

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE :

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FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

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WE have not a great deal to report.

Our Lodges, as the French say, are in temporary "sommeil," and our brethren are disporting themselves on English sands, or Alpine hills, amid the baths of Germany, or the yachts of Cowes!

Jenkinson has taken Mrs. Jenkinson to the Isle of Thanet, and is perfectly happy, surrounded by chubby-faced olive-blossoms; and though his appetite is always good in London, he has found the sea-breezes make him peculiarly sensible in his dear wife's company above all, of bread and butter, fresh prawns, and "South-down mutton." He says, if you meet him, "I am improving, Bro. Bolsover, and Mrs. J. is in high feather. There, you can hear her now! By Jove, that woman, sir, is a treasure! she's always so sensible, and she's always in such spirits!" Happy Jenkinson, say we. And so, as everybody is gone for a holiday, except ourselves, we can only wish to all, old and young, a pleasant "Outing"—lots of ozone, plenty, as they say, of "good grub," and we trust that they will return to the "Little Village" blooming and hearty.

There is so little stirring abroad, and that little is so utterly uninteresting, that we think it better to fill up our page with an admirable sonnet of our good Bro. the Rev. M. Gordon, to whose facile pen the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE are so much indebted.

We are heartily sick of the French

embroglio, and wish Art. No. 2, etc., of the Constitution, or whatever the number may be, and all the controversy about it—particularly in this sultry weather and a deserted city—as the Americans say, at the D—idymus. Excuse our petulant outburst, and remember—we are left alone!

Bro. Emra Holmes has published a very agreeable little volume of Tales, in aid of a worthy Brother, to which we wish all success. We shall revert to it in our next number.

SONNET.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

(For the "Masonic Magazine.")

YEARLY, how fades each leaf—how fades
each green
On Nature's brow; all save the deathless
bay,
And other wreaths:—nor is there one
such spray
More bright than Petrarch's laurel, or its
sheen.
Laura! the theme—the goddess thou hast
been
Of great Vaucuse's bard's immortal lay;
Another's beauteous, erring spouse, they
say:—
Chance, but a mere Platonic love, I ween;
Spiritual their kiss, t' engraft his sonnets on,
Without a trace of immorality.
But be this as it may—at least for me,
No other's wife I crave—but *mine* alone;
To the true lines of our Freemasonry
Bound by old claims—a Mason's
daughter she.

OBJECTS, ADVANTAGES, AND
PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

(Continued from page 54.)

II. DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MATHEMATICAL
AND PHYSICAL TRUTHS.

You perceive, if you reflect a little, that the science which we have been considering, in both its branches, has nothing to do with matter; that is to say, it does not at all depend upon the properties or even upon the existence of any bodies or substances whatever. The distance of one point or place from another is a straight line, and whatever is proved to be true respecting this line, as for instance, its proportion to other lines of the same kind, and its inclination towards them, what we call the *angles* it makes with them, would be equally true whether there were anything in those places, at those two points, or not. So if you find the number of yards in a square field, by measuring one side, 100 yards, and then, multiplying that by itself, which makes the whole area 10,000 square yards, this is equally true whatever the field is, whether corn or grass, or rock, or water; it is equally true if the solid part, the earth or water, be removed, for then it will be a field of air bounded by four walls or hedges; but suppose the walls or hedges were removed, and a mark only left at each corner, still it would be true that the space inclosed or bounded by the lines supposed to be drawn between the four marks, was 10,000 square yards in size. But the marks need not be there; you only want them while measuring one side; if they were gone it would be equally true that the lines supposed to be drawn from the places where the marks had been, inclose 10,000 square yards of air. But if there were no air, and consequently a mere void, or empty space, it would be equally true that this space is of the size you had found it to be by measuring the distance of one point from another, of one of the space's corners or angles from another, and then multiplying that distance by itself. In the same way it would be true, that, if the space were circular, its size, compared with another circular space of half its diameter, would be four times larger; of one third

its diameter, nine times larger; and of one fourth sixteen times, and so on always in proportion to the squares of the diameters; and that the length of the circumference, the number of feet or yards in the line round the surface, would be twice the length of a circle whose diameter was one half, thrice the circumference of one whose diameter was one third, four times the circumference of one whose diameter was one fourth, and so on, in the simple proportion of the diameters. Therefore, every property which is proved to belong to figures belongs to them without the smallest relation to bodies or matter of any kind, although we are accustomed only to see figures in connection with bodies; but all those properties would be equally true if no such thing as matter or bodies existed; and the same may be said of the properties of number, the other great branch of the mathematics. When we speak of twice two, and say it makes four, we affirm this without thinking of two horses, or two balls, or two trees; but we assert it concerning two of anything and every thing equally. Nay, this branch of mathematics may be said to apply still more extensively than even the other; for it has no relation to space, which geometry has, and, therefore, it is applicable to places where figure and size are wholly out of the question. Thus you can speak of two dreams, or two ideas, or two minds, and can calculate respecting them just as you would respecting so many bodies; and the properties you find belonging to numbers, will belong to those numbers when applied to things that have no outward or visible or perceivable existence, and cannot even be said to be in any particular place, just as much as the same numbers applied to actual bodies which may be seen and touched.

It is quite otherwise with the science of *Natural Philosophy*. This teaches the nature and properties of actually existing substances, their motions, their connections with each other, and their influence on one another. It is sometimes also called *Physics*, from the Greek word signifying *Nature*, though that word is more frequently, in common speech, confined to one particular branch of the science, that which treats of the bodily health.

We have mentioned one distinction between Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, that the former does not depend on the nature and existence of bodies, which the latter entirely does. Another distinction, and one closely connected with this, is that the truths which Mathematics teach us, are *necessarily* such,—they are truths of themselves, and wholly independent of facts and experiments,—they depend only upon reasoning; and it is utterly impossible they should be otherwise than true. Mathematics teaches by reasoning, step by step, from the most plain and evident things, that we arrive at the knowledge of other things which seem at first not true, or at least not generally true; but when we do arrive at them, we perceive that they are just as true, and for the same reasons, as the first and most obvious matters, that their truth is absolute and necessary, and that it would be as absurd and self-contradictory to suppose they ever could, under any circumstances, be not true, as to suppose that 2 added to 2 could ever make 3, or 5, or 100, or anything but 4, or which is the same thing, that 4 should ever be equal to 3, or 5, or 100, or anything but 4. To find out these reasonings, to pursue them to their consequences, and thereby to discover the truths which are not immediately evident, is what science teaches us; but when the truth is once discovered, it is as certain and plain by the reasoning, as the first truths themselves from which all the reasoning takes its rise, on which it all depends, and which require no proof, because they are self-evident at once, and must be assented to the instant they are understood.

But it is quite different with the truths which Natural Philosophy teaches. All these depend upon matter of fact; and that is learnt by observation and experiment, and never could be discovered by reasoning at all. If a man were shut up in a room with pen, ink, and paper, he might by thinking discover any of the truths in arithmetic, algebra, or geometry; it is possible, at least, there would be nothing absolutely impossible in his discovering all that is now known of these sciences; and if his memory were as good as we are supposing his judgment and conception to be, he might discover it all without pen, ink, and paper, and in a dark

room. But we cannot discover a single one of the fundamental properties of matter without observing what goes on around us, and trying experiments upon the nature and motion of bodies. Thus, the man whom we have supposed shut up, could not possibly find out beyond one or two of the very first properties of matter, and those only in a very few cases; so that he could not tell if these were general properties of all matter or not. He could tell that the objects he touched in the dark were hard and resisted his touch; that they were extended and were solid—that is, that they had three dimensions, length, breadth, and thickness. He might guess that other things existed beside those he felt, and that those other things resembled what he felt in these properties; but he could know nothing for certain, and could not even conjecture much beyond this very limited number of qualities. He must remain utterly ignorant of what really exists in nature, and of what properties matter in general has. These properties, therefore, we learn by experience; they are such as we know bodies to have, they happen to have them—they are so formed by Divine Providence as to have them—but they might have been otherwise formed; the great Author of Nature might have thought fit to make all bodies different in every respect. We see that a stone dropped from our hand falls to the ground—this is a fact which we can only know by experience; before observing it, we could not have guessed it, and it is quite *conceivable* that it should be otherwise: for instance, that when we remove our hand from the body it should stand still in the air, or fly upward, or go forward, or backward, or sideways; there is nothing at all absurd, contradictory, or inconceivable in any of these suppositions; there is nothing impossible in any of them, as there would be in supposing the stone equal to half of itself, or double of itself, or both falling down or rising upwards at once; or going to the right and the left at one and the same time. Our only reason for not at once thinking it quite conceivable that the stone should stand still in the air, or fly upwards, is that we have never seen it do so, and have become accustomed to see it do otherwise. But for that, we should at once think it as

natural that the stone should fly upwards or stand still, as that it should fall down. But no degree of reflection for any length of time could accustom us to think 2 and 2 equal to anything but four, or to believe the whole of anything equal to a part of itself.

III. NATURAL OR EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE

Natural philosophy, in its most extensive sense, has for its province the investigation of the laws of matter, that is, the properties and the motions of matter; and it may be divided into two great branches. The first and most important (which is sometimes, on that account, called *Natural Philosophy*, by way of distinction, but more properly *Mechanical Philosophy*) investigates the sensible motions of bodies. The second investigates the constitution and qualities of all bodies, and has various names, according to its different objects. It is called *Chemistry*, if it teaches the properties of bodies with respect to heat, mixture with one another, weight, taste, appearance, and so forth: *Anatomy* and *Animal Physiology* (from the Greek word signifying *to speak of the nature of any thing*), if it teaches the structure and functions of living bodies, especially the human; for when it shows those of other animals we term it *Comparative Anatomy*; *Medicine*, if it teaches the nature of diseases, and the means of preventing them and of restoring health; *Zoology* (from the Greek word signifying *to speak of Animals*) if it teaches the arrangement or classification, and the habits of the different lower animals; *Botany* (from the Greek word for *herbage*) including *Vegetable Physiology*, if it teaches the arrangement or classification, the structure and habits of plants; *Mineralogy*, including *Geology* (from the Greek words meaning *to speak of the earth*), if it teaches the arrangement of minerals, the structure of the masses in which they are found, and of the earth composed of those masses. The term *Natural History* is given to the three last branches taken together, but chiefly as far as they teach the classification of different things, or the observation of the resemblances and differences of the various animals, plants, and inanimate and un-growing substances in nature.

But here we may make two general observations. The *first* is, that every such distribution of the sciences is necessarily imperfect, for one runs unavoidably into another. Thus, Chemistry shows the qualities of plants with relation to other substances, and to each other; and Botany does not overlook those same qualities, though its chief object be arrangement. So Mineralogy, though principally conversant with classifying metals and earth, yet regards also their qualities in respect of heat and mixture. So too, Zoology, beside arranging animals, describes their structures like Comparative Anatomy. In truth, all arrangement and classifying depends upon noting the things in which the objects agree and differ; and among those things in which animals, plants, and minerals agree or differ, must be considered the anatomical qualities of the one and the chemical qualities of the other. From hence, in a great measure, follows the *second* observation, namely, that the sciences mutually assist each other. We have seen how Arithmetic and Algebra aid Geometry, and how both the purely Mathematical Sciences aid Mechanical Philosophy. Mechanical Philosophy, in like manner, assists, though in the present state of our knowledge, not very considerably, both Chemistry and Anatomy, especially the latter; and Chemistry very greatly assists both Physiology, Medicine, and all the branches of Natural History.

The first great head, then, of Natural Science, is Mechanical Philosophy, and it consists of various subdivisions, each forming a science of great importance. The most essential of these, and which is indeed fundamental, and applicable to all the rest, is called *Dynamics*, from the Greek word signifying *power* or *force*, and it teaches the laws of motion in all its varieties. The case of the stone thrown forward, which we have already mentioned more than once, is an example. Another, of a more general nature, but more difficult to trace, far more important in its consequences, and of which, indeed, the former is only one particular case, relates to the motions of all bodies, which are attracted (or influenced, or drawn) by any power towards a certain point, while they are, at the same time, driven forward, by some push given to them at first, and forcing

them onwards at the same time that they are drawn towards the point. The line in which a body moves while so drawn and so driven, depends upon the force it is pushed with, the direction it is pushed in, and the kind of power that draws it towards the point; but at present, we are chiefly to regard the latter circumstance, the attraction towards the point. If this attraction be uniform, that is, the same at all distances from the point, the body will move in a circle, if one direction be given to the forward push. The case with which we are best acquainted is when the force decreases as the squares of the distances, from the centre or point of attraction, increase; that is, when the force is four times less at twice the distance, nine times less at thrice the distance, sixteen times less at four times the distance, and so on. A force of this kind acting on the body, will make it move in an oval, a parabola, or an hyperbola, according to the amount or direction of the impulse, or forward push, originally given; and there is one proportion of that force, which, if directed perpendicularly to the line in which the central force draws the body, will make it move round in a circle, as if it were a stone tied to a string and whirled round the hand. The most usual proportions in nature, are those which determine bodies to move in an oval or ellipse, the curve described by means of a cord fixed at both ends, in the way already explained. In this case, the point of attraction, the point towards which the body is drawn, will be nearer one end of the ellipse than the other, and the time the body will take to go round, compared with the time any other body would take, moving at a different distance from the same point of attraction, but drawn towards that point with a force which bears the same proportion to the distance, will bear a certain proportion, discovered by mathematicians, to the average distances of the two bodies from the point of common attraction. If you multiply the numbers expressing the times of going round, each by itself, the products will be to one another in the proportion of the average distances multiplied each by itself, and that product again by the distance. Thus, if one body take two hours, and is five yards distant, the other, being ten yards off, will take

something less than five hours and forty minutes.*

Now, this is one of the most important truths in the whole compass of science, for it does so happen, that the force with which bodies fall towards the earth, or what is called their *gravity*, the power that draws or attracts them towards the earth, varies with the distance from the Earth's centre, exactly in the proportion of the squares, lessening as the distance increases: at two diameters from the Earth's centre, it is four times less than at one; at three diameters, nine times less; and so forth. It goes on lessening, but never is destroyed, even at the greatest distances to which we can reach by our observations, and there can be no doubt of its extending indefinitely beyond. But by astronomical observations made upon the motion of the heavenly bodies, upon that of the moon for instance, it is proved that her movement is slower and quicker at different parts of her course, in the same manner as a body's motion on the earth would be slower and quicker, according to its distance from the point it was drawn towards, provided it was drawn by a force acting in the proportion to the squares of the distance, which we have frequently mentioned; and the proportion of the time to the distance is also observed to agree with the rule above referred to. Therefore, she is shown to be attracted towards the Earth by a force that varies according to the same proportion in which gravity varies; and she must consequently move in an ellipse round the earth, which is placed in a point nearer the one end than the other of that curve. In like manner, it is shown that the earth moves round the Sun in the same curve line, and is drawn towards the Sun by a similar force; and that all the other planets in their courses, at various distances, follow the same rule, moving in ellipses, and drawn towards the Sun by the same kind of power. Three of them have moons like the earth, only more numerous, for Jupiter has four, Saturn seven, and Herschel six so very distant, that we cannot see them

* This is expressed mathematically by saying, that the squares of the times are as the cubes of the distances. Mathematical language is not only the simplest and most easily understood of any, but the shortest also.

without the help of glasses ; but all those moons move round their principal planets, as ours does round the Earth, in ovals or ellipses ; while the planets, with their moons, move in their ovals round the Sun, like our own Earth with its moon.

But this power, which draws them all towards the Sun, and regulates their path and their motion round him, and which draws the moons towards the principal planets, and regulates their motion and path round those planets, is the same with the gravity by which bodies fall towards the earth, being attracted by it. Therefore, the whole of the heavenly bodies are kept in their places, and wheel round the Sun, by the same influence or power that makes a stone fall to the ground.

It is usual to call the Sun, and the planets which with their moons move round him, the *Solar System* ; because they are a class of the heavenly bodies far apart from the innumerable Fixed Stars, and so near each other, as to exert a perceptible influence on one another, and thus to be connected together.

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER.

FAREWELL to the Hero, whose chivalrous
name [fame ;
Bade the land of his fathers rise highest in
Farewell, Macedonia, to all that was dear ;
Farewell to thy glory's unbroken career,
The Triumphs of Empire have fled with a
breath. [death.
And the Day-star of Conquest is faded in
With the soul that once gave thee command
over all,
With the arm that upheld thee, proud
land, thou must fall ;
For the spirit that warmed thee for ever
hath flown, [stone.
And left thee to weep o'er his sepulchre's
Time was that the lightning, which erst
used to play
From yon eyeball that glares with a
powerless ray,
Would have flashed through the din, and
the tumult of fight, [night.
As the meteor gleams 'mid the darkness of
Time was, that yon arm would have dealt
out the blow [of the foe ;
With the thunderbolt's force on the helm

And Fancy might think, as the blood-
reeking crest
Of the King and the Warrior shone high
o'er the rest,
That the God of the battle was goading
his car
Through the ranks of the vanquish'd, the
tide of the war.
Time was,—but those glories have long
passed away,
Like the breeze of the North o'er the sea-
ruffled spray ;
Like the rose-bud of Summer they died in
their bloom,
And Memory pauses to weep o'er their doom.
Oh! Fiend of Ambition, look down on
the shame
That has darkened the ray of thy Votary's
fame ;
And blush to confess that in yon low estate
Lies the remnant of all that was mighty
and great.
And shook not the world, and its kingdoms
with dread ?
And quail'd not the sky as the parting life
fled ?
And fell not the Hero where nations pur-
sued,
In the heat of the battle, the toil of the feud!
Did no prodigy herald the last dying pain,
As his breath ebb'd away o'er the millions
of slain ?
Now, joy to ye, Thebans, whose heart's
blood bedew'd
The desolate soil, where thine altars had
stood !
Thou Genius of Persia! look down from
thy throne,
The battle is won, and the proud are o'er-
thrown ;
And the Spirit of Valour, the bosom of Fire,
That grasp'd at the world in its headlong
desire,
Unworthy the fame of the Deified Brave,
Has sunk like the dastard luxurious slave.
Weep, Macedon, weep, o'er thine Hero's
decay,
Weep, Macedon! slave of a foreigner's sway ;
Give a tear and a frown to the page of thy
story,
That tells of the darkness that shrouded
his glory ;
And lament that his deeds were unable to
save
The son of thy love from so lowly a grave.
C. B.

DEVONSHIRE LODGES PRIOR TO
THE "UNION" OF DEC., 1813.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE only lists extant exhibiting the "Union" Lodges (or those in existence before then), are published in the By-Laws of the Province of Devon for 1843 and 1847.

The first is entitled, "DEVONSHIRE MASONIC LODGES, *erased since the formation of the Provincial Lodge, for not having made their due Returns to the Grand and Provincial Lodges*;" and the second comprises a list of "Past Masters entitled to vote in the Devonshire P.G. Lodge," arranged according to the number of their Lodges. The latter is doubtless correct, but the former is very deficient, five at least being omitted, and no reference is made to an old Lodge long ago extinct, but warranted as early as 1734 at Plymouth. It is our intention, therefore, to supplement the particulars already afforded, with a careful Register of the "Union" Lodges, and those "struck off the Roll," prior to December, 1813, and to particularize which of the two Grand

Lodges the Lodges in Devonshire owed allegiance prior to the "Union."

The Grand Lodge, constituted A.D. 1717, was without any rival, practically in England (save its friendly co-worker at York, which became extinct about 1792), until 1750-2, when a secession occurred, and the "Grand Lodge according to the Old Constitutions" was formed. This latter organization had no connection with the York Masons, though such is frequently stated, and it has often been called the York Grand Lodge, but in error. Its seat was in London (as with the *Regular* Grand Lodge), and its names were legion, for it was well known under the titles of "Ancients," "Seceders," "Athol Masons," &c., &c. The really ancient Grand Lodge was better known as the "Regulars," or "Moderns," the latter being a very absurd description of the older Body. In this article we shall speak of them both as "*Moderns*" (the *regular* Grand Lodge), and "*Ancients*" (the *Seceders*). In December, 1813, they united, and from that period there has happily been but the "*United Grand Lodge of England*."

We shall first of all note the *Extinct Lodges* on the Roll of the "*Moderns*," and give the various numbers by which they have been known from the periods of alteration in 1792, 1814, and 1832.

EXTINCT LODGES OF THE "MODERNS."

| Date of Warrant. | Names and Localities. | Nos. 1792, etc. | 1814. | 1832. |
|------------------|---|-----------------|-------|-------|
| 1734 | Masons' Arms, <i>Plymouth</i> | — | — | — |
| 1748 | Prince George, <i>Plymouth</i> | 79 | 102 | — |
| 1758 | Unity, <i>Crediton</i> (Formerly at <i>Plymouth</i>) ¹ ... | 137 | 165 | — |
| 1764 | Salutation, <i>Topsham</i> | 177 | — | — |
| 1765 | Corinthian, <i>Honiton</i> (Formerly at London) ... | 188 | 230 | — |
| 1769 | R. George, <i>Bridport</i> (Formerly at <i>Newton Abbott</i>) | 243 | 307 | 217 |
| 1772 | Torbay, <i>Paignton</i> | 277 | 350 | — |
| 1781 | Friendship, <i>Dartmouth</i> | 352 | 453 | 303 |
| 1783 | Good Intention, <i>North 2nd Devon Militia</i> , and afterwards Union, <i>Crokern-well</i> | 364 | 468 | — |
| 1785 | Concord, <i>Ilfracombe</i> | 374 | 474 | — |
| 1792 | Faithful, <i>Bideford</i> | 499 | 535 | — |
| 1809 | Phœnician, <i>Collumpton</i> | 608 | 615 | — |
| 1811 | Virtue and Honour, <i>Totness</i> | 625 | 633 | — |
| 1812 | Royal George, <i>Newton-Bushel</i> | 634 | 641 | — |

The most distinguished of this series was the Prince George Lodge, held at Plymouth, in which His Majesty King

William IV. was initiated. The Lodge held in the *North, or 2nd Regiment of Devon Militia* was transferred to a Civil

Warrant, and held at Crokern-well, near Exeter, but soon died out, and a Lodge formerly held in London by Charter of the year 1765, and subsequently held in Honiton, shared the same fate soon after the "Union."

The old Lodge (*second* oldest in Devon), warranted A.D. 1734, became extinct about 1770, and so was unable to take any part in the formation of the first

Provincial Grand Lodge of Devon, A.D. 1775. It will be seen that out of these fourteen "Modern" Lodges, only two were working at the alteration of the numbers, A.D. 1832, though twelve were in existence at the "Union." Warrants, however, have since been issued in most cases for the foregoing towns.

Of the "Removals" under the "Moderns" we have to chronicle only two, as follows:

REMOVALS, "MODERNS."

| Date of Warrant. | Names and Localities. | About | Then | Now |
|------------------|--|----------|------|-----|
| 1766 | All Souls', <i>Tiverton</i> to <i>Weymouth</i> | ... 1792 | 283 | 170 |
| 1787 | Amphibious, Stonehouse to High-Town | 1800 | 407 | 258 |

(Since to Leeds, and *now* Heckmondwike.)

At the Union of 1813 (December) the Lodges of each Grand Lodge were numbered alternately. The Grand Stewards' Lodge of the "Moderns" was placed at the head of the Roll without any number, the first numbered being the "Grand Master's Lodge" of the "Ancients," No. 2, the Lodge of "Antiquity" of the "Moderns," and so on. As many of the Lodges of the "Moderns" had been warranted long *before* 1750, whereas *none* of the "Ancients" were chartered until after

that year (1750), it follows that in taking the Lodges of each Grand Lodge alternately in the numeration, the numbers of the "Ancients" secured to that Body a higher place on the Roll than the real dates of the Warrants would have justified. This fact will be patent to anyone consulting the numbers and dates of Warrants of the Lodges under each Grand Lodge before and since the "Union," so far as we have been able to verify the same.

EXTINCT LODGES OF THE "ANCIENTS."

| Date of Warrant. | Names and Localities. | Original. | 1814. | 1832. |
|------------------|--|-----------|-------|-------|
| *1764 | ———— <i>Morton Hampstead</i> | ... 132 | 157 | — |
| *1782 | <i>East Devon Regiment of Militia</i> | ... 216 | 272 | 193 |
| *1784 | <i>North Devon Regiment of Militia</i> † | 228 | 286 | — |
| *1795 | Vine, Exeter ... | ... 293 | 372 | — |
| *1806 | Buckingham, Stonehouse | ... 336 | 430 | — |

REMOVALS, "ANCIENTS."

1756, *Plymouth* to *Rochdale* about 1813 (No. 50), now No. 54.

There were eleven "Ancient" Lodges in Devon which took part in the "*Blessed Union of 1813*," but only seven were active A.D. 1832, and since then one more has ceased to work. The county of Devon, however, was never so large, Masonically, as it is now; indeed, so rapid has been the growth of Lodges under the genial sway and fostering care of its beloved Prov. G.M. (the Rev. John Huyshe, M.A.),

that its extent is almost beyond the maximum for *one* Province.

It is curious to note that in the List of "Union" Lodges still in existence, Devon is indebted to its sister Province (Cornwall), for No. 223, *Plymouth*, having been originally warranted for St. Mawes, near Falmouth, as 306, and No. 230, *Devonport*, chartered at first for Kingsand.

* *Circa.*

† "Moderns" had a Lodge in same Regiment.

"MODERNS" STILL IN EXISTENCE.

| Date of Warrant. | Names and Localities. | 1792. | 1814. | 1832. | 1863. | |
|------------------|-------------------------------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-----|
| 1731 | St. John the Baptist, <i>Exeter</i> | ... | 35 | 53 | 46 | 39 |
| 1759 | Fortitude, <i>Plymouth</i> * | ... | 140 | 170 | 122 | 105 |
| 1759 | Sun, <i>Exmouth</i> † ... | ... | 141 | 171 | 123 | 106 |
| 1762 | St. George, <i>Exeter</i> | ... | 146 | 178 | 129 | 112 |
| 1769 | Sincerity, <i>Stonehouse</i> ‡ | ... | 254 | 320 | 224 | 189 |
| 1771 | Friendship, <i>Devonport</i> | ... | 268 | 339 | 238 | 202 |
| 1782 | True Love and Unity, <i>Brixham</i> | ... | 360 | 465 | 309 | 248 |
| 1783 | Loyal, <i>Barnstaple</i> | ... | 365 | 469 | 312 | 251 |
| 1791 | Bedford, <i>Tavistock</i> | ... | 487 | 529 | 351 | 282 |
| 1794 | Benevolent, <i>Teignmouth</i> | ... | 540 | 566 | 380 | 303 |
| 1810 | St. John's, <i>Torquay</i> | ... | 616 | 623 | 411 | 328 |

"ANCIENTS" STILL IN EXISTENCE.

| | | Original. | 1814. | 1832. | 1863. | |
|------|---------------------------------|-----------|-------|-------|-------|-----|
| 1759 | St. John's, <i>Plymouth</i> § | ... | 74 | 98 | 83 | 70 |
| 1778 | Harmony, <i>Plymouth</i> | ... | 205 | 256 | 182 | 156 |
| 1779 | Brunswick, <i>Plymouth</i> | ... | 208 | 260 | 185 | 159 |
| 1781 | Perseverance, <i>Sidmouth</i> ¶ | ... | 213 | 268 | 190 | 164 |
| 1797 | Charity, <i>Plymouth</i> ** | ... | 306 | 389 | 270 | 223 |
| 1799 | Fidelity, <i>Devonport</i> †† | ... | 320 | 405 | 280 | 230 |

According, then, to the foregoing, there were in all, 27 Lodges warranted by the "Moderns" in Devonshire from 1731 to 1813, fourteen of which have ceased to work, and two have been removed to other Provinces. By the "Ancients" there were twelve charters issued in Devonshire at one time or other between 1759 and 1806, one of which was ultimately transferred to another Province, and five were struck off the Roll. From 1731 to 1813,

therefore, of both Grand Lodges, 39 Warrants have been granted for Devon, or transferred to that Province, out of which, 19 have lapsed, and 20 are yet in work, either in Devonshire or elsewhere, exclusive of certain Military Lodges which visited the Province with their regiments during that period. At the present time there are 46 Lodges at work in the County of Devon.

The following notes as to changes in places of meeting will doubtless be of interest to the members of the flourishing Province of Devonshire :—

"MODERNS."

- * No. 105, Plymouth, was formerly held at Devonport (Plymouth Dock).
- † No. 106, Exmouth, " " " Newton-Abbott.
- ‡ No. 183, Stonehouse, " " " Plymouth.

"ANCIENTS."

- § No. 70, Plymouth, originally assembled at Exeter.
- || No. 159, Plymouth, " " Devonport.
- ¶ No. 164, Sidmouth, " " Stonehouse.
- ** No. 223, Plymouth, " " St. Mawes.
- †† No. 230, Devonport " " Kingsand.

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE
MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

III.—SEPTEMBER.

———“ I hope to join your seaside walk,
Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion;
Not interrupting, with intrusive talk,
The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.”

GRAND and majestic indeed! and yet how eminently soothing is their sound. How calmly we compose ourselves to rest, the hollow murmur of the waves our lullaby. How supremely conscious are we of the protective benignity of that Almighty Power that “measures ocean in His span,” and how trustfully do we lay our heads to rest confiding in The Father, to whom “the darkness and the light are both alike.” May He grant us to enter as composedly into that other sleep, of which the present is so close a resemblance and foreshadowing.

If ocean’s murmur be so peaceful a lullaby, how delicious is it, too, to be awakened by that clear sharp rattle of the shingle, shifted by the fast-running tide, whose sound is like audible sunshine. Thus wakened, we spring from our couch, and throwing wide open the casement, gaze far and wide over—

“The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!”

whose wavelets are sparkling bright in the slanting rays of the early sun. Can it be, we think, that this is the ocean that sometimes, lashed to fury, overwhelms the frail craft, and buries deep in its dark bosom that most precious of all treasures a fellow-creature’s life. But, if thus our vengeful enemy, we cannot forget the ocean’s friendly lessons to us tempest-tossed, and oft-times well-nigh shipwrecked, on the ocean of life. Nor can we forget Him who rules the waves of this, as formerly He did the other, bidding “Peace, be still,” when immediately there was a great calm. And now the turning tide tells us of that

———“Tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.”

Ours be it to profit by the lesson of the hour thus bountifully given us.

Stepping over the threshold, we glance up at the beetling cliff, and how insignificant we feel whilst contemplating the majestic work of Nature, and when we have climbed to the top and venture to look over—

———“How fearful
And dizzy ’tis, to cast one’s eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the mid-way
air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles; half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful
trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring
bark,
Diminish’d to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring
surge,
That on the unnumber’d pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I’ll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.”

Fine words of a fine mind, inspired by, because observant of, nature; observant, too, of her littleness as well as her vastness, knowing full well that her magnitude is built up of these often unconsidered trifles. In this spirit, then, examining the face of the cliff, we find clusters of the Samphire plant of which the poet speaks; nor is Shakespeare alone in his notice of the plant, for Michael Drayton refers to it in his “Poly-Olbion,” and John Evelyn speaks of the high estimation in which it was held by our fathers, who used to mingle it with other herbs in their salads, to which whilst giving zest, it was considered to be invigorating, and a sharpener of the appetite. For our modern use, pickling, if it is gathered in May, when its properties are most aromatic. The Samphire, found most commonly in the Isle of Wight and Cornwall, as well as at Dover, as mentioned by Shakespeare, is scattered amongst the crevices of the rocks in tufts, which are this month crowned with clusters of yellow flowers. As true Samphire is somewhat scarce, the Jointed Glass-wort is often sold for it, but the deception may be easily guarded against as the latter plant is readily distinguishable by its leafless jointed stem, and its small green flowers planted between the joints of its terminal branches.

Turning from the brink of the cliff, and pursuing our way along its summit, we soon find specimens of the Sea Star-wort, or Michaelmas Daisy, whose yard-high stem bears its pale lilac flowers clear above the grey-green strongly-scented Southernwood and the small fleshy-leaved Sand-worts. Like most of the plants which deck our shores, the Sea Star-wort borrows some of the characteristics of the more definitely marine flora; and we cannot but reflect—as we examine the smooth, downless surface of its succulent foliage and stem and detect in pressing it with our teeth the saline flavour of the more veritable denizen of old ocean's bed—upon the wonderful work of Nature which proceeds in a seemingly unbroken chain, with no appreciable gap in her whole vast system of life save one—the unbridged chasm betwixt man and “the beasts that perish.”

Thus Nature, in her manifold provision of life leaves no spot barren:—

“The marsh is bleak and lonely. Scarce a flower
Gleams in the waving grass. The rosy Thrift
Has paler grown since summer bless'd the
scene,

And the Sea Lavender, whose lilac blooms
Drew from the saline soil a richer hue
Than when they grew on yonder towering
cliff,

Quivers in flowerless greenness to the wind.
No sound is heard save when the sea-bird
screams

Its lonely presage of the coming storm;
And the sole blossom which can glad the eye,
Is yon pale Star-wort nodding to the wind.”

This plant is the only native species of Aster that we possess, all other kinds having been imported. America is their native land. Lyell says, speaking of Piscataquan fir-woods—“I have seen this part of North America laid down in some botanical maps as the region of Asters and Golden Rods.”

Than this latter plant, none is perhaps more varied in its growth; find it upon the chalky bank or beneath the overlacing boughs of the dry wood, and it is a thin, straggling-looking plant with small scattered flowers; but pick it on the mountain pasture, or, as now, on the sea-side cliff, and we have a plant with a shorter but stouter stem, and clusters of yellow flowers positively crowded together. Poor old Gerarde was sadly exercised at the disrepute into which Wound-wort, Aaron's

Rod, or Golden Rod, was beginning to fall as a specific, even in his day; for in his “Herbal” we read: “It may truly be said of fantastical physicians, who when they have found an approved medicine and perfect remedy, neere home, against any disease, yet not contented with that, they will seeke for a new farther off, and by that means many times hurte more than they helpe.” He adds, that he has said this in order that these “new-fangled fellows” may be brought back again to esteem this admirable herb; but poor Gerarde's wrath seems to have been poured forth without avail.

Of the Sea Lavender before mentioned, we have but little more to say than that few wild flowers are better adapted for making bouquets which will last through the winter. Nor can we add much concerning the Sand-wort family, of which ten species grow wild in Britain; some of them, such as the Norwegian Sand-wort, discovered in 1837 in Shetland, are very rarely met with. Another humble but pretty little plant, is the fragrant Basil Thyme, its blossoms are small but numerous, being of various shades, from pale lilac to deepest purple, but always with a white centre. We shall, however, be lucky if we find this delicate little blossom as, unless the season be a late one, this plant is seldom found in bloom later than August. The same remark will apply to the Sea Cabbage, which hangs out in tufts from the crevices of the cliffs; but although its petals may have fallen beneath the rude autumnal blast, it does not cease to yield a beauty to the otherwise blank wall of stone. Its leaves, waved and fleshy round the root, but oblong on the stem, are richly tinted with dark green, yellow, delicate lilac, or deep purple; the whole being dusted over with that whitish-grey powder common on the surface of seashore plants; though very bitter whilst uncooked, repeated washings and boilings render them fit for food. A pretty neighbour of the Sea Cabbage is the Herb Robert, or Poor Robin, known everywhere not only by its little pink flowers, but by the beautiful ruddy hue that the entire plant assumes in autumn. A species of the Pearl Wort is also to be met with, as well as the Yellow Horned Poppy, which grows even upon

the beach itself; few objects are more beautiful than a leaf of this plant in winter—glittering with hoarfrost, but still green. Formerly, according to Gerarde, this plant was used medicinally, but is highly acrid and very dangerous. Bending our steps now inland, we come upon a plant in bloom, which is still thought very highly of in country districts, as a remedy for colds and hoarseness, we mean the Black Horehound; this plant, like many others, has the peculiar property of following man's footsteps. Sir T. L. Mitchell says in his "Tropical Australia":—"Here I perceived that Horehound grew abundantly, and was assured by Mr. Parkinson, a gentleman in charge of these Stations, that this plant springs up at all sheep and cattle stations throughout the colony; a remarkable fact, which may assist to explain another, viz., the appearance of the Couch Grass or the Dog's-tooth Grass, wherever the white man sets his foot, although previously unknown in these regions." The Horehound, with its purple flowers, in appearance is vastly like a Nettle, although it does not much resemble the one we come to here, the Red Hemp Nettle, whose short stem bears blossoms of a purplish rose colour, mottled with crimson. Here in the hedgerow are the berried-stems of the Cuckoo-pint, as well as the similarly ornamented capsules of the Stinking Iris. Other plants used medicinally are the Perfoliate Yellow Wort, whose stem, as the name implies, passes through the leaves. This plant has a flavour resembling that of Gentian, to which its properties may be somewhat allied. The beautiful Toad-flax, or Eggs and Bacon, whose leaves resemble those of Flax, but its blossoms the Snapdragon of our gardens; a decoction of the blossoms is supposed to improve the complexion, whilst the juice mingled with milk is fondly supposed to poison flies; there is no doubt that it attracts a good many, like most other liquids when poured out, whether it has any further effect we cannot say. This pretty plant is a favourite of one of our poets, who says:—

"And thou *Linaria*, mingle in my wreath,
Thy golden dragons, for though perfumed
breath
Escapes not from thy yellow petals, yet
Glad thoughts bringest thou of hedgerow
foliage, wet

With tears and dew; lark warblings and green
ferns
O'erspanning crystal runnels, where there turns
And twines the glossy Ivy."—

Which last, by the way, is this month in flower. We must not stay to more than mention the Sea Bindweed, with its large rose-coloured flowers and succulent leaves; but we must have a word with the Mallow, which is really useful in medicine—the leaves boiled are employed as a poultice for wounds and bruises, whilst Mallow-*tea* is a well-known remedy for coughs and colds. Several species were used by the Romans as food, and this plant is even now a very common dish in Lower Egypt. Job speaks of the poor who "cut up Mallows by the roots." The common Tansy, which is still in bloom, used to be made into a kind of medicinal wine; country people tells us that meat rubbed with Tansy is safe from flies; possibly! but of what particular after-use the meat is capable, having been impregnated with Tansy-flavour, we know not. In the Romish Church this plant typifies the "bitter herbs," anciently commanded to be eaten at Passover time; and Tansy cakes and Tansy puddings are much approved vehicles of administering the supposed mental-medicine of Penance. Although we shall not find it here, we ought just to mention the Lesser Dodder of heaths and downs, with its waxen pinkish flowers—this is one of our few parasitic plants, growing freely on Furze, Heath, Thyme, Vetches, Trefoils, &c. The spotted *Persicaria* is at hand, however, with its long slender leaves, with their centre spot of crimson, said in Highland tradition to be a blood-drop from the cross; of this family are the Snakeweed or Bistort and the Water-Peppers, as well as the Knot Grass, to which ancient writers attributed many healing virtues. Milton and other of our earlier poets, speak of the relish with which it is eaten by cattle, whilst Shakespeare mentions it as the "*Hindering Knot Grass*;" its universal presence but little beauty is thus described—

"By the lone quiet grave,
In the wild hedgerow the Knot Grass is seen,
Down in the rural lane,
Or on the verdant plain,
Everywhere humble, and everywhere green."

During our walk we can hardly have

failed to notice amongst the insects, the really splendid Peacock Butterfly. Like the Scarlet Admiral, it leaves the chrysalis state in autumn, flutters awhile in the lessening rays of the sun, until some colder day than any it has hitherto experienced, warns it to seek a winter refuge. This found, it hangs suspended until the spring, when with wings tattered and torn, and its beauty well-nigh lost, it emerges into the daylight, to carry out what seems, to us, to be the only object of its insect life, the starting its progeny in the world. Oddly enough, the place selected for rearing the young brood is the uninteresting Stinging-nettle. Other Butterflies are the Small Heath, and the Pale Clouded Yellow or Clouded Saffron; which latter insect much affects the neighbourhoods of Deal and Reculvers. During this month, we find some of our finest Moths; the Privet Hawk Moth, with its handsome green caterpillar purple striped; the Sword-grass Moth, whose caterpillar is a splendid creature, green grounded, striped with white and scarlet and with a double row of eight little dots of white edged with black; finest of all is the Death's Head Moth, whose pupa is found amongst the potato-crop. This month, too, appear other remarkable forms of insect life—such as the Great Green Grasshopper, and a kind called the Wart-biter; these little creatures should be handled discreetly, for they possess jaws which are sharp and powerful, if small, which, too, they do not scruple to use.

Now are leaving us the Whitethroat, the Night-jar, and the Fly-catchers, both pied and spotted; whilst the arrivals we are peculiarly able to notice for they are mostly sea-birds, although it is true that both the Common and Jack Snipe now make their appearance. One bird does his best to make up for the departure of his fellow vocalists, the Woodlark; and, soaring above the trees, the Wood Owl raises his hoarse hoot, warning us that it is high time to return.

Retracing, then, our steps, for it is getting late, we observe in the hedgerow the trails of the beautiful wild Hop, of which we will reserve further mention until we notice its cultivated variety, and we see, too, in sheltered spots the second crop of flowers of the wild Honeysuckle. Many berry-bearing shrubs would tempt

us to linger to observe and describe their autumnal beauties, but we may only notice one, which warns us that we are drawing nigh to the sea once more, and that is the Sea Buckthorn or Sallow Thorn. This singular-looking shrub is restricted in its range of growth to the East and South East Coast of England, being rarely seen beyond Yarmouth and Cromer Northwards, and Folkestone and Deal in a Southerly direction. It has thorny branches, remarkable silvery leaves, very white on the underside, and minute inconspicuous flowers, which have by this time, given place on the female plants to fine orange-coloured fruit or berries, which make a fine show all through the winter if not taken by the birds. These berries are said to be pleasantly acid to the taste, but should be experimented upon with caution, as in some parts they bear the reputation of being in some degree poisonous.

For a moment, our attention is once more drawn to a huge cluster of Golden Rod, for as the Sun is setting, hundreds of bees are swarming over the plant, availing themselves not only of the last few minutes of sunshine to make one more honey-laden journey, but making too best use of these last few days of warmth to complete their winter stock from this plant, which Nature seems to have specially designed to afford, thus late, material for filling up the last empty spaces in their food-stores, which must last them till the warm bright sunshine comes another year.

This lesson should not be lost upon us, enforced as it is just at this moment that we once more catch sight of the sea, by the splendid harvest moon rising apparently from its depths. Does it not speak to us with its substituted light, of a certain substituted knowledge that we must cultivate here, if we would be possessors of the true knowledge into which that other shall be developed, if it shall have been rightly used, in the hereafter by the Great Architect of the Universe Himself.

UPBRAID ME NOT.

UPBRAID me not, if now forgetting
 Thy friendly face, I turn to-day
 To other claims and other duties
 And let the old past drift away.

For hope is dead, and faith has vanish'd,
 And memory's lost its mystic key,
 Parted is all of warmer feeling,
 Forgotten the glad harmony.

The fairy dreams of other hours
 Have ceased to master or beguile,
 The lingering gleams of glad affection
 Seem deserting me the while.
 For colder counsels and emotions,
 Have to assert a calmer sway,
 And as Time finds me so it leaves me,
 Alike unmoved, unharmed to-day.

If fancies once I dearly cherished
 Have left me now beyond recall,
 Remember 'twas thy kindly Fiat
 Which bade them wither one and all.
 No doubt 'twas better thus it happen'd
 That this our mutual lot should be,
 But 'twas thy will that separation
 Should come for aye, 'twixt thee and me.

Therefore, upbraid me not, I ask thee,
 If ancient days have fled by,
 If happy friendship hourly colder
 Makes powerless the old witchery.
 In the dim past we've stray'd together,
 When time was fresh and trust was true,
 But now, alas! its plaintive hours
 Have bid to golden dreams adieu!

NEMO.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

CHAPTER III.

"And there, in letters sharp and clear,
 You read—O, irony austere!—
 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear'!"
 AUSTIN DOBSON.

IF Paesiello's behaviour in respect to his "young woman," as Jowler always will have it—feebly depicted in my last chapter,—may seem to some of my readers somewhat unfeeling, yet all must admit, I venture to think, that it was very philo-

sophical; and where sentiment and philosophy clash, as they often do in the battle of life, though I have a great "penchant" for sentiment, I yet, Cato-like, sternly always vote for philosophy!

Paesiello accordingly consoled himself by packing up. We easily console ourselves when we are young; and, besides, there is always something of interest and excitement in the act of packing up itself.

Paesiello had a famous and faithful servant, called Antonio, to whom he confided his worries and his dressing case; his loves and his antipathies; his fears and his frolics; his sentiment and his philosophy. Antonio was a bit of a wag—a good deal of a character, in his way, as will be seen in the progress of this authentic narrative, and often covered a little bit of semi-villainy with a good story—and even a quiet attempt at deliberate rognery with a veritable joke. But he had some, nay, many, great qualities, and, like to Figaro, it might be said of him that, "his virtues were his own, his vices were those of his elders and his betters!"

And then, in that happy time, Paesiello had a friend—Don Balthazar, grave and sententious, polished and prosy, full of "ancient saws and modern instances," a man of weight and appetite, and much common sense!

It is true that he was a little older than Paesiello, but then he possessed that experience which the other lacked, and he could speak with all that dogmatic authority, and that clear, distinct expression, which are so good for puppies and for colts!

At last, the packing-up was finished, and Paesiello and Don Balthazar—with Antonio elate on the rumble, (for he had left Mrs. Antonio safe behind,)—started in his beautiful new travelling carriage, (it was before railways,) and four horses, for Venice, the Bridge of Sighs, the Rialto, the Gondoliers, and the Lion of St. Mark.

Oh! happy morn of youth! may no dark clouds obscure the brightness of thy after hours; may no "Tornado" overthrow that fairy building which now rises up before thee, in grace and beauty supreme!

Yes, I repeat, it was with a grand feeling of independence and of emanci-

pation that Paesiello "threw himself," as some old writers so elegantly phrase it; "into the corner of his travelling carriage," and started on his long travels, with youth and health, and contentment in his train—all great and precious gifts, and never to be despised or wasted, depreciated, or thrown away, by mortal man. It is something to know that one is master of one's self, one's plans and proceedings, one's purposes and pursuits. But we who have grown grey and old have outlived the effervescence of life, and have discounted, alas! those many acceptances which too soon reach "maturity." For us, illusions are over. We know, too well, how great are the disappointments and deceits of earth, and for us fancy has fled away. We see things as they really are—no longer invested with the roseate hues of early dawn, no more accompanied by the bright gleams of happy inexperience.

Certainty has dispelled equally our anticipations and expectations, our fears and forebodings, one by one, and has left for us nothing in their stead but the formal routine of life, the duller level of customary and dejected society.

Where are all our fair imaginings fled to?

And so when Paesiello, all enthusiastic, praised the beauties of the scenery, or talked of the wonders he hoped and longed to see, Don Balthazar politely assented, but calmly smoked his cigarette; while Antonio, in his native patois, pronounced audible blessings on the horses and the post-boys, the world in general, and each post-master in particular, in a frame of mind alternately cynical and cheerful, triumphant and depressed! How queer are the conditions of life to us all, and how contrasted are the various measures and aspects with which we regard the same position, or treat the same thing. Much depends, no doubt, on our digestion, or the "balance at our banker's," on numerous contingencies, open and secret, on countless persons, male and female, who compose our "entourage," or are mixed up with our lot.

At last, the cracking of the postillions' whips announced that our travellers had approached the Douane of Venice, and as my hero had received a friendly letter from the head of the Douaniers of his native

land, to the chief of the Venetian Dogana, with that "camaraderie" which exists everywhere, if we only knew how to profit by it, Paesiello with his belongings, and after a quiet little "bezzi-mano," was allowed to enter the fair town of Venice, and drive straight to the famous hotel of St. Geromino, which abuts on the Grand Canal.

"Beautiful Venice" is the burden of an old song often sung in the days of a famous "Choral Union," long since numbered with the departed good things of this world, I sadly fear, but bound up with many very pleasant memories to me of "auld lang syne," and kind friends, and pleasant faces and tuneful voices. "Beautiful Venice" was still, in Paesiello's young days a most agreeable place to see, and to loiter in!

And, as my hero's first adventure happened within the walls of Venice, and it is one, as Don Balthazar said, which did equal credit to "his head and to his heart," I think it right to be particular and prolix in the greatest degree. The pilgrims arrived at the time of the Carnival, and, of course, as one in the full bloom of youth, Paesiello was not averse to make one, if for a short moment, of that gay and glittering throng. Of course he did all the lions, and saw all the sights of Venice. He was impressed with St. Mark's, and pathetic in the Doge's Palace; he saw the subterranean prison from which Bro. Casanova escaped; he stood on the Bridge of Sighs, he lounged in gondolas amid wreaths of Turkish tobacco; he thought of Shylock on the Rialto, and Portia and Jessica, and drank iced lemonade on the Piazza di San Marco.

I don't fancy that he thought much of the "Bucentaur," and I am even certain of this—that he was very glad to remember that bright and beautiful Venice was no longer under that horrible and cruel oligarchy, whose highest idea of good government was the Council of Ten, the Masked Three, whose normal mode of punishment was the secret denunciation and the lion's mouth, the living prison and the midnight murder. Perhaps the very best thing Napoleon I. ever did, was the civil absorption of the Venetian into the Cisalpine Republic.

But Venice was very gay, and Paesiello

did not see why he should not be gay too ; and he threw himself, as others have done, into the usual rounds of festive—and must I not say, doubtful—dissipation ?

He did not say, as the poet has said,—

“ I am weary of the bewildering masquerade of life,”

but he rather echoed these more cheerful words of the same able writer,—

“ Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth,
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
Nor strive to look beneath it.”

I do not think that we need any of us act the part of a too rigid “ censor morum,” for the truth is, that while the world lasts, say what we will, and preach as we may, youth will have its quips and frolics, its warm fancies, and its laughing hours ; and I, for one, am not prepared to assert that there is anything of actual wrong in such things, which appear to be, in their season, alike allowable and reasonable !

It is a great mistake, in my opinion, drawing the string too tightly, or laying down the law too austere ; human nature revolts against the one, and positively kicks over the other.

It did so happen that Paesiello made the acquaintance of a distinguished Venetian—Don Petronimo—who most kindly introduced him to his fair and charming wife, Donna Isabella.

Don Petronimo belonged to one of the most distinguished of the Venetian families, which had furnished doges, and generals, and admirals, and members of the Council of Ten in great profusion, and he was a staid and sober-minded individual, much looked up to—a person of great means, and few words.

He had married, late in life, Donna Isabella, the only daughter of a deceased patrician, and if her dowry had not been large, she was, indeed, a fortune in herself, as her aunt, the abbess, used to observe.

Yes, Donna Isabella was a very “ fascinating person,” to use the very words of an ancient friend and admirer, “ Don Pedrillo,” and whether you had regard to the grace of her figure, or the power of her intellect, she was no ordinary woman !

When, then, Paesiello, had been introduced to this distinguished couple and

their select circle, Venice seemed, with all its natural charms, to gain new attractions for him.

It is very remarkable, as we look back on life, perhaps through a long vista of years, to notice to-day how much of our happiness has depended, humanly speaking, on the friends we formed, on the company we kept. Those of us who have longest lived in the world, must feel how much we owe of the contentment and pleasantness of our own little life to friends probably long since passed away, to that agreeable gathering of gracious women and kindly men who made for us—yes, our very selves—existence a happiness, and society a blessing ! Even at this hour the dreams of “ pleasant presence,” the voices of gentle melody, are lingering with us, souvenirs—tender souvenirs, perhaps—of associations which are undying, of a companionship which we can never forget.

And then it is still more noteworthy how much a sympathetic and cultivated woman can do to add “ agreemens ” to the domestic and social circle, what charms, so to say, woman’s refining and elevating influence can always fling alike over the day-dreams of us all, over the hopes and fears, the longings and tastes, the “ amour propre,” and the ambition of men ! He is a very foolish or a very ill-regulated person, be he who he may, who ever seeks to disparage or antagonize the needful and proper influence of women.

Without them what an arid desert the world and society would become ! with them, how are life ennobled and pleasure enhanced ; how are all the very weaknesses and inconsistencies of men, turned to better purposes, or permeated by an enduring energy, which gives vitality to effort and success to resolution !

Donna Isabella, charming as she was, had a still more charming daughter, and it struck this excellent and benign individual, who took a most motherly interest in Paesiello, (an interest which many another would most gladly have liked to be concerned in), that it would be a very good thing to bring Paesiello and her graceful daughter Petronella together.

Now this young lady, like some other young ladies you and I wot of, had both a will and a young man of her own, and she

Accordingly objected, on "first principles of action," to any interference by her dear mamma in her own little affairs of the heart. Some of my older readers may be ready to exclaim here, "that our young ladies are becoming far too independent in such things, and that it was not so in their time." Perhaps not. But I, for one, am not sure that our young ladies are not quite right in the main. For certainly, after all, the matter concerns them as much, if not more than any one else. But when I say all this, I don't approve of improvident marriages, all I mean is, that young ladies have a right to choose for themselves, subject, of course, to due concern by their elders and "wisers," that they have enough to live upon. A very dreary thing is penniless love, depend upon it.

In the present case Petronella, had long given her affections, young as she was, and such as they were, (her own remark,) to Don Tancredi, a young Venetian, of high rank, much wealth, good manners, and better looks. There was nothing to object to in such an arrangement, indeed, it was the most natural thing in the world. But she was not insensible to the attractions of our hero, and for a short time poor Don Tancredi was both distrait and jealous, depressed and dejected, all at the same time.

Woman, however, treat her as we may, has not lost either her originality of disposition, or her acuteness of observation—and when she saw that Don Tancredi was really suffering, like a true-hearted girl as she was, she thought the best and the "straightest" way was calmly to speak to Paesiello himself. He, to say the truth, though he paid the young lady an infinite amount of attention, so much so as to make the little matter a talk of Venetian society, yet, on the whole, I think, did it more to please the mother; and I am free to add that neither his heart nor his inclinations were deeply engaged in the affair.

When, then, the young lady, all charming and blushing, and in much confiding ingenuousness, told her artless little tale to Paesiello, he, with his usual kindness of heart and alacrity of movement, felt it was his duty, as the Americans say, at once "to make tracks," and to leave Venice and

its attractions—Donna Isabella and her "soirées," Petronella and Don Tancredi—far, far behind.

He, in fact, had to get out of the way; and if others acted on his sound principles, what a deal of useless vapouring and needless pathos, and dreadful dilemmas would be lost to the world.

I think that Donna Isabella was a little disappointed with the "denouement," but as she was a woman of high principle, she told Paesiello, with a tranquil smile upon her most charming countenance, that she thought "he had acted for the best."

Under these circumstances, one fine morning our hero left Venice, serene and satisfied, Don Balthazar commending him for his highly discreet view of things, sending out puffs from his cigarette as he spoke; Antonio alone of the party venturing to express a doubt whether his master "had not shown a little of the 'white feather'" in so soon yielding to the claims of Don Tancredi—for, as he said, "I am not so sure that that young lady, after all, really meant what she said. My experience of women is, that you must, as a general rule, understand them by contraries, and act accordingly; for often when they say 'yes,' they mean 'no;' and still more often when they say 'no,' they wish you to understand that they mean 'yes.'"

(To be continued.)

AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE-SONG.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL (FLORENCE CLEVELAND).

Authoress of "Rhymes and Sketches to Illustrate the Cleveland Dialect," &c.

LOVE overtook us early,
In days long, long gone by;
At sixteen we were lovers,
My dear old man and I.

We wander'd on the hill tops,—
No mountain seem'd too high
For us to climb together,
My dear old man and I.

At twenty we were wedded,—
 We saw no reason why
 Our lives should be divided,
 My dear old man and I.

We've trod life's path together,
 And heav'd full many a sigh,
 When our way was rough and rugged
 My dear old man and I.

When all look'd bright before us,
 And our path was smooth and dry,
 Together we have walk'd and laugh'd,
 My dear old man and I.

Our children's children visit us,
 And we two fondly try
 To gain their love, for we love them,
 My dear old man and I.

We are growing old—his hair is grey—
 Soon we must bid good-bye
 To all we've loved, and all who love
 My dear old man and I.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF FREE- MASONRY?

BY EUREKA.

From the "West Cumberland Times."

THE above caption is suggested by an article which appeared in Dicken's "Household Words," ten or eleven years ago, and the writer of this will endeavour to answer the query. Outside the pale of the Mason's craft, the question is frequently put, as to the meaning or the genuine outcome of what non-masons read in newspapers, or see with their naked eyes, in connection with the "Sons of Light." In the public prints they read of Craft Masons, Royal Arch Masons, Mark Master Masons, Knights Templar, Red Cross Knights, Rose Croix Knight Companions, Royal Ark Mariners, and the dozen or more other degrees or grades connected with Freemasonry; with the jewellery, clothing, and all the paraphernalia appertaining thereto, and it is, therefore, but natural they should scratch their heads and wonder what it all means, or what is the

good of the time-honoured association. Not a few we hear now and again whisper: "There's nothing in it;" and another section of the "profane" seems to pride itself on the discovery that, to become a Freemason, means nothing more or less than an inordinate enjoyment of the good things of this life in the shape of a well-served dinner, washed down with immoderate quantities of wine. Yet a third body of wonder-mongers—and this is a serious part of the business—never tire in their denunciations of the order, on the score that it is a dangerous political society, opposed to all reigning governments, and an unflinching enemy to the Roman Catholic religion. Yet, the Prince of Wales is Grand Master of England, and his two brothers, the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold, are respectively Grand Senior and Junior Wardens; whilst several crowned heads in the past and present, "have never thought it derogatory to their dignity to exchange the sceptre for the trowel." As regards the religious opposition theory, that has been thoroughly and well thrashed out, and despite the anathemas and wild assertions of Papal dignitaries, the fact remains as broad and open as daylight, that Freemasonry is cosmopolitan in its religious aspect—open to the Roman Catholic equally with the Protestant, to the Jew with the Christian, to the Mahomedan with the Hindoo—

A brotherhood of hearts and hands,
 Of honest toil, of well-earned rest;
 An unseen chain that binds all lands,
 From north to south, from east to west.

No matter what their ancestries,
 If Norman, Saxon, Arab, Turk,
 All come within the compasses—
 The square and angle of our work.

But, while on this subject, let me point out the inconsistency of the Papal prohibition of secret societies, which debar a Roman Catholic from being a Good Templar or a Freemason, but allows him to be an Oddfellow.

Now let us try to make out, "What is the good of Freemasonry?" The poet says—

To soothe the orphan's mournful cry,
 A brother help where'er he be,
 To love all men beneath the sky,
 This is the bond of Masonry.

It is clear from the foregoing that Charity

has a great deal to do with Freemasonry—that virtue, which, “like its sister Mercy, blesseth he who gives, as well as he who receives.” To a comparative few of the uninitiated is it known, that the Freemasons of England especially, possess three splendid and substantial evidences of the watchword of the Craft, viz., Charity. I allude to the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, a precisely similar institution for Girls, and another designed as an asylum for aged Freemasons and their widows. All three are under the patronage of her Majesty the Queen, and will it be credited by our friends, who suggest that Masonry means little more than eating and drinking, that at the three separate Festivals, this year (dinners if you like, cavillers) the extraordinary sum of close upon £40,000 was voluntary subscribed to keep the Boys’ and Girls’ Schools, and the “Old Folks’” Institution running for another twelve months. And this goes on year after year, mind.

Some weeks since, when in London, the writer had the opportunity and pleasure for the first time—and a sincere pleasure it was—to run over the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, which is situated close to Clapham Junction station. Arriving there about two o’clock, the girls, after dinner, were enjoying their hour’s leisure, prior to resuming school, for the remainder of the day. The head governess (who has five assistants under her) and a subordinate, proved most obliging chaperons, and I saw and learnt more in half-an-hour or so than could possibly be imagined. Tastefully laid-out flower parterre, among which troops of healthy looking and neatly-dressed girls were joyously romping, provided the first scene. Next, being shown into the committee room, there are some interesting historical reminiscences of the Institution, in the shape of a portrait of the Chevalier Ruspini, its principal founder in the year 1778, another of the Duke of Sussex, a former Royal Grand Master of England, as also a large sampler worked by the girls, and dedicated to his Royal Highness more than half-a-century since. Going through the school rooms, every-thing evidenced a superior class of education, the principal of which were the specimens of drawing and needlework, while music seemed to be a “*siui qua non*,”

from the number of pianofortes one noticed here and there. The head governess, very kindly requested one of the elder girls to play, and a solo, with variations, on “Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,” was perfectly good enough for a concert hall. A glance at the dormitories,—spacious and well ventilated apartments—with the lavatories, in which were conspicuous natty little bags containing the tooth brushes, and other etcetera of a young lady’s toilet, and then, a little mademoiselle, an orphan, and a daughter of a Cocker-mouth Mason, whom I had specially gone down to visit, was sent for. Perfectly happy, and apparently at home, the little girl’s specimens of her studies in writing, English composition, French, and music, were smilingly paraded for inspection, and easily passed muster. At present, there are about 170 girls in the school mentioned, and a newly-erected wing for the purpose of an infirmary will bring up the accomodation to a couple of hundreds. It is also satisfactory to learn that the poor orphans, many of them fatherless and motherless, in the legal sense of the term, have found parents at this noble institution, indeed, the little girl I have alluded to, was eloquent in her praises of the head-governess and her assistants, one and all; and as to the head-matron, here is the report, “*verbatim et liberatim*,” anent that estimable lady: “We do so love Miss——; when any of us are ill she waits upon us like a mother; we call her grandma!”

The above is but a cursory sketch, and the writer trusts he has shown there is something good and sound at the bottom of Freemasonry and its votaries—none of your cold and stony disciples of Ralph Nickleby, whose sole-heart purpose through life, till the grim monarch steps in, is money-making—who never tasted the milk of human kindness—nay, in a few words, never experienced the following sentiments, which, in common with every true Mason, all over the world, have been felt and practised by an American poet and brother—

For the widow distress’d
There’s a chord in my breast—
For the helpless and orphan a feeling.

Architectural Gittings.

FOUR WELL-KNOWN ABBEYS.

WE take this interesting paper from the *Durham University Journal*, and which we commend to the notice of our readers.

Though David I, the sainted King of Scotland, was said by some of his successors to have been "a sair saunct for the croon," because he had handed over to the monks so many of the royal lands, there is no doubt that herein he showed himself to be, whatever else he was, a "cannie Scot." His political wisdom in founding a line of monasteries along the English border has been pointed out by a distinguished countryman of his own in our time, and, in calling attention to it, we cannot do better than quote the following words of the author of "Waverley:"—

"His possessions in Northumberland and Cumberland became precarious after the loss of the Battle of the Standard, and since the comparatively fertile valley of Teviotdale was likely to become the frontier of his kingdom, it is probable he wished to secure at least a part of those valuable possessions by placing them in the hands of the monks, whose property was for a long time respected even amidst the rage of a frontier war. In this manner alone had the king some chance of ensuring protection and security to the cultivation of the soil, and, in fact, for several ages the possessions of those Abbeys were each a sort of Goshen, enjoying the calm light of peace and immunity, while the rest of the country, occupied by wild clans and marauding barons, was one dark scene of confusion, blood, and unremitted outrage."

But "Time rolls his ceaseless course," and those Abbeys which some time were each a sort of "Goshen," are now like unto Ai. Not, however, are they so far made into ruinous heaps that nothing is left to tell of their former grandeur or beauty. Everyone knows something about "fair Melrose," and how it should be viewed aright from a poetical standing point. We take leave to think that a fairer scene would be presented to the sight of him who should visit Dryburgh according to the poet's directions for Mel-

rose. It is, however, as archaeologists rather than as poets, or lovers of poetry, that some few make pilgrimages to ruined Abbeys, although there are not, probably, many archaeologists in whom the poetic and imaginative faculty is altogether absent. To those who either do regard or desire to regard such places in a somewhat more scientific spirit than that of the average tourist, it is thought that a few passages from the note-book of one who has recently visited Kelso, Jedburgh, Dryburgh, and Melrose, may not be unacceptable.

The order in which these places are here mentioned is adopted advisedly, with reference to the dates of their foundation, and to their architectural characteristics. All were founded in the twelfth century, that great abbey-building era, and all owe their foundation to the Scottish king above referred to, so that not Melrose alone, but any one of the four, may claim to be

"St. David's ruined pile."

Kelso and Jedburgh exhibit, in a very remarkable degree, the unmistakable features of the styles which prevailed in England as well as in Scotland at the time when they were built. They are Norman near the ground, and approach through Transitional to something bordering on Early English as they rise towards the sky. Dryburgh was founded later than the two just named, and contains no work earlier than late Transitional or Early English. Melrose was entirely rebuilt in the fifteenth century by an architect whose "freakish" disposition showed itself not only in the tracery of the famous east window, but in almost every detail of his work. Kelso was founded in 1128, for Reformed Benedictine Monks of the Tironensian order, so named from Tiron in Picardy, where the order was first established. The dedication, as was usual in Abbeys belonging to this order, was to the Blessed Virgin and St. John, the Beloved Disciple. The existing remains include a considerable portion of the Church, but little else. The view as we approach by the bridge is one of the finest of its kind in the United Kingdom, and the main feature in it is the tower of the abbey church, with its two remaining sides towards the river, and in its massive

grandeur seeming almost like the keep of some great castle. As we draw near, we find the ruins to be in the very heart of the town, and the work may be described as almost pure Romanesque, without any later insertions or additions whatever. The plan of the Church is very peculiar, consisting as it does of a fully developed choir, transepts, and central tower, but having a short aisleless nave, nearly square in plan, and in fact nothing more than a great porch or vestibule in place of the usual nave. It is indeed a repetition of the transepts on a somewhat smaller scale, so that the whole church was in the form of a Latin cross with its shortest arm to the west. Very little of the choir remains, but there is enough to show the very singular construction of the triforium, or blindstory. Instead of being open to the roof of the aisle in the usual way, it is separated from it by the wall over the pier-arches being carried straight up, with only a narrow opening over each pier. The passage is screened by a continuous arcade of narrow semicircular arches on tall cylindrical shafts, and is in fact almost uniform with that of the clerestory, so that the combined effect is that of two passages in the wall, one above the other, the upper one lighted by a window corresponding to every alternate arch of the arcade, the intervening arches in the clerestory being somewhat narrower. The tower stands on four lofty pointed arches, while the pier-arches in the choir are low and semicircular. It is a little later in character than the rest of the Church; its upper windows are pointed, and there are in a lower stage circular apertures formed into quatrefoils. The first stage above the arches is shown by a corbel-table to have been open to the church. Casting our eyes right and left, we see in the differences which mark the south transept, sufficient evidence that we are in a conventual and not in a parochial church. There are no windows in the south wall, but there are openings, now built up, one of which seems to have led to the dormitory. Unfortunately, the outer face of this wall shows no roof-marks, blocked openings, or other indications of what the precise arrangement has been. It must have been refaced at some time or other, perhaps when the church was fitted up for

Presbyterian worship. In this transept we notice a piscina and aumbryes, all placed within a wide recess, also a narrow doorway, walled up, which seems to have led to a stair-turret. The most remarkable feature in the other transepts is its fine Norman doorway, with a little chamber over it, lighted by five narrow slits, and surmounted by a pediment enriched by decussating bands. A similar chamber, formerly over the north door at Durham, was occupied by the officer who attended to the knocker by means of which fugitives claimed privilege of sanctuary. The bell-gable belongs to the Presbyterian period. The nave, if such it may be called, is, as has been marked, rather a great western porch, but in construction similar to a transept. Its west front is nearly all destroyed, but it seems to have had a great Norman doorway, with a single wide and lofty window over it, as at Jedburgh, and over this a circular light. As in the transepts, the side windows are of the ordinary semicircular-headed kind, tier above tier, and all pretty nearly of the same size. Adjoining the transept on the south, is a sacristy or chapel with a simple waggon-vault, a west doorway, and a hole for light at the east end, which perhaps represents an original aperture. There is also a mouldering hole in the south wall, near the west end, which may represent a piscina. The walls are arcaded, like those of the nave and transepts, with enriched intersecting arches, and along the north side runs a stone bench. In addition to the entrance, it has had three doorways or recesses, one in the north wall and two in the south. The outside of its south wall has been lately refaced. In the nave is the broken basin of a circular font, with marks of fastenings of cover, and beside it a portion of a stone coffin with the usual grooves leading to a central perforation. Stone graves have been found, containing undisturbed interments, and a piece of textile fabric from one of them is preserved at the Museum. Such, then, are the remains of the once famous Abbey of Kelso, whose abbots long claimed precedence over their fellows in Scotland, and whose walls sheltered the grave of Prince Henry, the founder's eldest son.

Jedburgh was founded by David as a priory for Austin Canons, and dedicated to

the Blessed Virgin. It was afterwards reconstituted as an abbey. The building comes next to Kelso, as well in date of foundation as in style of work, so far as its main bulk is concerned. There are, however, two or three Norman arches left in the ruined choir, which look earlier, while the clerestory above them has a later appearance than anything at Kelso. The intervening triforium is of the ordinary Norman type, open to the aisle roof. The nave is distinctly later in style than any part of the original choir, except its Early English clerestory. Though its aisles are destroyed, its noble proportions and scale remind us of Cathedral churches, some of which it greatly surpasses, being no doubt one of the finest ecclesiastical buildings in Scotland. The style is late Transitional, quite verging on Early English in the clerestory. The piers are clustered, with Transitional volutes and square abaci; the arches pointed. The triforium arches are semicircular, each enclosing two pointed sub-arches. The clerestory is occupied by a continuous arcade of lancet arches, forming panels and windows in alternate couples. The west front has a fine wide Norman arch, with the central opening unusually narrow in proportion to the enormously developed mouldings, surmounted by three gables with empty niches. Over the door is a single great central semicircular-headed window, and over that a circular window, in which radiating tracery has been inserted at a later period. In front of the lower window, within the church, is the place from which the choristers sang "All glory, laud, and honour," on Palm Sunday, while the rest of the procession responded from the outside. In a portion of the south aisle wall which is yet standing, may be seen the mouldering Norman doorway which led to the east walk of the cloisters, and along the wall runs a row of hooked stone corbels for the cloister roof. Such, then, are the chief remaining features of the original building. Later additions or rebuildings are these, viz., the north transept, which is of the Decorated period, but of almost Norman massiveness, though with projecting buttresses; it is now walled off, and used as a burial place by the Lothian family; the south aisle of the choir, of similar date; the central tower and the

recasing of the piers and rebuilding of the semicircular arches under it; here we find carved "Abbas Thomas Cranston," and "ioh hal." The tower is without buttresses, and extremely simple in design. It has a perforated parapet of square openings ensped, and altogether is almost exactly like the tower at Melrose. The ruins, like those of Kelso, stand in the middle of the town, and have a striking and imposing effect from a little distance, though the tower at Jedburgh is poor in comparison with the noble remnant of one at Kelso.

Dryburgh is said to be on the site of an Anglo-Saxon establishment, of which St. Modan was the first abbot or bishop, A.D. 522. This supposition is confirmed by a base of an Anglo-Saxon cross, with the usual square hole for the shaft, absurdly described as a "font" or "lavatory," or as "Druidical," and intended to hold sacrificial ashes. The present monastery was founded in A.D. 1150, for Premonstratensian canons, by Hugh de Morville, Lord of Lauderdale, or, as some say, by his master, King David I. In 1322, it was burnt by Edward II. on his return to England, and rebuilt soon after, in a style which in England would indicate a date of at least a century earlier. The dedication was to St. Mary.

(To be continued.)

MY LORD THE KING;

A MERE STORY.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

*Author of "The Lady Muriel," "Gerard Montagu,"
"Waiting for Her," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

As you leave the village and approach the Low-Light which stands sentinel at the entrance of Barton-le-Bar—a quiet little watering-place in the north of England—you catch a glimpse of the ancient town of Abbot Wrington, picturesquely situated on a peninsula which juts out into the German Ocean, forming a pretty

background to the waste of waters which flow between. There is the old harbour, and its quaint light-house at the end of the little pier, the remains of the old wall skirting the town seaward, the turrets and steeples of the New Town Hall, the churches, the public buildings, and the grand old battlemented tower of the Collegiate Church, dedicated to St. Bega 700 years ago. There it stands crowning the town like a diadem the head of a king. Perhaps the simile is not so far-fetched when one remembers that it was an ancestor of the kings of Scotland who founded that venerable pile. His tomb—with the lion of Scotland, still visible, carved on its blue marble sides (though it has been exposed to the wild winds of Heaven for the last 150 years, instead of adorning the chancel, as once it did)—yet remains a testimony to his piety and munificence. A long ridge of sand, covered with manufactories and workmen's cottages, connects the old town with the new; but as South Wrington lies low, you see but little of it, save the roofs of the gigantic warehouses, the slender tower and lantern of the handsome church, and a windmill or two, which gives character to the picture.

Two men were lying on the grass on the low cliff, one autumn day in 1864, just at the spot I have indicated, looking at the fleet of ships sailing out of the two harbours.

"Pretty sight," said Harry Mennell, a young ruddy-faced stripling, with clear grey eyes and light curly hair, and something more than the suspicion of whiskers, and a by no means meagre moustache. Harry's great feature was his moustache; and, like the Emperor of the French, he made a great deal out of that usually inexpressive hirsute appendage. It was a long, curly, heavy-drooping, auburn moustache, which our friend Harry had a habit of stroking with the first finger and thumb of his right hand whenever he was excited or thinking deeply on any subject. To look at him now, you could not think he ever thought deeply upon anything. There he lay, five feet eleven in his stocking feet, caressing his moustache, and looking over the bay at the town of Abbot Wrington with a gaze of listless languor, which, by the way, vastly became him.

"Pretty sight"—our hero repeated

musingly—"very pretty—; but one gets tired of it."

"Well, what's up now, Mennell," his companion inquired, "when you asked me to come down here from Durham to coach you during the 'long,' you said you wanted to get to a quiet place to read for your degree, and now you are no longer settled here for a week or two than you want to be off again?"

"Don't be cross, old fellow; you know its awfully slow here. I daresay it would be jolly enough if one knew the people; but as a total stranger—barring the bathing and boating—I can't see much in Barton to recommend it. Fact is, Mark, I went into the town yesterday, and found out that the boat starts to-morrow for Antwerp, and so I thought I would just run over for a week or two to recruit. You know I've been reading hard since we've been here."

The Rev. Mark Chaplin burst into a hearty laugh.

"Excuse me, my dear fellow, but I can't help it," he said apologetically. "I like the idea of your reading hard—three hours a day, and half of that time wasted;" and again the young cleric exploded in something very like a loud guffaw.

"I don't quite see where the laugh comes in," Harry remarked sententiously.

"Daresay not!" responds Mr. Chaplin. "Did'nt see it when you got rusticated at Oxford for the third time. Seriously, my dear boy, I really wish you would read. What am I to say to your lady mother, when her youthful son will do nothing towards getting the family living but smoke very good cigars, lie on the beach reading 'Bell's Life' and 'Byron,' and take to bathing at all sorts of unseemly hours in unseemly places?"

"Now that's bosh, Chaplin, about the bathing. You know I only once went down early in the morning, and seeing that great wreck on the sands, full of water—I'm sure it's six feet deep in some places—I couldn't resist the temptation of having a quiet dive. I believe *you* brought up that old peripatetic philosopher Miss Benchen, yourself, just as I was going to dress."

"I'm sure I did'nt," Mr. Chaplin says solemnly; "but how the old lady screamed when she saw you. By the way, if you

really mean to go to Antwerp to-morrow, when does your lordship intend to return, because, as it happens, I hid a letter from Mrs. Mennell this morning, in which she says she hopes I shall accompany you on your return home, and that she expects you this week?"

"Oh, ah! Maud's birthday! Nice girl, Maud, they want me to marry her; she has money you know, and likes me rather, I believe—you've not seen her yet, I think?"

"No; I've not had the pleasure."

"Well, you will then; so I advise you to make play, old man, and bowl me out if you can. She's very good looking, a dear girl, and has £500 or £600 a-year of her own, I know."

"Thanks for the recommendation, but I'm afraid I should have no chance."

"Very possibly not, my dear fellow, when I am in the way; but as I am going to Antwerp for a fortnight or so, you will have 'a clear field and no favour.'"

From which conversation the reader may gather that the two young gentlemen were intimate friends, and that one, at least, of them was on good terms with himself and all the world, and that he seemed to be—which, indeed he was—very much his own master.

CHAPTER II.

FROM SOUTH WRINGTON TO ANTWERP.

Eleven o'clock on the night of the 16th September, 1864—a clear, balmy, autumn night, the full moon shining down upon a forest of masts—a large steamer, the "Gipsy King," waiting near the dock-gates for the tide to start at 2 a.m. for Antwerp. A glorious night, truly, for the voyage; not a cloud to be seen, scarcely a breath of wind stirring; the hour is just striking from a neighbouring tower, and as its last notes dies away on the soft still air, a group of people approach the steamer, and as they step on board the curious wayfarer may notice particularly two members of the party, the one a tall graceful girl, with a clear, pale complexion and large lustrous eyes, beautifully-fringed lashes and well-arched brows, a crowd of ebon locks carelessly falling off a face of singular loveliness, and hanging negligently over her sloping shoulders; a *tout ensemble*

eminently patrician, and a carriage worthy of a queen.

The other, an elderly gentleman (aged with care and anxiety as much as with years) tall and thin, of once commanding figure, but now stooping somewhat.

A pleasant, genial, kindly face he has, with a woman's smile, indicative of woman's tenderness, possibly of her weakness, too.

And yet, at times, there is a certain indescribable something which seems to indicate that it had not *always* been so.

"Well, Marian," the old gentleman says, "we are likely to have a fine passage, I think."

"Yes, father dear, it will be so nice. I'm so very glad we are going; it is so good of you to take me."

"Father and daughter apparently," Mr. Chaplin whispers to his friend, Mennell, as the two stroll leisurely up just as the others go on board. "You are likely to have a pleasant passage; she has a very sweet face."

"Good night, old fellow," Harry Mennell replies, not heeding his remark. "Tell my mother I shall be home next week, or the week after."

The two part company. After a very hearty shake of the hand, our young hero strolls leisurely on deck, and having previously sent on board his luggage and secured a berth, takes his stand on the bridge and proceeds to light a cigar, puffing away steadily for a quarter of an hour or so, a victim to many thoughts.

"May I offer you one, sir," he says politely to the old gentleman, who, after seeing his daughter to her berth, and strongly recommending her to retire at once as the most certain preventive to seasickness, betakes himself above again, tempted by the wonderful calmness and beauty of the night.

"No, I thank you," the other answers; "I never smoke myself, but pray don't leave off for my sake," he adds, as Harry quietly knocks the ashes off the end of his cigar and extinguishes it.

"Thanks; I've smoked enough, I dare say," Harry remarks, "and I don't much care for it when others don't."

"I presume we are the only cabin passengers?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so; my daughter

tells me there are no other ladies except herself."

"I trust we shall have a good passage—it's only thirty-six or forty hours at the outside—for Miss ——; I mean your daughter's sake," Harry added, remembering he was not yet acquainted with his companion's name.

"My name is Mauleverer," said his companion, smilingly, noticing his remark.

"And mine is Mennell," Harry answers as frankly; "so I suppose we may consider ourselves introduced to each other."

There was so much that was frank, manly, open, and genuine about the younger man—so much that was genial and sympathetic about the elder, that they speedily became great friends; and there they sat chatting for a hour or more, as if they were really old chums, quite forgetting that before that evening they had probably never heard of each other's existence. Mr. Mauleverer was one of those (there are not many of them) who at sixty are as young in mind, as chivalrous, as open-hearted, as gentlemanly, and a great deal less selfish than a hundred young men of twenty. At that age, we are all supposed to be full of noble instincts—worn away, alas! but too often after rough contact with the world; but generosity and nobleness are not always allied with youth. With such a man, Harry was at home in five minutes; and ere they parted that night, they had learnt much of each other's previous history, and much, also, of their present plans and future prospects.

"You see, Mr. Mennell," the old man observed, "I don't complain; but it does not pay very well in our branch of the service, at least in these days, to serve *my Lord the King*, as I did when I first entered, forty years ago."

"Our Lady the Queen now, sir, it would be," Harry replied, smilingly.

"Ah, to be sure, it is our Lady now; but when I first entered, a mere lad, it was when George the Third was King."

It may as well here be remarked that Mr. Mauleverer had been known as one of the best and most satirical political writers of his day.

He was placed in a Government office when to be in one meant good pay and little to do; a very different thing to what

it is now-a-days, and he employed his leisure hours in writing for the press. So long as he wrote on art, the drama, travel, and so forth—and he could write well on these—no one interfered with him; but as soon as he took to politics, he was perpetually getting reminders from head quarters that it must *not* be continued.

However, matters went on in this way for years. For a long time Mr. Mauleverer would write under an anonymous signature, and then he was comparatively secure; but at last, some article, particularly caustic and severe against the Radicals, would come out, and being traced home to Mr. Mauleverer, he got into trouble.

At length the Liberal party having succeeded in getting into office, and it being distinctly shown that Mr. Mauleverer, of the Military Store Department, had written certain articles in "*Whitwood's Magazine*," and other organs of the Tory party, advantage was taken of an attack of illness, which had kept him confined to his bed for some weeks, and he was suddenly superannuated, and placed on something like half-pay.

With an income of £300 instead of £700 per annum, and rather expensive, or, perhaps, I should say luxurious habits, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Mauleverer felt the change considerably, and the more so on account of the recent death of his wife and eldest daughter, the only near relatives he had in the world, except Marian. Like too many others of his class—clergymen, half-pay officers, Government officials—he had been dazzled by the large profits advertised by certain great companies (limited), and thinking the security good, had invested his daughter's little fortune (in his own name, Marian not being of age), together with all he possessed, in one of the most famous of these.

The prospectus showed clearly that of the £50 shares, no more than £20 would be called up, and £15 of that was already paid. The company had commenced half-yearly dividends of ten per cent., and the reports of the directors were always of the most flattering and rose-coloured character. Mr. Mauleverer thought he could not do better than invest in Goverend, Urney and Co. (Limited), in

order to raise his income to his former salary; and, accordingly, his name was duly transcribed on the orthodox stamped paper, as the transferee of one hundred and fifty shares, bought of one John Bond, unknown; which shares were selling in the market at 22½, and only £15 paid up.

If all the world was running after them, why should not Mr. Mauleverer?—and that gentleman was quite satisfied at having placed his daughter's £2,000 and his own £1,400 to so great an advantage.

But more of this anon.

As the "Gipsy King" slowly steamed out of the harbour and away into the German Ocean, the two gentlemen made the acquaintance of the captain, a nice fellow who had been out in Spain with the British contingent, and who was never tired of telling how he got knighted there, and he proceeded to initiate them into some of the lesser mysteries of nautical life, much to their satisfaction. Then they watched the land slowly recede and disappear in the darkness, as the vessel plunged its way through the still waters, leaving a track of living light in the lovely phosphorescent glow which plays upon the surface of the sea in the quiet autumn nights, and retired at length to their berths, mutually pleased with each other's society.

Harry was up early, and having made friends with the steward, that functionary with the assistance of one of the crew, gave him a morning bath in the shape of half-a-dozen buckets of water fresh from the briny deep, neatly delivered in the manner of shower baths, but with what the philosophers would call *cumulative force*, set that young man up for the day. Mr. Johnson was said to have regretted his kindness, as he afterwards complained to the captain, confidentially, of the tremendous appetite of the young gentleman after performing his novel ablutions; and the captain, who presided, of course, at the mess, fully corroborated the views of his satellite as to the voracity of our hero.

At the breakfast table, Harry met Miss Mauleverer, and was at once struck with the ethereal character of her beauty, and by the quiet repose of manner and perfect self-possession she displayed. There was an undefined something, a kind of fascination which he felt in her presence, which made him gaze and gaze again in silent

admiration on his fair enslaver, and certainly added fuel to the kindling flame. If she was conscious of the profound impression she had made, she took care not to show it; but Mr. Mauleverer having introduced the young people in due form (he was a gentleman of the old school) easily led the conversation into subjects of general interest, and at once convinced her rapt listener that whilst there was beauty there was also intellect allied to it in the interesting girl who could converse so readily and well with one, who, but yesterday, was a total stranger to her.

Thirty or forty hours on a steamboat in lovely weather, with only one or two other passengers on board, tend to make friendships which a year of more casual acquaintance would fail to ripen into the deeper feeling indicated by the word.

At least our friends found it so. After breakfast there was nothing to do but sit about on the deck, watching the land gradually appear and disappear as they passed down the coast towards Flamborough Head, and thence nearly to the Yarmouth Roads, before finally leaving the English shores to pilot their way into the Netherlands. A day of cloudless splendour—scarcely a breeze stirring—the sea as calm as if it were only a great lake o'er which storms never swept. The sea-gulls flying by on drowsy wing, a score or two of sailing-vessels with every stitch set, going by so slowly in the distance that one fancied they must be becalmed; scarcely a sound but the thundering reiteration of the screw restlessly ploughing its way through the yeasty foam created by the rapid progress of the vessel.

So they pass the Outer Dowsing light, and now they are speeding their way over towards the low-lying shores of Holland and Belgium.

One meal follows another in quick succession, and the fresh, balmy, pure sea-breeze seemed to put new life into the whole party, and sharpen the appetite to that extent that charming Maid Marian merrily apologises for the hearty dinner and tea she makes; but, as the gentlemen plead likewise to the impeachment, they mutually absolve each other, and hourly become more friendly and intimate.

As the sun sets, Harry goes below for Miss Mauleverer's shawl, and so they sit

out on deck for two or three hours, each declaring that it is a shame to go below on such a lovely, balmy night; besides, the cabin is so close and stifling, Harry vows it would make Marian ill if she persisted in retiring soon.

Marian says she likes being on deck much better than going below. Mr. Mauleverer is conversing with the captain on nautical matters; he is always doing what a friend of ours calls *sucking people's brains* in the hope of learning something new, and accordingly leaves the young people very much to themselves.

"And so, Miss Mauleverer" (Harry is speaking) "your family was one of those which sided with the Stuarts, in 1715, and lost!"

"Yes; we were always Jacobites, you must know; and so when the Old Pretender—as they called him—claimed his people's suit and service for *My Lord the King* (my father's favourite phrase), my great-grandfather, cousin of Lord Derwentwater, was one of the first to join his standard; and when Prince Charles took his profession as a Knight Templar at Holyrood, in 1745, he was by his side at the time, and joined the Masonic Cavaliers with him."

"Was it then your family was attainted?"

"Yes; the Earl of Derwentwater was taken from us; and my grandfather, finding the name of *Radcliffe* no passport to Royal favour, on his second marriage took his wife's name with her property, and so we became Mauleverers."

"Well, I hope the attainder may be reversed some day, and I may salute you as Countess of Derwentwater in your own right."

"Oh, thanks," Marian replied, with a merry, silvery laugh; "I'm afraid we have little chance of that, as papa says he is nearly certain some descendants of the elder branch are still living. They settled in the Low Countries, I believe, and some of them intermarried with noble families in France and Italy. But I really don't know so much as I ought to do about the family pedigree, though I daresay I shall learn something now, as papa is going abroad respecting this as well as for his health's sake."

Then there was a silence, and Harry sighed.

"Oh dear; please don't do that again," Marian murmurs, with feigned anxiety and an arched smile, "you quite give me the dismals. May so old a friend (sixteen hours, isn't it?) venture to ask what that dreadful sigh was all about?"

"Oh, I don't know; but it's of no consequence. I was only thinking how curious it is that if a man likes anybody very much, ten to one they are separated, and soon forget each other" (which was a round-about way of putting matters, to say the least, and certainly not very grammatical).

Marian was silent.

"Have you never met with anyone, Miss Mauleverer, who has at once, as it were, seemed like an old, old friend?"

"Have you?" Marian replies interrogatively.

"Only once, and then I felt—I know not what I felt—but it was a certain fascination which drew me to her, until it seemed as if I loved *her* more than anyone else in the world—as if I never could love any one more but her."

"Indeed; it was a lady then?"

"Yes; you don't think it could be a man?"

"I don't know; one has heard of David and Jonathan, and Damon and Pythias."

"Well, yes—in the old days men might have felt like that, but not now."

"I am afraid, Mr. Mennell, you have not a very good opinion of your sex; but pray what was your lady-love like?"

"She had dark hair, like you."

"Well?"

"And regular features, and a pale face, rather sad, and large eyes. I must not flatter you, so I will not describe them, but they were very beautiful."

"Thanks for the intended compliment. I am quite interested in your fair friend."

"Would you like to know her name?"

"No, not to-night; you shall tell me another time, if you like. It is getting chilly, and dreadfully late," said Marian, rising to go. "You needn't see me down; I know you are dying to have a cigar, which your politeness has prevented you enjoying before. Good-night."

And Marian tripped off before Harry could say another word.

"What a darling she is. Confound it, I wish I had'n't come. I don't believe she

cares a jot about me; and why should she?" he added, after taking one or two strides up and down the deck. "Why should she? I've only known her for about a day—hardly that yet! I'm afraid I shall make an ass of myself!"

As sweet Maid Marian lay down that night, she thought over the events of the day. It was all like a golden dream, and she shuddered to think that perhaps tomorrow she must wake to find that it was *nothing but a dream*. As she turned and tossed for the last time ere falling to sleep, she murmured to herself, "He loves me! he loves me!"

(To be Continued.)

ONLY A ROSE.

BY C. C. HASKINS, 32°

From the "Masonic Advocate."

[Read at the Easter Celebration of Mt. Moriah Chapter, S. P. R. + April 1, 1877.]

A weary pilgrim—so the story goes—
Had trod through burning sands long,
weary days,
And suffered thirst and hunger on his way.
His scanty scrip had failed in time of need,
And sorrow pressed upon his weakened frame,
His straggling locks of silv'ry gray streamed out
Like silken webs upon the ev'ning breeze;
His tattered robes were travel-stained and old,
His cheek was pale and thin, his shoulders bowed,
And wearily upon his staff he leaned,
Yet FAITH and HOPE within his breast remained,
Faith in that Power which ruleth from on high,
Hope in a blessed immortality;
But that blessed handmaid, greatest of the three—
Where could he hope to find sweet CHARITY?
Around, or far or near, no friend was there
With loving hand outstretched in her blest name.
No kindly word had cheered his lonely way,

For in that land no Cross uprears its head,
No roses blossom on glad Easter morn,
The faith he held—whichever way he turned—

In lieu of bread brought only taunts and scorn,

And scoffs were his in place of gentle words.

At night the stars shone bright upon the sands,

Where lay the pilgrim till the rising dawn,
And heaven's broad arch, his canopy of blue,

Gave all it had for charity—in tears.

Each morn the sun rose hot and fiercely shone

To parch the famished wand'rer on his way,

As on his bended knees he faintly breathed

A moan of supplication to the Living

Name:

"Give me but strength so my vow I fulfil,

Lead me, support me! Hear, Lord

this my cry!

Save me, oh Father! if this be thy will,
Help! that on holier soil I may die!"

A homely hut beside the path stood near,

Which in the noon-tide glare seemed fresh and cool,

And half invited, tempted from his way,
The trav'ler longed within its bowers to rest.

Yet feared the boon so coveted to ask,
For past experience had wrought distrust,

And stones for bread too oft he had received.

But hunger pressed—and hunger knows no law—

While through his fevered sense he seemed to hear

The murmuring laughter of a brooklet near.

He neared the gate that showed this path of hope;

He trembling raised the lattice latch with fear,

Then slowly trod the vine-bowered pathway close,

And lightly tapped the shaded cottage door

A stern, rude, heartless greeting met his ear

As turned the door, and comfort showed within.

He bowed his head and fast the streaming
tears
In torrents coursed the pale and furrowed
cheek,
As disappointment crushed his last faint
hope,
And death seemed waiting at the vine-clad
door.

Alas! that holy creeds will sever friends!
That charity is dumb when sect step in,
And love is dead outside the narrow pale
Which circumscribes a duty to belief!
Behold the picture! Here a stricken
man

Dying of hunger at the stranger's door
Where plenty is, and yet a crust refused
For this alone—he kneels not at a shrine
Which others hold the true and better one.
Faint on the floor the weary pilgrim sinks,
As one low sentence trembles on his lips,
In words of magic yet familiar tongue.
From out his scrip a symbol now he brings,
Which bears a rose of pure and spotless
white,

And pressing this upon his bleeding lips
He falls exhausted upon the cottage floor.
Ah! wondrous change! a kindlier voice
he hears,

A helping hand supports his fainting
form,
A brother kneels, HOPE bids his sinking
faith revive.

While CHARITY steps forth commanding
him to live.

* * * * *

Know ye this tie that binds all creeds in
one?

This ROSE that holds as brothers all
mankind?

Guard well! let precept into practice run
To show the world how charity may bind.

New Albany, Indiana.

Our Archaeological Corner.

ORDEYNANCE ARTICULIS AND CONSTITUCIONES ordeyned and graunted by the WORSHYFFULL MAISTRES and WARDEYNES in the Worship of the Bretherhed of SAYNT LOYE att the Fest of Ester with alle the hole company of the

CRAFTE OF BLAKSMYTHES who assemble in SEYNT THOMAS of Acres and thence to the GREY FRERES in London. Founded and ordeyned atte the Fest of Ester 1434—12 Henry VI.

[Liber 3 More. 1418—1438. f. 455. (1435)].

In the worship of almyghtte Gode oure Lady and all the holi company of hevenc and in the worship of Seynt Loye atte the fest of Ester in the yer of Kyng Henry the vjth after the Conqueste the xij^e The Worshyppfull Maistres and Wardeynes with alle the hole company of the Crafte of Blaksmythes of London hathe ordeyned and graunted to the servantes of the seyd Crafte that they shul come in to the brethered of the sayd Saynt Loye as hit was of olde tyme and thei to kepe trewelie and deweli al the ordynance articulis and constituciones the whiche is ordeyned be al the worthi compani of the seyd Crafte.

Firste they byn acorded and graunted be the seyd company that every servant syngulerly shal pay a quarter ij d. to his Bretherhed and everi suster j d. And if ther be eny newe cliant will come into the Bretherhed to be a brother he shal pay for his yncomyng ij s.

Allso they byn acorded hennesforthe-ward that if hit soo be that ony strangere other alyant come to London to have a servyse in the Crafte he shalbe reseved in to the Crafte to serve ij wokes and after that he to make his covenant iij yer, he to have for his saleri be yer xl s. And whanne the seyd servant shal make his covenant thanne at that tyme shal be the wardeyne the wheche is asynded be the yere that he may bere witnessse of the covenant and thet the seyd wardeyne may reherce to the seyd servant al the governance of the Crafte he forto treweli and deweli to kepe hem.

Also they byn acorded that the seyd servantes schal not doo no maner thyng the wheche that perteyneth to the seyd Crafte and of here Bretherhed of articules constitucionys and ordinaunces withouten thet they have to conseyll of the same wardeyne thet is chosen to be here governour upon the peyne of xij s. iij d.

Also they byn acorded that ther schal no servant of the seyde Crafte susteyne ne socour noo neweman that cometh newe to

toune to have servyse be noo maner crafte ne collusioun but in the forme aforeseyde.

Also they byn acorded that no master of the seyde Crafte shal not susteyne ne sucour noo servant otherwyse thanne the seyde constituciones and ordynance afore seid specefie.

Also thei byn acorded that from hennesfortheward whenne eny stranger cometh to London to have a servise oni of the servantes knoweth that he will have a servise he shall brynge him to a mastir to serve and to warne the wardeyne that is here governour that he may be at the covenant makyng.

Also they ben acorded that the seyde servantes shal come and geder into the place the wheche is nessesari to hem at sevene of the bell in here clothyng of here Bretherhed soo that they mai come to Seynt Thomas of Acres be ix of the bell to goo fro thennes before the Maistres of the Crafte to the Grey Freres to here mas in the worshup of the holy seynt afore seyde upon the payne aforeseyde.

Also they byn acorded that the seyde articles be treweli and duely ikepte upon the payne of xx s. And that the same persone that is founden in ony defaute he to be corrected be the wardeyne that is here governoure and be the wardeynes of the Bretherhed of yomen to stonde at here discrecioun in alle maner degrs. Also he that cometh nat at all maner of somons the wheche is worship and profit to the seyde Bretherhed of yomen shall pay at everi tyme a pounce of wax but if he have a reasonable excusacioun.

Also thei ben acorded that there schall be a bedell of the yomen and the seyde bedel to take for his salari be the quarter of every brother of the seyde Bretherhed ob.

And wanne eny distaunce other thyng that perteyneth to the seyde Bretherhed the wheche that is profit and worship to the seyde Bretherhed he to have for his labour j d. ob. And whanne eny brother other sister be passed to God the seyde bedell to have for his traveyle ij. d.

Also they byn acorded that if hit soo be that ony servant hennesfortheward be founden false of his hondes or in eny other degre at the first defaute he to be corrected be the overseer that is ordeyned to the Bretherhed of yomen and be the wardeynes of the same. And at the secounde tyme

he that is founde in such a defaute schalbe put oute of the Crafte for evere. And at the first defaute hoo that is founde in that degre shal make a fyne to the Crafte that is to seye iiij s. halfe to torne (*sic*) to turne to the box of the Maistres and halfe to the box of the yomen.

Also they byn acorded that they shull chese newe Mastres at the fest of Seynt Loy. And that the olde Maistres yeve up here acountes to the newe at the fest of Cristemasse. And thenne that to be here quarter day. And the newe Maistres be bounde to the olde. And that this artycul be treweli and deweli to be kepte upon the peyne of xij s. iiij d.

Also ther shal not on brother plete with another at no maner place withouten leve of the wardeynesse and xij^s of the bretheren in the peyne of xij s. iiij d.

Also if ther be eny brother that forsaketh here clothyng schal paye to the boxe of the seyde yomen xij d.

Also they byn acorded whosoever be wardeyne withoute the gate he schall not have the box in keypyng nother the wex in governance but he shall have a key of the box and another of the wex. Also they byn acorded if therbe eny brother that telleth the counseyle of the seyde Brethered to his master prentis or to eny other man he shall paye to the box ij s. halfe to the Maistres and that other halfe to here oune box. And the seyde money to be reysed of the Mastres.

Also they byn acorded if therbe eny brother that revylet the wardeyns or eny of here brethren he shal pay xij d. halfe to the master box the tother halfe to there oune box.

Also if the wardeynes be mys governed ayenest ony brother the foreseyd brother shall playne to the Master of the Crafte and the Mastre forto correcte the foreseyd wardeyns.

Also a remembrance that in the tyme that William Fecur was wardeyne of blakesmythes and governour of yomen of blakesmythes in that tyme John Water, John Specer, Jhesferey More, and John Lamborn. Mastres of the yomen aforesayd and xij^s of the same company: We have ordeyned that every brother shall pay the firste dai vj d. and everi wif of the seyde brethren iiij d. and also at the quarter day everi man and his wif ij d. And also if euy of the seid

bretheren or here wyves be absent fro oure comon dynere or elles fro oure quater dai schall pai as moche as if he or sho were present

Also we be fulli acorded that he that hath byn wardeyn of the yomen he shall not be chose within vj yere next foloyng aftur, and thei that chese hym til the vj yer ful passed thei shall pai vj s. viij d. to the box.

Also we byn acorded that thei that byn wardeynes of the foresaid yomen thei shall abyde ther in ij yere.

Also we byn acorded that the wardeyns

Johannes Lamborne
 Johannes Peyntur
 Galfridus More
 Johannes Water
 Willielmus Johnson
 Willielmus Wodryse
 Stephanus Manne
 Johanna Uxenisdenne
 Ricardus Abbot
 Jacobus Barton
 Johannes Fantard
 Johannes Sylvester
 Willielmus Walpoll
 Rogerus Holdernesse
 Willielmus Breteyn
 Johannes Trefelweth
 Johannes Lynne
 Thomas Kelen
 Johannes Criste
 Johannes Hermes
 Petrus Leyre
 Willielmus Mapull
 Elizabet uxor ejusdem

Johannes Broune
 Robertus Edward
 Robertus Rose
 Johannes Fraunces
 Johannes Tachon
 Johannes Coventre
 Egidius Fauderle
 Thomas Lemmoryk
 Thomas Foxe
 Stephanus Clampard
 Johannes Stone
 Willielmus Syxsumby
 Johannes Kyng
 Johannes Wolston
 Thomas Klerk
 Willielmus Rolston
 Johannes Hille
 Petrus Patrik
 Willielmus Baudewyn
 Robertus Penmore
 Johannes Harvyne
 Johannes Baron
 Robertus Edward

Holiverous Broune
 Reginaldus Brombey
 Henricus Smyth
 Hugo Robard
 Willielmus Mors
 Willielmus Langwyth
 Robertus Caton
 Johannes Warner
 Willielmus Frebody
 Johannes Hayne
 Martinus John
 Johannes Goddesfaste
 capellanus
 Johannes Newerk
 Willielmus Warde
 Stephanus Priour
 Andreas Dericoun
 Johannes Aylewyn
 Thomas Cristemas
 Willielmus clericus apud
 Sanctum Zacarie
 Petrus Ryley
 Willielmus Bolivere
 Rogerus Clerk

that byn choson for the yer shal geder up here quarterage clere before the tyme that they go out of her offis.

Also the bretheren be acorded that fro Mychelmas fortheward everi brother shal pay for his quarterage j d. and for that is belynde thei shall gedre hit up as hit was before.

Also at the quarter dai we will have baken conys as hit was be gonne, and what Master that breketh this ordynance everi pece shall pay vj s. viij d. halfe to the Mastres box and halfe to oure box.

[Examined, 14 May, 1852, John Robert Daniel-Tyssen.]

THE TRYST.

BY SAVARICUS.

In yonder grove, where purling streamlets
 flow,
 A maiden waiteth in the sylvan shade ;
 The summer sunshine on the scene doth
 glow,
 And songs of birds resound through dell
 and glade.
 "Oh Love." The murm'ring zephyrs seem
 to say ;
 "How sweet to tarry on a sunny day
 "Beside a brook, and dream the soul away."

And she that waiteth, doth a tarrance
 make
 For one expected there ; and now she
 sings
 Her sweetest song, rejoicing for his sake.
 With joyous note the woodland echo
 rings ;
 Her anxious heart is palpitating fast,
 A voice ! The voice of him ; all doubt is
 past,
 Oh ! Perfect bliss, the lovers meet at last.

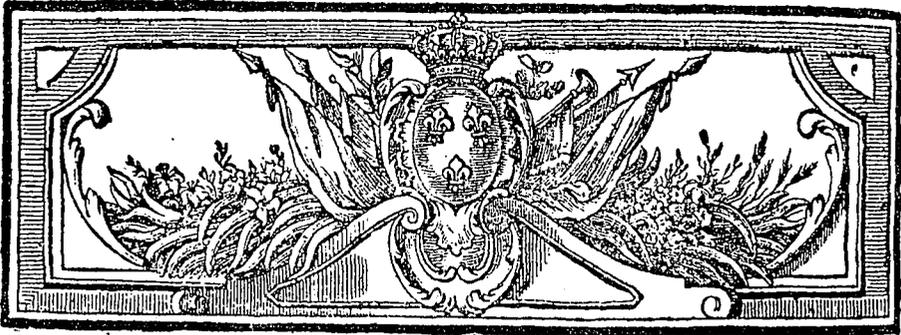
CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Paris, Friday Afternoon,
16th July, 1790.—By the Post.

ON recollecting what I have written, I do not think I have impressed sufficiently that the National Assembly were *very ill* received, not an Huzza, or Vive la Nation : that they are extremely mortified and discontented, or rather displeas'd ; that the Deputies from the Provinces are for the most part *strictly Royalists*, that ten

thousand of them quitted their station in the Champ de Mars, and literally came and flung themselves at the foot of the Throne, crying out "Vive le Roi." This enthusiasm and the fear of offending them prevented all those little humiliations which were intended. Count Modène has more to say than you are aware of, and I often think his opinion carries great weight : his advice is, "not one act of authority ;" "The People have caused the Revolution—they only can undo their own work."

I forward three pamphlets and a plan :—



PROCLAMATION DU ROI,

Concernant l'ordre à observer le 14 Juillet, jour de la Fédération générale.

Du 11 Juillet, 1790.

DE PAR LE ROI.

LE ROI s'étant fait rendre compte des mesures prises, tant par le Maire de Paris, que par le Comité de la Municipalité & de l'Assemblée Fédérative de la dite Ville, pour régler les travaux préparatoires de la Cérémonie qui doit avoir lieu le 14 de ce mois ; Et voulant prévenir toutes les difficultés qui pourroient apporter quelque trouble ou empêchement, a jugé nécessaire de manifester par la présente Proclamation, l'ordre qui a paru devoir être observé, tant pour le logement des Membres de la Fédération, que pour leur Marche jusqu'au lieu de la Cérémonie, afin qu'aucun obstacle ne puisse en troubler l'ordre ou en affoiblir la majesté.

Le rendez-vous général des différens Corps qui composent la Fédération, aura

lieu sur le Boulevard du Temple, à six heures du matin.

Ils se mettront en marche & se rendront au Champ de Mars, dans l'ordre indiqué par le tableau annexé à la présente Proclamation, & que Sa Majesté a approuvé.

Il n'y aura de Troupes armées de fusils, que celles qui seront de service.

Nulles voitures ne pourront se placer à la suite de celles qui conduiront. Sa Majesté, la famille Royale & leur cortège. Si quelque Député de la Fédération ou autre personne invitée, se trouvoit hors d'état de se rendre à pied au Champ de Mars, il leur seroit donné par le Maire de Paris, un billet de permission de voiture & un Cavalier d'ordonnance pour escorte jusqu'à l'Ecole Militaire.

Le sieur de la Fayette, Commandant général de la Garde nationale Parisienne, déjà chargé par un Décret de l'Assemblée Nationale, sanctionné par Sa Majesté, de veiller à la sûreté & à la tranquillité publique, remplira sous les ordres du Roi, les fonctions de Major général de la Confédération ; & en cette qualité, les ordres qu'il donnera, seront exécutés comme émanés de Sa Majesté Elle-même.

Le Roi a pareillement nommé Major général en second de la Fédération, pour le jour de cette Cérémonie, le sieur de Gouvion, Major général de la Garde nationale de Parisienne.

Lorsque tous les assistans seront en place, il sera procédé à la bénédiction des Drapeaux et Enseigne, & la Messe sera célébrée.

Le Roi commet le dit sieur de la Fayette pour prononcer le serment de la Fédération, au nom de tous les Députés des Gardes nationales, & de ceux des Troupes de ligne & de la Marine, d'après la formule décrétée par l'Assemblée Nationale, & acceptée par Sa Majesté, & tous les Députés de la Fédération lèveront la main.

Ensuite, le Président de l'Assemblée Nationale prononcera le serment civique pour les Membres de l'Assemblée Nationale, & le Roi prononcera également le serment, dont la formule a été décrétée par l'Assemblée Nationale, & acceptée par Sa Majesté.

Le *Te Deum* sera chanté, & terminera la Cérémonie, après laquelle on sortira du Champ de Mars, dans le même ordre qu'on y sera entré. FAIT à Paris le onze juillet mil sept cent quatre-vingt-dix. *Signé* LOUIS. *Et plus bas*, Par le Roi. GUIGNARD.

ORDRE DE MARCHÉ.

Pour la Confédération du 14 Juillet, 1790.

Le rendez-vous général sera sur le Boulevard du Temple, à six heures du matin : la marche commencera par le Boulevard, suivra rue Saint-Denis, la rue de la Ferronnerie, la rue Saint-Honoré, la rue Royale, la Place Louis XV., du côté du Pont tournant, où se joindra l'Assemblée Nationale ; ensuite le Quai jusqu'à Chaillot, le Pont, le Champ de Mars. Le cortège marchera dans l'ordre suivant :

Un détachement de Cavalerie nationale ayant sa Musique à sa tête.

Un détachement de Granadiers.

M.^{rs} les Electeurs.

Un détachement de Fusiliers.

M.^{rs} de la Commune.

M.^{rs} du Comité militaire.

Un détachement de Chasseurs.

M.^{rs} les Présidens de Districts.

M.^{rs} de l'Assemblée Fédérative.

La Musique de la ville.

M.^{rs} de la Municipalité, M. le Maire marchant le dernier.

Un corps de Musique.

L'Assemblée Nationale, précédée de ses Huissiers, escortée des deux côtés par la Garde nationale, portant ses soixante Drapeaux.

Un bataillon des Enfans, portant un drapeau sur lequel seront écrits ces mots : *L'Espérance de la Patrie.*

Un bataillon des Vétérans.

Musique & Tambours.

Quarante-deux Départemens, avec deux Tambours pour chacun.

Le Porte-oriflâme.

Les Députés des Troupes de ligne, de la Marine, & autres dépendans de l'Armée Française.

Musique & Tambours.

Quarante-un Départemens.

Détachement des Gardes nationales à pied.

Détachement de Cavalerie.

Le cortège arrivé au Champ de Mars, chaque Corps y sera placé suivant qu'il lui sera indiqué par le Major ou Aide-major-général.

Et attendu qu'un grand nombre de Volontaires de différens Départemens se sont rendus à Paris pour assister à la Confédération, les deux rangées inférieures de banquettes au pourtour du Champ de Mars, seront réservées pour les Gardes nationaux des Départemens, & pour ceux de Paris qui ne seront pas de service. En conséquence, M.^{rs} les Volontaires seront invités à se réunir par Département, pour arriver & se placer ensemble.

On entrera librement, sauf les places réservées pour l'Assemblée Nationale, les Suppléans, les Ambassadeurs & les Etrangers invités, les Corps ci-dessus dénommés, les Députés des Communes de France & les Volontaires des Gardes nationales.

La cérémonie finie, les différens Corps qui composent la Fédération ; se rendront au château de la Muette, où ils trouveront

les rafraîchissemens qui leur auront été préparés.

Approuvé par le Roi.

A Paris, de l'Imprimerie Royale. 1790.

P L A N ,

ALLEGORIES ET INSCRIPTIONS DE L'ARC-DE-TRIOMPHE, ET DE L'AUTEL DE LA PATRIE, AU CHAMP-DE-MARS.

De tous les monumens élevés par les hommes, en mémoire d'une époque remarquable, ou pour la célébration d'une fête, on n'a jamais rien vu d'aussi majestueux & d'aussi imposant que l'arc-de-triomphe, servant de portique au champ-de-mars, & l'autel de la patrie, construit au milieu de cette enceinte, les allégories qui servent d'embellissement, & les inscriptions, sont des objets qui méritent d'être connus du public ; le moment de la cérémonie n'a pas permis d'en voir toutes les beautés, & l'idée qu'elles donnent du sujet, doit rester gravée dans le cœur & l'esprit de tous les citoyens.

La face du côté du pont a quelque chose de superbe : formée par trois portiques, elle présente un arc-de-triomphe, qui surpasse tout ce que les anciens ont pu élever dans ce genre.

Au-dessus des portiques est un bas-relief, de la largeur de la face, représentant le peuple accourant prêter le serment.

Sur le premier pillier à droite, en entrant par le portique du milieu, est un faisceau d'armes, supporté par deux figures ; l'une représentant LA VICTOIRE ; l'autre portant un écusson, sur lequel est inscrit LOUIS-SEIZE.

Au-dessus est cette inscription :

Le pauvre, sous le défenseur,
Ne craindra plus que l'oppresseur
Lui ravisse son héritage.

Sur le second pillier à droite, est un semblable faisceau d'armes, supporté par deux figures ; l'une représentant la *Paix* ; l'autre la *Justice & l'Équité* ; surmonté de cette inscription :

Tout nous offre d'heureux présages,
Tout flatte nos desirs :
Douce paix,
Loin de nous, écarter les orages,
Et comblez nos plaisirs.

Sur le premier pillier à gauche, face du pont, est un faisceau d'armes, supporté par deux figures : l'une représentant la liberté ; l'autre faisant allégorie à la Bastille, au-dessus duquel est cette inscription :

Consacrés
Au grand travail
De la constitution :
Nous les terminerons.

On remarque que la partie du bas-relief, au-dessus de cette inscription, est un groupe de peuple, exprimant le zèle patriotique, en regardant l'autel de la patrie.

Sur le second pillier à gauche, même face, est un semblable faisceau d'armes, supporté par deux figures, représentantes : l'une la liberté, l'autre les droits de l'homme, au-dessus duquel est cette inscription :

La patrie de la loi
Peut seule nous armer :
Mourons
Pour la défendre,
Et vivons pour l'aimer.

Les figures du bas-relief, au-dessus de cette inscription, sont celles qui, par leur position expressive, appellent les peuples à la fête fédérative.

La force de l'arc-de-triomphe, côté de l'intérieur, fait appercevoir un bas-relief, dans toute sa largeur, représentant le Roi sur un char, précédé de la victoire : la France donnant la main au dauphin que la reine lui présente, les peuples accourant en foule sur son passage : sur le milieu un autel où les vertus brûlent l'encens : à l'extrémité l'envie terrassée, ou plutôt l'aristocratie & le despotisme détruits.

Sur le premier pillier à droite, est un faisceau d'armes, où sont adossées deux figures : l'une représentant l'année 1790,

l'autre le serment fédératif, au-dessus duquel est cette inscription :

Le roi
D'un peuple libre,
Est seul
Un roi puissant.

Sur le second pillier à droite, est un semblable faisceau d'armes, où sont adossées deux figures : l'une représentant l'assemblée-nationale, l'autre les vertus civiques : au-dessus est cette inscription :

Vous chérissez cette liberté :
Vous la possédez maintenant :
Montrez-vous
Dignes de la conserver.

Sur le premier pillier à gauche, est également un faisceau d'armes & deux figures adossées, représentant : l'une les décrets de l'assemblée, l'autre, la loi. Au-dessus est cette inscription :

Les droits de l'homme
Étoient méconnus depuis des siècles :
Ils ont été rétablis
Pour l'humanité entière.

Sur le second pillier à gauche, est un semblable faisceau d'armes, supporté par deux figures : l'une représentant la force, l'autre l'union. Au-dessus est cette inscription :

Nous ne vous craindrons plus,
Subalternes tyrans :
Vous qui opprimez
Sous cent noms différens.

L'autel de la patrie élevé sur 48 marches, formant quatre faces & trois terrasses, fait appercevoir du côté de l'entrée, deux pilliers carrés : sur celui de la droite est l'abondance avec les attributs de l'agriculture.

Sur celui de la gauche, une femme représentant la constitution, environnée de gloire, ayant sous ses pieds les chaînes de l'esclavage brisées.

La face du côté de l'école-militaire, fait appercevoir sur chacun des pilliers un groupe de 16 guerriers en deux rangs de huit, prêtant le serment ainsi conçu :

"Nous jurons de rester à jamais fidèles à la nation, à la loi, & au roi :
"De maintenir de tout notre pouvoir la constitution décrétée par l'assemblée nationale, & acceptée par le roi :

"De protéger conformément aux loix, la sûreté des personnes & des propriétés :

"La circulation des grains & des subsistances dans l'étendue du royaume :

"La perception des contributions publiques, sous qu'elle forme qu'elles existent :

"De demeurer unis à tous les françois par les liens indissolubles de la fraternité."

La face des deux pilliers à droite en entrant, représentent chacun six victoires, au milieu desquelles est cette inscription :

Songez aux trois mots sacrés
Qui garantissent ces décrets :
La nation la loi & le roi :
La nation c'est vous ;
La loi c'est encore vous,
C'est votre volonté :
Le roi c'est le gardien de la loi.

Sur la face des deux pilliers à gauche en entrant, sont à chacun quatre génies dessinant cette inscription :

"Les mortels sont égaux : ce n'est pas leur naissance :

"C'est la seule vertu qui fait la différence.

"La loi dans tout état doit être universelle :

"Les mortels, quelqu'ils soient, son égaux devant elle."

Nous regrettons de ne pouvoir décrire les ornemens de l'autel de la patrie, & les inscriptions qui étoient au tour : il a été volé dans la nuit. Ne pourroit-on pas accuser de ce sacrilège les aristocrates forcénés que la rage tourmente ?

De l'Imprimerie de L. L. Girard, rue du Husard,
No. 4, près la rue de Richelieu.

AFTER THE LAST POPULAR SCIENCE LECTURE.

WHAT SHE SAID ON THE WAY.

BY R. E. A. IN THE "PRINCETONIAN."

YES, I think it was perfectly splendid—
I'm sure I feel awfully wise,
With my head full of glaciers and icebergs,
Of such a ridiculous size ;
And the masses of what-do-you-call-it ?
The dirt that is ever so old—
And came down on the ice and the
boulders—
It must have been horribly cold !

The views, too, weren't they quite lovely ?

Especially Mount Blank and the Alps ;
Though the last ones were perfectly
frightful—

Those men with the clubs and the
scalps.

Well, may be they didn't have scalpses,
They frightened me all just the same ;
And that animal—was'n't he horrid ?

The—what did he say was his name ?

Oh ! I perfectly dote upon science !

I think it's just jolly good fun ;

And I wish I was going on your expe—
Dition, with knapsack and gun.

Mamma says I'm getting strong-minded,
And should cut off my hair, and all that ;
Though eye-glasses would not become me,
And how could I keep on my hat ?

Here's the end of our walk—now, good
night, Sir !

You may call Wednesday evening, dear
Rob,

And we'll talk of the Glacial Epoch,
And the wonderful thingum-a-bob.

TOM HOOD.

“He sang the Song of the Shirt.”

By Bro. EMRA HOLMES, Author of Lectures on
“Public Speaking; what it is, and what it
might be”; “Charles Dickens”; and “Odds
and Ends of Wit and Humour.”

*Delivered at Ipswich, Colchester, and
Saxmundham, and rewritten for the
MASONIC MAGAZINE.*

In the Christmas of this year the first
“Comic Annual” appeared. It was
dedicated to his friend, Sir Francis Freeling,
then Secretary to the Post-Master
General.

A copy was sent to the late Duke of
Devonshire, who warmly thanked him for
it, and begged Hood to write him some
titles for a door of sham books at Chats-
worth.

Hood succeeded to admiration, and a
wonderful punning list of titles was sent
to his Grace soon afterwards, some of
which I must give you, as they are very
clever and worth noting :—

Kosciusko on the Rights of the Poles to Stick
Up for Themselves.

Prize Poems, in Blank Verse.

On the Site of Tully's Offices.

The Rape of the Lock, with Bramal's Notes.

Haughty-Cultural Remarks on London Pride.
Annual Parliaments ; a Plea for Short Com-
mons.

Michan on Ball Practice.

On Sore Throat and the Migration of the
Swallow. By S. Abernethy.

Scott and Lot. By the Author of “Waverley.”

Debrett on Chain Piers.

Voltaire, Volney, Volta. 8 vols.

Peel on Bell's System.

Grose's Slang Dictionary ; or Vocabulary of
Grose Language.

Freeling on Enclosing Waste Lands.

Elegy on a Black Cock, Shot amongst the
Moors. By W. Wilberforce.

Johnson's Contradictionary.

Sir J. Lawrence on the Complexion of Fairies
and Brownies.

Life of Jack Ketch, with Cuts of His Own
Execution.

Barrow on the Common Weal.

Hoyle's Quadrupedia ; or Rules on All Fours.

Campaigns of the British Arm. By one of the
German Leg.

Cursory Remarks on Swearing.

On the Collar of the Garter. By Miss Bailey,
of Halifax.

Shelley's Conchologist.

Recollections of Bannister. By Lord Stair.

The Hole Duty of Man. By J. P. Brunel.

Tide's Tables of Interest.

Chantrey on the Sculpture of the Chipaway
Indians.

The Scottish Boccaccio. By D. Cameron.

Cook's Specimens of the Sandwich Tongue.

In-i-go on Secret Entrances.

Hoyle on the Game Laws.

Memories de La-porte.

From this arose an acquaintance which
lasted till Hood's death. The Duke's
acts of considerate kindness never varied
or failed, and he was one of the most
liberal subscribers to the Monumental
Fund. Assistance of great service was
rendered by him to the poet, in the shape
of a volunteered friendly loan, which Hood
thus acknowledges in a letter to the
Duke :—“I hesitate to intrude with de-
tails, but I know the goodness which
originated one obligation will be gratified
to learn that the assistance referred to has
been and is of the greatest service in a
temporary struggle, though arduous
enough for one of a profession never over-
burdened with wealth, from Homer down-
wards. Indeed the nine Muses seemed to
have lived all in one house for cheapness.”

Between 1831 and 2, Hood, it appears,
had some connection with the stage, in the



form of dramatic composition. It was probably at this time he made the acquaintance of T. P. Cooke and Dibdin, the Poet of the Navy, as we may call him. He wrote the libretto for a little English opera brought out, it is said, at the Surrey—the name even of which is now lost; and he assisted his brother-in-law, Mr. Reynolds, in dramatising "Gil-Blas," which was produced at Drury Lane.

There was an entertainment also written about this time for Charles Matthews the elder, who was heard by a friend most characteristically to remark, that he liked the entertainment very much, and Mr. Hood too; but that all the time he was reading it Mrs. Hood would keep snuffing the candles. This little fidgety observation very much shocked Mrs. Hood, but delighted the humourist. He also wrote a pantomime for Mr. Frederick Yates, of the Adelphi—father, if I mistake not, of the Civil Service novelist, whose name I have mentioned.

The *Comic Annual* of 1832, was dedicated, by permission, to King William the IV., who received the dedication and a copy of the work very graciously, and eventually expressed a desire to see the wit and humourist. Tom Hood accordingly called upon His Majesty, by appointment, at Brighton, and was much taken by the King's cordial and hearty manner, by whom, indeed, he was very well received. In backing out of the royal presence, Hood forgot the way he had entered, and retrograded to the wrong entry. The King good-humouredly laughed, and himself showed him the right direction, going with him to the door.

In 1832, he left Winchmore and took a quaint old place, Lake House, Wanstead, Essex. Soon after his coming there, his boyish spirit of fun broke out on one occasion, when some boys were caught robbing the orchard, and with the assistance of the gardener, were dragged trembling into the house. Mr. Reynolds, senior, who was staying there, upon a hint being given, assumed the arm chair and the character and dignity of a county justice. The frightened culprits were formally charged with the offence of stealing, which was proved from the contents of their pockets. The judge, assuming a severe air, immediately sentenced them to

instant execution by hanging on the cherry tree. The urchins were overcome with fright, dropped down on their knees, and piteously declared they would never do so, never no more. Little Fanny Hood, prompted by her father, interceded for the youngsters, who were solemnly forgiven, and the two men laughed heartily to see how quickly they decamped. Here Hood wrote his only novel, "Tynney Hall," much of the scenery and description being taken from Wanstead and the neighbourhood. It was dedicated to his friend and patron, the Duke of Devonshire.

At the end of 1834, by the failure of a firm, poor Hood suffered, in common with many others, a very heavy loss, and consequently became involved in pecuniary difficulties. For some months he strove with his embarrassments; but the first heavy blow being followed up by other troubles, all hope of righting himself was abandoned.

In this extremity, his daughter says, quoting from one of his letters, had he listened to the majority of his advisers, he would at once have absolved himself of his obligations by one or other of those sharp but sure remedies which the legislature has provided for all such evils. But a sense of honour forbade such a course, and emulating the illustrious example of Sir Walter Scott, he determined to try whether he could not score off his debts as effectually and more creditably with his pen than with the legal whitewash or a wet sponge. He had aforesaid realised in one year a sum equal to the amount in arrear, and there was consequently a fair reason to expect that by redoubled diligence, economising and escaping costs at law, he would soon be able to retrieve his fortune. With these views, leaving every shilling behind him derived from the sale of his effects, the means he carried with him being an advance upon his future labours he voluntarily expatriated himself and bade his native land "good-night." To put the crowning stroke on all his sorrows, his wife was taken seriously ill, after the birth of their only son, who was born January 19th, 1835, and for some time her life was despaired of. Under God's good providence and the care of Dr. Elliott, whose friendship was then made, she was once more restored to comparative

health, and Hood started for Rotterdam, and finally settled down at Coblentz, whither his dear wife followed him.

The following sonnet was then written to her. It breathes the very air of loving tenderness :—

Think, sweetest, if my lids are now not wet,
The tenderest tears lie ready at the brim
To see thine own dear eyes so pale and dim,
Touching my soul with full and fond regret;
For on thy ease my heart's whole care is set;
Seeing I love thee in no passionate whim,
Whose summer dates but with the roses trim,
Which one hot June can perish and beget.
Ah, no! I chose thee for affection's pet,
For unworn love and constant cherishing;
To smile but to thy smile, or else to fret
When thou art fretted—rather than to sing
Elsewhere. Alas! I ought to soothe and kiss
Thy dear pale cheek, while I assure thee this.

A letter from Mrs. Hood, at Coblentz, relates how dreadfully ill her husband was when she got to him there. They were nearly lost in "the gale in their passage over," and he was in a wretched state of health when he started." However, he got better, thanks to the aid of an able physician and his wife's tender care.

Food appears to have been cheap there, which was a comfort, for mutton is quoted by Mrs. Hood at 3 groschen a pound (about 3½d). Beef and veal the same. Butter 8d. a pound, 3 rolls a penny, and eggs about 2½d. a dozen.

What a grand thing if beef and mutton were a little cheaper here.

At first when they got out they seem to have had considerable trouble with their German, or rather their want of it. Hood gives an amusing description of a scene with the servant, which I cannot do better than give you :—

"Our servant knows a few words of English too. Her name is Gradle, the short for Margaret. Jane wanted a fowl to boil for me. Now she has a theory that the more she makes her English un-English, the more it must be like German. Jane begins by showing Gradle a word in the dictionary.

Gradle: 'Ja! —yees — hühn — heune. Ja! yees.'

Jane (a little through her nose): 'Hum — hum — hem — yes — yaw. Ken you geet a fowl — fool — foal — to boil — bile — bole for dinner?'

Gradle: 'Hot wasser?'

Jane: 'Yaw in pit — pat — pot — hum, hum — eh!'

Gradle (a little off the scent again): 'Ja, nein — wasser, pot — hot nein.'

Jane: 'Yes — no — good to eat — chicken — cheeken — checking — bird — bard — beard — lays eggs — eeggs — hune — heine — hin — make cheeken broth — soup — poultry — peltry — paltry!'

Gradle (quite at fault): 'Pfeltughchtch! nein!'

Jane (in despair): 'What shall I do! and Hood wont help me, he only laughs. This comes of leaving England!' (She cast her eyes across the street at the Governor's poultry-yard, and a bright thought strikes her.) 'Here Gradle, — come here — come hair — hum — hum — look here — dare — you see things walking — hum — hum — wacking about — things with feathers — fathers — feethers.'

Gradle (hitting it off again): 'Feethers — faders — ah, hah, fédders — ja ja, yees, sie bringen — fedders, ja, ja!'

Jane echoes 'Feddars — yes — yah, yaw!'

Exit Gradle, and after three-quarters of an hour, returns triumphantly with two bundles of stationers' quills!!! This is a fact, and will do for Twig."

Here he made the acquaintance of a young officer—a Mr. de Franch, of English origin, but in the German army—and the two struck up a very warm friendship, which extended, indeed, to the whole family. Lieutenant de Franch was a great favourite with Hood's two fair children, Fanny and Tom. Mr. de Franch, it appears, had a wretched memory, especially for names, and when he left them some time afterwards to join his regiment at Posen, a letter was written by Hood, as if from De Franch, as a quiz upon the bad memory of the latter. It is an amusing jumble of wilful mistakes, and the changes are rung through every variety that can be thought of. I would give it as a specimen of a forgetful man's letter, did space permit, but it does not.

There are some very entertaining letters from Mrs. Hood to her friend, Mrs. Elliot, and from Hood himself to Mr. Dilke, the father of Sir Charles Dilke; but the space allowed me in the MASONIC MAGAZINE will not allow of my quoting them at length.

Mrs. Hood was proud of her progress in

cooking, and one day made some potted beef, which was produced at tea, when Mr. de Franch was present.

Hood asked with apparent interest how it was made, and was told that it was pounded in "a pestle and mortar." "But then, dear," he gravely remarked, "you know we have not got them." In short he insisted that like the Otaheitan cooks, his wife had chewed it small, and as she happened (having the face ache) to put her hand to her jaw, it seemed like a corroboration of his statement. He would persist in calling it "Bullock jam," and when his wife asked him what he would eat, replied "What you chews."

Hood seems to have been beforehand with Lord Beaconsfield—if the present Prime Minister ever really supported such a scheme as was suggested on the Dis-establishment of the Irish Church, and which after all has a good deal to be said in its favour, at all events in the estimation of liberal-minded readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE. I allude to concurrent endowment, for I find the following in a letter to his great friend, Mr. Dilke, afterwards Sir Wentworth Dilke, the accomplished editor of the *Athenæum*, and the father of Sir Charles Dilke, who boasts in this age of loyalty to the Crown and love for the kingdom, nay pride in the empire—that he is a Republican.

"The plan here," he says, writing in 1836, from Coblenz, "which is good, is that, of both religions, the ministers are paid by the King or State, an arrangement I should like for England or Ireland, or let every one pay their own, as in America. As to Education, I think our Government does wisely not to interfere too rashly. Something may be left to the sense of the people. The infamous boarding schools of former times are dying or dead, and replaced by proprietary ones, without Government interference."

In the same letter he speaks of the military men there, and remarks—"There are some here, in appearance to the eye, anything but gentlemen in the best sense of the word. You cannot mistake them. Perhaps they have got the worst attributes of the French Revolution, a nominal equality which puts the low, base, vulgar and rich on a false level with God Almighty's gentlemen, which rank I do

seek with all my heart; and endeavour that the English character shall not suffer at my hands, and though I resent on public grounds what I meet with, I am content to be a dweller here, whose character is to be judged by its own merits."

In another passage, Hood, speaking of the Prussian system as compared with our own, solves in his way the Land and Labour Question, which is troubling us so much now.

He says—"The two countries are widely different: what a good absolute King can do here in Germany, cannot be done with us. If our peasantry were free and proprietary, I think they would work as hard and be as contented as the Germans. But the English labourer, labour as he may, can but be a pauper; and it seems a little unreasonable to require him to sit at Hope's or Content's table, eating nothing with the same cheerfulness and gaiety as the barber's brother at the Barmecidés."

The following is a little bit very characteristic of Hood, and very much like some of Sydney Smith's jokes, and like the scorpion, the sting is in its tail. I am afraid Hood was an awful Radical:—

"I was very much amused the other day with R's account of his taking an emetic. He says he sat for an hour expecting naturally something would come of it, but nothing stirred. It agreed with him just as well as if he had taken any other wine than antimonial. It was rather comfortable than otherwise. So he had recourse to warm water, of which he drank a dozen large cups consecutively, but they made themselves quite at home with the wine. Then he tried tea, in hopes of tea and turn out, but it stayed with the wine and water. So he had recourse to the warm water, which stayed still, and so did some soup which he took on the top of all; and then despairing of the case he went to bed with his corporation unreformed! Now was not this a tenacious, retentive stomach, so determined never to give up anything it had acquired, good or bad: a lively type of a Tory!"

Living amongst the Roman Catholics for so long, he does not seem by any means to have become converted.

He says—"I have never had any of the vulgar insane dread of the Catholics. It appears to me too certain that they are

decaying at the core, and by the following natural process : men take a huge stride at first from Catholicism into Infidelity, like the French, and then by a short step backwards in a reaction, attain the *juste milieu*.

In October, 1836, the 19th Polish Infantry, Mr. de Franch's regiment, were ordered to march to Bromberg and Berlin, and Hood was induced by the officers, with whom he was very popular, to march with them. This trip he seems to have enjoyed very much, particularly the visit to Berlin, when he was specially invited to dine with Prince Radziwill, and was introduced to a most august circle of German grandees.

Radical as he was, he appeared not to be above accepting with pleasure the favours of great people, especially Royalty—like another very distinguished Radical I could mention—and from a letter to his wife at this time, he says—"The Duke of Cumberland asked Franch who that gentleman was who marched with his regiment, and was surprised to hear it was me. Prince George spoke in such very handsome terms of me, that I left my card for him. As he regretted not having had the last 'Comic,' Franch presented one of his. It is a sad pity that the Prince is quite blind : a fine young man and very amiable. I do not know whether I shall ever see any of the Princes again, but I expect I must call to take leave. They had even read 'Tylney Hall.'"

Poor fellow, from a letter to his friend Dilke, we learn that the trip did him no good in the end. "My marching, in fact, ended like Le Fèvres (it ought to be "Le fever") in a sick bed—my regiment in a 'regimen.'"

Fancy punning on such a subject.

He feared his lungs were touched, for he suffered, poor man, from spitting of blood a good deal ; and he got to fancy Coblenz and the Rhine did not suit him, so after two years there, he settled down at Ostend.

His epitaph on his friend Dilke, who was an invalid like himself at this time, and who it appears suffered very much from imprudently going out to get his hair cut when he was too unwell to run any risks, is rather good.

He advises Mrs. Dilke to read her husband a morning lesson out of the Bible, showing how Samson lost all his strength

by going and having his hair cut. "What an epitaph must I have written if he had died through that little outbreak of personal vanity," says he :—

"Here lies Dilke, the victim to a whim,
Who went to have his hair cut, but the air
cut him."

(To be continued.)

THE VISTA OF LIFE.

BY JOHN M.

"We are born ; we laugh, we weep,
We love, we droop, we die !
Ah wherefore do we laugh, or weep ?
Why do we live, or die ?
Who knows that sacred deep ?
Alas ! not I !"

PROCTOR.

LIFE !—what a volume is expressed in that single word ; a word in itself so brief, yet nevertheless it is true the term which designates our existence, and is equally apropos in its length to the space of time which is given us for its enjoyment. What can be more brief and transitory than our fleeting lives, and yet at the same time so replete with subjects of such great and vital importance to every one of us.

It has been observed that the proper study of mankind is "man," but how few there be that give the subject a thought. And it is only too true, that the more we study and the deeper we search for that hidden knowledge, which must exist somewhere, in regard to so vast a creation as that of the great human family, the more firmly we find closing around us those quicksands which have so deeply imbedded the unwritten history of our race.

Gazing back o'er the "vista of our lives," what a different appearance must be presented to each particular one ; to the young, as it appears, with his joyous background and visions of joy and happiness looming up before them in the glittering future, while to the many whose locks have been silvered by the frost of advancing years, the retrospect has, mayhap, many a darkened spot, and the

days still to come do not appear so bright as they did to the innocent vision of childhood.

Insignificant as we are and so perfectly powerless to control any of the events of fate or futurity, there is still concealed within us the elements of a powerful organization, which must, perforce, wield some influence, or leave behind some mark or remembrance in its passage through this lower sphere. Suddenly created and brought upon the stage of life, by no will or dictation of our own, made subject to all the arbitrary laws of an already created race, we find ourselves bound to obey them and start as others have done to make the journey of life. All that passed before the reception of our breath, and the inheritance of our existence, is to us wreathed in blackness of chaotic obscurity. We enter the arena of life—and when the brief span of a few short years has transferred us from the days of infancy to a quickly acquired age, we find before us the undeveloped and clouded atmosphere of an endless and unknown future. Whence come we! and whither do we go? are questions easier asked than answered. Suddenly placed among the bright visions and beauteous scenes which surround us on every side, in a world so replete with loveliness and grandeur, we find the great tidal wave of life drifting us along with such rapidity that we scarce observe the beauties around us ere they have disappeared from our eager gaze. We seek to know the why and wherefore of so brief and unsatisfactory an existence, as is too oft had by so vast a multitude of our fellow men, but we can find no satisfactory response.

In our search for "more light," and seeking to discover aught of reason for an existence apparently so ephemeral, and bringing to our aid all the light of nature and reason, we find ourselves getting more and more in the dark, thick blackness that obscures the beginning of our lives, and the deep gloom of futurity overshadows the path which we must all travel ere we reach our destined bourne.

Life! Life! Fit subject for the artist to delineate some of its mystic beauties, or for the pen of the student to discover some of the hidden secrets which are concealed by the surging billows and the vast flowing

tide of the ocean of life. In the vast throng of humanity there ought to be at least an occasional one more gifted than others, who could leave behind him strange and weird chapters culled from the leaves of his eventful existence.

The rainbow—that token of the covenant—following in the footsteps of the storm, and spanning heaven's high atmosphere with its ethereal beauty for a few brief moments, and then imperceptibly mingling with the drifting clouds, disappears from before us, is but too much like the dream of our lives. We are carried on by the realities of life, and each succeeding event apparently obliterates from our visions the lessons which we should have gleaned from each preceding one. Verily, our life is but as a vapour, which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.

'Twere more than vain to search any human authority that will stand our criticism and explain to us the dream or the reality of our lives, and we are forced to the only real authority when we read in the words of inspiration that He who created all things created man, and we must remember that even if His purpose is unknown to us, and He has seen fit to conceal them, they nevertheless all stand revealed to Him. And yet, notwithstanding all this, curious thoughts continue to arise within us as we look back through all the dim, shadowy centuries which have elapsed since the day when he who was destined to be the progenitor of the whole human family was, by the fiat of the Omnipotent, placed in a terrestrial paradise and given dominion over all contained therein, save of the fruit of the tree of life; and the thought comes up as to whether it was intended that he should be tried by a temptation to resist or withstand which no power had been given him; nor was he created an immortal spirit by the breath of the Great Jehovah and placed in a frame of earthen mold expressly to serve some great purpose which He intended in the fullness of time to carry out! Was it intended, by a single act of disobedience, in itself apparently so slight, but which was still a violation of the express commands of the Infinite and Incomprehensible "I Am," that man should be driven from the heritage at first bestowed

on him and made to people the globe with a countless offspring, who, inheriting the consequences of the fall from so high an estate, were thenceforth to be ranged under the banners of the great adversary!

All seems to us so strange, and our eager curiosity tries to grapple with the stern realities around us, but it leaves us only one recourse, and that is to judge of the future by the present and the past. Life, at all events, when compared to the duration of time, is but a little length of days, which are soon passed over.

'Twas but a few short months ago that a lovely cherub was sent to cheer and lighten up a fireside; full of life and health and all the charms of infancy, he was entwined around the very hearts of those to whom he had been given, but as the wheels of time rolled on, there came again the days when the leaves began to turn from the lovely dream of summer to the gorgeous and brilliant hues which they assume before they are scattered by the autumnal gales; the roses filled the air with their dainty perfume and all nature seemed attired in its holiday dress, little dreaming that a few more nights would bring the cutting frost which would remove their beauty for a season; then came the silent message, and suddenly at the midnight hour the angels of the Most High bore that infant spirit to the abode of its Creator, and all that could be done was to carefully deposit the casket which contained the remains of so priceless a jewel beneath the sod of the valley. The bright and beautiful vision flitted as it were for a moment, and then, before it could make a trial of the turmoils of life, it disappeared. How many of us, or we may well say, how few of us are to be found who have not gone through the same trying ordeal, and laid some little one away to quietly repose beneath the icy marble, and then as we planted the rose and the bright green myrtle around it, softly murmured to ourselves whence came the little innocent? Why stayed he so short a time, and whither has he disappeared? We do not wait for an answer, for we know that he has crossed the river of life, and entered the realms of futurity. Speculation vainly endeavours to ascertain some good reason why so vast a proportion of

human life is blotted out and removed hence, so long before arriving at even the years of discretion. Youth, in its days of careless happiness, thinks but of the happy hours of the past and confidently looks forward to the enjoyment of like pleasures in the day of the future. With advancing years, however, comes the thought as to what was really intended to be the purpose of our being, and casting our eyes back over the vista of our lives, we find that the bright anticipations of our youthful days have rarely been realized, and our hearts are filled with sadness and regret that we have not been of more use in our day and generation. As we look forward, we know only too well that when a certain hour does come, and the cold finger of death begin to close around us, and we are clasped in the deathly embrace of the great destroyer, it will then no longer be a question as to our antecedents, but our desire will be to know how they are going to culminate, our voyage will be ended, and we shall find ourselves among the swift rapids and the mighty waterfall stretched out before us; the fatal plunge must be taken, and unless we have a higher power to assist us, we must be swallowed up in the raging waters.

He who made us and placed us here among His other creations, did it for good and wise purposes, and he has prepared for us not only the way, but also One who can and will guide us safely through the valley of death, and it is alone by His aid and assistance that we can be safely guided along and afterward arise regenerated and washed clean, by that dread ordeal which we will all be compelled to endure.

Let us then endeavour to carry out the principles inculcated by the great lights, and we shall find that when the dream of life is over with us, that we can gaze back o'er the years we have lived, and thank our Heavenly Father for having permitted us to spend even a few short years in this lower world, and hope that our days have not been spent in vain, but that we may have been the means of doing some good in our day and generation.

Baltimore.

Forgotten Stories.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

No. III.

ELLEN :

A Simple Tale.

—“A mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song.”

SHAKSPERE.

ABOUT six years ago I was staying at —, a watering-place on the Sussex coast. It was one of the fine mornings in July, when the sun had just risen above the top of the wave, and was scattering around his bright, warm rays ; that having taken my customary dipping, I had wandered unthinkingly along the shore, admiring the impending grandeur of those tall cliffs, which, in the language of our great tragic bard,

—“Beat back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune.”

I had trodden the same path the evening before, and it was my amusement in these marine perambulations to inspect the crevices of the rocks, and to carry home with me the most beautiful shells that chance threw in my way. I had rather a taste for conchology, and had made no inconsiderable collection of the specimens of our own shores ;—one group of rocks I had found particularly fertile in rarities, and these I had very nearly approached. A peculiar jutting out of the cliff at that place hid them from the sight till you were close upon them ; I had nearly, in the marine phrase, doubled this promontory, when my progress was arrested by the sound of a female voice, chanting some beautiful air in a very plaintive tone. I stood to listen—the words, as far as I can remember, were these :—

“Edward is gone—and I know not whether
His spirit may rest on land or sea ;
O would that, love, we had sailed together,
Or thou hadst never been torn from me !
Ellen is sighing, but nought is nigh,
To pity her moan but the wind and wave ;—
The gull shall soon, from her roost on high,
Sing a lullaby dinge over Ellen's grave.”

The voice ceased. I advanced a few steps to the other side of the cliff, and the figure of the lovely warbler, reclining on one of the tallest of the rocks, was before

my sight. Her long black ringlets were streaming down her neck, and her eye was fixed steadfastly on the horizon. She had her back towards me, which prevented her observing my approach. I thought I perceived her lips moving, as if muttering something to herself ; and on a sudden giving a glance over the sea, she resumed her song :—

“I'll recline on this rock, and the wave shall bear

My paly form to that favoured shore
Where Edward is breathing a distant air,
'Mid the fury of war and the cannons' roar.”

I had been gradually advancing towards her ;—as she uttered the last words, her voice faltered, and she seemed falling. I rushed forward and supported her. She started at finding some one by her side, and, looking up with a listless air, “You are not Edward,” she said, “Edward sailed last week.” Her dark black eye was turned upon me as she spoke ; but there was a languor in her gaze, that seemed to say her thoughts were not on what she was about ; her countenance was interesting, and had been beautiful, but sickness or sorrow had spread a pallid hue over her features ; and though at times a transient hectic would flush her cheek, it soon passed away. “Edward sailed last week,” she cried ;—“Ellen buckled on his sword, —and Edward smiled on Ellen ;—but he is gone to the wars—I shall never see him more.” I was still supporting her, and, as she uttered these words, a hot tear fell upon my hand. I cannot describe my feelings at that moment ; there was a thrill through my frame ; and I began to feel a lively interest for the lovely stranger and her misfortunes. She observed what had happened, and pulling out a white pocket-handkerchief, with an air of the greatest simplicity, gently wiped my hand. “Edward will come back,” said I, scarcely knowing what I uttered ; “Come back !” she cried, starting from her seat, and staring full in my face ; “Ah, no ! you're joking with poor Ellen ;—but you're a kind man, and you are kind to Ellen—Edward shall thank you.” She put her hand into her bosom, and pulling out an amulet cross, which was suspended by a purple ribbon from her neck, “Look,” she said, “this is what Edward gave me—‘Good-bye, Ellen !’ said he ; but Ellen could not say ‘good-bye’—and he flung

this round me—(she gave a wild stare).—There is a mist over the rest—I often harass this poor head, but I cannot remember any more.” It was easily to be perceived that her intellects were deranged, and I was unwilling to leave the unfortunate girl in that situation. I gently raised her; and, seemingly unconscious of what she was doing, she walked on by my side. We had not proceeded far along the shore, when a man and woman came running towards us, in breathless anxiety, who appeared to be searching for something they had lost. On recognising the poor girl, who was hanging in listless apathy on my arm, I saw a sudden flush of joy pass over the countenance of the old woman, and they both gazed alternately on me and her:—the old man was the first to break silence, and asked me, in rather an angry tone, “What I was doing with his daughter?” I related to him the circumstances of our meeting, and what had since happened. They thanked me in very affectionate terms for my kindness, and then, turning to their daughter, loaded her with caresses and questions; but she seemed lost in thought, and not at all to understand their meaning. On the way home they related to me her history; they informed me, that they themselves were attendants on the bathing-machines, and for the last twenty years had gained, by their joint endeavours, in that occupation, a comfortable livelihood;—their only daughter, the unfortunate heroine of my tale, had a few months back fixed her affections on a young man of a neighbouring village; their attachment was reciprocal, and the day had been appointed for their marriage—but her love some time before had enlisted in the * * * regiment, and the whole corps had been suddenly ordered off to the Continent: the poor girl had been inconsolable from the time she first heard the news; they continually found her in tears, and all attempts to comfort her were in vain; she attended him on board the ship that was to convey him away, and clinging to his arms, was for a long time unable to be separated. When the vessel was under weigh, they were obliged to carry her off by force, she fell into a swoon, and was conveyed home in a state of insensibility; being put to bed, in a short time she was in a high fever. They obtained for her what little medical assistance their means

could afford, and were in hopes she had been gradually recovering—but her grief preyed upon her mind, and though the fever had left her, her intellects were materially injured. Though they sat by her bedside, and paid her the most affectionate attentions that tenderness could dictate, she seemed not to recognise them, or to be conscious of their presence. Her Edward was always uppermost in her thoughts; and though lost to every thing else, she seemed to have a distant recollection of the scene she had been last engaged in. On the morning in question, they had gone out to their usual avocations, and had left her still lying in bed; on their return they were astonished and alarmed at finding the bed empty, and her clothes not in their place;—they inquired among the neighbours, but could find no intelligence of her: they at length heard that she had been seen pacing silently along the shore, and had accordingly proceeded in search of her, not without a fear that, in the deranged state of her mind, she might commit some act of desperation, before they would be able to prevent it. This simple narration of the poor girl’s affection interested me extremely. While I remained at the place, I paid frequent visits to their cottage, and thought at last I could perceive a gradual amendment in poor Ellen’s health; she at times exhibited signs of returning recollection, though her general discourse was of the little circumstances that had taken place during her last intercourses with Edward. I took an interest in her welfare, and rejoiced to think she was recovering; but alas! how futile are human hopes! I was soon after called away from the place, and circumstances prevented my return during two years. I was then accidentally passing through, and stopped for a couple of hours, that I might inquire after Ellen. The path, that led to her cottage, was through the churchyard; and, in going along, my attention was attracted by a tombstone of rude sculpture, that seemed newly erected. I walked up to it to read the inscription—it was simply this:—

To the memory of
Ellen Meston,
This stone was erected by
Edward Godalwin.
She died in a deranged state of mind,
April 3, 1817.

Sleep on, sweet maid!
Soon we shall meet again.

I stood for a moment steadfastly gazing on this stone, and unconscious of any thing around me. The recollections of my former adventure crowded on my mind—I remembered her interesting features—her affectionate simplicity. “Poor Ellen,” said I, “thy roses were nipped, when they were beginning to expand;—thine was an unhappy lot here, but thou art gone to a better world, where sorrow and care are not.” I felt a tear trickling down my cheek, which recalled me to myself. I took a last look on the stone, and proceeded on my way. “Is sensibility a blessing;” thought I, as I walked pensively along. “Surely not. It may refine the passions—it may give a tone to the affections—but it makes us feel the thorns of life doubly acute; yet it is an amiable virtue, and one which we cannot refrain from admiring.

The gate of the little garden in the front of their cottage was open; the flower beds, which I used formerly to admire for their neatness, were trampled on and in disorder. The old people were removing their furniture, preparatory to their departure for a neighbouring village. They were surprised to see me, but received me with cordiality. I perceived that my presence recalled unpleasant remembrances, and therefore determined that my visit should be short. I was informed that Edward had returned from the war, with a wooden leg and a pension. He was told of the affection and despondency of Ellen; but arrived only in time to see the first grass springing up on her grave. His grief is deep, but not violent; he has ordered that stone to be erected as a memorial of their loves—and his greatest pleasure is to visit at evening the green sod, which he allows not to be trampled on, or injured. The old woman opened a little work-box, and, producing a small net purse, placed it in my hand. My initials were on the side:—it was, she said, the work of her daughter during her illness, which she had desired, if ever I returned, should be given to me as a token of remembrance.

Poor Ellen! years have passed away, since the time I last gazed on your pale form—since the time I shed a tear of compassion on the turf that enshrouded it;

but that purse—the last relic of your affection—the *memento* of your kindness, remains still whole and inviolate; it is treasured up amid the most precious of my earthly possessions;—and whenever I indulge myself with gazing on it, an involuntary tear starts to the eye of

CHARLES BELLAMY.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELL,

Author of Shakspeare, his Times, and Contemporaries, “*The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham,*” “*The People’s History of Cleveland and the Vicinage,*” “*The Visitors’ Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn-by-the-Sea,*” “*The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway,*” &c., &c.

I AM glad to see that the burghers of Sudbury—the ancient *South Burgh* of the *South Folk*—are projecting a monument to the most illustrious of all their natives, Thomas Gainsborough, the celebrated landscape and portrait painter, who was the son of one of their poor clothiers, who was unable to give him much schooling. But for him who has eyes to see and ears to hear with, Nature will always have teachings in her own silent and quiet way; and the woods of Suffolk did more for Gainsborough than could have been done by many masters, however valuable the aid of the latter may be at times when judiciously given. Sir Joshua Reynolds well remarked, that “if ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honourable distinction of an English school, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity as one of the very first of that rising name.” In the year 1762—when Gainsborough, *Æ* 35, had long been practising his art, but yet twelve years before he ventured on a residence in London—Horace Walpole, in the Preface to his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, felt compelled to write:—“This country, which does not always err in vaunting its own productions, has not a single volume to show on the works of its painters. In truth, it has very rarely given birth to a genius in that profession. Flanders and Holland have sent us the greatest men that we can boast.” And yet Reynolds was then, *Æ*

39, painting portraits of great merit, having returned from his three years study in Italy ten years before; and Richard Wilson, called by some our English Claude, Æ 48, was wisely, on the advice of Zucarelli, abandoning portraits for landscapes, and had just exhibited his fine picture of Niobe, which was purchased by our illustrious Brother, William Duke of Cumberland. Whether Gainsborough himself was a member of the Craft, I know not; if he was not, he ought to have been; for, in addition to his great artistic abilities, he was really prepared for it in his heart, possessing "those virtues, which," as the Rev. Matthew Pilkington truly remarks, "were an honour to human nature, that generous heart, whose strongest propensities were to relieve the genuine claims of poverty." Therefore every Mason who can afford his mite, should subscribe to the monument of such a man.

There are those who have long laboured to persuade the world, and who have in some measure succeeded in doing so, that but for the Church of Rome we should have been totally destitute of the Volume of the Sacred Law. The Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D., is of a widely different opinion. He says—and many of my readers will endorse his remarks:—"It is idle in Rome to say, 'I gave you the Bible, and therefore you must believe in *me* before you can believe in *it*.' The facts we have already narrated conclusively dispose of this claim. Rome did not give us the Bible—she did all in her power to keep it from us; she retained it under the seal of a dead language; and when others broke that seal, and threw open its pages to all, she stood over the book, and, unsheathing her fiery sword, would permit none to read the message of life, save at the peril of eternal anathema. We owe the Bible—that is, the transmission of it—to those persecuted communities which we have so rapidly passed in review. They received it from the primitive Church, and carried it down to us. They translated it into the mother tongues of the nations. They colported it over Christendom, singing it in their lays as troubadours, preaching it in their sermons as missionaries, and living it out as Christians. They fought the battle of the Word of God against tradition, which sought to bury it.

They sealed their testimony for it at the stake. But for them, so far as human agency is concerned, the Bible would, ere this day, have disappeared from the world. Their care to keep this torch burning is one of the marks which indubitably certify them as forming part of that one true Catholic Church, which God called into existence at first by his Word, and which, by the same instrumentality, he has, in the conversion of souls, perpetuated from age to age."

Professor Morrier Williams, who has recently made a winter tour in Southern India, declares its climate on the whole to be less trying to Europeans than that of England is during nearly half the year. True, there are jungle swamps where malaria is generated by the great heat from the immense quantity of leaves that fall from the deciduous trees; but the tropical table land is free from the intense heat experienced in the lowlands of Northern India. The South, however, lacks the refreshing coolness by night, and in winter, which is so refreshing in the North. Though the mountain scenery of the South is magnificent, it is not so sublime as the Himalaya range—a very ancient Sanscrit term, I believe, to describe their being the "abode of snow;" but there is a softer beauty arising from the verdant raiment with which Nature loves to robe those hills that are not covered with an eternal white winding-sheet.

The Rev. T. P. Garnier, M.A., Rector of Cranworth with Southburgh, Norfolk, and late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, has published a well-written little work, entitled *The Parish Church: a simple explanation of Church Symbolism*, which may be procured from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for Eighteenpence. With its theology I have here nothing to do; though I may be allowed to state, without trespassing on Masonic non-sectarianism, that to the orthodox churchman it will be a boon indeed. But to us disciples of that beautiful system of morality, which is veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols, whatever our particular creeds may be, a work on the symbolism of any Church must be of interest, but more especially of one where so many learned and pious ministers, as well as laymen, are proud to don our badge of innocence upon all fitting occa-

sions. "Christianity," writes Mr. Garnier, "in its earlier ages, sought expression largely in symbolism. Consequently, every Church that dates from those ages has inherited this element in a greater or less degree. The Church of England is no exception to this rule. The architecture of her fabrics and the externals of her order of service are instinct with symbolic meaning. But in these days, owing, perhaps, to the subject being encrusted with antiquarian and historical surroundings, for many minds the key has been lost." Only those who have mixed intimately with the people for many years can know how true this is; even the spire "pointing its taper finger to the skies," the font placed at the entrance to the church, and the cruciform buildings themselves, all being totally destitute of meaning to tens of thousands of well-meaning Church folks. If Mr. Garnier errs at all, it is in the other direction, as I strongly suspect he occasionally finds symbolism where none was originally intended; just as some of my brother-admirers of Shakspeare find hidden meanings in the works of the great dramatist which he himself never dreamt of. "You who have seen a funeral will have noticed," says he, "that the coffin is always carried by bearers in the last stage. That is because it is written of the first Christian funeral, 'Devout men carried Stephen to his burial' (Acts viii. 2)." And he wisely adds, "Perhaps it will fall to some here to be bearers hereafter. Will you remember that they should be *devout* men?" It is well to draw a moral lesson from everything; and the solemnity of committing to the earth the lifeless carcase of a beloved brother or sister of the great human family should speak trumpet-tongued to us all of the nothingness of created things. But is the custom of bearers peculiar to Christians? and is it not of the most remote antiquity, originating in necessity rather than any symbolic design? On the other hand, of the symbolism of baptism there can be no scepticism. The same may be said of the white garments of the priesthood, whether Jewish or Christian. The pious Parsee wears a coil of white linen in three folds round his head—white being the universal emblem of purity in all ages, and the three folds being symbolical of good thoughts, good words, and

good deeds. Symbolism to a really devout and intelligent mind is the highest of all teaching: to the profane and ignorant it soon becomes something worse than a plaything. We see this fearfully illustrated in Freemasonry, when men who are totally unfit for its sublime mysteries are unfortunately admitted within the tyled doors of our Lodges.

Here is a short passage from Mr. Garnier's book which will have peculiar interest for some of my readers:—"Suppose a negro slave escaped on to English ground, he would be a free man, and in due course a naturalized Englishman. He might, very likely, at times, show traces of his old cringing habits. He would not have the free spirit of one who had never been a slave. It would, therefore, be a help to remind that man: 'You are a free Englishman now, and no Englishman does a slavish act.'" This will remind an intelligent Craftsman of one of the reasons assigned why a candidate for the mysteries of Freemasonry was formerly required to be free by birth—fearing that slavish principles might otherwise be introduced into the noblest of all institutions; though the *real* cause, I have long been convinced, was the trade origin of our order, and no more peculiar to Masons than to other guilds; the fact being that, unless free-born, the Craftsman was liable to be sent into serfdom, and hence no Master could safely take him for an Entered Apprentice. The following shrewd remark of Mr. Garnier is peculiarly applicable to all Freemasons, whether they be Churchmen or not, and I believe the great majority of our English brethren profess to be so:—

"In a 'clustered' pillar there are several shafts, though they are all joined together in one. That is the true source of strength, for many to gather together in one on the One Foundation.* * * But if we are to be pillars, we must remember the conditions. A pillar is very straight and unbending. If it was all on the slant, the weight it bore would not pass down into the still, strong foundation; it would fall on the pillar itself, which would be broken. Let us all strive, by God's grace, to be very upright, very unbending, not like reeds shaken by the wind, but like *pillars*. 'Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the Temple of my God' (Rev. iii. 12)."

MR. SPRECHELHEIMER'S MISTAKE.

BY W. W. CRANE.

From "Scribner's American Monthly."

"I dells you now, vot happen voss
In mine shop hier, last veek.
Ve voss all vorkin, hants and poss,
A shafin men reit kveek.

"Und dann, vun noder man in-coom,
Und set a vaitin hier ;
Dann say, a-lookin' rount der room ;
'Ussistnock nicktolp feer.'

"I say, not hearin' him reit glear ;
'Sir, vot you voss say blease.'
He say : 'Ussistnock nicktolp feer'
Und dann he rup his knees.

"I dries to make dot lankvich out
So hart oss I can dry ;
I doorns dem kveer vorts all apowt ;
Dinks : 'How iss dot py high ?

"So dann, insite mineself, I say ;
'Dies muss französisch sein.'
Und dann I dinks, too, reit away :
'Gut ! hier ist Friedrich Klein.'

"Der Friedrich iss vun Elsass man,
Und can French vorts goot say.
'Fritz, is deess French ?' I ask him dann,
—Dot man shvear, reit away !

"He say he voss talk py der rule
(Blain English, now he shpeak) ;
He dolt me I voss vun Dutch fool,
Dann owt vent pooty kveek.

"Now all dot day I dinks mit me ;
'Vot make dot man git mat ?
Und vot for lankvich can dot be ?'
Und dann I feels reit bat.

"Fritz say dem vorts dey voss not French,
Und dann I dinks some more.
I sits down py der bier-house pench
Und looks down mit der floor.

"Und, all off vunce, I ondershtan
Vot dot man mean to say !
He voss a Cherman-learning man,
Shoost gittin' in der vay !

"Und vot he say oss blain oss day
To me did dann abbear ;
To show his Cherman off he say ;
'Es ist noch nicht halb vier.'

"Now after deess, if manss coom hier
Und talk dot vay mit me.
I shoost make out it iss all glear
Und dey will nefer see.

"I say, reit off: 'Mein lieber Herr,
Sie sprechen gut und klar !
Your Cherman is teep-top, I shvear !
Mein Gott's ist wunderbur !'"

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

No. I.

To the Editor of the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

HE does unto the Craft belong,
To him we scanty honour give ;
To scorn him would be doing wrong,
I wish he would more useful live.

1.

The solemn strains ascend on high,
'Mongst mourners sad—no eye is dry ;
The Master Art holds all spell-bound,
As each one hears the plaintive sound.

2.

A pleasant spot wherein to dwell,
Is that of which some poets tell.
But, oh ! alas ! I much do fear
That lovely land is noway here.

3.

If, worthy Mason, this could be,
Angelic man we then might see.
I doubt if on this earth so round
A man so perfect can be found.

4.

A boat came nigh a mighty ship,
And something from its stem did
slip,
Then came a crash—a frightful roar,
The noble ship was seen no more.

5.

Midst arctic regions I was spun,
The spinning caused some merry fun,
And wond'rous 'twas to old and young.
The spinner only used his tongue.

R. SIMMONS.

Mildmay Road, Chelmsford,
23rd July, 1877.

[We shall be happy to publish the names
or initials of the guessers of the Acrostic,
and will give the solution in the next
number.—Ed.]