten and many a fair bosom be filled with sorrow when his untimely death is known."

His subordinate then produced the dagger, and related in what positson it

had been found. The hilt of the weapon was of silver, beautifully chased. It, however, hore no crest or other heraldic device, as was the general custom of the age. Upon closely examining it the officer discovered three small letters, R.D.F. and a pair of crossed swords. These emblems were so canningly intermingled with the floriated scrolls on the hilt that they were scarcely noticeable. The man named Meyer was then sent to acquaint the ex-Burgomaster with the tidings of the supposed assassination.

In the somewhat long interval that elapsed between the departure and return of the messenger with Herr von Weber, who proved to be the father of the ill-fated youth, Goetze, to pass the time, went to an old oaken and massive iron bound chest, and, having unlocked it, drew forth and scanned a book on heraldry, printed in black letter. The work was quaintly and profusely embellished with engravings of the cont-armour borne by the noble families of the numerous states comprised in the great German Empire. The chief constable carefully scrutinised the armorial bearings, but no such design as was on the dagger, nor anything approaching it, could be find on the shields depicted in the book. His object in consulting the volume was to trace, if possible, by means of the characters on the hilt, the escutcheon of the family of the owner of the weapon.

Johann Goetze was a man of years, and of great experience in criminal matters. For the rude times in which he lived he was exceedingly crudite and well versed in old-world lore.

"This richly decorated poignard," he mused, "is of German make. By the Five Shrines of Osnabrück I can swear to that. It is unquestionably the property of a man of wealth, if not of high rank. What can the letters and crossed swords mean? They puzzle mc. I will call in the morning upon old Joachim Weigell, the armourer, and consult him on the matter. Between us we may arrive at some conclusion that may be of use in tracing, and, I trust, bringing to justice the perpetrator of this fell outrage."

Upon the arrival of Herr von Weber, a very painful scene was witnessed. For a few moments the stricken father appeared dazed and stared at the body in an unimpassioned manner. He then took one of the inanimated hands in a strangely calm way. His face as yet bore no traces of emotion and his eyes were unmoistened. Suddenly the full horror of the tragic event and the great becomes the had suffered by the doubt of his fact bore and only apprint bereavement he had suffered by the death of his first-born and only surviving son overwhelmed him, and for a long time he bewailed his loss in language of the

most poignant sorrow.

The kind hearted Goetze and his assistants were greatly moved at the distress of the poor man, and endeavoured to assuage his grief, but their well meant attentions were diregarded, if not entirely repelled. Presently he arose from the body, and brushing the tears from his eyes, he swore a terrible oath that he would

"What hast thou done, beloved of my heart, to die thus?" he demanded, gazing mournfully upon the poor clay as if its cold lips could answer him. "The best of sons, the noblest of men, the sincerest of friends," he went on, "has

"How shall I break the news to his poor mother? Yesterday was her birthday, and he gave her his miniature as a present. He kissed her again and again, and, clasping the portrait around her neck, he said. 'Mother, mine, wear this for the sake of one who loves thee fondly; thou kindest of women, thou dearest of mothers."

Geotze thought it advisable not to show Herr von Weber the weapon that had been discovered near the body, nor to communicate the suspicions that he had formed as to the motive for the crime. The bereaved father imagined that robbery had been the incentive, and that the prompt arrival of the watch had prevented its being carried out.

In the early morning the chief constable repaired to the house of the armourer, with the intention of taking that worthy's opinion as to where the dagger had been manufactured, and the meaning, if any, of the device on its

Old Joachim Weigell had just broken his fast, and greeted the official

warmly.
"To what do I owe the honour of this visit?" said he, smiling, and offering his guest a seat. "But thou look'st disturbed. Is thy coming of serious

"Yes, Joachim, of very serious moment," slowly repeated his friend. "A murder was committed last night in our good city of Osnabrück."

The old armourer changed colour, and rose from his seat in alarm.

"The result of some drunken brawl or resisted pillage, I suppose," he remarked.
"No, I think not," was the reply.
"However, sit thee down, gossip, and I

will tell thee all I know.

Goetze then related to his interested listener the facts as already narrated, and, having concluded, placed the dagger in the hands of the armourer. Joachim, upon seeing the weapon, started, and his countenance betrayed disquietude.

"Well, old friend, what think'st thou of it?" asked the chief constable, keenly glancing at him under his bushy brows. "If I mistake not, the most cunning worker in iron, brass, and steel of his time in broad Westphalia, or all

cunning worker in iron, brass, and steel of his time in broad Westphalia, or all Germany for that matter, knows more about you murderous blade than I do."

"Johann, it pleases thee to flatter the humble handicraftsman," was the observation of the other. "This pretty toy," he proceeded, patting it gently, "was made at Nuremburg, and, after the elegant fashion of the French weapon, designated a misericorde. In the chivalric days, when battles were decided more by force of arms than by cannon, culverines, and the like dread engines of modern warfare, this description of dagger was used by the knights to dispatch those adversaries, who, being unhorsed and worsted, begged not, nor were granted quarter." "Ah, me!" sighed the old man, "those were rare prosperous times for workers in armour and the like. They are gone, I fear, never to return." workers in armour and the like. They are gone, I fear, never to return."

"Have you noticed the device on the hilt?" asked Goetze.

The craftsman went to the window to more closely examine the poignard. He had no sooner caught sight of the initials and crossed swords, than he uttered a terrible cry, dropped the weapon, closed the door opening to the street, and nervously drew the heavy oaken bar across it.

The usually phlegmatic civic functionary was exceedingly startled at these

proceedings on the part of the armourer, and excitedly asked:

"What is the matter?' Weigell did not reply for a moment, but going to the portal of an inner room,

called out:

"Hans, do not let me be disturbed on any account. I have business of

importance with Mein Herr Goetze,"

Having secured that door also, he sank tremblingly into a seat.

"Come, come, Joachim, be a man," said the chief constable, soothingly.

"What ails thee, old friend?" and he drew his chair nearer to the armourer,

"That dagger belongs to a member of the Femgerichte or Vehm Gerichte," hoarsely whispered Weigell. "By bringing it here, ye have unknowingly brought trouble on me and mine. I am sorry to hear thee say that," returned Goetze. "I have heard many

wild tales of that fraternity in my youth, but I thought that they and their mysterious courts were numbered with the past. Dost thou know aught to the contrary?"

Conrad von Weber." slowly remarked the armourer, not heeding the question,

"was slain last night by a Freischöffe or Freischöffen."

"Which means free justices," said the other. "Well, who are they?"

"They are the officers of the secret tribunal called a Freiding," was the reply, "and it is they who are empowered to execute those whom the court presided over by the Freigraf has condemned to die by hanging or other punishment

"That is exceedingly kind on the part of the Freigraf and the Freischöffen," said Goetze, smiling; "but I fail to see why a young gentleman like Conrad von Weber, who has borne bitherto, so far as 1 know, a blameless life, should have been sentenced by them to perish." been sentenced by them to perish."

"Hush, hush, my good friend," said Weigell, cautiously, and he held up his hand warningly. "Speak not so loud, I pray thee. Thou mayst be overheard by one of the fraternity and thyself be cited to appear before them for daring thus lightly to question their acts or power. Wilt thou give me thy promise neither to reveal what I am about to tell thee, nor convey to the Burgomaster or any other authority of the city that you weapon belongs to an officer of the dread Femgerichte?"

"I will," assented his companion, inwardly amused by the earnestness of the

other.
"Wilt thou also promise," continued the armourer, "that thou wilt not seek to unveil the mystery that at present enshrouds the fate of the poor youth by any other means than those thou useth in ordinary cases of crime?"

"That will I, also," replied the chief constable. "It would be unseemly on my part," he added, "to doubt thy convictions, strange though they are, as to

the existence at the present time of that claudestine and terrible tribunal. I, therefore, freely give thee my word not even to mention that I have consulted thee on the subject. No, no, old gossip, after a friendship of more than twenty years, I should be sorry to bring trouble to thy hearth where I have spent so many pleasant hours."

"There spoke my dear old companion," warmly cried the armourer, as he

grasped the hands of the officer.

"As this is dry matter," he added, jocosely, "what sayest thou to a morning

stoup?"

"By all means," was the reply. "But the subject has been to me not so dry as thou think'st, for them hast whetted my curiosity and I would gladly learn

"First, however, here's to thee and thine." Thus saying, the man of law and order took a mighty draught from a decorated flagon of Cologne stoneware that

his host handed to him.
"If my memory plays me not false," commenced Joachim, "I think it was in the year 1568, that a sad circumstance occurred in this house. It was no less an event than the awfully sudden demise of a favourite workman of mine, one Wilhelm Gleim. He had been with me some years, and was a very clever craftsman. During a severe illness that overtook him, my good frau and I had carefully nursed him, and this fact he apparently never forgot. A more docile, kind, and grateful creature than he never lived. On the night preceding the day that was fated to be his last on earth, he returned home just as the clock of St. Johann's was striking ten. My wife had retired, but I was in yonder room tracing some designs for a damascened cuirass I had orders to furnish for the Margrave of Baden. Poor Gleim flung himself wearily upon a settle, and for a time I could not prevail upon him to speak to me. At last he told me that he had been the concealed witness of a dreadful crime that had been committed in the open market-place, the assassination of one who had befriended him years before. There were three men concerned in the outrage. After they had left he ventured to approach the body, and lying by its side was a dagger. He took possession of it and hurried home. Having handed me the weapon, I examined it. I may here tell thee, it was like the one thou had'st with thee to-night, with this difference, that the hilt was of brass and not of silver. He then told me that it belonged to the Vehm-Gericht, and was certain to bring misfortune to I closely questioned him as to how he became acquainted whoever found it. with the history of the weapon, but he refused to tell me. He merely explained that the device on the hilt was one of the secret tokens belonging to the fraternity. I laughed at the superstitious notion of there being anything calamitous in becoming the possessor of a simple blade of steel. I told him also that it was his business and mine as law-abiding inhabitants of Osnabrück to endeavour to bring the culprits to justice whether they were members of the powerful Femgerichte, or mere bravos. However, he so earnestly begged of me not to interfere in the matter, and I must confess, somewhat alarmed me by the terrible authority that he declared was possessed by the secret tribunal, that I promised him that I would not move in the affair. I may state that the usual enquiry was held, but the assassins of the poor man were never discovered, and in a few days the whole subject was forgotten by the citizens. The circumstances, however, will be ever remembered by me, as the hapless Wilhelm Gleim died the next day. Whether the illness referred to, aggravated by the shock at witnessing the tragic death of his former benefactor had weakened his heart, I know not, but true it is that he was struck down before my eyes whilst at his work. I hastened to his assistance, but he at once became unconscious and never rallied. His sudden dissolution had such a morbid effect upon me that I became infected with the dead man's fears, and determined to get rid of the weapon that had so tragically fallen into my hands. That night I sallied out and consigned it to the bed of the neighbouring river, where I have no

doubt it lies rusting at the present moment."

"A very strange story, my good friend, Joachim," remarked the officer meditatively, "but notwithstanding the fate of thy craftsman, I do not for one momen believe that any mischance can befall a man because he happens to become pos

sessed of a weapon with a tragic history attached to it. Such a superstitions theory is an insult to common sense. Depend upon it, Gleim's death falling so closely upon the finding of the dagger was a mere coincidence."

"I thought so, too," replied the other, "but my scepticism left me, when some time afterwards another mysterious crime was perpetrated in this very city and crimely constraint a circle which was found afterwards to the victim and the and curiously enough, a similar blade was found adjacent to the victim and the

and carronsiy enough, a similar blade was found adjacent to the victim and the finder of it, a young girl, ailed, sickened, and eventually died a few days after the discovery of the weapon, although her health previously had been most robust."

"Well, well, old gossip," said the chief constable, cheerily. "I will not argue with thee any longer. The matter at the best is sad and of ill-omen. But I should like to know what the poor wretches had done to bring upon them the vengence of the dread Femgerichte."

Having bidden the artificer "Good-day," Johann Goetz returned to the Rathhaus, deeply ruminating upon what he had heard, and fully determined to unravel, if possible, the mystery surrounding the death of young Conrad von Weber.

"I will keep my knowledge," he mused, "as to the finding of the poignard

from the authorities; Hoffman and Meyer must do likewise. Notwithstanding my promise to my friend the armourer, I will try and ferret out the secrets of the Femgerichte, if that society still exists in this old city of ours. The conscience of a peace-officer cannot be too clastic; moreover, I am not the man to be easily frightened by old fraus tales, nor shaken by the superstitious fears or fatalism of my dear crony, Joachim Weigell.

CHAPTER II.

Days became weeks, and weeks lengthened into months, but the mystery cushrouding the fate of the unfortunate Conrad von Weber was not cleared up. His sorrow-stricken parents received both public and private sympathy, and were greatly comforted thereby. The ex-Burgomuster, however, had still one allabsorbing hope that the actual author of the deed might yet be discovered and brought to justice. His good wife perceived with alarm that this brooding grief was undermining his health. In reply to her frequent remonstrances he would say, "No, Catherine, I cannot rest nor be happy whilst the wretch lives who consigned our handsome, guileless boy to an untimely grave. Something seems to tell me that my wish for vengeance will ere long be fully gratified." Johann Goetze, the constable, was puzzled. He felt that his reputation as an astate and clever blood-hound of the law was dimmed. He had, hitherto, succeeded in discovering the perpetrators of numerous crimes, but in this instance he had to acknowledge to himself that he was completely baffled. It was exceedingly lumiliating for him to have to admit defeat to his boon companion, the armourer. However, he had rallied that worthy over and over again upon the conviction Joachim stubbornly entertained as to the fatality overhanging a finder or possessor of a weapon of the Femgerichte.

"Do not scoff at an old man's belief," said Weigell, one day. "It is true as ye urge that Meyer, who found the blade, and ye who keep it are well and prosperous; but mark my words, good Johann, ye may yet regret that ye did not take my advice and hurl the accursed thing into the deep waters of the river."

A year had nearly clapsed when a strange adventure befell Goetze. He was sauntering in a large wood some distance from the city, and was suddenly overtaken by a storm. The lightning was alarmingly vivid, and loud was the roaring of heaven's ordnance. The official not caring to make his way home through the forest under such dangerous circumstances took refuge within a small disused quarry. There he remained until the tempest ceased. Goetze was preparing to leave his shelter when he suddenly heard voices. He could not catch what was said, but he was considerably surprised to hear that the tones of the speakers were cultivated. "Those are not woodmen, nor peasants," he muttered. Presently he saw two men approaching whose habiliments proclaimed them to be persons of a good position in life. They did not observe him, although they glanced cautiously around, and having proceeded a few paces they pushed aside some brushwood and disappeared as if swallowed up in the earth. The professional instincts of the chief constable were aroused. A strange feeling took possession of him; an inward monitor seemed to urge him to investigate the matter, yet a curious depression of spirits overcame him as if he were in the presence of some imminent danger. For a few moments he hesitated as his thoughts reverted to the old armourer's forebodings. Curiosity, however, got the better of his fears, and he quietly and by a circuitous route reached the spot where the men had vanished. Before he could examine its surroundings he again heard voices and this time three men, closely muffled, approached the copse. He threw himself down within the cover of the undergrowth, and his heart nearly failed him. He instinctively felt that, if discovered, his life would be forfeited, as it had suddenly flashed upon him that he had are identally stumbled upon the entry to one of the secret meeting-places of the dreaded tribunal of the Vehm-Gericht. However, his presence was not detected, and the new-comers were lost to view in the same mysterious manner as the others had been. Johann waited for a time, and then cautiously advanced to the locality where they were last seen. Upon pushing aside the branches of some firs, he discovered a hole, about two feet in width, such as he had often some ars, he discovered a note, about two feet in which, such as he had often noticed in his woodland rambles, as marking the entrance to the lair of a wolf, boar, or other wild denizen of the forest. He afterwards wondered at his temerity in penetrating alone and unarmed into so forbidding a place. Having slowly advanced a few yards on hands and knees, the tunnel, for such it was, increased in height, and he was enabled to stand upright. Having proceeded thus far unmolested, his courage returned, and he determined to proceed with the adventure. He then observed that the passage began to descend, and he saw some distance below him a glimmering light. Still warily progressing, he beheld, to his dismay, a tall, shadowy figure that was standing under a lamp, and effectually barring further advance. The head was turned towards him, as if in the act of listening. This was too much even for the iron nerves and phlegm of the stout official of the law. His trepidation was so great that his frame shook, and his legs almost gave way beneath him. He inwardly cursed himself as a fool for proceeding so far Presently the figure disappeared, and Goetze lost no time in retracing his way, and it was with a deep sigh of relief that he emerged, without further adventure, into the open air. He had nearly arrived at the outskirts of the wood when his attention was again drawn towards the sound of approaching Goetze concealed himself behind a tree, and allowed three wayfarers to proceed unchallenged. He could not discern their features, as it was almost dark. One of them, in passing, said - "At what hour to-morrow is he cited to appear before the Freiding?"

"At nine," was the reply.
"So, so, my friends," exultingly muttered the chief constable, "I have ye at last. Your mysteries after to-night shall be mysteries no longer. It is time your unhawful tribunal should cease to disgrace the last days of the sixteenth century. Never again shall assassination at your instigation be permitted to terrify the citizens of the chief town of Westphalia."

Thus animated, the stalwart chief of the watch forgot his fears and his fertile imagination conjured up the most pleasureable visions of emolument, reputation, and honour that might ere long be realised. He fancied he could hear the prans that would proceed from his grateful fellow citizens and his superiors when he exposed and brought to light a society that was thought to have died out 30 years before, and yet carried on its rites with impunity, undeterred by law, and apparently oblivious to everything save its own stern

Next morning he summoned his two trusty henchmen, Hoffman and Meyer, before him, and partly communicated to them the startling incidents of the previous evening. He asked them if they were willing to accompany him that night to the mysterious trysting-place of the "conspirators against law and order," for as such he designated them. His subordinates, who were men of inches and of hereulean build, readily complied. Before setting out on his adventure, worthy Johann Goetze provided himself with his warrant as chief of the city watch, empowering him at all times at his discretion and in the exercise of his duties to enter unrecognised assemblies, there to arrest and convey to prison all transressors against the laws made and provided for the good government of the

lieges of the Prince-Bishop.

The trio, who were well armed, then set out on their adventurous quest, in good spirits and with stout hearts. Before entering the tunnel Hoffman looked o the trimming of his lantern. His chief entered first, and upon arriving at the pot where he had seen the figure on the preceding night, he was pleased to find that it was not at its post. This was a fortuitous circumstance, as it enabled the three officers of the law to advance unmolested to the inner recesses of this canningly contrived retreat. They had not proceeded more than some 20 yards when they saw in front of them a curtain of tapestry that appeared to cover the walls of some huge cave. Behind the obstruction they could hear the subdued murmur of many voices. Cautiously approaching, they concealed themselves between the tapestry and the walls of the subterranean apartment.

Goetze, with the point of his dagger, then made a small hole in the first mentioned and applied his eye to the opening. What he saw not only startled but considerably alarmed him. Having motioned to his followers to imitate his mode of espial, the eyes of the intruders wonderingly and greedily took in the weird scene. It was a very lofty chamber they beheld, and the inner covering of its walls was black in colour, ventilation appeared to be given it from above. Some half dozen braziers stood at various parts, and securely placed in bronze sconces were numerous flambeaux, whose fitful gleams but imperfectly illuminated the strange cavern and its glastly accessories. At one end was a high dais and on it were three unoccupied seats. In front of these was a table covered with cloth of a sable colour, relieved by white emblems. Below was a small table of undraped stone and on it were lain two naked crossed swords surrounded by wythes of willow. The centre sent on the dais was crowned by a black velvet banner, and thereon in white letters were the words "Reinir dor Feweri." The other two seats had also banners of sable bue, and embroidered in red characters were the syllables, "Strick, Stein, Grass, Grein." In the lower part of the chamber seats of stone were placed and they were occupied by figures clothed in black habits that shrouded them from head to foot, the only evidence of their humanity being the orbs that shone through the opening in their cowl-like head-dress

Presently one of the figures arose, and in clear, but solemn, tones demanded—
"Brother Warden of the Bell, is it not time?"
"The hour has come!" was the reply that issued from a shadowy form at the extreme end of the chamber,

'Then let us welcome the advent of the secret three," said the first speaker.

"Arise, my brethren! Remember our watch-word, 'Reinir dor Feweri.'"

At that moment there pealed throughout the apartment three resonant strokes from a bell, and the whole assemblage stood up and bowed their heads reverently upon their breasts. Then from behind the dais three tall figures, apparelled like the rest, slowly entered, and, having courteously inclined their heads to those who awaited them, silently took possession of the three vacant seats. The scene at this moment was rendered more vividly impressive by the braziers suddenly developing flames of a greenish line.

"Brethren of the Wissenden, Children of the Laud of the Red-Earth, be seated," said one of the aforesaid three. "In the names of the invincible Charlemagne and Henry the Lion, I proclaim this Freiding duly opened. Brother Assessor of the Court," he continued, "hast thou duly conveyed to the accused the citation of our mystic tribunal to appear and face the charge?

"I have, Most Powerful Freigraf," answered a voice.

"What said he?" was the next question.

"That he would obey the dread commands of the Court," was the reply. "Is he here?" continued the Freignaf, or President.

"He is," returned the Assessor.

At this stage of the proceedings a young man was brought in, closely guarded by two of the masked fraternity. He was deadly pale, and he glanced apprehensively and nervously around the assembly. The astonishment of Goetze and his assistants was extreme when they recognised in the accused the features of a well-known resident of Osnabrück, one Herr von Konigsborn, the son of a

sister of Herr von Weber's.

"Brother Accuser, stand up and prefer fearlessly and without malice your charge against this man and brother," said the President of the Court.

"Most Powerful Freigraf, Deputies, and Brethren of the Wissenden," he commenced, "I have to charge the accused Frederich von Konigsborn, a member of our order, that he did in the early morning of the thirtieth of October last pass assassinate in cold blood his cousin, Herr Courad von Weber."

At this juncture a deep groun proceeded from one of the cowled figures in the body of the Court. The accused started violently when this awful charge was made, and his features twitched convulsively as he hoarsely demanded

"Who are ye that dares thus to impeach me of the crime?"

"Most Powerful Freigraf, am I to answer that question now?" asked the

"You may," was the reply."

"Know then, Frederich von Konigsborn, that I am the brother of the Fräulein Augusta Wallenstein, who was the betrothed wife of the man I say You loved her after a fashion, but she declined your attentions, as you killed. You loved her after a fashion, but she declined your attentions, as she favoured the suit of your cousin. On the evening in question you and he had met at my father's house; your jealousy got the better of your discretion, angry words followed, and you left him with revenge burning in your heart. Three hours afterwards the body of the poor youth lay in the highway, his happy career, his bright hopes, his noble life most foully destroyed by you, his relative, his playmate in childhood, and his fellow student in later days. Suspicion, however, his later to the ways many the state of the ever, did not fall upon you. Your uncle and others believed that the young man

was slain in resisting an attack by robbers."

"Frederich von Königsborn, what hast thou to say to this?" sternly interposed the President of the Court.

"Most powerful Freigraf," and here the accused bowed profoundly, "I admit that on the night mentioned by Herr Wallenstein I quarrelled with my cousin Conrad, and that I left him angrily, but I deny all knowledge of the tragic fate that subsequently befell him. I can bring witnesses to prove that I was within doors some distance from the spect at the time his death cay was heard by within doors, some distance from the spot at the time his death-cry was heard by the Watch."

"Hereafter you shall have an opportunity, according to our laws, of calling those witnesses," said the President. "Proceed, Brother Accuser."

"A few weeks ago," resumed the individual so named, "one of our emissaries accidentally overheard a conversation between Johann Goetze, chief constable of Osnabrück, and Joachim Weigell, the armourer that aroused his suspicious. They were discussing the origin of a curious dagger, with a strange device engraved thereon, which was in the possession of Goetze. The weapon, as our brother then learnt, had been found near the body, but this fact the chief of the watch, for some unaccountable reason known only to himself, did not mention at the judicial enquiry. If you remember, the chirugeon who examined the remains e evidence before the authorities that, in his opinion, the wound had been

inflicted by a long pointed poignard or dagger.'
"That is so," assented the President.

"Most Powerful Freigraf, before proceeding further with my arraignment, I have now, with your permission, and in the name of the *Holy Fem*, to demand the accused to produce the penal symbol of our Order, as I am prepared to do."

The President having given a gesture of assent, the speaker placed his hand

within the folds of his habit, and drew forth a dagger.

Goetze and his assistants, during the foregoing proceedings, felt very uneasy, and, it must be recorded, regretted that they had embarked in the adventure. The fermer, however, had made up his mind not to disturb the secret trial, but to quietly wait fill the actors in it had a!! departed, when he devoutly hoped to be able, undetected, to regain the forest. Whether or not he should make known what he and his colleagues had seen, would be a matter for serious consideration. It was evident that the Court was constituted by men holding high positions, and he shuddered when he thought of the omens of his crony, Joachim.

No somer had the accuser drawn his weapon, than a startling incident happened. The Freige of give a signal with his hand, a gong sounded, and the whole Court arose, and each member branished a dagger in the air. This simultancous action produced a strange effect, not only on the three cavesdroppers,

but upon the accused, whose face looked glastly in its terror.

"Frederich von Königsborn, why dost thou not produce thy weapon?" sternly demanded the President.

"Most Powerful Freigraf, I have it not," was the answer given in trembling

"What explanation caust thou give for attending this Freistuhl without it?" was the next question.

"It was stolen from me three weeks ago. I can prove that I mentioned my

loss to my servitor, Karl," replied the accused.
"True and yet false, thou recreant," exclaimed Herr Wallenstein, in tones of thunder. "The naked weapon thou leftst in the breast of thy victim, only the sheath remained in thy possession, and that sheath three weeks ago was secretly secured by me for purposes of this enquiry. If thou still pleadest innocence in the face of this damning proof of thy guiltiness, I will relate to the Court by what inferences I arrived at the conclusion that the weapon in the custody of Goetze was thine."

The speaker thereupon drew forth the scabbard, and passed it on to the

President for examination.
"Accused, what hast thou to say to this?" austerely asked the Freigraf, and the cowled heads of the assembled fraternity were turned towards the wretched man.

For a few moments he did not answer, but stared vacantly around him, then suddenly, and with an imploring gesture, he flung himself upon his knees, acknowledged his guilt, and abjectedly begged for mercy.

Holding up his hand to command silence, the President, in measured tones of

severity, said:
"Frederich von Königsborn, thou hast been charged with the crime of slaying, in cold blood, one who should have been most dear to thee, as he was most closely allied to thee in consanguinity. Thou hast admitted thy awful guilt, and thou now ask'st the Freiding to extend to thee its forgiveness. When thou wert admitted a member of the Wissenden thou camest to us vouched for by thy uncle, the father of thy victim, who is here to-day, and and whose benevolent heart must bleed to know that the whom he cherished almost as a son should have destroyed the first-born of his house, the gallant and lovable Conrad von Weber. As I desire to mercifully spare thy feelings as much as possible, I will not recall to thy mind the full obligation thou didst take on the night of thy induction. Suffice it to say, that thou didst solemnly swear as a man of unblemished reputation, a good Christian, and a hater of oppression in all its phases to uphold the Holy Fem against its enemies. That thou would'st most mosters of photo the Hang Fem against its chemics. That thou would st most religiously conceal its tenets and its dread secrets from father and mother, from brother and sister, from the wife of thy bosom, from thy offspring, from all that the glorious sun shines upon, or the rain moistens, and from everything that is between the bright vault of heaven and the gloomy recesses of the earth. Finally thou didst pledge thyself to aid the weak, to defend with thy life the oppressed, and in every way to support truth, virtue, and the inspired teachings of the Holy Nazarene. This obligation thou didst seal with thy lips upon the ring that tradition sayeth belonged to the Great Charlemagne, and inscribed in the Latin tongue with the phrase "Vindee injurie." How hast thou maintained that solemn pledge? Thou dost not answer. Brethren of the Wissenden, Children of the Land of the Red-Earth, and here the tones of the powerful voice of the speaker echoed through the huge cavern, "what punishment does be deserve who has thus broken his obligation alike to God and man; who has lifted his coward hand against an innocent youth, and moreover slain him by a weapon bearing the sacred symbol of our brotherhood. What shall be his fate? In this Hall of Judgment I charge ye all, and on the onths ye have taken, to speak fearlessly.

"Death by the rope of a Freischöffe," thundered, as if with one voice, the

vast assembly

"So be it," calmly said the President, then turning to the condemned man who apparently had regained his composure. "Frederich von Königsborn, for 48 hours hou wilt be watched day and night by certain of the Freischöffen. During which that was a water any mage of the control of the resemble of the President and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the President and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and his Deputies on the dais then proceeded to carry out the president and the pre

certain mystic celebrations. He then advanced, and in a loud voice said "In the names of the valiant and noble Charlemagne the Great and Henry the Lion, I declare this secret tribunal of the *Freiding* closed. Brethren of the Wissenden, go forth from this Freistuhl, and carry deeply impressed in your hearts the doom justly meted to the recreant who has broken his vows.

At this instant the gong before-mentioned was struck three times in quick succession, and by the disturbed movements of the hitherto dignified assembly, the officers from their concealment became aware that something alarming had

occurred. They were not left long in suspense as to the cause of the agitation. "Most Powerful Fr isgraf," cried a cowled figure rushing in, "our meeting place has been discovered. Our secrets are known. Our Holy Fem has been

desecrated,"
"What mean ye," demanded the President.

THE MILITARY CHEST EXPANDING BRACE

PATENTED AND REGISTERED.

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE 19TH CENTURY. -- SIMPLICITY ITSELF.
PUTS ON AND TAKES OFF LIKE AN ORDINARY BRACE. - RECOMMENDED BY THE MOST EMINENT MEDICAL AUTHORITY.

Read what the Press and Public say-

"They afford splendid support to the back. . . . Expand the chest, and give the lungs a greater chance."—Stay's Journal, July 23rd, 1892.

"We can recommend them to all riders, and to those who require a good automatic braze which gives freely with every movement of the body."—Cycleng, July 30th, 1893.

"The best we have seen. . . . It is automatic in its action, and yields freely with every movement of the body."—Gol.", August 5th, 1892.

"We have not seen anything hitherto to equal them. . . . They, like the immortal bard, will prove to be, not for an age, but for all time."—Court Checkler, August 6th, 1892.

"Give splendid support, and enable the wearer to expand his chest."—Waveling, August 17th, 1892.

"Bo away with all shoulder-ache weariness and fatigue. No tourist should be without them."—Normers Wheeler, August 17th, 1892.

139, Marylebore Road, W., August 4th, 1892—"I consider them to be the best brace ever invented."—(Signed) S. Wickham.

Driffield, Yorks, July 25th, 1892—"Perfectly delighted with them."—(Signed) F. Lawson.

(Signed) A. Busnor.

(Signed) A. Busnor.

(3), St. Mary's Street, Southampton, any 2004, 1892 - Picuse send me a (28, 60) pair of braces. . . . A friend speaks highly of them. - (Signed) A. Bisnor.

1, Lodge Street, Stockton-on-Tees, July 25th, 1892 - I like the braces you!sent mi very much. . . . Shall certainly recommend them to my friends. - (Signed) J. C. Thompson.

1, Woodhand Terrace, Portslade, Brighton, July 20th, 1892 - 'Am very pleased with them." - (Signed) A. Greg. And hendreds of others.

A GRAND XMAS. PRESENT FOR A GENTLEMAN.

THIS BRACE GIVES ITS WEARER A MILITARY CARRIAGE, INCREASES THE LUNG CAPACITY, AND IMPROVES THE HEALTH. Sold by all Hosiers, Outfitters, &c., throughout the World, at 16, 26, 5-, and 106, or from

The Military Company, 20, Bucklersbury, London, E.C. Brace

Send Height, Chest Measurement, and 3d, extra $f_{\mathbf{0}\mathbf{r}}$ Postage.

"There are spies behind you arras," and the new-comer pointed towards the

place where the adventurers were hidden.

How their presence had been discovered Goetze and his colleagues knew not, but in a trice they were dragged from their concealment by strong arms, and were securely bound and gagged before they had time to speak or realise their danger. To resist so many, however, would have been useless, so they quietly submitted to the punishment Fate had in store for them.

It is perhaps needless to record that the disappearance of three such important officers of the city watch caused much speculation and construction in the minds of the judicial authorities and the good burghers of Osnabürg. The absence of Herr Frederich von Köingsborn was not commented upon, as it was rumoured that he had left Europe for the Indies. Every enquiry was set on foot to discover the fate of Goetze and his assistants, but nothing came of it, and after a few weeks their very names passed out of the thoughts of the general public. Old Weigell, the armourer, privately grieved for the loss of his friend, and shook his head ominiously when questioned as to the probable fate of the missing man; but he kept his own counsel.

Curiosity and alarm, however, were again aroused some months after

the facts above related. It happened in this wise. the city had penetrated into an unfrequented, part of a lonely search of nuts, berries, and other indigestible things dear to the juvenile heart and stomach in all ages and countries, when they were horrified upon beholding the remains of four men hanging to the huge bough of a They at once spread the grim news, and upon investigation the bodies were recognised by the clothing as being the long-missing officers of the city watch and Herr von Königsborn. A dagger was thrust into the tree, and attached to it was a piece of vellum, on which was written,

"Thus perish all spics and enemies of the Holy Vehm? This tragic discovery struck terror to the hearts of the inhabitants o' Osnahürg, and the tidings were soon circulated in Dortmund, Münster, and other towns of Westphalia. A great commotion was the result. The Bishop of Osnahürg brought the matter before the Archbishop of Cologne, and that powerful dignitary of the church communicated the facts to the Emperor.

In conclusion, suffice it to say, that the secret and powerful tribunal of the Vehm, that was traditionally supposed to have held great sway in the numerous German States for nearly 800 years, by some cause or influence that was brought to bear, became no longer an active agent or factor in claudestinely redressing wrongs, real or imaginary, and, it is presumed, eventually died out.

A Carol at Eventide.

Soft points of starshine glint the silent snow, The keen air broken is with throbbing bells, Pealing the message of the long ago, Sweet hopeful chimes to cheer a world of woe. Rising and dying in their cadenced swells.

Dark firs rise outlined 'gainst the dark blue sky, Beyond the ridge of ermine-vested hill, Beneath which, scattered hamlets sleeping lie. Noiseless the river hurries swiftly by Past thorpe, and upland, desolate and still!

The sound of voices fills the silent night; I cannot see the singers, but their song Floats upward sweetly to the starshine bright, And like a star, their lantern's ruddy light, Above the hedgerows, slowly moves along.

A sudden sense of loneliness I feel, My heart thrilled by that simple rustic strain, I, who resolved my heart to henceforth steel 'Gainst every wounding shaft the Fates could deal, Am moved to tears by this quaint old refrain!

Far in the snow-clad distance dies away The old-world carol. Home the singers wend; Would I had beacon-light of Home as they, Greeting and kiss to welcome in the day, Wherein to peace, and joy all hearts should tend!

Ye friends who love me, and I love so well, And shall indeed until all time shall cease, Take from me this poor song, born of the spell Of carol, starshine, snow, and chiming bell Out of my inmost heart, "Christ give ye Peace!"

WILL EDWARDES-SPRANGE.

THE SLAVIN

(FRANK P. SLAVIN'S PATENT),

Is Pronounced by Old Smokers and Good Judges to be The Most Perfect, Pleasant, Practical Pipe Patented.

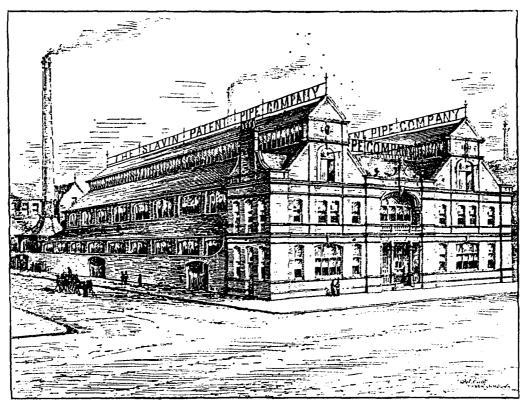
It does not burn the mouth.

It consumes the tobacco to ash.

It is impossible for saliva to reach the tobacco.

No moist tobacco is left at the bottom of the bowl.

No oil of Nicotine can pass into the mouth.



It is simple, and easily cleaned.

It, in fact, accomplishes all that has ever been aimed at, and till now unattained, in Briar Pipe smoking.

It is London made, and is of the First Quality material and workmanshipthroughout, and forms the most handsome, striking and taking novelty ever brought out in the trade.

TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL TOBACCONISTS, AND OF

THE "SLAVIN" PATENT PERFECT PIPE Co.,

New Inn Chambers, Strand, London, W.C.

Masonic Ibonours.

By W. FRED VERNON, P.M. and Bard, Lodge Kelso, No. 58, S.C.

Close tyle the door, and I'll give you a toast,
It is one you will honour I'm sure;
"The CRAFT far and wide, o'er land and o'er tide,
May her principles ever endure"

Attention, brethren all,
Take the time from me:
Count, brother wardens, call
A rattling one, two, three!

(Here all upstanding give the usual Masonic honours and the following)

Chorus-

Very good time, very well done, All worthy brethren every one, Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

And next to the Craft we make it our pride, When we meet a qualified brother, To boast of the age on history's page Of the lodge we hail as our mother.

Attention, brethren all, &c.

(Masonic honours and chorus "Very good time," as before.)

And while I am up, I'll ask you to drink,
And to fire this time somewhat faster,
Long life and good health, much wisdom and wealth
To our own Right Worshipful Master.

Attention, brethren all. &c.

(Masonic honours and chorus "Very good time," as before.)

The following may be sung after an initiation-

There's another toast, too, before I sit down, We also should give with due honour Health to our brother, the joy of our mother, The last "corner-stone" laid upon her.

Attention, brethren all, &c.

(Masonic honours and chorus "Very good time," as before).

Meak or Defective Sight!

SPECTACLES

Scientifically adapted to remedy impaired vision, by

Bro. ACKLAND, Surgeon,

DAILY AT

HORNE & THORNTHWAITE'S (Opticians to the Queen),
416, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Send Six Stamps for "ACKLAND'S HINTS ON SPECTACLES," which contains valuable suggestions for sufferers from impaired sight.

IMMENSE SUCCESS.

SOCIETY FOR RELIEF of PERSECUTED JEWS

Most Serious Distress among Jewish Refugees in Palestine.

M. R. SCOTT MONCRIEFF also reports severe persecution, barbarous cruelties, with loss of life and forcible eviction of hundreds of families in Roumania while their leases are unexpired. Constantinople, Smyrna, Salonica, are full of Refugees—kindly treated by Turkish Government. Jewish Refugees continue to arrive in Palestine DESTPTUTE. Our house, built for first shelter at Jaffa, is now open and occupied. We ask for funds, that we may extend relief during this winter's rains, storms, and snows as last winter, when numbers rising to above 7,000 were fed daily; also for employment at Abraham's Vineyard, Jerusalem, in cultivation, stone quarrying, olive oil soap making, and for purchase of Land in Galilee, now offered at moderate price, which must be bought promptly if at all. Prices are rising now that Jaffa Railway is open and others being constructed.

Contributions received by F. A. BEVAN, Esq., Hon. Treasurer, 54, Lombard Street, E.C.
E. A. FINN, Secretary, 41, Parliament Street, S.W.

Bankers: Messrs. DRUMMOND & Co., 49, Charing Cross; Messrs. BARCLAY, BEVAN, & Co., 54, Lombard Street, E.C.

INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, WANSTEAD.

PATRONS-HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.-H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER.



Annual Subscriptions are Greatly Needed and will be Thankfully Received.

NEARLY 600 CHILDREN FED, CLOTHED, HOUSED AND EDUCATED.

The Managers ask for Help to Maintain this Good Work in Unimpaired Efficiency.

Bankors—Messrs. WILLIAMS, DEACON, and Co.

Office—100, Fleet Street.

HENRY W. GREEN, P.M. No. 108, Secretary.



Proprietors, C. & E. PAINTER,

PURVEYORS TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE DUKES OF EDINBURGH, CAMBRIDGE, AND CONNAUGHT, THE COURT OF BAVARIA, AND MOST OF THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE.

Cheapest, Best, and Oldest Tavern in London, dating back to reign of Richard II., lately Re-Built and ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR MASONIC AND OTHER BANQUETS.

SUITES OF ROOMS AND A MAGNIFICENT MARBLE TEMPLE FOR THE USE OF LODGES, COMPANIES'

BEST LUNCHEONS IN THE CITY. WINES THE MOST RECHERCHE "PAINTER'S TURTLE THE ELIXER OF LIFE."-Vide the Faculty.

129-132, LEADENHALL STREET, E. ASHBY. Manager.

Suites of Rooms for Masonic Magnificent The Great Eastern R.C. purposes, Company's Meetings, Private Committees, City Banquets,

Public and

central position in London.

Adjoining the Great Eastern

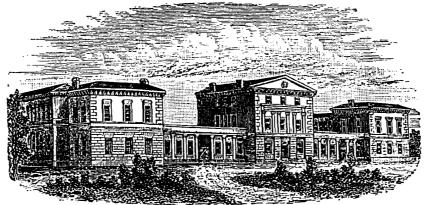
Terminus, Broad St. (N.L.R.), Bishopsgate (Met.) Most comfortable and convenient

centre in the Metropolis.

H. C. AMENDT, Manager.

LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL,

ISLINGTON, N. LIVERPOOL ROAD



OR the reception of Persons suffering from Infectious Fevers. A small Fee is charged, but about three-fourths of the cost of each Patient is borne by the Hospital.

78,000 PATIENTS have been isolated here since 1802, and probably ten times as many Persons have been preserved from Infection.

The Benevolent are earnestly asked to help the Committee in this valuable work.

Donors of £10 10s. or more in one sum are Governors for Life. Subscribers of a Guinea and upwards for more than a year are Governors while they continue to subscribe.

Domestic Servants of Governors, and certain Employés of Subscribing Firms, Clubs, and Hotels, are treated Free of all Charge,

N.B.—Patients residing outside the Metropolitan Asylums Board area can only be received into this Hospital from the Families of Governors.

DONATIONS and SUBSCRIPTIONS will be gratefully received by the SECRETARY AT THE HOSPITAL,

MAJOR W. CHRISTIE.



H. STEWARD'S MAGIC LANTERNS

APPARATUS & SLIDES

Form the Best kind of Entertainment for Family and School use.

CATALOGUES GRATIS AND POST FREE TO ALL PARTS. NEW PHOTOGENIC LANTERNS THE

Give the BEST LIGHT of any Oil Lanterns yet made from £2 2s.

Compressed Gas 2½d. & 3d. per foot, and Steel Cylinders, with Automatic Valves.

BIUNIAL and TRIPLE Lanterns of Best Quality.

Opticians to the British and Foreign Governments, and the National Rigle Association.

406 & 457, STRAND; 54, CORNHILL, LONDON.

BLAIR'S Rhelmatic GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO,

cured in a few days by these celebrated Pills, well known as the Great Remedy for the above complaints. No restraint of diet during use. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 11d. and

Gout and ILLS

Frampton's

Pill of

Health.

This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness, Spasms, and all disorders.

For FEMALES these Pills are truly excellent, removing the distressing Headache so very prevalent, Depression of Spirits, Dulness of Sight, Nervous Affections, Blotches, Pimples, and Sallowness of the Skin, and give a healthy bloom to the Complexion.

Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 13d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

Now reduced to 1s. 6d. per lb., formerly 1s. 8d.

OOPACK.
CONGO of EXTRAORDINARY

NEURALGIA

OPACK.
STRENGTH and FLAVOUR. A truism. OOPACK.

Send Postal Order for 9s., and you will have OPACK.
Six Pounds forwarded same day, postage paid.

OPACK. Sent in six single pounds, or twelve half-pounds,

OPACK.

To suit the convenience of Purchasers, and

OOPACK.

Done up in one package and delivered

To your own doors by Parcel Post, paid.

OPACK.

The best value in Tea ever offered to the Public.

Quarter-pound samples sent on receipt of seven stamps.

OPACK.
All Country orders to be sent to Chief Depôt,

OOPACK. W. A. HIGGS and COMPANY, OOPACK.

39, HIGH STREET, LONDON, N.

Can also be had at our Branch Establishments:-

OOPACK. 115, High-street, Kensington, W.

OPACK: 80, Kingsland High-street, E.

OOPACK.
188, High-street, Stoke Newington, N. Oobyck.

58, Exmouth-street, W.C.

OOPACK. 30, High-street, N. OOPAGE. 450, Holloway-road, N.

OPACK. Terminus-road, Eastbourne.

OOPACK. Beware of Spurious Imitators.

OOPACK. CONGO of EXTRAORDINARY

OPACK.
STRENGTH and FLAVOUR. A truism.

OOPACK, Send Postal Order for 9s., and you will have

OPACK.
Six Pounds forwarded same day, postage paid.

Sent in six single pounds, or twelve half-pounds,

OPACK.

To suit the convenience of purchasers, and

OOPACK.

Done up in one package, and delivered OOPACK.

To your doors by Parcel Post, paid. OOPACK. The best value in Tea ever offered to the Public.

OOPACK. Quarter-pound samples sent on receipt of seven stamps

This extraordinary Tea can only be had at any

Of our establishments or of recognised agents.

OOPACK. See that the Trade Mark is on every package

 $O^{\text{OPACK.}}_{\quad \text{To ensure its being genuine.}}$

OOPACK. For Hotels, for large public schools.

Oobýck. Large purchasers are invited to test OOPACK.

The genuineness of this article.

OPACK.
All country orders to be sent to Chief Depôt,

W. A. HIGGS and COMPANY,

39, HIGH STREET, LONDON, N.

OOPACK.

Can also be had at our Branch Establishments -

OOPACK. 115, High-street, Kensington, W.

OOPACK.

80, Kingsland High-street, E.

OOPACK.

188, High-street, Stoke Newington, N.

OPACK. 58, Exmouth-street, W.C.

OOPACK.
30, High-street, N.

OOPACK.
450, Holioway-road, N.

Terminus-road, Eastbourne.

OOPACK.

Beware of Spurious Imitators.

OOPACK.

CONGO of EXTRAORDINARY

OOPACK. STRENGTH and FLAVOUR. A truism.

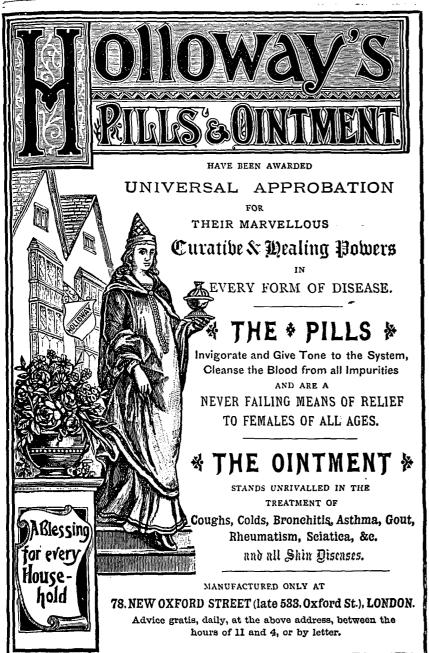
OOPACK.

Six Pounds and upwards sent by Parcel Post. W. A. HIGGS and COMPANY,

CHIEF ESTABLISHMENT.

39, HIGH STREET,

Talington, London.



Holloway's Penny Atlas

SIXTEEN PAGES.

Quarto Maps from most recent Surveys, Accurate in Detail, and up to Date. Cannot fail to be of use in the Schoolroom, at Home, and to Private Individuals.

SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

Also, Price One Penny.

An Amusing Book for Children.

Crown 8vo., Illustrated in Colours.

PUBLISHED BY THE

Proprietor of Holloway's Pills & Ointment

78, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, AND NEWSAGENTS.

Either Book sent Post Free on receipt of 1½d. in stamps.

BALL FAVORS.

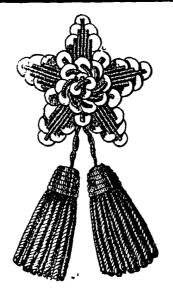
SEASON 1892-3.

LATEST DESIGNS IN STOCK AT

GEORGE KENNING'S

SHOW ROOMS,

1, 2, 3, 4, LITTLE BRITAIN CITY; 16 and 16a GREAT QUEEN STREET, WEST.



NEW DESIGN.

Master Mason's Certificate Frame

WITH MOVEABLE BACK,

Polished Oak, Price 32/6.

GEORGE KENNING'S MASONIC SHOW ROOMS,

1, 2, 3, 4, Little Britain, City; 16 and 16a, Great Queen Street, West.

MASONIC **CANDLES**

(IONIC, DORIC, AND CORINTHIAN), Emblematically arranged for the Worship-ful Master, Senior and Junior Wardens. 6s. 6d. per Set of Three On Pound Candles. Packing Cases 6d. each.

Packing Cases 1s. each.

Rose Croix Chapters

Per Set of Thirty-Three Candles (Ornamented), 12s. 6d.

Red Cross Conclaves

Per Set of Thirty-Three Candles 10s. 6d.

WHOLESALE AND BETAIL AT George Kenning's Masonic Depots. LITTLE BRITAIN, LONDON. LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER AND CLASCOW

NOW READY.
Bound in Cloth, Gilt Edges, Price 10s.

DR. SPARK'S LIBER MUSICUS.

The Copyright of this valuable and useful Musical Work, which has for some time been out of print, has been purchased by Bro. GEORGE KENNING, and is republished in the same attractive form as hitherto

LONDON: GEORGE KENNING, 16 & 16A, GT. QUEEN ST. W.C.



Bandsomely Bound in Cloth, 900 Pages, Price 20s.

(ALSO IN MORE EXPENSIVE BINDINGS.)



HE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY

AND CONCORDANT ORDERS.

WRITTEN BY A BOARD OF EDITORS.

HENRY LEONARD STILLSON, Editor-in-Chief.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN, CONSULTING EDITOR.

This work contains a comprehensive account of Ancient Masonry; the Ancient Masonic MSS., or "Old Charges"; the Crusades, and their relation to the Fraternity; Cosmopolitan Freemasonry, including all its Rites, throughout the world; the American and British Templar Systems; the A & A. S. Rite, and Royal Order of Scotland; other Rites and Orders connected with the Institution; and Tables of Vital Statistics, never before compiled,—the whole comprising the most Authentic History of the Fraternity of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons ever originated and printed in America.

WRITTEN BY A BOARD OF EDITORS AND SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS, twenty-two in number, chosen from among the most eminent and learned specialists of the day; and a Corps of over seventy Additional Contributors, also comprising some of the most distinguished and best known officers and members of the Craft in the United States, Canada, and England.

In the Capitular Cryptic and Templar Departments especially this volume will furnish the foundation for all future effects, charging have all and the contributors.

In the Capitular, Cryptic, and Templar Departments especially, this volume will furnish the foundation for all future efforts; showing how, when, and where these Degrees and Rites began, as well as their rise and progress throughout the Masonic world.

It contains 900 super-royal octavo pages, elegantly printed on superfine book paper, and illustrated with 50 choice engravings.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.-SUPPLEMENTAL OF THE DIVISIONS IN THIS

part 1.

Ancient Masonry.—The Ancient Mysteries, Cognate Or Der Op Chiyalay, and the "Old Charges" of Freemasons. (Introductory to the Perfected Organization of Modern Times.) Complete in three Divisions.

INTRODUCTION .- THE SIX THEORIES OF THE MYSTERIES.

DIVISION I.

THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

A Treatise on the Eastern European, African, and Asiatic Mysteries; the Occultism of the Orient; the Western European Architects and Operative Masons in Britain, commonly called the Antiquities and Legendary Traditions of the Craft to the close of the Operative Period in 1717. Complete in four chapters.

DIVISION II.

THE COGNATE ORDERS.

A comprehensive History of the Knights Templars and the Crusades; their patronage by the See of Rome and subsequent anathema; the connection of these, if any, with the present Degrees of Knights Templar in the United States and Great Britain; the Execution of Jacques de Molai, Grand Master, and Supplemental Historic Notes. Complete in two chapters.

DIVISION III.

THE DOCUMENTARY EARLY HISTORY OF THE FRATERNITY.

The Ancient British MSS.; Kalendar of "Old Charges," and comments thereon; the Regius MS., or Halliwell Poem; Legend of "The Four Crowned Martyrs;" the Cooke MS., as annotated by G. W. Speth; the Grand Lodge MS. of 1533, with various readings of "Old Charges;" the "Additional Articles," etc. Complete in three chapters.

Part 2.

COSMOPOLITAN FREEMASONRY.—CRAFT, CAPITULAR, CRYPTIC.
("Masonry without Respect to Creed, Clime, or Color.")
Complete in twelve Divisions.

INTRODUCTION .- THE AMERICAN RITE OF FREEMASONRY.

DIVISION IV.

NORTH, CENTRAL, AND SOUTH AMERICA. Lodges in America under the English Constitution, 1733-1889. Complete in three chapters.

DIVISION V.

FIRST MERIDIAN.

History of the Colonial and Revolutionary Period and Atlantic Slope: The Grand Lodges of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. Complete in two chapters.

DIVISION VI.

SECOND MERIDIAN.

I. History of the Eastern Mississippi Valley and the Lakes,
The Grand Lodges of Onio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois:
Wisconsin, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi,
and Louisiana.
II. History of the Western Mississippi Valley: The Grand
Lodges of Texas, Arkansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Lowe

Dakota, North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and the Indian

Territory. Each part complete in one chapter.

DIVISION VII.

THIRD MERIDIAN.

History of the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountains to Mexico:
The Grand Lodges of Californiu, Oregon, Washington,
Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Arizona,
Colorada, New Mexico; Freemasonry in the Hawaiian
Islands, Alaska, Mexico, and Central America. Complete in one chapter.

DIVISION VIII.

EARLY AMERICAN MASONIC HISTORY.

The First Glimpses of Freemasonry in North America. Complete in one chapter.

DIVISION IX.

BRITISH AMERICA.

Outline history of the Grand Lodge of Canada, in the Province of Ontario. Freemasonry in the North—the Grand Lodges of Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, and British Columbia. Complete in two chapters.

DIVISION X.

OTHER COUNTRIES.

Outline History of Freemasonry in Continental Europe, Freemasonry in Australasia and New Zealand-Grand Lodges of the Southern Sun. Complete in two chapters.

DIVISION XI.

THE MORGAN EXCITEMENT.

An exhaustive Account of that Historic Affair in the United States, treating of its Civil, Social, Political, and Masonic Aspects, as well as of the Deportation of William Morgan; written from a Masonic stand-point. Complete in two chapters.

DIVISION XII.

Masonic Jurisprudence.

A comprehensive History of the Origin and Development of Masonic Law: The relation of Governing Bodies to one nnother; the relation of Grand Lodges to their Constituent Lodges, and to individual members of the Craft: the relation of Lodges to one another, to their members, and of Masons to one another; the Origin and Use of public Maschic Forms and Ceremonies; and the customs and peculiarities of the Craft in general. Complete in one chapter.

DIVISION XIII.

THE CAPITULAR DEGREES.

THE CAPITULAR DEGIRES.

The Royal Arch as a Separate Degree in England and other parts of the British Empire. The Mark Master Mason's Degree as evolved in the United Kingdom. The several Grand Chapters, and the Royal Arch system of England, Ireland, and Scotland, including Mark Masonry, Mason's Marks, and the Past Degree. The Grand Chapters of Canada, Nova Scotia, Quebec, and New Brunswick. The General Grand Royal Arch Chapter, its origin, powers, and jurisdiction. State Grand Chapters, including the Independent Grand Chapters of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and West Virginia; separately considered, and in alphabetical order, together with all Chapters holding charters from the General Grand Chapter. The Order of High Priesthood, Complete in three chapters.

DIVISION XIV. THE CRYPTIC DEGREES.

The Council of Royal, and Select, and Super-Excellent Masters; together with a comprehensive sketch of its rise and organization; Government by a General Grand Council, Grand Councils, and Councils; including the Independent Grand Councils, and those of Canada and England. Complete in two chapters.

DIVISION XV.

EULOGIUM OF THE ANCIENT CRAFT.

The relation of the Symbolic, Capitular, and Cryptic Degrees to one another and to Ancient Craft Masonry; comprising the Foundation, the Superstructure, and Ornaments of the Ancient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons.

Masons.

I. The Physical, the Spiritual, the Celestial, these three intertwining, ever blending in perfect harmony.

II. Freemasonry, the Conservator of Liberty and of the Universal Brotherhood of Man. Each part complete in one chapter.

Part 3.

CONCORDANT ORDERS,—THE CHIVALRIC DEGREES. Complete in two Divisions,

DIVISION XVI.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR AND ALLIED ORDERS.

The Knights Templar of the United States of America, and Government by a Grand Encampment, Grand Commanderies, and Commanderies. The Ethics and Ritual of American Templary. Complete in three chapters; to which is added "In Memorium," MacLeod Moore.

DIVISION XVII.

BRITISH TEMPLARY.

A history of the Modern or Masonic Templar Systems, with a Concise Account of the Origin of Speculative Freemasonry, and its Evolution since the Revival, A.D. 1717. Complete in seven chapters.

Part 4.

Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, and the Royal Order of Scotland. Complete in two Divisions.

DIVISION XVIII.

Scottish Degrees, 49 to 33°, Inclusive.

History of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Free-masonry; its Government by Supreme Councils, Consistories, Chapters of Rose Croix, Councils of Princes of Jerusulem, and Lodges of Perfection. Complete in one chapter

DIVISION XIX.

THE ROYAL ORDER OF SCOTLAND.

The History and Government of the Society in Europe and America; copies of Patents and other particulars.
 The Royal Order of Heredom of Kilwinning. Each part complete in one chapter.

Miscellaneous Rites and Orders, and Statistical Division Complete in two Divisions,

DIVISION XX.

OTHER RITES AND ORDERS.

I. The Order of the Eastern Star, comprising a sketch of its origin, rise, teachings, and present condition.

II. The Rosicrucian Society. Each part complete in one

chapter.

III. Masonic Dates and Abbreviations used in this work.

DIVISION XXI.

STATISTICS OF FREEMASONRY.

These are shown in the Craft Department by tables, as full as it has been possible to compile them. In some case the Grand Lodge records have been lost by fire and war, and in others the books were not kept with tables like these in view. The Capitular Statistics are all of late date, the records prior to 1860 having been destroyed.

Index.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK, U.S.A.— THE FRATERNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY.

EUROPEAN PUBLISHER—

GEORGE KENNING, 16 & 16A, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS (opposite Freemasons' Hall);

- 1, 2, 3, 3a, 3b, 4, Little Britain; 195, 196, & 197, Aldersgate Street, London. 2, MONUMENT PLACE, LIVERPOOL.
 - 47, BRIDGE STREET, MANCHESTER.
- 9, WEST HOWARD STREET, GLASGOW.

JOHN SHAW, STOCK AND SHARE DEALER,

Head Office: Wardrobe Chambers, Doctors' Commons, London, E.C.

Brighton Offices:—69, Ship Street, Brighton; 24 and 25, North Street, Brighton.

SPECIAL NOTE:

"I have secured from the Post Office a Direct Private Wire from my Head Office, -Wardrobe Chambers, to my Brighton Offices, thus placing them in instantaneous communication."

ALL BUSINESS CAN BE TRANSACTED AT MY BRIGHTON OFFICES EXACTLY AS IN MY LONDON OFFICES.

(165, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

119 and 20, Railway Approach, London Bridge, S.E.

1. The Facade, Northumberland Avenue, S.W.

Branches at 18, Haymarket, S.W.

174, Victoria Street, S.W.

62 and 63, New Bond Street, W.

18, Westbourne Grove, W.

65, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

45, New Oxford Street, W.

181a, Sloane Street, S.W.

69, Ship Street, Brighton.

24 and 25, North Street, Brighton.

6, Brown Street, Manchester.

22, Westmoreland Street, Dublin.

S WEEKLY TRAFFIC BOOK

CURRENT HALF-YEAR,

Free on Application.

THE TRAFFIC BOOK WILL BE SENT FREE ON APPLICATION. INVESTORS OR SPECULATORS INTERESTED IN RAILWAY STOCKS SHOULD SEND FOR A COPY, as it contains most valuable information, giving the traffics for each week corresponding in 1890 and 1891, both passengers and goods, full details of the last report, amount of capital, and how divided, mileage, working expenses, &c., and corresponding prices of the Stocks during the same periods of 1891.

JOHN SHAW'S WEEKLY RAILWAY TRAFFIC BOOK also contains the amounts of dividends paid for the last six years, probable date of announcement of dividend, amount required to pay dividends on Ordinary Stock, interest tables showing rate yielded on Stocks at different prices. In addition to the details of ENGLISH RAILWAY TRAFFICS, full particulars are given of MEXICAN RAILWAYS and the leading CANADIAN and AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

SPECIAL DIRECT TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION.-I wish to draw attention to the facilities offered

CUSTOMERS IN THE COUNTRY dealing with me by letter or telegram. I have rented from the Post Office a direct private telegraphic wire from my offices, Wardrobs Chambers, Doc.nrs' Comm.ns. to my offices, 21 and 25, North Street, Brighton. The offices at London and Brighton are theref re in instantaneous communication, and business can be done at Brighton with the same promptivess as at my offices in London. And, further, I am also in direct telegrapuse communication by private wire with the Central Telegraphic Office both at London and Dublin.

TELEGRAMS ARE SENT DIRECT FROM MY DEALING ROOMS to all parts of the United Kingdom or abroad. Replies are also received direct into my offices. This saves at least 20 m nutes in transmission of telegrams, which is most important in Stock Exchange dealing. No other dealer in the world can offer the same advantages. The prices at which business is done can be checked by the Special Editions of the Evening Standard, the Globe, and other papers, which give a full list of changes in quantins of the leading Stocks during the day, and the time at which such changes took place. My London offices are in direct telephonic communication with my

HEAD OFFICE, WARDROBE CHAMBERS, DOCTORS' COMMONS, LONDON, E.C.,

And Stock Opened at any of my offices, can be c'osed at any of the other offices. Thus, supposing stock was opened at my Brighton office it could be closed at my head offices, or any of my London branch, or Manchester, or Dublin offices, and reported to Brighton immediately.

LIABILITY STRICTLY LIMITED.—Liability is Limited to the Cover placed on Stocks or Shares, but I am open to make arrangements with customers so that they can at any time leave instructions for cover to be increased should the original cover be exhausted.

TMMEDIATE SETILEMENTS .-- I settle Accounts on Demand immediately Stocks are Closed, without waiting for the Account day to return cover or pay profits that have been made.

BRIGHTON OFFICES, 69, SHIP STREET, and 24 and 25, NORTH STREET.

£5 COMMANDS £500 STOCK.

£50 COMMANDS £5000 STOCK.

 $\mathfrak{L}500$ commands £50,000 stock.

FULL PARTICULARS on APPLICATION.

JOHN SHAW DEALS FREELY from the OPENING to the CLOSING Prices of the day at

CLOSE MARKET PRICES, in all STOCKS, ENGLISH RAILS, FOREIGNERS, AMERICAN RAILS, &c. Cover is not Exhausted until MARGIN is REACHED at MIDDLE PRICE.

BANKERS—CAPITAL and COUNTIES, Ludgate Hill, Long Acre, Piccadilly, and Brighton Branches. LONDON and MIDLAND, Newgate Street, and Tooley Street Branches.

JOHN SHAW, STOCK AND SHARE DEALER,

LONDON, DUBLIN, BRIGHTON, AND MANCHESTER.



Printed and Published by the Proprietor, Bro. George Kenning, at his Offices, 16 and 16A, Great Queen Street (opposite Freemasous' Hall), London, W.C.-Wednesday, Dec. 21 1892.