

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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OLD ANTIQUITY.

THIS famous lodge—famous alike from its immemorial existence and actual work, and bound up with so much that is historical in the annals of English Freemasonry—has come before us recently, in the installation of H.R.H. Prince Leopold, and we are pleased to record the fact in the pages of the *Masonic Magazine*. Its history has yet to be written; its documents have yet to be critically considered and collated.

A correspondent of the *Times* says:—"The lodge is remarkable for being the oldest English lodge in the Craft, if not the oldest authenticated lodge in the world. It possesses many rare and curious Masonic relics. The mallet used last night was that employed by Charles II. to lay the foundation-stone of St. Paul's Cathedral, and was presented to the lodge by its then Master—Sir Christopher Wren. This mallet is made out of a piece of wood of the cathedral which stood where the present one now stands. A piece of stone dug out when the foundations were laid, and belonging to the Roman temple which preceded the Christian Church, is another curiosity which the lodge obtained from Sir Christopher Wren. Some of the lodge furniture in exquisite taste was designed and presented to it by the great architect. The trowels used by the Duke of Sussex to lay the foundation-stones of Hammersmith Bridge and the Caledonian Asylum are also the property of this lodge."

The following account of Prince Leopold's installation is taken from the *Freemason* of June 28th:—"Lodge of Antiquity (No. 2).—This famous and ancient lodge assembled in unwonted numbers on Wednesday last, at its monthly meeting at Freemasons' Hall, for the purpose of initiating a candidate for Freemasonry in the first place, and then of installing H.R.H. Prince Leopold as W.M. The lodge opened at four, and Mr. Frederick Lasseter being in attendance, was balloted for, accepted, and was initiated into Masonry by Bro. W. Hope, W.D.M. With that great and customary virtue of punctuality (not a Masonic virtue, by the way,) for which our Royal Family are so distinguished, H.R.H. Prince Leopold, attended by Bro. the Hon. Alexander Yorke, was announced soon after five. At this moment the lodge-room presented a very striking and pleasant 'coup d'œil,' the numerous 'red collars' contrasting agreeably and effectively with the dark blue of Grand Lodge and the light blue of the Craft. H.R.H. having been presented by Bros. Col. Creaton and Sampson Pierce, Past Masters, Bro. Col. Stuart, the oldest Past Master of the lodge, proceeded to instal H.R.H. in the chair of King Solomon! The ceremony, which followed the old ritual of the Lodge of Antiquity, and which slightly differs from the form in customary use, was most ably rendered by Bro. Col. Stuart. After

Prince Leopold had been installed and received the due 'Honours,' the Past Masters of the lodge first of all, and then the members of the lodge, were presented to His Royal Highness. The W.M. then proceeded to close the lodge in a very workmanlike style. The brethren subsequently adjourned to a banquet, which was served in the Ladies' Drawing-Room, Freemasons' Tavern, under the distinguished presidency of their Royal Master. He gave, after grace was said by the Chaplain, the usual loyal and Masonic toasts with commendable clearness and forcible brevity, and responded to the toast of 'The W.M.,' most ably proposed by the Installing Master, Bro. Col. Stuart, in most feeling and eloquent words. He also proposed 'The Health of the Past Masters of the lodge,' alluding both warmly and humorously to the services of the past Grand Officers, members of the lodge, Bros. Col. Stuart, Col. Creaton, the Grand Treas., the I.P.M., and Erasmus Wilson, who had so patriotically brought Cleopatra's Needle to this country, and the members of the medical and legal professions present. Bro. Woodford returned thanks for the Past Masters, and remarked that H.R.H. that evening was installed W.M. of one of the oldest lodges in the world, and which, in one sense, might not unfairly be termed the mother lodge of Masonry, as far as England, and all lodges hailing from England, were concerned. After the retirement of His Royal Highness, the other toasts were proposed, concluding with 'The Tyler's' toast. The brethren separated at an early hour, having spent a most enjoyable and unforgettable evening, to be carefully noted as an 'alba dies' by the excellent Secretary, Bro. Barron, in the imperishable records of 'Old Antiquity.' We may observe that the arrangement of the tables was most artistic, reflecting the highest credit on Bro. Best, and the banquet was one which called for all praise as regards all concerned, whether as to the careful skill which planned it, or the 'cuisine' which produced it. Among those present we observed Bros. P.M's. Col. Stuart, Creaton, Swinburne, Rae, Sampson Pierce, Master of Ceremonies; Erasmus Wilson, Holmes, Philbrick, Barron, Wharton Hood, Woodford, I.P.M.; the D.M., Bro. Hope; Parker Deacon and Greetham, Senior and Junior Wardens; Pontifex and Twynam, Senior and Junior Deacons; Stephen Pearce, Letchworth, Moore, Hilary Skinner, Taggart, Joliffe, Organist; Lasseter, and Speight, Tyler, P.G. Tyler for Surrey. Several of the brethren were abroad, and were unavoidably absent. There were no visitors except Bro. the Honorable A. Yorke."

In the *Times* of Thursday, June 26, appears the following interesting article:—"Prince Leopold's installation last night, at the Freemasons' Hall, as Master of the Lodge of Antiquity is an event of greater public interest than the majority of Masonic proceedings. The office which Prince Leopold now fills was worthily filled by his great-uncle, the Duke of Sussex, for thirty-four years. This association with a Royal personage is not, however, the only or the greatest distinction of the Lodge of Antiquity. William III. was initiated into Masonry in this lodge, which then bore the name of St. Paul's, and in which Sir Christopher Wren officiated as Master for eighteen years. It received from him what is both a treasure and a curiosity—that is, the mallet or gavel used by Charles II. to lay the foundation-stone of St. Paul's Cathedral, and formed out of a piece of wood of the original structure. He also gave it a fragment of the stone of the Roman temple which stood on the site of the present cathedral, and which was dug up when the foundations were laid. Some of the lodge furniture was designed and presented by the great architect, so that the members can boast of possessing many things of almost national value. It is appropriate that a body such as this should have at its head one whose literary and artistic tastes are so much in sympathy with its history, and who is well qualified to perpetuate the traditions of those Masters who have adorned the position to which he has been elected. Even the general public, to whom Masonry may not be a subject of particular concern, cannot but feel gratified that a body so venerable as the Lodge of Antiquity should continue to deserve

and maintain its exceptional place among Masonic societies. The pretensions of enthusiasts about the great age of Masonry may not unreasonably excite the scorn of unimaginative critics. The stories which tell how St. Alban introduced the Order into Britain are in keeping with other fables in the legendary annals of this country. Extravagant claims naturally excite scepticism, and almost justify the rejection of any story as pure fiction. While no person competent to form a decision can soberly uphold the statements concerning the ancient, if not prehistoric, character of Freemasonry, yet it is quite as rash to argue, as is frequently done, that the whole system is but a thing of yesterday, and was the invention of some clever men in the eighteenth century. That Freemasonry, substantially the same in kind as that which now exists, was practised in this country as far back as the time of Henry VI. is by no means improbable. It has been surmised that the King himself was a member of the Order, though nothing more is proved in support of this than that he left behind him a manuscript containing certain parts of Masonic ritual. In his reign the operative Masons were very unpopular, and an Act was passed forbidding them to hold their 'chapters and congregations.' It is possible that, about this time, the change may have begun which eventually transformed the operative into speculative Masons, substituting for the forms and rules under which buildings were actually constructed the mere theoretic Masonry of the present day, in which a peculiar system of morality is veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols. The several steps of the process have never been clearly traced. There is no doubt, however the result may have been achieved, it is a noteworthy one. The existence of such a lodge as that of Antiquity, working under an immemorial constitution, and over which Sir Christopher Wren presided as Master, carries back the Order in this country to a period sufficiently remote to satisfy any reasonable person, and even to endow it with an archæological *status*. However well-founded the doubts may be as to the right of Freemasons to claim an ancient origin for their Order, it is indisputable that the Order itself is widely diffused over the earth and wields an extended power. Not long ago we published some statistics on this subject, and these figures could not fail to produce a strong impression. There is no civilised country in which many Masonic lodges cannot be found, and the more civilised the country the greater the number of these lodges. Russia is the only nation concerning which no Masonic statistics are forthcoming, the reason being that in Russia Freemasons have long shared with Jews the antipathy and condemnation of those in authority. Nowhere do Freemasons abound more than in the United States, and nowhere are they now held in higher honour, yet there was a time when they were the opprobrium of citizens of the North American Republic. When Miss Martineau visited the United States and wrote her 'Society in America,' she found the Masonic order the object of general denunciation and antipathy. Commenting on what she heard, she wrote that "a bad institution is overthrown." It is obvious that the Order must subserve some practical end, otherwise it would not have survived the overthrow of forty years since. Across the Atlantic it can make no pretensions to a long traditional past; its introduction on North American soil dates from the middle of the eighteenth century. Washington and Franklin are numbered amongst the earliest as well as the most notable American Freemasons. Indeed, when Washington died at Mount Vernon his funeral was conducted by his Masonic brethren in the Virginian Lodge, of which he had long been a member. It is no unusual thing in the United States to see an important personage take part in a Masonic demonstration; President Johnson, for instance, walked in the procession at the opening of the Temple in Boston, and, simply because he was a Freemason, was heartily welcomed by thousands who detested his politics. In the great cities of the Union, such as Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, the Masonic temples are the most striking architectural structures. Perhaps the love of parade which predominates in

the breasts of citizens of the United States causes those of them who are Freemasons to indulge in more public display than is consonant with the principles of a society which professes to have the exclusive custody of important secrets, and which conducts its business in strict privacy. But Freemasonry, like many other institutions, has its ranks, its degrees, and also its offshoots, and those parts of it which are least useful are the most demonstrative. One addition to the ordinary degrees is that of the Knight Templars, being an attempt to carry on the tradition of the old foes of the Saracens and conquerors of the Holy Land. This degree is a favourite one in the United States, partly because the clothing is very showy and partly because all its members cease to be plain Jones, Brown, and Robinson, and become, for the time being, Sir Thomas Jones, Sir John Brown, and Sir Joseph Robinson. It is their custom to have an annual gathering in some city, where they parade in public and march about with a mock military air. When the International Exhibition took place in Philadelphia in 1876, the Knight Templars assembled there to the number of eight thousand, and proved themselves to be the most extraordinary sight which had been provided for the astonishment of the foreign visitors. In this country and in other European countries Freemasons are seldom seen in public, and are not often the subjects of comment, except in a Papal Bull. Yet in Europe, as in America, they are neither few in number nor wanting in influence. A curious and interesting list might be compiled of the distinguished persons who have been Freemasons. Many men of note have been active members of the Order. The supposition that Cardinal Wolsey presided over a lodge may be classed among unauthenticated stories. There is evidence in favour of Bacon being a Freemason, which every understanding reader can gather from a perusal of his 'New Atlantis.' An ingenious attempt has been made to prove that Shakespeare belonged to the Craft; but, then, what is there that Shakespeare has not been credited with having done? Most of our countrymen of note during the last and the present century are known to have been Freemasons. In Prussia the Great Frederick was not only a Freemason, but was the head of the Order; both the present German Emperor and the Crown Prince have followed the example set them by the illustrious consolidator of the Prussian realm. Germany numbers such men as Lessing, Herder, Fichte, and Goethe in the Masonic ranks. The latter, like his brother poet Burns, employed his poetical talents in celebrating the merits of the Order. Late in life Voltaire became a Freemason, and the majority of noteworthy Frenchmen since his day have also been members of the fraternity. It is supposed, not without reason, that the Masonic lodges were instrumental in fostering the First Revolution in France. Not long ago the Grand Lodges in this country and the United States severed their connexion with that of France, on the ground that the latter had expunged from the formula of initiation the expression of belief in a Deity. Indeed, the French have always been disposed to practice Freemasonry after a fashion of their own. They even turn the lodge meeting to a very practical purpose—that of promoting great engineering enterprises. M. Littré, being recently mentioned among those persons who deserved credit for setting on foot a scheme for piercing the Isthmus of Panama, declared in explanation that the project had really been conceived in the Lodge of Clémente-Amitié, of which he became a member in 1875. Should Freemasons' lodges add the furtherance of engineering to the practice of charity and good-fellowship, they will assuredly become more important bodies than even their advocates have deemed possible. In dealing with the pretensions of Masonry it is necessary, indeed, to pass judgment in the dark. The general public cannot repose full confidence in a secret society, whether, like that of the Freemasons, its objects are the practice of charity and the recognition of the personal equality and mutual dependence of mankind, or whether, like that of the Jesuits, its aims are the advancement of the Church of Rome. Perhaps, if the Freemasons and the Jesuits disclosed

their secrets, they would lose little that was worth keeping, and the world gain little that was worth having. So far as has been shown, the five or six million Freemasons who inhabit the earth have never deserved the denunciations which the head of the Roman Catholic Church has often levelled against them. Notwithstanding the condemnation of successive Popes, the order flourishes in such purely Roman Catholic countries as France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Belgium, Mexico, and Brazil. In France there are 287 lodges; in Spain, 300; in Portugal, 22; in Italy, 110; in Belgium, 15; in Mexico, 13; and in Brazil, 256. In the United Kingdom there are nearly two thousand lodges, while in the United States the number nearly reaches ten thousand. During the worst days in our history, when Parliament in a frenzy of terror passed laws against secret societies, the society of Freemasonry was specially excepted. The Act of 1799 exempts the lodges of Freemasons from the pains and penalties inflicted upon United Englishmen, Scotsmen, Britons, and Irishmen, doing so on the ground that Masonic meetings are in a great measure directed to charitable purposes. The Act of 1817, which was designed to carry out the intent of that of 1799 more effectually, specifically exempts Freemasons and Quakers from its operation. Indeed, those persons who have seen the palatial establishments for the education of the sons and daughters of Freemasons, and the asylums for the old and destitute, which are maintained by English Freemasons cannot doubt that the Order amply justifies its existence in this country. When our Royal Princes associate themselves with Freemasonry, they not only follow an excellent family example, but they perform duties which cannot but heighten their popularity. In undertaking to discharge the active functions of Master of the Lodge of Antiquity, Prince Leopold will certainly receive the thanks of all the Freemasons who glory in a lodge which is the centre of many venerable and cherished traditions of the Craft."

The *Freemason* has the following leader on the subject:—"Prince Leopold was, on Wednesday last, installed W.M. of the Lodge of Antiquity, amid a goodly gathering of its members and the manifest rejoicing of all present. That most ancient and distinguished lodge has a history, alike unique and remarkable, and it is very fitting that it should be presided over by one so qualified to adorn the Master's chair as H.R.H. Prince Leopold. He is well known to Englishmen and to Masons by his artistic taste and æsthetic culture, and his zealous desire to extend the great blessings of scientific study and sound education. He is a student, and a successful student, moreover, of more than one branch of general and special knowledge, and his public utterances have been warmly hailed and heartily appreciated by all who have had the pleasure of listening to them. There is also a special interest in the fact to 'Old Antiquity,' as its members like to term it, that Prince Leopold succeeded H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, thirty-four years Master of the lodge. It is this historic connection of the Lodge of Antiquity with the annals of our Order and, above all, with the Royal Family which renders it so desirable that so distinguished a lodge should claim as its head a member of that Royal House, ever ready to take its share of the burdens of benevolent labour and of social amenities which devolve upon them, as citizens of the greatest monarchy the world has ever seen. The history of the Lodge of Antiquity has yet to be written, and its many documents are still to be collated. It cherishes the tradition that King William III. was initiated among its members at Hampton Court Palace, and certain it seems to be that it was in existence in 1691, and, probably, very much earlier as a purely operative lodge. Indeed, it stands without a rival, the head of English Freemasonry, and though now No. 2 by the fraternal arrangements of the Union of 1813, under the great-uncle and grandfather of Prince Leopold, it is, strictly speaking, the real and original No. 1 of English Freemasonry. Let us hope that the union begun on Wednesday last between the Lodge of Antiquity and Prince Leopold may long be cemented

and preserved, and that under his distinguished presidency it may long retain its high character and its distinctive system, its prestige at home and its popularity abroad."

We also append to this a leader from the *Freemason* with respect to the interesting article in the *Times*, in order to render this little reference to an interesting subject complete:—"In a very able leader, mainly with respect to the Lodge of Antiquity, the *Times*, on Thursday week, gave us a very remarkable and readable 'leader' on Freemasonry. Not that the article professed to be very antiquarian, or very profound, or even, perhaps, very critical, but it skimmed over the ground easily and pleasantly, and laid before a very large circle of readers a well-written and philosophically-conceived essay on certain features, salient and significant, which Freemasonry presented to the mind of the writer, and which deserves, therefore, respectful attention, and, above all, fraternal criticism. In a great deal which the writer there affirms we agree most heartily; in some points, however, we are compelled honestly to dissent from his views, most conscientious, no doubt, as they are, and certainly lucidly and eloquently expressed. We quite agree with the writer that in dealing with the antiquity of Freemasonry we must always carefully distinguish between the 'legends of guilds' and the 'facts of history.' But then, our good friend and probably brother, who is so clear a writer and so keen a critic himself, falls amusingly enough into the same very error he has just so characteristically reproved. Whatever may be the real antiquity of Masonry, it is probably co-eval with the Masonic guilds or sodalities, and hence, no doubt, much of the doubt and obscurity, and the incorrect assertions and exaggerated claims which have arisen and which marked most undoubtedly the lucubrations of many Masonic writers, ancient and modern. But, as we said, if the writer of this interesting article complains of undue acceptance of 'legends,' why has he fallen into the same mistake by treating the so-called Locke MS. and the alleged endorsement or transcript of Henry VI. as a reality, when that so-called MS. has long been abandoned by experts as a 'pious fraud?' And why, above all, does he suggest the absorption of the speculative element into the operative guilds as 'possible' in the 15th century, when it is clear from countless evidences which might be adduced that such transformation could not and did not take place until about the middle of the 17th century? We are not quite sure either whether we can accept as indisputable facts one or two statements in respect of the Lodge of Antiquity itself, with all due submission to the writer. There is in existence no evidence that King Charles II. laid the foundation-stone of St. Paul's; all existing available evidence declares that Sir Christopher Wren laid it himself. But it is just possible that the tradition may allude to some special ceremony at St. Paul's with which King Charles II. was connected, and we do not know, except for historical truth's sake, that it matters much one way or the other. The gavel was undoubtedly given to the Lodge by Bro. Sir Christopher Wren. The statement of the initiation of King William III. is also only a 'tradition,' and we are not aware of any document in the possession of the Lodge of Antiquity which mentions the fact as a fact. We venture to say all this in order to point out that even in 1879 how difficult it is to separate 'tradition' from 'history,' and how that, as it has been said, how true it still is—

'Tradition, oh, tradition, thou of the seraph tongue,
The ark which binds two ages, the ancient and the young.'

We thence learn a lesson of caution as to blaming older writers. We do not agree with the writer when he seems to contend that there is some truth after all in the favourite Ultramontane complaint that the 'French lodges were instrumental in fostering the French Revolution.' We do not think that any evidence of such a tendency really exists, but much, very much, to the contrary may be adduced. That in some of the lodges extreme views of

politics may have prevailed is not unreasonable or impossible to suppose, but all the lodges, both under the old 'Grande Lodge de la France' and the 'Grand Orient,' were plunged into 'sommeil' or inactivity by the Revolution, and only emerged from torpor and silence after the 'reign of terror' was over. That one or two bodies, quasi-Masonic, like those of the 'Philosophic Scottish Rite' and the 'Philaletes,' and, above all, the 'Illumines,' may have encouraged the revolutionary movement, is, we think, provable, but the pure Masonic Craft Lodges in Paris and the departments, to their honour, be it said, did not sympathize either with the principles or proceedings of the French Revolution. The writer unconsciously and unintentionally exaggerates an imperfect data, the number of Masons in the world, which, instead of 6,000,000, may be reduced to the more modest tottle of 1,500,000, and he hardly, in our opinion, does justice to the 600,000 Craft Masons in the United States, inasmuch as the Templar body, popular and numerous as it is, is only after all about one twenty-fourth part of Craft Masonry and of Master Masons. But having said all this, which we feel it our duty, as the *Freemason*, to say, we beg to remark that we are greatly pleased and flattered to think that, in such marked contrast with much we have to wade through about Freemasonry, the *Times* has favoured us with an article, alike so able and so interesting, so favourable, and so fair to our Order. It is, we venture to think, a sign of the times in which we live, alike suggestive and satisfactory, and we can only commend the article to the notice of all our readers in both hemispheres, as, despite a few, perhaps, unavoidable errors, slight after all, in theory and assertion, it will alike repay careful perusal by the Masonic student and archæologist, by all who love Freemasonry, by all who are proud to claim the name of Freemasons."

I N M E M O R I A M :

LOUIS NAPOLEON. CHISLEHURST, JULY 12, 1879.

Oh! ending sad of hopes all bright and fair,
 Oh! close of many prayers and loving pride,
 A widow'd mother's grieving sadly there
 For one to stand no more in duty at her side.

We mourn him truly, deeply, one and all;
 The high, the low; and English soldiers crave
 With whom he nobly shared what fate might fall,
 Comrades in life and death, to guard his honour'd grave.

Strange paradox of years! While memory flings
 Its solemn colouring over time and fame,
 Amid her soldiers, sailors, statesmen, kings,
 England will ne'er forget Napoleon's name.

We sigh for such a fate, in such young years;
 We mourn glad powers quench'd, great gifts no more;
 But yet we trust, amid our falling tears,
 That brave boy in his death has reached a deathless shore.

FREEMASONRY IN KELSO.

BY W. FRED. VERNON, P.M. NO. 261, AND R.W.M. 58, SCOT.

(Continued from page 45.)

IT was not until the year 1753 that the lodge applied for a Charter of confirmation from the Grand Lodge, which was granted in due course, the date of it being "the sixth day of February, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four years." The name of the brother who was mainly instrumental in persuading the brethren to own the authority of Grand Lodge deserves to be recorded and his memory kept green. He was a collector of Excise, and his name was James Lidderdale. He affiliated into the lodge in 1752, and, being an enthusiastic Mason, was a great acquisition to the Craft in the district; for he rose, not only to be Master of Kelso Lodge, but Provincial Grand Master over the Lodges of Dunse, Haddington, Selkirk, Old Lodge of Peebles, Cumberland Kilwinning Peebles, and Kelso. Up to the 18th of June, 1754, the lodge was worked only in the Apprentice and Fellow Craft degrees, but upon that day some brethren, who had come from Edinburgh to assist at the laying of the foundation-stone of Kelso bridge the day previous, formed themselves into a Lodge of Masters, and raised five brethren to the sublime degree, which was regularly worked from that day forth.

We find these worthy old Masons were given to hospitality, as well as generosity, instances of which were given in our last, and that they frequently entertained visiting brethren, as instanced by the following two notable examples. In 1757 the Right Honourable and Most Worshipful Charles Sholto Douglas, Earl of Aberdeen, Grand Master of Scotland, being in the town for a short time, visited the lodge, along with Bros. William Scott and John Lumsdean, Esqs. Again, in 1785, the celebrated aeronaut, Vincent Lunardi, having visited the town for the purpose of making an ascent in his balloon, a special meeting was called to entertain the distinguished visitor, who was made an honorary member of the lodge. At this meeting he gave a graphic account of his balloon ascent from the town a few days previous, which is carefully recorded in the minutes. In the old minute-book he has inscribed his name—"Vincent Lunardi, of Lucca, Italy, October the 25th, 1785," and immediately below he has made a very fair sketch of his balloon. There are many other instances of the brethren of this lodge entertaining strangers, but we will only note one more, which shows, perhaps more than either of the instances I have quoted, or any of the others recorded, the true fraternal spirit which pervaded our old Kelso brethren. From November, 1810, till June, 1814, there resided, on parole, in Kelso, a number of French prisoners of war, as many as 230 being at one time located here. Notwithstanding that the French were at that time considered the natural enemies of our country, and that the national feeling and prejudice against them amounted almost to a mania, we find these worthy Masons entertaining their French brethren upon St. Andrew's Day, 1810, not many days after their arrival, and doing what they could to render the unfortunate position of their foreign brethren as pleasant as possible. "The Right Worshipful," says the minute of the above date, "in addressing them, expressed the wishes of himself and the brethren to do everything in their power to promote their comfort and happiness, after which he proposed the healths of the brethren who were strangers in a foreign land, which was drank with enthusiastic applause." This was true Masonry.

Another very pleasing feature in connection with the past was the strict observance of St. John the Baptist's Day. We may note here, *en passant*, that

this old lodge is invariably spoken of as "St. John's Lodge," and even in the minutes of Tweed Lodge it is so designated, although the Charter does not warrant the assumption of the name of our patron saint, it being there simply styled the Lodge "Kelso." It may have been owing to the regular keeping of the festivals of St. John the Evangelist and St. John the Baptist that the lodge was so called, or it may have been a tradition handed down from the time of the building of the abbey of Kelso, which was dedicated to *St. John the Evangelist* and the Virgin Mary. The very first minute we have, dated "Kelso, 27th of December, 1701," seems to favour the latter idea, as it begins thus—"The whilk day the companie of the honourable Lodg of Kelso, *under the protection of Saint John*, having met there and considered all former sederents." Anyway, whether the lodge was originally called St. John's Lodge or not, our ancient brethren kept both St. John's days in proper style. We find frequent mention of their meeting in the lodge-room, and walking in procession to the church or Episcopal chapel, for with true charity these brethren were not narrow-minded or bigoted, and could worship T.G.A.O.T.U. either in the homely Presbyterian form, or in the more ornate liturgy of the Episcopal church. St. John the Baptist's Day, 1764, falling upon a Sunday, the brethren met on the Monday, "and walked in procession to the chapel," when the Rev. Bro. Richard Wallis; assisted by the Rev. Bro. George Marsh, rector of Foord, conducted Divine service, an eloquent sermon being preached by Bro. Wallis from Ephesians ii., 19-22, "Now therefor ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellowcitizens with the saints, and of the household of God; And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone; In whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord: In whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit." On St. John's Day, 1769, Bro. Wallis preached from I. Corinthians xiv., 40, "Let all things be done decently and in order." On St. John's Day, 1777, the Rev. Bro. Marsh, rector of Foord, preached to them from I. Thessalonians iv., 1, "Furthermore then we beseech you, brethren, and exhort you by the Lord Jesus, that as ye have received of us how ye ought to walk and to please God, so ye would abound more and more." In 1789 the sermon was preached in the parish church by the Rev. Bro. Shiel, minister of Westruther, from Galatians vi., 2, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." With such a religious observance of Masonic festivals Masonry flourished, as it deserved, in those days. The sight of these worthy old brethren "busked in their brows," walking in procession to the place of worship, must have impressed the outsiders and onlookers, and given them a favourable opinion of our Order. In fancy we picture these good old Masons, in their quaint and picturesque costume: three-cornered hats, tie wigs, knee breeches, black silk stockings, burnished shoe-buckles, white gloves and aprons, bedecked with the insignia of their office, and green silk sashes, walking solemnly to church, headed by a band of "musick," consisting of a "hautboy, drum, fife, and three fiddles."

It is not worth while detailing here the numerous ceremonials the lodge assisted at, especially as I have already given copious extracts about some of these proceedings in the history of the lodge, published last year in the columns of the *Scottish Freemason*. Connected with one of these ceremonials, however, I find in the *Kelso Mail* of June 28th, 1819, the following lines, written by James Ruickie, Tyler of St. John's Lodge, Hawick, which were recited at the Kelso Lodge on the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, 1819, on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of the monument to Thomson the poet. Although these lines are not recorded in the Masonic books, yet, as they are connected with "Freemasonry in Kelso," and are of no mean order, I make no apology for introducing them here.

"TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON THE POET."

While *Winter* rages, girt with icy chains,
 And shakes his drifts locks o'er moor and dale;
 While cheering *Spring* shall decorate our plains,
 And opening buds adorn the lovely vale;
 While *Summer* flings her odours all around,
 And Nature's choirs pour forth their tuneful voice;
 While yellow *Autumn* loads the fertile ground,
 And makes the thankless sons of men rejoice,—
 So long, departed Bard! thy page will shine;
 So long thy name to Scotia shall be dear;
 So long shall genius at thy sacred shrine
 Pay to thy urn the tribute of a tear.
 The weight of years this monument will stain,
 None from the spoils of Time can it secure;
 But *Thomson's* name immortal will remain,
 While *Seasons* roll and sun and moon endure.

Concerning Tweed Lodge we find in the minutes nothing of any importance beyond the attendance of the brethren at the various meetings, and the resolutions passed thereat. There seems, however, to have sprung up a feeling of jealousy amongst these brethren towards the brethren of the old lodge, as we find the following recorded in the minute for December 27th, 1821:— "The motion for a ball was again brought forward, when it was agreed by a great majority that a ball amongst the brethren take place, and that in case of a Masonic procession taking place to lay the foundation of a stand at the new Race Course, Berry Moss, to be held on the evening of that day, and that the management of the same be invested in the committee or office-bearers of the lodge. It was also agreed that our lodge take no part in the procession unless invited on equal terms, and enjoy the same privileges with the brethren of the Kelso St. John's Lodge."

This feeling may have been engendered by the older and more aristocratic lodge taking precedency, as it was justly entitled, in any public ceremony, and in being very exclusive, as we find by the minute for December 27th, 1824, which says "Several of the brethren having made a complaint that they were refused admission into the Kelso St. John's Lodge, it was resolved that an enquiry be made into the reason why they were refused." On the matter being again brought before the lodge in February, 1825, we find "it was carried by a majority that no enquiry should be made upon the subject." If the conduct of some of the brethren at this meeting was a sample of their general behaviour, we cannot wonder at their being refused admittance to the other lodge. We note in the minute that two members were fined for swearing, and one for interrupting a member while speaking, their conduct being described as "very disorderly," two brethren "swearing and insulting the Chair and office-bearers, that the Wardens were obliged, from the insults they had got, to leave the lodge before it was shut." For the credit of the lodge it must also be recorded here that at a meeting the following week three of the brethren were expelled by a majority of twenty-seven to three. The secretary has been too careful to preserve the offensive and disgraceful language in the minutes, an altogether unnecessary proceeding, as we could readily believe, with such a majority against them, that they richly merited their severe punishment.

Last month reference was made to the breaking up of "Tweed Lodge Society" and the distribution of the funds in 1841, but it was not till the year 1850 that these funds, or, rather, what was left of them, were invested; for during the nine years the sum of £90 seems to have dwindled considerably, as the comparatively small sum of nineteen pounds sterling only was invested then in shares in the Kelso Gas Company. I may add that these shares are still the property of the lodge, and that the interest accruing from them is now the principal source of regular income of this lodge. With the exception

of assisting at various public ceremonials, Masonic and otherwise, there is nothing recorded in the minutes of more than local interest; the meetings were not held very regularly, and sometimes only twice a year—on St. Andrew's and St. John's anniversaries. The ceremonies of initiation, passing, and raising, were crude in the extreme, and were frequently accompanied by such rough samples of practical joking as almost endangered the limbs of the candidates, and certainly altogether terrified them. I believe that this tomfoolery and burlesque of our beautiful service was actually believed by the initiates to be part of the ceremonies of Freemasonry! It is no wonder that our Craft gets into disrepute when such disgraceful scenes are transacted or tolerated in a lodge; these, combined with the orgies sometimes held after the lodge is closed, and supposed by many to be inseparable from Masonry, have proved to us a bye-word, a reproach, and a stumbling-block. To the honour of the lodge and the credit of the Craft there arose a champion in our midst, one who had been initiated with the usual rough accompaniments and in the crudest manner—Bro. James Steel, than whom there is not a more respected or keener Mason in the Borders. He it was who, being then a very young Mason, and seeing a candidate grossly ill-used during the ceremony of initiation, put his veto upon such a course of proceeding, and, by his determination and example, gradually weeded out the abuses that had for so long disgraced the meetings of this particular lodge in Kelso.

We return now to continue the history of the old lodge, from the date last mentioned, 1819, to the close of the year 1831. The meetings were regularly held, and there are several records of public ceremonies, but there are no minutes for the year 1832, and no meeting was held till St. Andrew's Day, 1838, when we notice that the R.W.M. "in the course of the evening alluded to the dreadful calamity of cholera which had prevented the lodge from meeting at any period during the year 1832, and, with much feeling and propriety, remarked he believed that all over Scotland it was a year lost in the annals of Masonry." St. John's Day was held this year, but from that day to the 26th of December, 1843, no meetings are recorded. The scourge of cholera above referred to no doubt had a good deal to do with the discontinuance of the meetings; but there is also no doubt that the great political wave which swept over the country during the Reform agitation had also a very detrimental effect upon the attendance of the brethren. Politics and Freemasonry are ever kept apart; but during this period, when party feeling was so strong on the Borders that even life-long friendships were sacrificed to political partizanship, we cannot feel surprised at its being then felt even by the brotherhood. An attempt was made to revive the interest in the lodge in 1843, and a meeting was appointed for January, 1844, to initiate members; but no candidates appeared. So the second and third degrees were given to those brethren who had not already been passed and raised. For St. John the Baptist's Day, 1844, there is a minute, but no business is mentioned, and this appears to have been the last meeting of the old lodge until the event detailed below.

As the history of the two lodges are converging, I must now return to Tweed lodge. In January, 1869, a proposal was made to remove the meetings of that lodge from the Cross Keys Hotel, but the matter was then abandoned. A year or two after it was proposed that Tweed lodge should try and get the name and number of the old lodge; but this matter also fell through. It was discovered that the goods belonging to the Lodge of Kelso were in the possession of a widow in the town, and that they could be got for a small sum, which was accordingly given for them, and an endeavour made to revive the old lodge; but it was unsuccessful. It was not until the month of April, 1878, that Grand Lodge sanctioned the resuscitation of the ancient lodge, upon payment of arrears, and it was decided by a very large majority of the members of Tweed, convened for the purpose, to amalgamate the two lodges, and at the same time to secure a place of meeting apart from a public-house or

hotel. Against this decision the minority protested, and in order to come to an amicable settlement, it was arranged that the same amount which had been paid by Tweed Lodge for the old goods should be paid back to that lodge by the members of the resuscitated lodge. The resuscitation took place on the 8th of May, 1878, when the three surviving members of the old lodge resident in Kelso called a meeting, and invited such of the brethren of Tweed Lodge as wished to affiliate. Bro. Robert Swan, who was initiated in the Kelso Lodge in 1827, occupied the chair, while Bro. George Craig, who affiliated into the lodge in 1825, having been made in 1819, acted as S. Warden, and Bro. George Purves, who was initiated in 1831, acted as J. Warden. Fourteen brethren, including all the office-bearers of Tweed Lodge, were affiliated that evening, and Bro. Swan, who made a very touching speech upon the occasion, was nominated for the office of R.W.M.

This Lodge, which is No. 58 on the roll of Scottish Lodges, bids fair in its rejuvenescence to rival the prosperity of its former days. The brethren since the resuscitation have met on an average once a fortnight, in a beautiful hall they have leased, the furnishing and embellishing of which have cost them over one hundred pounds. Since the 8th of May, 1878, when there were only three surviving members, there have been twenty initiations, which with affiliations brings the membership up to fifty-four. On the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, the 24th of June, this year, the Masonic hall was solemnly consecrated by the R.W. Bro. R. F. Shaw-Stewart, Junior Grand Warden and R.W.M. of the Lodge of Edinburgh (Mary's Chapel), No. 1, assisted by the V.W. Bro. the Rev. T. N. Wannop, Grand Chaplain, and D.P.G.M. of East Lothian, and other office-bearers of the Grand Lodge of Scotland (the Provincial Grand Master elect, Bro. the Right Hon. the Earl of Haddington, not having been installed as yet), in the presence of a large assemblage of brethren from the various Border lodges.

With this demonstration I might fitly conclude this sketch of Freemasonry in Kelso, but that no account of Freemasonry in Kelso will be complete without a special reference to Bros. R. Swan and J. Steel, to whom I have only casually alluded. Bro. Robert Swan, who officiated at the resuscitation of the old lodge, and who was made the R.W. Master by the unanimous votes of the brethren, is a true connecting-link between the past and the present, his uncle, Henry Swan, having been the R.W.M. of the Lodge in the years 1798-99. He himself is a Mason of no recent date, as we have already mentioned, having first seen the light of Masonry in the year 1827, exactly fifty-two years ago. But time has by no means quenched his enthusiasm for the Craft, in which he continues to take a deep interest. To his assistance the lodge in a great measure owes its present vitality; and he is always ready to counsel, advise, and support any movement calculated to advance the Order. Of Bro. James Steel it may be said that, although his connection with Masonry is comparatively recent, he has done so much for the Craft in Kelso that his name is thoroughly identified with it all over the Borders. But for his zeal and energy, and the unselfish love he has for Masonry and Masons, Freemasonry in Kelso would long ago have been a dead letter. As we mentioned before, he was the champion who boldly stood up against the abuses which characterised the meetings of the lodge wherein he was made; and it was he who took such an active part in the revival of the old lodge as to make it an accomplished fact. No meeting of the lodge seems complete without him, and he is always ready to assist in the work of the lodge, and many a young Mason has had reason to thank Bro. Steel for his assistance, encouragement, and advice. As an instance of how inseparable his name is from Masonry, I may give the following anecdote:—A few years ago he erected at the end of his premises a large flag-staff, surmounted by a gilded salmon, to indicate the direction of the wind. Instead of the usual cardinal points of the compass, Bro. Steel had his initials "J.S." and the letters "F.M." to indicate his busi-

ness—that of fishmonger. Shortly after its erection an individual, who had been attracted by the glittering salmon and was intensely gazing up at it, was heard to exclaim, “He need na’ hae been at the trouble o’ putting up F.M., for a’ body kens he’s a *Freemason*.” This from an “outsider” was an admirable compliment to our worthy brother. It is the fervent wish of every Mason who knows them that these two brethren, P.M. Swan and P.M. Steel, may long be spared to the Craft which they so much love and adorn.

I have now brought this sketch of Freemasonry in Kelso down to the present hour. We have seen that the majority of brethren hailed with delight the resuscitation of the old lodge and the removal of their place of meeting to a hall unconnected with a public-house; and we have also seen that a few brethren, desirous of continuing their mother lodge in the hotel they had been accustomed to meet in, still continue their meetings there. If out of this opposition there springs up a healthy rivalry, a desire to emulate each other in good deeds, and in advancing the true principles of Masonry, then this state of affairs is not to be regretted. Besides, the fact of its being known that there are two lodges in the small town of Kelso in full working order will serve as a stimulus and an example to other towns, and induce them to infuse a little more life into their Masonic gatherings.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

TO call thee woman, it were fair enough,
 For in this word enshrined is all that’s good;
 But men are apt to think they look upon
 A rare embodiment of *Arts—five-fold—*
 When they gaze on thee.

The fortune-favoured land
 That gave thee birth, and nursed thee well,
 Stands out before the world as genius crowned
 By many *sons* and *daughters*, famous “for all time.”
Minerva-like didst thou spring forth, but from
Apollo’s brain; and now in thee do we
 Behold the *god’s* fair child.

If it is so,
 Oh, let the earth rejoice to welcome thee,
 And happy mortals honoured homage pay:
 Or art thou by *Mnemosyne* sent to us
 All clothed in flesh, and wearing, daintily,
 The mantle left by *Goujon* years ago?
 Whilst *Poussin’s* power, joined to *Thespian* grace,
 Great lustre sheds upon thy charming gifts.

Howe’er it be,
 The world is much adorned
 By such as thee, who raise refinement’s arts,
 And give to life that higher tone—admired,
 Besought, and often fixed beyond our reach.
 To France, thy country, great renown belongs,
 And greater now that peace and plenty reign;
 A deathless fame her noble artists bring,
 When sculptors act, and painter-poets sing.

TRYING TO CHANGE A SOVEREIGN.

IN TWO ESSAYS.

*With Illustrations by the Author.*BY BRO. SAMUEL POYNTER, P.M. AND TREASURER, BURGOSNE, NO. 902;
P.M. ATHENÆUM, NO. 1491.

ESSAY THE FIRST (concluded).

ATTEMPT I.

PART III.

MODERN HIGH TREASON.

"The judges all ranged; a terrible show."—*Beggar's Opera.*

WITLESS AS THE MODERN BRUTUS.

When the individual whom I —anticipating a subsequent judicial decision — have termed "Witless," was arrayed at the rail of the Gardener's Lane Police Station, he presented a more composed appearance than when we last saw him hustled across the quadrangle of Buckingham House. Indeed, his bearing was not without a *souçon* of swagger, as Mr. Inspector, having heard what the excited witnesses had to say, opined that it was "a Secretary of State's matter." The prisoner, being interrogated as to his name and quality, replied without hesitation that he was called Edward Oxford, and that his avocation was that of barman—by no means to be identified with potman. We do not think, for instance, of confounding a landing waiter with a weigher, a skilled artisan with a labourer, or Mrs. Molly the cook with Slut the scullery maid. He was a barman, at present out of employment; his last place, which he had quitted about ten days before, had been at the "Hog in the Pound," a tavern still extant at the corner of South Molton Street, Oxford Street. His present residence was with his mother and sister, at

WHEN the individual whom I —anticipating a subsequent judicial decision — have termed "Witless," was arrayed at the rail of the Gardener's Lane Police Station, he presented a more composed appearance than when we last saw him hustled across the quadrangle of Buckingham House. Indeed, his bearing was not without a *souçon* of swagger, as Mr. Inspector, having

6, West Place, West Square, Lambeth. Thereupon Mr. Inspector sends off to Downing Street, and Witless stalks off majestically—left foot forward—halt—bring up right foot—right foot forward—halt—bring up left foot, *à la* N. T. Hicks, a great transpontine tragedian of my boyhood's days—stalks off—casting sublime scowls of defiance at the minions of power—to his dungeon. Not unhappy. By no means. Those were sweet words that fell from Mr. Inspector, "This is a Secretary of State's affair." The *ci-devant* potboy, the present proud barman out of work, is a Prisoner of State on a charge of HIGH TREASON!

Two-penny-half-penny traitor that he was, the words had more magic, more meaning in them to the poor boy then, than they would possess to a lad of his age—he was scarcely two months over eighteen years—now. During forty years this offence has almost come to be relegated to the category of antiquarian crimes—a kind of turpitude to be gazed at in a museum as it were—to form the subject of a dry legal disquisition to a class of pupils, but only very rarely to be brought out into the light of day as a matter of solemn actual practical public enquiry. But in 1840 men's minds were more familiar with the terrible theme. The then recent reign of George the Third has alone contributed fifteen volumes to the collection of thirty-three* forming the well-known series of State Trials, which, as everybody must be aware is a compilation of law cases, chiefly, of course, involving charges of treason; or nearly as many volumes as are required to contain the trials of all the preceding reigns, of which records have been preserved.† To be "hanged, drawn, and quartered" was a very familiar expression in the mouths of the multitude during the first half of this century. Men not well past middle age were personally familiar with the details of the vast number of trials and executions for treason in Great Britain and Ireland, which had horrified Europe during the last thirty years of Farmer George's golden reign. It is well that we, living in happier times, should remember this when we recall with a shudder the atrocities of our neighbours under the contemporaneous Convention and Reign of Terror. Men who would not in 1840 own to having as yet begun to grow old remembered seeing and hearing Colonel Despard, as he stood pinioned and nightcapped on the top of the new gaol in Southwark, in 1803.‡ Men yet undoubtedly young had beheld

* Vol. 34 is the index; see note, *post*.

† This statement is worth analysis. The invaluable collection known as "Howell's State Trials"—and I hope that I shall not be charged with an undue fondness for Newgate Calendar kind of literature when I avow my belief that it is the most interesting work in the language;—if I am, I can readily vindicate myself by referring my accusers to an article on this subject in the sixth volume of the *Cornhill Magazine*, page 351, which will at least demonstrate that I err in good company—this wonderful compilation is contained in thirty-four volumes octavo. Of these the first seventeen contain all the investigations, of which reports are extant, prior to the reign of George the Third; the following fifteen the trials during that reign. Of the two last volumes, vol. 33 comprises the trials of the following reign, a great portion of the book being taken up with the very interesting proceedings relating to the Cato Street conspiracy, referred to in the text, *post*; and the last, vol. 34, is exclusively devoted to an exhaustive index. It probably seldom occurs to lovers of fiction how much of the ore smelted down into new shapes to furnish their favourite recreation has been excavated from this mine of wealth to novelists and sensational writers generally. No attempt has been made to continue *this* particular compilation down to the present date, or, indeed, to any date more recent than 1820. It seems a pity that no enterprising publisher can be found to offer terms to some ambitious young author capable of undertaking such a task. With the exception of an independent work in two volumes, by a learned member of my own profession, the late W. C. Townsend, Esq., Q.C., which gives in a sketchy fashion a few of the more important cases down to 1840, a range of just upon sixty years is left entirely unchronicled. It must not be forgotten that the latter part of this interval embraces the many important and interesting enquiries carried out in connection with the Fenian conspiracy.

‡ I had the account, from the lips of an actual spectator, in 1855. If there can be anything ludicrous in connection with such a ghastly topic, the way in which the poor colonel was dragged to the scaffold, involving a solemn traditional mockery, supplies some relief. The Cabinet remitted all the other parts of the revolting sentence but the hanging,

Thistlewood's dignified composure, in such marked contrast with the ruffian demeanour of some of his dying companions, as he ascended the platform in front of Newgate, in 1820.* Prosecutions for high treason, executions for high treason, formed, in short, as lately as 1840, common topics for general conversation, as sensational murders do, alas! now, and it cannot be doubted, from what subsequently transpired, that Edward Oxford's boyish and exceptionally weak mind was debauched with nonsense about Brutus and Charlotte Corday and Ankerström and Damiens, and the other lay figures constantly trotted out in the then extant "penny dreadfuls," for there were penny dreadfuls, only they were coarser and more dreadfully dreadful dreadfuls than those now current, even in those days.

So that Witless in his cell had the consolation—before other solace came, of which I shall speak in the proper place—of feeling that he was a prisoner of state, and that the least dignified apotheosis he could attain was to have the surgical attendance of a professor in a mask, and his severed capital held up to the view of an awe-stricken mob as the head of a traitor!

Is vanity confined to a class, think you, gentle reader? Is it to consider too closely, to speculate whether even into a well-furnished, vaulted apartment in the Tower, to some immured one, moving in a higher sphere of life than any of which poor Oxford had a notion, some gleam of comfort has not penetrated in the thought that the thinker would be the leading actor in the grand tragedy, where he would march behind Mr. Gentleman Gaoler bearing the processional axe with its edge turned outwards, and where my Lord Steward would stalk, carrying his white wand of office between treble rows of robed and coronetted peers, and would stop three times in his progress and make three several obeisances to the throne, before solemnly taking his seat on the awful chair of justice?

decapitation, and *drawing*. The last they would not forego. Now, according to Blackstone, vol. 4, "drawing," formally meant, and formerly actually involved, dragging the condemned along the ground, by a rope tied round his legs, to the place of execution, and this torture the judgment literally ordains; but, says the learned author of the commentaries, "usually a sledge or hurdle is allowed to preserve the offender from the extreme torment of being dragged on the ground or pavement." This quaint view of indulgence seems of a piece with the same legal sage's well-known vindication of the humanity and propriety of the English law in burning women for high or petit treason, instead of hanging, eviscerating, and dismembering them, a dictum which is worth reproducing. "But in treasons of every kind the punishment of women is the same, and different from that of men. For, as the natural modesty of the sex forbids the exposing and publicly mangling their bodies, their sentence (which is to the full as terrible to sense as the other) is to be drawn to the gallows, and there burned alive." Those who are familiar with the details of the execution of Miss Blandy for the murder of her father about the time Blackstone's commentaries were written (see the Newgate Calendar, and the case is also referred to in Boswell's "Life of Johnson,") will appreciate the grim irony of this affectation of modesty and decency on the part of our great grandfathers. But to return to Colonel Despard. As he was to be executed on the roof of the prison where he was confined, and, as the ministers insisted that he should be "drawn," this grimly humorous expedient was had recourse to. The conventional sledge was introduced into the prison-yard, and the condemned man entered it at the door of the staircase leading to his cell, and was then "drawn" across the flagged space to the foot of the stairs leading to the tower on which he was to die—a distance, say of twenty yards! When the late lamented Mr. Thurtell was in a similar situation to that of Colonel Despard, only brought about by vulgar—very vulgar—murder, and not by aristocratic treason, he is reported to have said, "It may not be becoming in a man in my position, but I think I should die happy if I could but be allowed to read Pierce Egan's account of the fight between Langham and Tom Spring in yesterday's *Bell's Life*." Oh for a collection of the exemplary last sayings of great men! The unhappy moribund officer was a gentleman and a scholar, and he might, while he was being jolted over his score of yards of pavement, have quoted, with great propriety, the line a year or two before in everybody's mouth, emphasised so deservedly by John Philip Kemble in Ireland's spurious Shakespearian tragedy of *Vortigern and Rowena*—"Would that this solemn mockery were o'er!"

* I had the particulars of this execution also from an eye-witness. Some curious details "not generally known" I may give to the world—I hope in the columns of this magazine—one of these days.

Master Oxford's equivalent for all this grandeur—that is to say, from his point of view—began to be conferred at once. Whenever he came, showing his grinning face* against the grating of his cell-door, privileged gazers, admitted by the favour of Mr. Inspector, or the sergeant on duty, or some of the braceleted rank and file bribed by a shilling, came and stared their fill at “the pot boy who had shot at our Queen.” Do you deride him, reader, because he posed? Why, you would do the same in such a position. Remember, you are liable to be drawn and hanged and quartered. Don't grudge some alleviation to the impending inconvenience in a temporary attitudinising as hero of the situation.

Alleviating solace number one comes in the form of a surgeon. Witless grins more than ever. He knew that Government wanted, and would probably have, his head; but he had no idea that he had attained to such an extremely dignified position that anybody could require his hair; but the doctor snips off some, and we are told afterwards—a long while afterwards—that “several members of Parliament actually applied to Mr. M'Cann, the surgeon, for a small portion of the lock of hair which he cut off Oxford's head; but they were disappointed of obtaining any, Mr. M'Cann having previously given it to several distinguished patients of his!”†

But what an insignificant visitor is a general practitioner compared to the Keeper of her Majesty's privy purse, and a peer a privy councillor—Witless is holding a reception, and his usher, the constable, throws open the cell-door and announces Sir Henry Wheatley and the Right Honorable the Earl of Uxbridge. I daresay Witless knew enough of current history to be aware that his noble visitor was the son and heir of that renowned marquis who had left one of his supporters beneath a cenotaph in far away Waterloo village, though I do not know if he had ever heard the epigram that wittily points out that the last shot fired in the great battle was directed by Providence to correct the extravagance of Nature, “for one leg was enough for him who never meant to run,” if I quote correctly.

Witless comes forward politely. “Is the Queen hurt?” he enquires anxiously. Says the Earl, not unreasonably, “How dare you ask such a question?” Then Witless poses. He had been shooting a great deal lately. He was a very good shot with a pistol—a better with a rifle. Poor fool, was he so very ignorant as to be insensible that his every enquiry, his every bragging remark, was probably hammering down a nail in his Newgate shell? The peer, of course, gathers from the tone that this poor creature is one of the wretched, weak, ignorant agents that revolutionary committees have in all ages been in the habit of using, and, afterwards, disavowing and deserting. He frowns, and observes—“You have now fulfilled your engagement.” The prisoner replies, ah! poor fatuous fool! “No, I have not.” His questioner indignantly responds—“Your have, sir, so far as the attempt goes.” “To that he was silent.”‡

As the night wanes visitors wax fewer. The State Prisoner coils himself up on the bench in his cell and snatches an hour or two of broken sleep. With his hunch of bread and butter and conical pint cup of coffee from the shop round the corner, brought by kind-hearted constabulary in the morning, comes the delicious news that he—he—Edward Oxford—the hitherto undistinguished barman—is—can it be possible?—to be examined at the Home Office, before a special sitting of her Majesty's Privy Council. None of your

* That he could never refrain from laughing in any circumstances, solemn or ludicrous, was the great point to prove his insanity, afterwards mainly relied upon on his trial. “It is said that during his examination” [i.e., on the capital charge] “he could not refrain from his habit of laughing.”—“Annual Register,” vol. lxxxii. (1840), page 247.

† Ibid.

‡ Townsend's “Modern State Trials,” vol. i., page 117.

common police courts for this illustrious *détenu*. No, he is worthy of interrogation by no less potential a tongue than that of the Prime Minister himself. The Frankenstein who has created the monster that "run him in," the Power in a white waistcoat, shall sit upon him. "Why is Sir Robert Peel like a counterfeit shilling?" "Because he's a bad Bob!" was the conundrum and answer Republican Witless had often propounded and replied to over the bar of the "Hog in the Pound," anent the great Tory statesman. The hero of Waterloo, too, would probably be there; but Witless mentally referred to him as "Old Nosey," and, perhaps—perhaps—but no—Majesty and Majesty's husband would be too timid to face again so redoubtable a would-be tyrannicide, so resolute a successor of Brutus.

But it does not appear that Witless found the Privy Council assembled in any very great numbers to do him honour. There was a peer, it is true—Lord Normanby—that was something; and an Under Secretary of State, Mr. Fox Maule—but that was nothing; and Mr. Mark Phillips and Mr. Hall, of Bow Street—less than nothing. "The Attorney-General, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Controller of the Household, were also present." Here is a grand opportunity for posing, and the "drawer" cannot resist indulging. The witnesses have simply told that he had, the evening before, placed himself with his back to the fence dividing the Green Park from Constitution Hill—that, when her Majesty's carriage approached—the Queen, contrary to her usual custom, on this occasion sitting on the left-hand side of her husband, and therefore nearest the garden-wall and farthest from the prisoner—that, when the Queen appeared, he drew a pistol from his breast-pocket, presented it and fired—that the young and fair monarch crouched (I should think she did)—that Prince Albert stood up—that Oxford, distinctly exclaiming "I have got another" then drew another pistol with his other hand, aimed and fired again—that then "*Her Majesty arose in the carriage and looked round, with no fear on her countenance neither.*"* The traditional courage of her noble race is exemplified here. Then came the scrimmage I have attempted to describe.† One of the witnesses seems to have been mistaken for the culprit. Clayton, a cabinetmaker, wrenches a pistol from Albert Rowe, the nephew of an on-looking spectacle-maker, which Albert had just snatched from the prisoner. Says Clayton to Rowe—"You confounded rascal, how dare you shoot at our Queen?" I spoke in a loud voice. The prisoner said—"I give myself up; I will go quietly." I took hold of his coat; the mob rushed in and seized me, and knocked the pistol out of my hand on the ground. The police took me to the station-house, where I was locked up in a cell and searched." (Pleasant for the innocent Clayton.) "When I was brought from the cell I saw the prisoner in the inspector's office. He turned round and said, 'Is the Queen hurt?' I said to him, 'What did you put in the barrels?' He said, 'I have answered a dozen questions; there have been a dozen persons asking me questions, and I shall answer no more.'"

Then came the opportunity for Witless to pose and cackle *à la* Sim Tappertit, and thus he delivered himself—

"A great many witnesses against me. Some say I shot with my left, others with my right. They vary as to the distance. After I fired the first pistol Prince Albert got up, as if he would jump out of the coach, and sat down again as if he thought better of it." (A touch of sardonic humour here.) "Then I fired the second pistol. That is all I shall say at present." Being asked to sign this statement when it is written down, he subscribes the record cheerfully, and then, secretly hoping for the dignity of the Tower, but finding that, in licensed victualling vernacular, his case will only "run to" the insignificance of plebeian Newgate, he resigns himself to his fate and a hackney

* Townsend's "Modern State Trials," vol. i., page 115.

† See our number for July.

cabriolet—sighing at the idea of the degradation involved in that vulgar modern substitute for the barge with the halberdiers and the rowers in the Queen's livery, and the pursuivant with the silver greyhound embroidered on his sleeve—"Take him, Topham!"*—and the Clerk of the Council, bearing the parchment warrant with the great dangling seal, and the procession down the Thames, and the reception by Mr. Lieutenant and the scarlet-clad warders on the slimy steps of Traitors' Gate.

"The result of the examination was," as I have above indicated, "the prisoner's committal to Newgate, to be tried for High Treason. He met his sister in a passage of the Home Office, and she embraced him affectionately."† Poor girl! Perhaps she had not ascended to the requisite degree of patriotic enthusiasm to contemplate unmoved the euthanasia of eight o'clock on Monday morning outside the debtors' door.

The trial is so thoroughly a matter of general contemporaneous history that it is not worth while here to indicate more than one or two of its leading features. The importance of the inquiry warranted the presidency of three judges, the senior being the Lord Chief Justice of England; and, accordingly, on the morning of Thursday, the 9th of July, Lord Denman, Baron Alderson, and Mr. Justice Patteson took their seats on the Bench at the Central Criminal Court, and the Attorney-General, Sir John Campbell (afterwards Lord Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor), with the Solicitor-General, Sir Thomas Wilde (afterwards Lord Chancellor as Lord Truro), Sir Frederick Pollock (afterwards Lord Chief Baron), and Mr.—afterwards Mr. Justice—Wightman, appeared as counsel for the Crown. Poor Witless, who had for legal assistants a bright young advocate, cut off shortly after—all too early—Mr. Sidney Taylor, and the Mr. Bodkin who subsequently, as Sir W. H. Bodkin, sat for so many years as the Rhadamanthus, the terror of strumpets and rogues in Hicks's Hall—Witless, on being placed at the bar, giggled with much gratification at seeing the array of wigs thought necessary to prosecute him. Furthermore, he had been told that the bench, crowded with gentlemen in plain clothes almost hustling the three judges, afforded accommodation to certain illustrious—even royal—personages, native and foreign, curious to witness the proceedings; and the accused was hilariously eager to have them pointed out by name, and worried the assistant warders to that end, until, wearied by his importunities, they bade him be quiet and listen to the indictment. Poor Witless grinned again when that document appeared framed under the great Statute of Treasons of Plantagenet Edward, and, doubtlessly, felt much inward gratification in anticipating how well the whole affair would read in next Sunday's *Weekly Dispatch*, and what a grand engraving of the scene would adorn the front page of *Lloyd's Penny Police News*. But the complacent smile of satisfaction changed into a grin of disappointed vanity when it appeared, after all, that a statute of George III. (suggested, probably, by the numerous attempts, attacks, and assaults, of which only two ever came on for trial,‡ made during his long reign upon that

‡ "Take him, Topham," cant saying applied to the pursuivants or officers of the Privy Council, known by the badge of a silver greyhound embroidered on the right sleeve. Topham, from his long tenure of office, furnished the generic name for these catchpolls, as, in our grandfathers' time, Townsend stood sponsor for a long succession of Robin Redbreasts—so-called from their habit of wearing scarlet waistcoats—or Bow Street runners.—See notes to "Peveril of the Peak."

† "Annual Register," vol. lxxxii. (1840), page 247.

‡ Kit Wake's case in 1795; where, for hooting at the King as he went in State to open Parliament—shouting, "Down with him," and "No George," and even going so far as to mob his Majesty to that extent that one of the Royal carriage windows was broken—a wretched working man, with a wife and family, was sentenced to (and suffered) *five years imprisonment*, and to enter into sureties to keep the peace afterwards for ten years; and the mad trooper Hadfield's case, in 1800, which had a similar termination to that of Oxford. The attempt by Hadfield immediately inspired the legislation by 39 and 40 Geo. 3rd, cap. 93.

eminently respectable monarch) had deprived the proceedings of much of the dignity of a State trial by enacting that investigations into this peculiar species of overt acts of treason should be conducted in the manner observed in ordinary trials for murder and wilful and malicious shooting. All that remained for glory, then, was the grand, rolling, high-sounding, fine old English sentence that British law in its wisdom had left unchanged; the doom to suspension and decapitation, to mutilation and evisceration, that Emmett had heard unmoved—that, on that very spot, and only twenty years before, Thistlewood had received with a smile and a pinch of snuff. But, of even that melancholy triumph a low-souled jury were bent upon depriving poor Witless. He, or his advisers rather, said that he was mad, and the round dozen in the box believed it. The evidence in support of the insanity theory was curious. When his lodgings were searched, the day after the attempt, the Police found a sword and scabbard, a black crape cap with two red bows, a powder flask with gunpowder, a bullet mould, five bullets, and twelve or fourteen percussion caps. But, in addition to these articles, they discovered some documents in manuscript. One purported to be the rules and regulations of a club called “Young England,” the members of which assumed fictitious or, as the manuscript had it, “factitious,” names, such as “Justinian,” “Augustia” (*sic.*), “Fredeni,” “Othoe,” etc. The nonsensical production, evidently inspired by some hazy, ignorant recollection of the constitution of the famed Vehmgericht, need be but very briefly alluded to here. One or two extracts are rather funny, however. Take the eleventh rule, for instance, which seems to have been the result of Hibernian inspiration:—“That no member will be allowed to *speake* during any debate, nor allowed to ask more than two questions.” The first and fifth are conceived in the true “Ereles vein:”—“1. That every member shall be provided with a brace of pistols, a sword, a rifle, and a dagger; the two latter to be kept at the committee room.” “5. That every member shall, when he is ordered to meet, be armed with a brace of pistols (loaded) and a sword to repel any attack; and also be provided with a black crape cap, to cover his face, with his marks of distinction outside.” One more excerpt. Observe the supreme silliness of the following:—“9. That whenever any member is ordered down the country, or abroad, he must take various disguises with him—as the labourer, the mechanic, and the gentleman, all of which he can obtain at the committee-room. The other papers purported to be three letters or summonses to attend meetings of this mysterious body, too good not to be disinterred. No. 1 is addressed to Mr. Oxford, at Mr. Minton’s, High Street, Marylebone, and dated from “Young England,” May 16th, 1839, wherein a Mr. Smith, signing himself “Secretary,” informs the pot-boy that “Our Commander-in-Chief was very glad to find that you answered his questions in such a straightforward manner. You will be wanted to attend on the 21st of this month, as we expect one of the country agents to town on business of importance.” The next, also from Mr. Smith, and addressed to “Mr. Oxford, at Mr. Parr’s, Hat and Feathers, Goswell Street,” has the true conspirators’ chorus ring about it, and, as bathos, the conclusion is incomparable. It is dated from “Young England,” Nov. 14th, 1839:—“Sir,—I am very glad to hear that you improve so much in your speeches. Your speech the last time you were here was beautiful. There was another one introduced last night by Lieutenant Mars—a fine, tall, gentlemanly-looking fellow; and it is said that he is a military officer, but his name has not yet transpired. Soon after he was introduced, we were alarmed by a violent knocking at the door. In an instant our faces were covered, we cocked our pistols, and with drawn swords stood waiting to receive the enemy. While one stood over the fire with the papers, another stood with lighted torch to fire the house. We then sent the old woman to open the door, and it proved to be some little boys who knocked at the door and ran away.” The last letter, subscribed as before, dated from “Young England,” 3rd April, 1840, a couple of months

only before the attempt for which Witless was then taking his trial, is addressed to "Mr. Oxford, at Mr. Robinson's, Hog in the Pound, Oxford Street," and summons the conspirator very peremptorily to attend a meeting of the Club that evening, to consider "some communications of an important nature from Hanover." The bathos with which the missive ends is again exquisite, "You must attend, and if your master will not give you leave, you must come in defiance of him." Surely all this must have been in Dickens's mind when he, but very shortly afterwards, portrayed the career of Sim Tappertit, in "Barnaby Rudge."

Well, the articles were produced, and the documents and letters duly read. "But what gave rise to no little surprise," as Barham says in "The Jackdaw of Rheims," was the singular fact, incontestably proved, that document and letters were all in the handwriting of the prisoner himself—summonses to attend the imaginary meetings of a mythical society, addressed by himself to himself. Yes, so it was; the republican association "Young England" had no other existence than in the disturbed brain of the cackinatory visionary drawer of "Meux's Entire"; the "properties" had no use but to be contemplated with grinning gratification in the garret of the "Hog in the Pound," where the pot-boy patriot slept—and—and *dreamt!* All this was relied upon by his sorrow-stricken friends to prove the plea of dementia. He was fond of scribbling; he had some idea of rhyme; he couldn't address the public-house nursery-maid, his sweetheart, without seeking to kindle the risibility of the letter-distributor by the form of the direction of the letter.

"Fly, postman, with this letter bound,
To a public-house—the Hog in the Pound,
To Miss Chittenden there convey
With *speedility* (*sic*) obey;
Remember, my blade,
The postage is paid."

The Solicitor-General, in his learned reply, caps this rhythmical superscription with another—

"This is for David Pollock, Esquire,
For him in Elm Court enquire
On the first floor, look no higher,
There you'll catch him!

"He'll pay you twopence for this letter,
He never paid it for a better;
If he does not, like a setter,
Watch him!"

and, sententiously deduces Mr. Solicitor, "Doggerel poetry in the direction of a letter was no proof of insanity."

I wonder if Master Oxford had ever heard of the parody, then popular, upon "My lodging is on the cold ground," the song that is said to have changed the sleeping apartment of the singer, Moll Davies, from the cold and muddy ground, under a bulkhead in Covent Garden Market, to the Royal bed-chamber at Whitehall. It is not wholly unconnected with poor Witless's profession, and so he had probably heard it, and, as it might have inspired him, I'll quote it:—

"My lodging is in Drury Lane,
A parlour that's next to the sky,
Exposed to the wind and the rain;
But the wind and the rain I defy.

"Such love warms the coldest of spots,
As I feel for Clorinda the fair,
And she lives by the scouring of pots,
In Dyot Street, Bloomsbury Square."

Not much more cogent evidence of insanity than writing rubbishing rhyme—good heavens! what multitudes would escape punishment if such proof were

held sufficient—was afforded in the description of the unhappy boy's youth and lineage. He had always, as I have said, been given to laughing, even idiotically, and yet, like the ruthless boy who "took a holiday from school to see the kittens drowned," was irritable, cruel, perverse, and moody. His father and grandfather, the latter an old Greenwich pensioner, had been sad drunkards. The former had, when in liquor, frequently been adjured in the spirit of the refined terms of the pathetic American ballad, "Father, refrain from larrupping mother." The latter had never attended to the poetical exhortation, presumably by the same author, "Daddy, abstain from liquoring up." Again I say, if getting drunk and thrashing one's wife are proofs of insanity, there is plenty of impunity to be had. The prisoner himself had once run away to go to sea, and, with the egotism so conspicuous in his feeble character, had written to his mother, asking her whether she would't feel proud to see him return, as he assuredly should, "Admiral Sir Edward Oxford." Gracious! if running away to go to sea when you are a lad, and fancying that the boy's straw is to be speedily exchanged for the Admiral's thwartships cocked hat, is to consign one to a mad-house for life, why the present writer has been very near incurring that species of seclusive restraint, that's all.

But the jury were mercifully disposed; and more, they were weak and illogical, and so a very little evidence of insanity went a long way with them. They were illogical thus: Although, of course, strict search had been made, no bullets were ever found, and there has always been considerable doubt whether the pistols were loaded with ball or not—that is to say, whether this silly youth ever really did have any intention of changing his sovereign. Had it not been for his fondness for pistol practice, and his inability to refrain from swagger thereanent—one of the witnesses at the trial, however, deposed that he had heard it remarked to the prisoner, at a shooting-gallery, that he was more fit to shoot at a hay-stack than at a target—and his foolish braggadocio speeches when taken into custody, there would have been very little evidence against him of any overt act of treason; although, of course, in any case he had been guilty of a most brutal outrage. What evidence of attempting his young Queen's life there was to affect him he had himself boastfully supplied. The jury then, being in doubt on this point, returned the special verdict—"We find the prisoner, Edward Oxford, guilty of discharging the contents of two pistols; but whether or not they were loaded with ball has not been satisfactorily proved to us, *he being of unsound mind at the time.*" The Attorney-General fastened on the words I have italicised, and claimed under 40 Geo. 3, cap. 94, that the prisoner, being acquitted on the ground of insanity, should be imprisoned during her Majesty's pleasure. But the prisoner's advocate was quite as sharp. "This is not an acquittal on the ground of insanity," he contended. "By negating the fact that the pistols were loaded with ball, or, rather, by returning that the prosecution have not made out that fact affirmatively, which is indispensable to a conviction, the finding becomes an unqualified verdict of 'Not guilty;'" and this it was impossible to get over without sending the boxful back to their room to reconsider the point. But now they had had a hint given them of a possible expedient whereby they could reconcile humanity with duty. So they returned into Court again with a verdict which Lord Denman construed as "Not guilty on the ground of insanity," and his lordship added that the acquitted one would, nevertheless, be confined in strict custody as a matter of course. "The prisoner walked briskly from the bar, apparently glad that the tedious trial was over:" so says the contemporaneous record; and, as he disappears down the gloomy stairs leading from the dock of the old Court, so does he virtually vanish from the page of history. True, we catch faint glimpses of him occasionally during the next forty years. He is basket making at Bethlehem Hospital—not the old Bedlam outside Moor Gate, where

"Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand,"

or stood, rather—but the handsome asylum in St. George's Fields. We hear of him at Broadmoor—a kind attendant on his sick fellow captives, beloved and respected by keepers and kept alike, the trusted and trusty servitor of the establishment where he has been for so many years immured, where he will almost certainly die. He is fifty-seven years and three months of age now; thirty-nine years of that period he has passed in a captivity that, whatever its physical alleviations, can have been, can be, no other than sorrowful. Forgive me, poor prisoner, if I have laughed at thee; and yet, I have not laughed at thee, but at those foolish boyish freaks of so-called principle thou hast, I doubt not, long since learned to laugh at thyself—no! not to laugh at—to contemn, to despise. For my part, I like to think, to this day, that the whole affair was the outcome of the silly "Young England" vision, that the bullets were as tangible, and only as tangible, as that paper-valiant society, and that, after all, Edward Oxford, blazing off his powder in the park, posed in a foolish attitude involving, it is true, the commission of a dastardly and wicked act, but that he was wholly innocent of the crime of really "trying to change a sovereign."



SINGULAR CEREMONY IN MAKING ALNWICK FREEMEN.

AMONGST the many curious customs that have been enacted in "Merrie England" in the olden time, perhaps the ancient ceremony of making freemen at Alnwick is as singular as any of them. Annually on St. Mark's Eve, met in the Town Hall the officials of the Corporation, with the candidates for the freedom, and the freemen, with a sprinkling of the public. The young men then established their right as freemen to the governing power, locally known as the "Four-and-Twenty." They paid their fees, swore loyalty to the Queen, fealty to the lord of the manor, and obedience to the Common Council, and were then enrolled. The young freemen afterwards treated each other at the different public-houses, and looked forward with joy, hope, and fear to the coming morrow. We are told: "On the morning of St. Mark's Day the houses of the new freemen are distinguished by a holly tree planted before each door, as a signal for their friends to assemble. About eight o'clock the candidates for the franchise, being mounted on horseback and armed with swords, assemble in the Market Place, where they are joined by the chamberlains and the bailiff of the lord of the manor (the Duke of Northumberland), attended by two men armed with halberds. The young freemen being arranged in order, with music playing, march to the west end of the town, where they deliver their swords. Then they proceed, under the guidance of the Moor grieves, till they reach the ceremonial well, where their friends await their arrival. The young freemen being arrived at the well, immediately prepare for immersion, and, after divesting themselves of their proper garments, they are soon equipped in a white dress and cap ornamented with ribands. The sons of the oldest freemen have the honour of taking the first leap, and being arranged accordingly, when the signal is given, plunging into the ceremonial well, they scramble through the pool, and after being well drenched, they are assisted out of the puddle at the further end in a rueful condition. They then resume their former dresses, remount their horses, and proceed to perambulate the remainder of their large common, of which they have become free by this achievement." The late Mr. Tate, historian of Alnwick, states: "The famous Freeman's Well is four miles south-west of Alnwick, and is situated on the declivity of a high hill called the 'Freeman Hill.' It is fed by a powerful spring, and is properly dammed up some time before the 25th of April by rustics employed by the Corporation authorities. When filled with water it is about one hundred feet long, from six to fifteen feet broad, and from three to five feet deep. To impede the progress of the freemen in plunging through the well, turf dykes are built across, and straw ropes fixed from side to side; and that these traps to catch the unwary may not be visible, the rustics take care to stir the mud from the bottom, so that the water is rendered a disagreeable puddle." In the *Lonsdale Magazine* for 1832 a contributor says: "They re-enter the town sword in hand, and are met by women dressed in ribbons, with bells and garlands, dancing and singing. These are called Timber Waits. The houses of the new freemen are on that day distinguished by a great holly-bush, as a signal for their friends to assemble and make merry with them after their return."

Respecting the origin of this serio-ludicrous practice, it is traced by tradition to King John. It is related that during his residence at Alnwick Castle curiosity suggested to the monarch the idea of arraying himself as a palmer for the purpose of visiting the peasantry in disguise, and like another Haroun Alraschid, thus ascertaining the opinions of the people with regard to their king. The tale goes: "Upon St. Mark's Day, thus disguised, he sallied forth,

and finding a foot-path, pursued it until he came to an avenue bordered on both sides with whins, which conducted him to the well, where he found three tinkers solacing themselves by the side of the fountain, who desired him to sit down and tell them the news. He did so, supposing his end was in fact answered; but their uncouth conduct and scurrilous conversation soon convinced him of his mistake. After making themselves merry with mocking him, they led him a little below to a boggy bottom, where the strand insinuated itself, and caused the king to travel to and fro, until daubed with dirt from head to foot, when they suffered him to depart. He hastened home, and as he passed through Alnwick street the people crowded about him, believing that he was either mad or drunk. Tired with their inquiries after the cause of his dirty condition, he testily told them that 'All their posterity should tread in his footsteps.' He reached the castle, and despatched an armed party in pursuit of the tinkers, who were soon overtaken and brought before the king. Two were ordered to be instantly executed; the third, to whose interference, he alleged, he owed his life, was presented with a handsome sum of money and set at liberty. He then made a law that if three tinkers were ever in future found travelling in company two of them should be hanged; and in consequence of the people's ludicrous laughing at him, he made a decree that no man should enjoy the freedom of Alnwick until he had travelled through the same slough that the king had just travelled through." The custom of "going through the well," as it is termed, was performed for the last time in 1854, when the moor was enclosed. Two more years they rode the boundaries, but refused to go through the well.

Hull.

WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.

ACROSTIC.

A 'S the apprentice, full age and free born ;
 B is the bible on which he is sworn ;
 C is the cable-tow, noosed in one part ;
 D is the dagger that points to his heart ;
 E is the entrance for which he has sought ;
 F is the faith by which it is bought ;
 G is the gavel, or sometimes styled maul,
 H is the Hiram for order to call ;
 I is the Inner Guard, armed with a sword,
 J is the Junior Warden, his lord ;
 K is the knock to be given but thrice ;
 L is the lodge which opes in a trice ;
 M is the mason in jewels so bright ;
 N is the novice who now sees the light ;
 O is the O.B. he should not forget,
 P is the password he doesn't get yet ;
 Q is the question that's put from each chair,
 R is the response he must give when he's there ;
 S is the sign by which he'll be known ;
 T is the token that's given and shown ;
 U is the use to be made of the pair ;
 V is the volume, with compass and square ;
 W, Wardens, who sit south and west ;
 X the 'xample they set to the rest ;
 Y is his "yes" when asked for his coin ;
 Z is the zany who's frightened to join.

H. S.

BEATRICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY," "ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

TWAMLEY being, as the old Latin Grammar used to teach me—and you, kind reader, at least many of us (years ago, in a good old schoolroom which I can see now, listen to the voice and feel the cane of the worthy pedagogue), "*ingenui vultus puer, ingenivique pudoris*," we awaited his confidences on what Brummer called "de most ticklish of affairs" with intense interest and impatience. And so, when at last we were all assembled on that eventful evening, when the smoke was heavy and silence profound, Twamley, modestly giving a preparatory cough, thus addressed us:—

"You want to have my opinion of matrimony; well, you shall have it. Marriage always appears to me like a dose of physic, which the doctor says you 'must take,' assuring you with grave face that 'it will do you a world of good.' It may be like the grey powder of infantine hours cunningly disguised with sugary particles; it may resemble the good blue pill and black draught of normal British indigestion; it may be very close akin to the more unpalatable dose of castor oil ingeniously given in coffee, or brandy, or whisky, or milk; or it may resemble the lighter and convenient influence of Hunjadi Janos, or the somewhat sharper taste of Carlsbad salts. Whatever else it may be, it still is only, in my opinion, a dose of medicine, which may do you good, or may not do you good, accordingly as your medical attendant realizes the true 'diagnosis' of your complaint, and treats you properly, or makes a 'little beefsteak,' as the Frenchman says, 'and dat is all.' It may do you good, great good; it probably does so in nine cases out of ten, I do not deny; but it may do you harm, and in the tenth case you assuredly 'come to grief.' So, though I am professionally interested in the 'British patient,' and like that amiable individual much, respecting weaknesses which are many and sacred to me, I yet think that it is a good thing to get on without medicine as much as you can—to make it quite the exception to the rule; and matrimony being an 'abnormal state of things,' it is not to be hastily encouraged or lightly praised. At the same time, as I said before, there is no rule without an exception in this world, and, as the schoolmen used to say, 'the exception proves the rule:' if some day, like Benedict, I confess that I 'write myself down an ass,' don't blame or deride, but pity and judge leniently your ancient friend."

"In my humble opinion, Twamley," I replied, "your extreme incoherence and your simple misquotation of the 'Bard of Avon,' Bro. Shakespeare, as the Freemasons call him, proves to me that you are in a very desperate state, and I, for one, regret from the bottom of my heart your theories and your illustrations, your platitudes and your preconceptions."

"Ah, my friend," broke in Brummer, "you do not know vat you are talking about. In my experience, which is greater than yours, I have seen very many happy married people, though I admit, because it is equally true, that marriage, like a railway journey, has its perils. Philosophically speaking, as Fichte would say, it is not so easily defensible, because it is an union which is practically indissoluble, except under very peculiar circumstances, between two people, who hardly know often if they really care for each other. But then, on the other hand, what has marriage not done for the world and society? We all of us who read the old classic writers know well what a sad picture they give us of the normal state of man, what a mournful representation they

all concurrently draw of the degraded position of woman; and then, ven we look back on dese eighteen hundred years, where a true religion has given grace, light, and hope, and peace, and purity to a whole world—all humanity, remember—we see at once that wherever woman has obtained her true position, there all de graces of the domestic life, all the virtues of the public life, flourish and abound. If to-day, anywhere, woman is treated as a slave, the inmate of de harem, the victim of the cruelty, de savagery, de lust of man—dere private vices are rampant—den dat people is going fast to decay and to de devil. Ah, vy vill we not render to voman de justice dat is her due? Vy vill we not confess, as confess we may with a clear conscience, that to woman we owe all that is ennobling, all dat is elevating, all dat is precious, all dat is sublime, alike in de home, de Heimath, as in that national and public life about which we prate so much, and often talk such nonsense. So, though I do not deny dat dere are some incongruities and difficulties in marriage, as I told you, half in jest, half in earnest, this very morning, never let us laugh at matrimony, my friends 'au serieux;' de man is a fool, a rascal a 'vaurien' who does so."

I do not know whether my good friend's words will have the same effect on my readers they had on us, but, as all the young men seemed deeply affected (which is something for our young men) by Brummer's eloquent tirade, I felt pretty sure myself they had all made up their minds to "follow suit."

At this moment who should walk in but the "doctor," and, as he was greeted with "Doctor, how are you; and what's your opinion of marriage? here's Brummer been laying down the law in the most dogmatic way," the doctor delivered himself incontinently of the following neat little speech.

"Marriage," said the doctor, "hum, ha, gentlemen, I hardly know what to say about it. On the whole I think I am an advocate for it, though I am quite aware of its 'pains and penalties.' Some of my best patients are 'married people;' some excellent patients of mine are 'old maids and old bachelors.' Indeed, on the whole, I think the chances are pretty nearly even, and as I heard a great many years ago as a medical student at Epsom, 'heads I win, tails you lose.' I think, as I said before, it is all about pretty nearly 'even' in this best of worlds, and I do not think it matters much (except for society and the census returns) whether people are married or unmarried. It's all a matter of convenience, arrangement, comfort, compatibility, family consideration, and the like. I have no sentiment myself, and I don't believe anyone else has; and as for marriages of pure affection, they are nonsense; love and all that sort of rubbish may suit poets and such sort of fellows, but it does not "run" in practical life. Give me another cigar and a glass of 'B. and S.' Let's have a rubber at whist."

We all protested against the doctor's views, but, being a man of independent mind, he did not care, and, for the matter of that, I should not wonder much if he spoke literally as he thought. And here I *must* stop to-day.

Can I introduce any more serious subject, my dear boy? Can I treat properly any less important matter, my fair young woman? Certainly not; and, therefore, feeling as I do myself, awe-struck, when I draw near this most "important phase of social and domestic life"—as Prodder says, the "question, sir, of the 'our,'"—I leave to another chapter the developement and elucidation of those manœuvres and mysteries which so seriously affected for a short space of time the peaceful progress of Cayley, and our little happy circle.

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL LUCUBRATIONS.

No. I.—THE MERRY MONARCH.

I WAS looking over the "memoirs" of the Count de Grammont, as they are called, the other day, and it struck me that a short paper "thereabout" might be acceptable and seasonable for Bro. Kenning's excellent magazine, which I hope will secure ere long all the support that it deserves from our Order, for which Bro. Kenning caters so industriously and effectively and liberally, in so many ways! And I am induced to do so because, every now and then, I see notices and remarks about that special epoch of our national history which, it appears to me, are hastily assumed, and based on no right estimate of the facts as they really are.

The memoirs of Grammont, or rather the work of Anthony Hamilton, give us the lightest and the gayest, and I am inclined to think the truest, picture of the Court of the "Merry Monarch" which exists! And when we master his lively passages, and realise the scene so minutely painted in before our eyes, we have no difficulty, it appears to me, in discovering why Charles II., despite obvious faults, errors, and shortcomings, lived and died in the genuine affection of the English people. He was, as we all know, the eldest of the three sons of Charles I., by Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France, and whose unfortunate Roman Catholic zeal as a mother succeeded in perverting him, as well as his brother the Duke of York and his youngest sister, to the Roman Catholic Church, as she had promised the Pope before her marriage. (See Mrs. Everett Green's interesting work.) The Duke of Gloucester, who died young of the small-pox, a prince of many graces, virtues, and gifts, was the only one of the sons of Charles I. who remained faithful to that religion for which his father died. The Princess of Orange, the oldest daughter of Charles I., also was unperverted. Here we find the secret of all King Charles the Second's mistakes and errors, the "suppressio veri" and the "suggestio falsi" as to the religion in which he lived and died, but which may be far more truly charged on the quasi-paganism of an unscrupulous Communion than on him. If any one wishes to realise what his death-bed was,—sad, most sad,—let him read Barillon's letter to Louis XIV., giving an account of it, in Dalrymple's valuable work, and where, curiously enough, despite ingenious cavils, it is distinctly said that King Charles did mention (I venture to think to his credit, after all.) "poor Nelly." But notwithstanding this mournful light which is now let in upon dark passages and obscure intrigues in the reign of Charles II., such were his many natural gifts and graces, despite a somewhat saturnine cast of countenance and his dark face and complexion, that he was sincerely mourned by the English people, and, as he wittily said to James, "No one will kill me to make *you* king."

Fond of athletic exercises—the best walker of his time—and who has left behind him the remarkable statement that the "English climate was the best he knew, because you can be more out in it than any other," he was probably taught by adversity—and none had encountered greater hardships or humiliation—to be a most genial companion, a gay and pleasant "citizen of the world." That he was capable of business, Pepys tells us; that he was himself most courteous and affable, and easy of access, Evelyn assures us; that he was tolerant of rebuke, Ken's history reminds us; that he was anxious to make proper appointments in Church and State, Johnson clearly points out. His was, no doubt, a character of curious contrasts and strange caprices; but seeing it now, when the authentic light of history is full upon it, I think we discern alike its good and bad points, its baser alloy and yet its redeeming

gold. I am simply speaking of his character as a mortal; when I touch upon its moral features, I fear I can say but little of praise, much, alas! the reverse.

But such as he was he commended himself to the English people by his love of English life and English manners, his kindness and his gaiety of address, his equability of temper, his toleration, and, above all, his dislike of persecution and punishment.

In later years, when he was soured and "weary with the march of life;" when plots and conspiracies no doubt were rife; when he was told, and perhaps believed, that his own life was not secure; with that feeling of "misanthropy" which comes over the mere man of the world, or that sense of ingratitude which sometimes sways the strongest mind, he yielded, in my opinion most unwisely, to the advice of those fatal counsellors who darkened his last hours, and who ere long undermined and overthrew the throne of James II. But it is impossible not to feel pity for one meant for better things, in himself so amiable, kind, cheerful, pleasant, and warm-hearted; and Mercy, which ever speaks with a seraph voice, seems still to say to us, "be moderate in censure and modest in reproach. We are all mortal and erring."

The moral life of the Court of King Charles II. was as bad as bad can be, and no one more clearly mourns and condemns it than honest and loyal Evelyn. But to-day, when we loudly deplore and strongly censure, let us remember that the excess of the Restoration was only the reaction from the Puritanism of the Revolution, and that believing, and not without good reasons if contemporary writings may be credited (pray study them, if worth while, kind reader, now lying in the dust and silence of the British Museum—this, as the showman says, "his metaphorical, ladies and gents), believing, I say, that the Revolution affected austerity and preciseness for bad purposes, that the long faces and the gloomy doublets were "fetid hypocrisy" and "cruel humbug," those who hailed the glorious 29th of May alas plunged in hot haste into all the revel of open license, as if forsooth that was the best reply and antidote to a mere pretence or imposture. Most lamentable mistake, parent of innumerable follies, and we may even say "countless crimes." Nothing, I say, could be worse, and all honour to the great bulk of the English people, which, avoiding fanaticism on the one hand and profligacy on the other, still maintained that love of virtue and that hatred of vice which have made them, and still make them, in the good providence of God, a "wise and understanding people."

But I have wandered a little from my "text," and made I fear a somewhat prosy sermon of my humble little paper. But if the kind readers of the *Masonic Magazine* have followed my hasty pen, they will, I think, agree with me that we are bound to pass a lenient sentence on one who, notwithstanding grave errors and weaknesses and follies and faults, retained to the last the warm regard of our good and loyal English people, was liked in life, regretted in Death! Thus history, true to itself, and following sacred authority, paints for us great folks and little folks as they really are, not as they ought to be (a distinction we often forget), and leaves us, in all reverence and humility, to "point the moral" and illustrate the tale.

I may perhaps be tempted to continue this little series of papers, as the "seria mista jocis" are especially suitable for Bro. Kenning's excellent magazine, for which I venture to hope and predict a successful future.

VIXEN.*

WE have seldom read a story with more sincere pleasure, or one more healthy and agreeable in all its features, or one, we make bold to say, which we could have safely placed in the hands of our young people, than "Vixen," lately appearing in *All the Year Round*. And pray observe this recommendation of the tale, kind readers, at present somewhat a "desideratum" in respect of those many works of imagination, or no imagination, which pour forth from a prolific press. Miss Braddon has written some works, as we all know, which, however clever as compositions and brilliant as word painting, cannot, in our honest opinion, be safely recommended either for moral improvement or useful reading, to the young especially. Without saying more to-day, they are, we venture to think, too vividly sensational and too dangerously suggestive to be read with safety by the imaginative or impulsive; indeed, by any. Their moral somewhat resembles a needle in a haystack, which it is almost impossible to find. One of Dr. Johnson's tests for a good and sound book was that it could be "read aloud." Now we believe that "Vixen" may safely be read aloud, and will do much good by its gentle and truthful homeliness, and its kindly pictures of uneventful ambition and country life. Miss Braddon seems to have been deeply affected for good, and by a love of the true, the fair, the natural above all, amid the forest trees and fuzzy heaths and fresh breezes of Hampshire dells and wolds, and all Wykehamists especially will enter into her realistic descriptions of a "Country Side," which none who once knew ever forget, which all who still know love truly. In "Vixen" the characters all come out clearly and consistently, most compact and yet most real! We still see before us the old Manor House, and the stout, good old squire, hunting to the last, stately of form and kindly of heart, like another squire we wot of, with his old servants, his old ways, his old crochets, his old wine, and his old friends. We behold, too, that weak, goodnatured, lackadaisical woman his wife, without a thought but her complexion or care but for her afternoon tea, or dream or aspiration but "Theodore's" dresses, most becoming and somewhat expensive. As the family doctor says sententiously, "she must be rather difficult to live with;" but still she meanders and maunders through life, talking continually of her "dear Edward." And oh, ye complaining married men, who grumble so loudly and so long at your wives' extravagance in dress, what would you say to her little bill at Theodore's of £1,500? We confess that we cannot sympathise with Vixen's mamma; and yet it may be true, after all, when she "passes away" from "dress and diamonds," and milliners' bills affect her no more, we shall find—as often happens here—that she has had more good qualities than we had given her credit for. Vixen herself is to our minds simply charming, both in her originality and her high spirits, her meekness and her ready wit, her loyalty and her truthfulness, her loving ways and her "golden heart." She constitutes a most attractive picture of a sunny, and of a warmhearted and noblehearted English girl. Rorie is not very "strong," perhaps, but yet he is very honest and loyal and English, too. Committing an act of weakness, which he bitterly deplores, and nearly shipwrecking the happiness of two lives by unmanly compliance with a heartless family arrangement, he is luckily saved by his better genius and—Vixen. Lady Mabel is charming, both in her selfishness and her affection, her good points and her bad points, her love of flowers and Beethoven, her aesthetic tastes and her literary aspirations. Miss Braddon's strong brush has drawn in inimitable contour and appreciative colouring a clever, polished,

* "Vixen." By Miss Braddon.

agreeable, unfeeling women of the world, not caring a jot for anything, or anyone really, in the world but her orchids and her poetry. And yet we must not do injustice to her. She will fill well her position in society, she will receive her husband's guests with infinite grace, she will do her duty in her "own sphere," she will make an excellent wife, and be a clever, conversational woman. But yet she is too unimpassioned and sublimated for us; we prefer warmth and truth and friendship and affection to all the showy qualities and all the most ethereal emotions in the world. Captain Winstanley is a well-conceived and powerfully drawn character—no inapt representation of many men we know and meet with day by day. He is a hero without a heart and without a concern—but himself! He may have been struck with Vixen's golden hair and truthful heart and happy grace; but "Prudence," the great friend of all such, whispers, "Forget youth and good looks; remember the jointure of the comely widow; leave sentiment to the young, the hairbrained, the fantastical; you are worth a good settlement, a well-cooked dinner, a comfortable balance at your banker's!" And so Captain Winstanley marries the still fair and well-to-do widow, and is, no doubt, happy, contented, and considerate—in his way. After the poor weak lady's death, his "Nemesis," alike amusing and becoming, meets him in the plain and illiterate heiress of a Hebrew money-lender at Frankfort. And with still more of wealth, he enjoys life at Monaco and Paris, and we trust that he is happy at last; but we confess rather to hope that his second wife will prove more than a match for him, and keep him in order and have her own way. We delight, however, in his maiden aunt, who, living in an old Manor House in Jersey, and having been disappointed in her own youth, has given herself up to an universal religion and a sort of "Hymen of Humanity." It is a sublime idea, worthy of that quaint benevolent soul. Miss M'Croke is the model of governesses, the best and sweetest of friends, who, though she confides with the faith of a fatalist in Vixen's chariotteering, cannot understand why the ponies will "stand up on their hind legs." We need not go through the other characters who fill up the Watteau-like scene, as they are only accessories, not principals. But we must not forget Lord Mallow, a warmhearted, excitable Irishman, who, in love with one woman, marries another, but will, nevertheless, be the kindest of landlords, the coming man for Home Rule and a regenerated Ireland! But bedad, as Paddy says, "when will that be?" We commend "Vixen" to our readers, whether old or young, married or single; they will, we are certain, like it as much as we do, and, when they put it down, thank Miss Braddon for one of the most pleasant and agreeable of novels.

AN OLD MASONIC CHAIR AND ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

THE VICE-REGAL DAYS OF LORD BOTETOURT AND OLD WILLIAMSBURG LODGE,
NO. 6, VIRGINIA.

A FEW months since there was to be seen at the wareroom of a prominent furniture dealer of Richmond, Va., whither it had been sent for repair, a quaint relic of the past which, from its history and appealing associations, was invested with far more than ordinary interest. It could not have been otherwise than attractive to the least thoughtful, but to the many in our midst who enjoy the privilege of fraternity in the most honourable and beneficent Order of the Ancient Free and Accepted Masons it was endowed with golden memories.

What! an old chair? Yes, but it was more than a century old, and around it lingered the aroma of the courtly days of the vice-regal Botetourt; tradition claiming that it was one of the three chairs presented by that loved and so lamented royal governor to the Masonic fraternity, in the then colony of Virginia. In what distinctive lodge they were first used is not now known, the earlier records not having been preserved, but it is claimed that they constituted a part of the furniture of Williamsburg Lodge, No. 6, when it was first constituted on the 6th of November, 1773, on which date was also instituted another lodge, named in honour of the Governor, Botetourt Lodge. Lord Botetourt will be remembered, too, as the donor of that "warming machine," of "elegant design," the old stove now preserved with meet reverence in the eastern hall of our State Capitol.

The old chair in question—the Master's—is of mahogany, and now, from age, almost ebon hued. It measures in height four-and-a-half feet, and is furnished with arms, each terminating in a lion's head, the supports of the chair being correspondingly represented by the legs and clawed feet of the same king of beasts.

The back of the chair is quite straight, and is covered with elaborate carving in relief. First are represented three columns, representing the three orders of architecture—the Doric, Ionic, and the Corinthian—equi-distant from each other, and allowing a marginal space on either side, upon which branches of the acacia tree find place, whilst between the columns, the Masonic emblems, the square, the compass, etc., are represented. Above and centrally is displayed an armorial bearing, as follows: *Between 3 towers, a chervon, az. bearing a pair of compasses extended.* Crest. *On an esquire's helmet, a tower.* On either side of the arms appear respectively the national emblems of England and Scotland—the rose and the thistle. When it is recollected that with the lodge at Williamsburg originated the proposition to form a State Grand Lodge, and that within its portals was consummated this important action, the peculiar interest which clings to the old chair will at once be apprehended.

Here, on the 6th of May, 1777, met a Convention composed of delegates from the then five existing lodges—Norfolk Kilwinning, Port Royal Cross, Blandford, Williamsburgh, and Cobin Point Royal Arch Lodge—the delegates from Williamsburgh lodge being Bros. Wm. Waddill and John Rowsay. Bro. Matthew Phripp was elected President, and Bro. James Kemp, Clerk.

A Committee was appointed for "drawing up reasons why a Grand Master should be chosen," and the Convention adjourned to meet on the 13th of May, proximo: at which meeting, Bro. Matthew Phripp not being present, Bro. Duncan Rose presided. The report was presented, but no election held. Adjourned to the 23rd of June following, when Bro. James Mercer presided.

At this meeting "His Excellency Bro. General George Washington" was recommended "as a proper person to fill the office of Grand Master," and an "appointment" made for another Convention on the 1st day of June ensuing. The Convention appears not to have met, however, until the 13th of October, 1778, when Bro. Rev. Robert Andrews presided, and Bro. W. Waddill acted as Secretary. "The Right Worshipful Bro. Warner Lewis, Past Master of Botetourt Lodge, being nominated to the office of Grand Master, declined the acceptance thereof; and then the Right Worshipful Bro. John Blair, Past Master of the Williamsburg Lodge, was nominated and unanimously elected, who was pleased to accept the office. * * *

The membership of the Lodge has been ever most distinguished, and it was, doubtless, during its session held in the period of our struggle for independence, honoured with the presence of General Washington, Lafayette, Count d'Estaing, Generals Knox and Hamilton, and other distinguished patriots who are known to have been members of the Masonic Fraternity. Among its later members was General William B. Taliaferro, late State Grand Master.

The writer embraces this opportunity to render a grateful acknowledgment to his friend and brother, Dr. John Clopton, of Williamsburg, Va., for information kindly afforded him towards the preparation of this hasty and brief sketch.

R. A. BROCK,
Member of Richmond Lodge, No. 10.

Richmond, Va., Dec. 19th, 1878.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

BY MISS MARY A. McMULLEN.

THE surging sea of human life for ever onward rolls,
And bears to the eternal shore its daily freight of human souls;
Though bravely sails our bark to-day, pale Death sits at the prow,
And few shall know we ever lived, a hundred years from now.

O, mighty human brotherhood, why fiercely war and strive,
While God's great world has ample space for everything alive?
Broad fields uncultured and unclaimed are waiting for the plough
Of progress that shall make them bloom a hundred years from now.

Why should we try so earnestly, in life's short, narrow span,
On golden stars to climb so high above our brother man?
Why blindly at an earthly shrine in slavish homage bow?
Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred years from now.

Why prize so much the world's applause? Why dread so much its
blame?

A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame;
The praise that fills the heart, the scorn that dyes with shame the brow,
Will be as long forgotten dreams a hundred years from now.

O, patient hearts that meekly bear your weary load of wrong;
O, earnest hearts that bravely dare and, striving, grow more strong,
Press on till perfect peace is won; you'll never dream of how
You struggled o'er life's thorny road a hundred years from now.

Grand, lofty souls, who live and toil that freedom, right, and truth,
Alone may rule the universe, for you is endless youth?
When, 'mid the blest with God you rest, the grateful lands shall bow,
Above your clay in rev'rent love a hundred years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O, time, like breakers on the shore;
They rush upon the rocks of doom, go down, and are no more;
The starry wilderness of worlds that gem Night's radiant brow
Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred years from now.

Our Father to whose sleepless eyes the past and future stand
An open page, like babes we cling to Thy protecting hand;
Change, sorrow, death, are nought to us if we may safely bow
Beneath the shadow of Thy throne a hundred years from now.

—*Eclectic.*

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—*Eclectic.*

ON OLD ENGLISH BIBLES.

(Continued from page 4.)

MATTHEW'S BIBLE.

THE next version is known as "Matthew's Bible."

This is made up of a part of Tyndale's translation, a part of Coverdale's, the whole revised by John Rogers.

The New Testament is taken, with some slight alterations, from Tyndale's last version — the edition of 1535-4, known as the G. H. edition, from having on the second title page the combined initials of the translator, and the printer: Guillaume Hytchins, William Tyndale's alias, and Jacob van Meteren. It was published under the assumed name of Thomas Matthews in 1537, by Grafton and Whitchurch, in folio.

Collation—Title, "¶ The Byble, which is all the holy Scripture: in which are containned the Olde and Newe Testament, truely and purely translated into Englysh by Thomas Matthew. ¶ Esaye j., Hearcken to ye heauens, and thou earthe geaue eare: For the Lorde speaketh. MXXXvij. Set forth with the kinges most gracyous lycece." The title has on the reverse "These thynges ensuyng are ioyned with thys present volume of the Byble." The second leaf begins on* ij. with "The Kalender," 4 pp. with "An Almanack," at the bottom of the fourth page. The next leaf,* iij. begins "¶ An exhortacyon to the studye," &c., 1 p., with J. R. in large letters at the bottom. On the reverse is "¶ The summe and content," 2 pp. On the reverse of the fifth leaf begins "¶ To the moost noble and gracyous Prynce Kyng Henry the eyght," &c., 3 pp.—Signed Thomas Matthew, with the capitals H. R. beneath. Next comes "¶ To the Chrysten Readers" and "A table of pryncypall matters," 26 pp. Then follows "¶ The names of all the bokes of the Byble," and "¶ A brief rehersall of the yeares," &c., 1 p.; on the reverse is a large woodcut of Adam and Eve. Twenty preliminary leaves in all. Genesis to Solomon's Ballet 247 folioed leaves, the reverse of the last blank.

The second title is in red and black, with a border of sixteen woodcuts—"The Prophetes in English Esay to Malachy." The upper corners of the reverse has R. G., and the lower E. W., in capitals, with a woodcut in the centre.

The third title has also fifteen woodcuts round it, and in the middle "The volume of the bokes called Apocripha." On the reverse is a prologue "¶ To the Reader"; text folioed 2 to 81, followed by a blank leaf. Then the New Testament title page like the first title. The text is folioed 2 to 109, ending on the recto.

On the other side is "This is the table wherin ye shall fynde the Epistles and Gospels after the vse of Salisbury," 5 pp. On the next leaf is the colophon "¶ The ende of the Newe Testament and of the whole Byble. ¶ To the honour and prayse of God was this Byble prynted and fynessed in the yere of our Lorde God a, MXXXvij. It has 78 woodcuts. The Psalms are divided into five books, and the Canticles printed in red and black. The running titles, signatures, marginal notes, etc., are all in Gothic letter. A full page contains 60 lines. It was printed at Antwerp by the same person who printed Coverdale's Bible of 1535. In this Bible three verses of the 14th Psalm "not being in the Hebrew" are omitted.

Grafton, one of the publishers, brought a copy of this Bible from Antwerp, and gave it to Archbishop Cranmer, and begged him to obtain royal authority for

its distribution, and the king licenced it, "to be sold and read of every person without danger of any act, proclamation, or ordinance, heretofore granted to the contrary." Thus the title "Authorised Version," commonly given to the book of 1611 without any reason (for no authorisation was ever conferred on our present Bible by Church, King, or Parliament), would be with more propriety applied to Matthew's version.

Grafton also presented Cromwell with six copies, and begged to be protected from the competition of German printers residing in England, as he knew it would be difficult to dispose of the 1500 copies of which the edition consisted. This version abounds in interesting readings. We should like to give several examples, but to avoid taking up too much space, two or three must suffice.

In the fifth chapter of the first of Kings, after speaking of Adoniram—"At the commandement of the king, they brought great stones, and that fre stones, and hewed thereto, to laye in the foundacyon of the house. And Solomon's masons, and the masons of Hiram, dyd hew them, with them of the borders."

In the second chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles, the message sent by Hiram, king of Tyre, to King Solomon, is thus given:—"And now I have sent a wyse man, and a man of understandynge, called Hiram Abi, and is the sonne of a woman of the daughters of Dan (how be it hys father was a Tirian); and he can skyll to worcke in goulde, syluer, brasse, yron, stone, tymbre, scarlett, jacinct, bysse, and cremosin; and graue al maner of grauinges, and to find out al maner of sotle worcke sett before hym."

In the fourth chapter our Grand Master is again mentioned:—"And al theyr vessels dyd Hiram Abi make for King Solomon for the house of the Lord of vright brasse: In the playne of Jorda dyd the king cast them, in the thicke earth, betwene Socoth and Zaredatha."

Abi, or Abif, as Coverdale's Bible of 1535 has it, is a title of honour, meaning father, but the rendering in our present version "Hiram my father's" does not convey the original idea as accurately as the term Hiram Abif does. We have on the authority of a learned Rabbi, the chaplain of one of our West Yorkshire Lodges, and who also is a Companion of the Royal Arch, that the Craft has retained the correct word. At the request of the writer, our Hebrew brother carefully examined the passage in its original language, and the conclusion he arrived at was, that the rendering in the old English Bibles is a better one than that of our present version. We hope that in the new version now in preparation, the old term Abif will be restored.

We have examined early printed German Bibles, and old versions in many other languages, and excepting the Vulgate, which has "Hiram pater," the title "Abif" is retained in every one of them.

Another word in use amongst Masons, which has been omitted from our present Bible, occurs in the ninth chapter of Ezechiel, which in Matthew's version reads as follows:—"Go thy waye throw the cytye of Jerusalem, and and set this marke Thau upon the foreheades of them that mourn and are sorry for the abbomynacyons that be done therein." "But for those that haue this mark Thau: se that ye touch them not."

There is a valuable note respecting the Tau in another early English version, explaining why "Tau" is the sign of life, which we hope to quote later on.

It is interesting to notice that the description given in Exodus of Bezaleel, corresponds in every particular with that given in Chronicles of Hiram Abif.

We are told Bezaleel was "filled with wysdome, understandynge, and knowledge, to worke in gold, siluer, and brasse, and with grauinge of stones to sett, and keruyng in wood, and to worke al maner of sotle workes."

"And Ahaliab of the tribe of Dan, hathe he fylled with wysdome of hearte, to worke al maner of grauen worke, in jacinct, scarlett, purple and bysse."

Four hundred and seventy-five years after, we find it recorded that Hiram

Abif was the son of a widow of the tribe of Dan, and his ability as a craftsman is described in the identical words used in Exodus to describe the skill of one who occupied a similar relation to Moses, as Hiram Abif did to King Solomon.

Most Masons will have noticed that in the quotations from the Bible which occur in our working no reference is made to verses; for instance, "In the latter part of the twentieth chapter of Exodus it is recorded;" then follows a quotation from Matthew's Bible.

The reason verses are not mentioned is that old English Bibles were divided into chapters only, and had no verses, the letters A. B. C. D. and E. down the side afforded the only means of reference to any particular line or passage.

The first English Bible divided into verses was the Genevan version of 1560, which we shall have subsequently to notice.

A quaint rendering in the ninety-first Psalm, which is common to several early English Bibles, is as follows:—"So that thou shalt not nede to be afrated for eny bugges by nyghte, nor for the arowe that flyeth by daye." The meaning of the word "bugge" in this passage has given rise to much difference of opinion, but by turning to another place in the same book, in which the same word occurs, all difficulty vanishes.

In the prologue to the Exodus we find this sentence—"He which hath ye spirit of Christ is no more a child: he nether learneth or worketh now any longer for payne of ye rod, or for feare of bugges, or plesure of apples, but doth al thinges of his own courage."

This clearly shows that "bugges" is synonymous with the old English word "bogie, or boggart," so all the learned explanations that have been given are unnecessary.

Two folio reprints of this version were issued in 1549. One printed by Reynalde and Hyll, the colophon of which is as follows:—"To the honoure and prayse of God was this Byble prynted and fynished in the yeare of oure Lorde God a m^oxxxvij.; and nowe agayne imprented, and fynished the leaste daye Octobre, in the yeare of oure Lorde God m^oxlx. at London, by Wylliam Hyll and Thomas Reynalde, typographers. God Save the kynge.—Cum. privilegio." On the reverse of the title there is a table of contents, then "a Calendar and Almanac," 4 pp. "An exhortacyon," etc., 1 p.; "The summe," etc., 2 pp. "To the Christen readers," and "a table of principal matters," 27 pp.; "The names of all the bokes," "A brief rehersal," 1 p.; "Unto the reader W. T.," 3 pp. Genesis begins on the reverse of folio 1. The other title pages are to the Psalms, Apocrypha, and New Testament.

The first title is especially interesting, from the woodcut border being from the same blocks as the first English Bible of 1535, only differing in the setting of the texts in the various cartouches. Unfortunately this is generally missing, and has to be supplied in fac-simile.

At the end of the prologue to the book Exodus there is an explanation of the vestments ordered by the Most High, to be worn by the Priests when engaged in their respective offices at the tent or tabernacle erected on consecrated ground at the foot of Mount Horeb in the wilderness of Sinai:—

"Brestlappe, or bresflap, is soche a flap as thou seest in the brest of a cope."

"Ephod, is a garment somewhat lyke an amyce, saue the armes came throwe, and it was gyrd to."

"Tunicke, moche like the uppermost garment of the deaken."

"Worship, by worshippyng whether whither it be in the old testamēt or y^e newe, understā the boweing of a mans self vpō the grounde, as we (oftymes we knele in ouer prayers) bowe our selves & lye on our armes and handes, wyth our face to the grounde."

As this Bible was issued in the second year of Edward the Sixth, the vestments then in use in the Church of England are plainly shown.

No Bible could more appropriately form a portion of the furniture of a Masonic Lodge than the Abif Bible, and should any Brother wish to obtain a copy for presentation, the writer would be willing to spare one from his collection.

The other reissue in 1549 of Matthew's Bible was printed by Daye and Seres. The text does not differ greatly from Matthew's, but the notes have been altered, very much for the worse, by Edmund Becke, who has added a dedication of three pages to the preliminary matter.

As a specimen of Beckes' notes we append the one to I. St. Peter:—"He dwelleth wyth hys wyfe accordyng to knowledge, that taketh her as a necessary healer, and not as a bonde slave. And yf she be not obedient and helpful unto him, endeouureth to beate the feare of God into her heade, that thereby she maye be compelled to learn her dutie, and to do it."

The woodcuts in the Revelations closely resemble those in Flemish and other Bibles printed about the same period; but in this Bible the woodcuts are explained by the following doggerel, one line being printed on each side the cut:—

1st Figure.

By the Stars in hys hand we may wel se
What maner of men our preachers should be.

2nd Figure.

In the middest of his church sytteth God in majestic,
To whom al hys faythfull geue honoure, and glorye.

3rd Figure.

Pale hypocrytes, enemies to Goddes Gospel,
Bring death in their doctrine and dryue us to hell.

4th Figure.

The saintes that we prayed to, lo, where they lye,
And they that were our spokes men herke how they crye.

6th Figure.

The Lord hath his numbre, whom he doeth preserue;
Their soules shall not perishe, though theyr bodies sterue.

7th Figure.

The prayers of godly men that do lyue here,
And they that before God so pleasant appere.

8th Figure.

Oute of the dark, pytte came locustes fell,
To vex them that lyueth not after the Gospell.

9th Figure.

The doctrine and laws of these beastes cruel
Drawe the thyrde part of men unto hell.

10th Figure.

Goddes worde is swete in the mouth of the faythful,
But bitter in the bealy, to the flesht it is painful.

11th Figure.

The Popes parte is caste out and geuen to the sworde
When the Churche is measured wyth Goddes word.

12th Figure.

Goddes chosen Churche trauayleth here alwaye,
And bringeth forth Christe both nyght and day.

13th Figure.

The open enemye is most ougly in syghte,
But the wolfe in the Lambes skyne doeth a the spight.

14th Figure.

The electe of God onely can singe the songe
That soundeth on the herte, and not on the touge.

15th Figure.

At the tyme appointed by God's secret wyll,
The sykle shal cut downe boeth good and yll.

16th Figure.

The seuen trompettes and the seuen scales,
Declare the same thinges that the seuen vialles.

17th Figure.

The Princes of the earth euerye one
Have with this whore wrought fornicacyon.

18th Figure.

The Romyshe marchauntes, the Priestes of Bal
Do wepe, houle, and crye, at Babylon's fall.

19th Figure.

All flesh is kylled with the ij edged sworde,
Which after the spirit is called Goddes worde.

20th Figure.

For euer lyeth Sathau bound in clayne,
Though in his members he be louse agayue.

21st Figure.

A beautyfull cytye, most semelye to se
Are the faythfull folowers of Godee's verytye.

Matthew's Bible was again reprinted by N. Hyll in 1551. The title is in red and black, within a compartment, formed by two large woodcuts at the top and bottom, and four smaller at the sides. The lower woodcut is like that in Coverdale's Bible of 1535. The colophon states that it was "Imprynted at London by Nicolas Hyll, dwelling in Saynct John's Streate, at the coste and charges of certayne honest menne of the occupacyon, whose names be upon their bokes." As honest men were not common in the reign of Edward VI., it may be well to record some of them. They were—"Abraham Veale, Robert Toye, Richard Kele, Thomas Petyt, John Wyghte."

John Rogers, the Editor of "Matthew's" Bible, was born about the year 1500, near Birmingham. He entered Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and took his B.A. degree in 1525. He obtained a rectory in London in 1532. He gradually imbibed the religious opinions then obtaining in Germany, and left England, and took up his residence in Antwerp, where he held the post of Chaplain to the English Company of Adventurers—an office that had been previously filled by William Tyndale. He soon became tired of keeping his vow of celibacy, and in 1537 married Adriane Pratt, the same year in which the Bible he edited for his relative, Jacob van Meteren, was issued under the assumed name of Thomas Matthew. In 1548 he returned to England, and was on the 10th of May presented to the rectory of St. Margaret Moses, and the vicarage of St. Sepulchre. He obtained the prebendal stall of St. Pancras at St. Paul's Cathedral, on the 24th August, 1551: another stall being at the same time held by Gabriel Donne, who was one of the agents employed to capture Tyndale, and who for this vile service had in 1539 been made Abbot of Buckfastleigh Abbey, in Devonshire. Thus Tyndale's friend and Tyndale's betrayer were prebendaries at the same time at St. Paul's. John Rogers was Divinity Lecturer at St. Paul's, and also held the Rectory of Chigwell, in Essex. In 1553 Edward VI. died, and in August of the same year the Lords of the Council ordered "John Rogers, *alias* Matthews," to remain in his house as a seditious preacher, and on the 4th of February he was cruelly put to death.

(To be continued.)

MY INITIATION INTO THE ABYSSINIAN MYSTERIES.

BY HIRAM AFIB.

[We take this most amusing little skit, which conveys, however, a sound moral, from our able contemporary, the *Masonic Review*, of Cincinnati, U.S., with a short and pardonable adaptation.]

THERE was a little club of us, about twelve in number. We all lived in the same city, not very distant from each other, were all Freemasons, and comparatively young men; that is, from 25 to 40 years of age, and most of us married men. We formed a very pleasant coterie of friends, no great difference in our circumstances and social condition, and our families being generally acquainted, our houses were always open to each other, where we spent many pleasant evenings; altogether we were a good set of fellows.

One day Harry Shaw said to me: "Hiram, you have never taken the Abyssinian degrees, have you?"

"Abyssinian degrees! what in the name of all the gods at once are they? I never heard of them."

"Never heard of the Abyssinian mysteries? Why, you're not half a Mason."

Now, if there is anything that piques a bright, active Mason, such as we all were, it is to be twitted about having neglected some part of his Masonic education; and so I asked—

"Have you and Charley Rhoads and Will Stevens and the rest of the boys taken these degrees?"

"Certainly!" said Harry, "We have all taken them, and we have a Charter from the Invisible and Immortal Magnate to confer them."

That sounded very big, and woke up my ambition. "Well, I don't care if I do. What do they cost?"

"Only fifty dollars." And then he naively added, "There is a banquet thrown in; so that you get the worth of your money back."

It was all arranged. The petition sent in—\$50 sent in—and I duly waited, not without some slight impatience, my election. Finally, the word came that I was all right, and the evening set for my initiation into the Abyssinian Mysteries. It was a summer evening in the month of August. Our lodges of Masons were closed: our families, most of them, were in the country, and the boys were rather hungry for some work to do, when I received notice to repair to the "hidden apartments of the Mysteries"—so the notice read.

It was the house of Ed. Johnson, whose family was all gone to the country. Ed. had a large house, fitted up with all modern conveniences. I wondered why they should have an initiation in a private house, rather than a hall; but I had a misplaced confidence in my friends, and supposed it all right.

I arrived about eight o'clock, and found the house looking very dark: inside shutters closed, shades all down, and, indeed, no light visible. On ringing the bell, I was admitted by Harry Shaw, who said, "Welcome to the neophyte, who seeks more light by penetrating the deepest shades of the abyss." At the time I thought the word "abyss" had some reference to Abyssinian. I was conducted by my guide through the dark passages to the bath room. Here a dim light was burning, by which I noticed a suit of dark clothes, resembling the overalls of a labouring man. Here my guide said in a sepulchral tone—"Neophyte, I am about to leave you. If you ever expect to leave this place, and see the light of day again, divest yourself of all your apparel, and robe yourself in suitable apparel for the descent into the dreary shades." With this he turned the key, and I proceeded to do as directed, and after more than sufficient time, there came a knock of an indescribable kind,

followed by a rubbing motion, and at length a deep bass voice—"Neophyte, art thou ready?" I answered, "Yes." "Art thou willing to take upon thee the vows appertaining to these awful mysteries?" "I am willing." With this the door was unlocked, and I had just light enough to see that my new conductor was apparently a negro of the most unadulterated ebony hue. He carried in his hand a little torch, which only served to make darkness visible. "What!" I thought to myself, "do they have darkies in this Lodge?" I began to have misgivings that I had been inveigled into some conventicle of clandestine Masons.

My guide conducted me to a large room, which I recognised by the dim light as the main family room of Ed. Johnson. Here I was ushered into the presence of about a dozen more apparent darkies, all as black as ebony. Not only were the faces as black as night—only the whites of the eyes gleaming with chalky whiteness in the taper's dim light—but they were all robed in black, with black cowls over their heads. Every man held in his hand a drawn dagger, which had an awful sinister look in the dim light. Altogether it was rather a trying position, and although I believe I am a man of courage, who has faced danger and death on the battlefield, I must confess I rather wished I was well out of the business. But, of course, I was going to brave it through now, no matter what might happen.

Here I was bid to kneel down in the centre of this group of goblins, damned or whatever they might be, and a long rigmarole of vows propounded of which I have precious little recollection now. I remember there were a good many questions, with promises that I would "never, never, no never;" to which, as I had seen H.M.S. Pinafore a shore time before, I thought to myself—"no never, that is, hardly ever." I don't know, indeed, but I may involuntarily have muttered something of this, for I thought I heard an audible snicker among those gloomy conspirators.

Well, this ceremony ended, I was solemnly addressed—"Neophyte! thou art going to descend into the deepest abodes of the lost spirits beneath. Whether thou shalt ever ascend again will depend on thy fidelity and courage." With this all disappeared except two of these cowed gentry. I was left in total darkness. In a few moments I was taken by each arm and led I knew not whither. At last I found myself seated on a stool, in some sort of narrow box. Then a deep voice thundered—"Is all ready?" From beneath another deep voice sounded—"All is ready." Then one of them with me said—"Neophyte, farewell, we shall seek thee next in the shades." With that I found myself going very rapidly downward; the descent was about thirty feet, but it seemed in the darkness and the uncertainty about a hundred. I came down with such a shock as threw me sprawling off the stool on which I had been sitting—I had gone down the dumb waiter into the coal-cellar, with a rapidity which nearly took my breath away. Here I was immediately seized by strong invisible arms. Loud cries responded—"Who is this that dares to penetrate the gloomy abodes of Hades?" I thought to myself that I would never do it again if I could once get off; but I said nothing.

Then came an animated conversation as to what should be done with me, which ended in a fiendish proposition to consign me for ever to the flames of Tartarus. Suiting the action to the word I was taken into another cellar, where I could see a fire blazing in the furnace, the light coming from whose open doors revealing a negro dressed in scarlet—horns on his head, a pitchfork in his hand. "Take any shape but that," I involuntarily said to myself.

Arrived at the furnace door, I was the subject of another parley—some were fierce for my commitment to the flames—and the reason given was, that I, a white-livered, pale-faced man, had dared to invade the ghostly shades, where black was the orthodox colour. At last the argument was brought to an end by a happy suggestion that I should be painted like the rest—black. This was accepted, and I became the involuntary victim of burnt cork, until I looked like a twin-brother of the other Abyssinians. The furnace door was

then closed, and I was taken up a pair of stairs, where I was informed a new trial awaited me. Being now an Abyssinian, who had penetrated the deepest shades, if I was true blue, fire would not harm me; I must therefore submit to be blind-folded, and undergo the ordeal of fire. I must be immersed in a bath of molten lead, which was already prepared. If I could stand that ordeal I was worthy of the highest honours as a full-blown adept in the Abyssinian Mysteries. With this I was seized by three or four strong men, and I braced all my sinews, expecting to be dipped in pretty hot water at the very least. The sensation which ensued was the exact opposite. I was seated in a bath tub of the most icy description. The scamps must have prepared it with salt and snow; and on a hot August evening, after such an excited and hot experience as I had passed through, the contrary shock to that which I had expected may be imagined.

This over, I was pronounced a tried and accepted adept in the mysteries, and I was reconducted to the bathroom, where I had originally prepared myself, and after enjoying a capital bath and after redressing, I was invited forth to the dining-room. Here I found all my friends clothed and in their right minds, looking like gentlemen and scholars; and we spent a very happy hour in consuming an elegant supper, and in a hearty flow of spirit. It began to dawn, amidst the jokes of the supper table, that I had been really "sold." I had taken a bogus degree; and my fifty dollars had gone to furnish these gay boys a supper, which they were evidently enjoying at my expense.

Finally, I innocently told them that was my diagnosis of the case. The discovery was greeted with hilarious laughter. "Well," said Ed. Johnson, "say nothing about it, and we will have another supper out of some other neophyte, as ardent for degrees and as green as you were."

"I wont do it," I said, with virtuous indignation, "I am going to blow on this whole thing, and if the editor of the *Masonic Magazine* will give me space to do it, you will all find your pictures taken for the August number."

THE BUDDING SPRING.

THE budding spring will have an end,
 And into summer grow;
 The blooming summer will descend
 To autumn's russet glow.
 The mellow autumn next will glide
 Along to winter's frost,
 And all we cherished will have died—
 Be swallowed up and lost!

We see the flowers bud in spring,
 In summer see them bloom,
 We know the frosts of autumn bring
 Their glories to the tomb.
 The winter snows become their shrouds,
 And hide them out of sight;
 Beneath impenetrable clouds
 Of everlasting night!

So 'tis with man—but not with man,
 When spring is on the earth
 He enters on his little span—
 Is ushered into birth.
 We see him bloom in summer time,
 In autumn pass away,
 To enter a congenial clime
 Of never-ending day.

W. CORBETT.

THE DIDOT SALE.

[We are anxious to render the *Masonic Magazine* a useful record for the Masonic student, archæologist, and bibliophile, and we therefore think it right to preserve a record of the sale which appeared in the *Times*, and which is simply invaluable to book collectors for the accuracy by which it is marked, and the facts and figures it so effectively sets before us. It must have taken much time and patience to prepare, and seems deserving of a better fate and a longer existence than the ephemeral appearance of a daily journal. To the *Times* the sincere thanks of all lovers of books are justly due.—ED.]

THE greatest event in the world of old books and manuscripts this year has been the second Didot sale, brought to a close in Paris on last Saturday, after six days' struggle among the bibliophiles. The number of lots was slightly over 500, but all were of such high intrinsic value and importance that the amount of money produced by their dispersion is equivalent to about £37,000 of our money; to which sum we have to add the charge of 5 per cent. which is made in France upon the proceeds of each article sold by auction, and which is payable by the purchaser. A French book-auction presents a scene not easily realised by those who have only attended similar gatherings in London. The promoter of the sale is usually a bookseller who is the proprietor's agent, and who, sitting below the *commissaire-priseur*, or auctioneer, at one side, proclaims the number and the name of the lot, which are repeated in louder tones by the crier and the *commissaire-priseur* himself. The first bid is also made by the agent in the fashion of what we call a Dutch auction, and at the lowest price mentioned by him the real bidding begins, amid such a stentorian reverberation of sounds as is never heard in our quieter English auction-rooms. At the Didot sale, the old rivalry between the two nations that fought at Cressy and Agincourt was renewed, but in a more friendly way than in the days of the Black Prince and Henry V.; and if "the bulldog islanders" carried away some of the treasures that had excited the cupidity of the French libraries, it may to some extent be considered that they were reaping part of the harvest sown of yore by the knights who battled against Joan of Arc.

The preceding remarks may serve as a fitting introduction to the notice of two objects of extraordinary value, Nos. 17 and 19, the former of which brought 76,000f. and the latter 18,500f. The first of these two was the costliest lot of the sale, bringing, as it did, more than double the price of the manuscript which stood next to it in money value. It was a missal, believed to have been executed for Charles VI. of France as a present to his daughter Catherine, on her marriage with Henry V. of England, and to have been in the possession successively of our Henry V., Henry VI., Henry VII., and Henry VIII. But we must confess that the *provenance*, as the French style it, is not clearly proved. The manuscript has been in the hands of the monks of Tongerlo since 1545, when it was sold by them by "un nommé Gilles." In the catalogue this is said to have been "lors du schisme sous Henri VIII.," but the statement is far from satisfactory. The property of monasteries and cathedrals was easily stolen or alienated in 1545, but the contents of the Royal hereditary library (omitting all reference to the ugly gap between Henry VI. and Henry VII.) would not be so easily transferred to foreign hands. It is admitted that the first two leaves of the manuscript—which form the whole basis of the assignment of the missal to Charles VI. and Henry V.—are additions made early in the 16th century; in one of the two instances it is supposed that the new leaf was a copy of the actual original which had been lost by attrition; but the assumption is gratuitous, and a tradition of over three centuries is not sufficient to identify the Didot manuscript with what it is asserted to be. We have no doubt that the circumstances were sufficiently

weighed by the authorities of the British Museum, who would never allow a manuscript which had been in the possession of four English Kings of the Tudor race to fall back into French ownership. This remarkable manuscript fetched considerably over £3000.

In many respects, to an English connoisseur, the most interesting object in the entire sale—its genuineness is undoubted—was the Prayer Book which belonged to, and was constantly used by, the great English warrior, Sir John Talbot, Lord Talbot, and first Earl of Shrewsbury, renowned by Shakespeare for his real worth, and celebrated by Voltaire and in French tradition for many fictitious characteristics. The portrait of the veteran antagonist of the Maid of Orleans—who with the Black Prince and Sir John Chandos form the great trio of illustrious Englishmen who fought in the wars for sovereignty in France—is found more than once in the volume, along with some English prayers and rhymes which may have been written by the hand of Talbot himself. The book has had a strange fate. Left in France after Talbot's heroic death, which happened in battle in 1453, when he was over 80 years of age, it fell into impenetrable obscurity until 24 years ago, when a Breton collector bought it from a peasant and transferred it to a dealer from whom M. Didot obtained the treasure. We are sorry to record that a book of such extraordinary interest was not secured for our national library, nor apparently for the present Lord Shrewsbury; but it was bought by an English bookseller, Mr. Quaritch, himself an amateur and collector of fine manuscripts.

We now proceed to give details of the more important lots, in their numerical order, and of the prices fetched by each. The first 45 were manuscripts, which, at a total of nearly £20,000, fetched an average of £445 each, notwithstanding the depression of value prevalent throughout the civilized world, so that at the present time, things of great intrinsic worth now seem to bring greater prices than ever before.

No. 1 was a Latin Bible of the 13th century, a manuscript of ordinary character, but bearing the name of its French scribe, Arnulphus de Camphaing (Camphin), and fetched 2,300f. (Labiitte); 3, a French translation of the Bible, written on vellum in the first half of the 15th century, but supposed to have been copied from a 13th century codex, valuable like all versions of the Scriptures in vernacular tongues before the Reformation—10,000f. (Fontaine); 4, a Latin Psalter for liturgical use, executed in the Abbey of St. Martin, at Tournai, in 1105 (dated manuscripts are rare)—10,200f. (Bibliothèque Nationale); 5, a similar Psalter, with miniatures of French execution, of the 13th century—9,500f. (Fontaine); 6, a similar manuscript of French execution and very small size, also of the 13th century—2,600f. (Labiitte); 7, a Latin Evangelium, a collection of Gospel lessons, in Carolingian writing of the 9th century, with plates of gilt metal on the outside, decorated with carved ivory and gems—probably of 10th or 11th century work—6,000f. (Quaritch); 8, another Evangelium, of the 10th or 11th century, with exterior ornaments of metal and Limoges enamel (13th century)—3,800f. (Fontaine); 9, another Evangelium, executed about A.D. 1050, by Gerard, Abbot of the great Benedictine house of Luxeuil—15,000f. (Bibliothèque Nationale); 10, a collection of 30 miniatures illustrating the life of Christ, and executed in France about the year 1200—9,000f. (Labiitte); 11, "Sancti Beati in Apocalypsin Commentaria, et S. Hieronymi Explanatio Danielis," a MS. written in the south of France (Aquitaine), or in the north of Spain, about A.D. 1200; with 110 miniatures characteristic of the best style of the epoch and the region—a monument of singular importance for the history of old French art, which has been carefully described and eulogised by Count Bastard in his *Peintures et Ornaments des MSS.* It fell, after a splendid competition on the part of the Bibliothèque Nationale, for 30,500f. to Mr. Quaritch. The same English collector bought, for 15,300f., the next lot, 12, the Visions of the Apocalypse, a MS. of the 14th century, containing 96

miniatures, with Latin text extracted from the Scriptural book and written in scrolls and on the borders—an extremely beautiful work of art, the archetype of the celebrated “Block-book Apocalypses,” two of which occurred at a later period of the sale; 13, the Latin Bible-history of Peter Comestor, with miniatures, of French execution, and dated A.D. 1229—5,000f. (Labitte); 14, “Graduale Romanum,” a manuscript written in some Benedictine monastery of Northern Italy, in the 11th century—3,900f. (Labitte); 15, “Graduale et Sacramentarium,” also a Benedictine manuscript with miniatures, executed in the Abbey of Ottenbeuern, in Suabia, about the year 1150—20,100f. (Téchener.) A similar manuscript to this—apparently belonging, like it, to a series of liturgical volumes, illuminated by or for the Abbot Isengrim, when the monastery was restored after its destruction by fire in 1142—was in Sir William Tite’s possession, and afterwards sold at Mr. Bragge’s sale in London a couple of years ago. 16, “Missale Ecclesiæ Parisiensis,” manuscript of the 14th century, with miniatures—8,100f. (Téchener.) No. 17 was the extraordinary “Missal de Charles VI.,” of which mention has already been made; large in size, and richly decorated with numerous miniatures and other ornaments, it attracted more attention than any other MS. of the collection. 18, “Missale Ecclesiæ Turonensis,” a MS. of the beginning of the 16th century, with a few magnificent miniatures—20,000f. (Fontaine.) No. 19 was the Talbot “Livre d’Heures,” already mentioned, which we must consider to have been, from an English point of view, the most interesting lot in the sale. 20, “Ghetide,” a Dutch Prayer Book of the 15th century—1,600f. (Labitte); 21, Horæ, a Prayer Book, illuminated, about 1480, for René II., Duke of Lorraine, with miniatures, one of which represents the defeat of Charles the Bold at Morat—6,000f.; 22, Horæ, the Prayer Book of Antoine, the “Grand Bâtard de Bourgogne”—7,000f. (Labitte); 23, a similar “Livre d’Heure,” executed towards the end of the 15th century, and believed, but on very slight grounds, to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots—10,000f. (Fontaine); 24, a similar French Prayer Book—2,900f.; 25, a similar French Prayer Book, said to have belonged to Catherine d’Armagnac, Duchess of Bourbon, in 1484—12,900f. (Fontaine); 26, “Horæ,” a fine Dutch Prayer Book, some of the miniatures in which were attributed, with little reason, to the hand of Memling 20,800f. (Fontaine); 27, “Officium B. V. M.,” MS., of Flemish execution, written about the end of the 15th century, in silver letters upon black vellum—11,500f. (Labitte); 28, Anne of Brittany’s Book of Hours, according to the use of Rouen, a beautiful MS., with remarkably fine miniatures—18,000f. (Labitte); 29, “Horæ,” very small, but fine, which had been in the collection of the Rev. Theodore Williams—1,950f. (Quaritch); 30, another “Livre d’Heures,” of the early part of the 16th century, which afterwards belonged to Anne of Austria, the Queen of Louis XIII.—27,000f. (Fontaine); 32, the “Rationale Divinorum Officiorum” of Durandus, the celebrated work which forms the foundation of all study upon the history and practice of the rites of the Roman Church, in an Italian hand of the 14th century—3,900f. (Quaritch); 33, the “Moralia in Job” of Pope Gregory the Great, a MS. in Lombardic characters, stated in the sale catalogue to have been as old as the seventh or eight century, but which was probably a couple of centuries younger—3,000f. (Quaritch); 35, “Bonaventuræ Breviloquium,” a MS. of the 14th century, remarkable for its binding of enamel and gems—1,800f. (Labitte.) The same purchaser—who was reported to be buying for the Didot family—gave 13,100f. for the next lot (36), “La Saint Abbaye,” an unpublished spiritual allegory, with other ascetic pieces, forming a single MS. volume, adorned with miniatures of great beauty, executed in the early part of the 14th century. To him likewise fell No. 37—a tiny volume whose only claim to respect was that it had been written by the famous calligraphist Jarry in 1645. The penmanship was exquisite, but there was no ornament, yet it brought the price of 8,000f. No. 38 was the “Decretum” of Gratian, the basis of the

canon law—a MS. of French execution in the 13th century—3,500f. (Fontaine.) 41, 42, and 43 were pieces of Cicero, the first (“Lælius” and “Cato Major”) a pretty MS. of Italian art-work late in the 15th century; the third (“De Finibus” of similar age and also decorated by an Italian artist; the second remarkable, as a classic (“Lælius,” etc.), for its age, which was the ninth century. They fetched 1,280f., 3,700f., and 700f. (Quaritch.) 44, Jehan de Rovroy’s French translation of the “Strategemata of Frontinus,” a MS. of the 15th century, with four miniatures—6,600f. (Téchener.) No. 45, which brought the enormous price of 25,000f., was a minute volume, consisting of but a few painted leaves, which was yet one of the greatest curiosities of the sale. This was the “Livre d’Heures”—facetiously so styled in the author’s lifetime—of the witty and licentious Count de Bussy-Rabutin, cousin and correspondent of the more famous Madame de Sévigné. The burlesque prayers which it contained as text to the eight pictures which still adorn it had been carefully erased, evidently in the time of the Grand Monarque, but the illustrations remain. They are portraits of Anne of Austria, the Duke of Buckingham, Gaston d’Orléans, Madame de Montespan, Mademoiselle de la Vallière, and others who were the objects of scandal in the time of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., but not in their proper costume or appearance, being attitudinized and arrayed in the characters of St. Sebastian, St. Cecilia, St. Agnes, and other saints of the religious Livres d’Heures. Such a book must have been cautiously guarded and concealed in the time of Louis XIV.; indeed, it is evident from the care which was taken to destroy the ribald text (of which a few words are still decipherable) that the owner distrusted its safety even in after-days. There is probably no other copy in existence, although it is conjectured, from certain words used by Boileau, that the Livre d’Heures of Bussy-Rabutin was known to circulate in copies among a chosen few 200 years ago. The painting of the portraits was assigned in the catalogue to the celebrated artist Petitot.

(To be continued).

THE POWER OF SONG.

BY W. FRED. VERNON, R.W.M. AND BARD, LODGE KELSO, NO. 58.

O H, how I long my soul in song
 Ever to pour in measured lay,
 On soaring wings, o’er earthly things,
 To mount in tuneful melody.

Clear of the soil and its turmoil,
 My soul, unfettered, would expand
 In loving theme, till it would seem
 That love and music filled the land.

With vig’rous fire, my sounding lyre
 Would wake the echoes far away;
 Till all around should list the sound,
 And while it lasted, ling’ring stay.

Now soft and low, the words would flow
 Like gently breathing summer winds;
 Of Hope I’d sing, and peace would bring
 To poor distressed and troubled minds.

Now swelling strong the notes prolong,
 And to each honest heart appeal ;
 My trembling wire would all inspire
 With ardent patriotic zeal.

Or wild and free, like stormy sea
 When beating on the rock-bound shore ;
 'Mid trumpets' blare that rends the air,
 I'd courage to the warrior pour.

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

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 its Vicinage," "The Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn-by-the-Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

WE hear much of "the amenities of American newspapers," but it would be no difficult task for our Transatlantic cousins to cull from English journals numberless paragraphs which would stand as a sort of set-off against their own. Thus, for instance, a daily provincial leader-writer terms Sir William Harcourt "a kind of cross between an elephant and a jackass," and adds that he "would fain have his mammoth braying mistaken for the roar of the lion ; but the pendulous ears are always discernable." I like a spirited article as well as anyone, and can laugh at a good satire, even when all my sympathies are with the person satirised. It is a weak cause that will not bear the test of ridicule : but abuse is a poor substitute for argument ; and every writer should regard literature as a sacred calling, to be used for the elevation of the human race, and never to be prostituted for pay or party.

Cheshire has long been famous for its cheese, so much so, that many a licensed victualler has adopted it for the sign of his inn, to indicate that eatables as well as drinkables were to be had within, that in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, being a case in point. In a paper recently read before the Cheshire Chamber of Commerce, by Mr. Roger Bate, upon "Cheshire Dairy Farming and its Milk Produce," it was stated that in the early part of the present century it was thought that ninety thousand cows were kept for cheese-making, a great portion of this produce being sent to the metropolis ; but during the last quarter of a century Cheshire cheese had been finding its way into Lancashire and Yorkshire rather than to London. This may be perfectly correct ; but Cheshire cheese, to my certain knowledge, has been known and appreciated both in Lancashire and Yorkshire for more than a quarter of a century. But most of the cheese used now throughout the country is American. The growing demand for new milk and fresh butter in our great towns has diminished the making of English cheese, because milk and butter at once bring in that ready-money which the farmer so much needs, whilst cheese-making, like breeding and fattening stock, raising corn-crops, etc., requires a much longer time to produce a cash return.

"Among the most untranslatable of modern poets," says the *Standard*, "Heinrich Heine has always held a chief place, and this not so much on

account of the rare grace and beauty of his poems as the peculiarity of the genius which inspired them. In this latter respect they stand almost alone." Here is a little gem as Englished by my very dear friend the late Eta Mawr, whose translations of their "native poets" have been highly commended by literary Germans, and by such competent critics as Lord Lytton, Sir John Herschell, Dr. Dick, and others:—

"The blue eyes of the spring
Are peeping from the grass;
They are peeping in the violets
Which I gather as I pass.

"I pluck them, and I think
That all the thoughts which spring
Within my hidden bosom
The nightingale doth sing.

"Yes! what I feel she sings,
Till echo joins the tone;
The secret of my heart
To all the world is known."

I have had occasion to express my disappointment more than once, after searching for the grave of some child of genius whose name is familiar to every reader, at having to return totally unsuccessful in my researches. It is a feeling rather of sorrow than of surprise that comes over one on such occasions. One of my oldest living literary friends—for Death has thinned our ranks considerably during the five-and-thirty years that have elapsed since our names first appeared in print together, and our thoughts and feelings were first privately communicated to each other—thus pithily puts it, in the "preliminary chapter" of his delightful "Literary Reminiscences and Gleanings:—" "Judging by experience, the graves most difficult to find are those of authors and artists. Generally speaking, parish clerks do not know them; and if, by dint of questions put to obliging newspaper editors, and by patient research in silent consecrated acres, you succeed in finding the stone—if stone there be—which covers the departed man of mind, it is possible his name will be absent, or if present be introduced in characters so small and insignificant that you marvel the merit which drew you so far from your path can be so poorly represented. On the other hand, the graves easiest to trace are those of successful traders. Enter any churchyard or cemetery you may, these favourites of fortune will be found sleeping beneath the weight of the largest tombs and the eulogy of the longest inscriptions. Yet, after all, these elaborate monuments can win merely the passing glance of curiosity, while the simplest stone, when bearing a notable name, attracts the pilgrim from afar. So the spirit of Justice hovers above the churchyard, and the spirit of Freedom keeps her company. Here is no shrinking from the empty purse, or the unfashionable form; freed from the trammels of pride, mind mingles with mind, in a communion purely spiritual, dispensing with the formality of a card. It was surely on such republican ground that Diogenes affixed his tub, and, doubtless, to grave-stones that Shakspere alluded when he wrote of the sermons which stones convey." It is no small recommendation of a book which one has read many years ago, to be able to take it up and read it again and again with renewed interest. This I have done with Mr. Procter's "Literary Reminiscences;" and I need only repeat a portion of what I wrote nineteen years ago:—"One cannot help wishing, as we read Mr. Procter's genial book, that should we ever have our own name engraved on a tombstone, some kindly hand, like that of Sylvan's, may once or twice in a generation come to 'clear the weeds from off *our* grave,' to remove the moss and lichens which obliterate the inscriptions, and pay a shilling to some poor sexton to brush off the dust and repaint the stone."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE FANCY FAIR.

A "TRUTH"-FUL PICTURE.

I MET a group of Frenchmen three,
 Roving from stall to stall,
 Eager the fancy fair to see,
 Held in the Albert Hall.
 Press'd by the crowd, and puzzled sore
 Which way to turn or gaze:
 "Ma foi," said one, "voyons d'abord
 La Comédie Française!"

They gain'd the spot where Sarah stood
 In robe of creamy hue;
 Where Samary in sportive mood
 Around bright glances threw.
 Fair Reichenberg's enchanting smiles
 For worlds they'd not have miss'd,
 And Broisat's captivating wiles
 What mortal could resist?

Further they went, but not heart-whole,
 And each in triumph wore
 A trophy in his button-hole
 That was not there before;
 And as they jauntily sped on,
 Thought they: "We'll now compare
 Which has the prize of beauty won,
 La France ou l'Angleterre."

But when of Langtry's witching eye
 They felt the magic power;
 When temptingly beguiled to buy
 From Castlereagh a flower;
 When Gerard, Wheeler, and Sassoon
 Admired in turn had been,
 Then must the gallant Frenchmen own
 The like they ne'er had seen.

They paused where Guinness held her court,
 And marked how by her side
 Incessantly fresh *chalands* brought
 The season's loveliest bride;
 On Oliphant they gazed intent,
 So exquisitely drest;
 And in cigars a fortune spent
 With sweet Cornwallis West.

They linger'd, bound by beauty's spell,
 Until the close of day,
 Then turn'd, with look of sad farewell,
 Reluctantly away.
 But often to those Frenchmen three
 Will memory recall
 A sight worth coming miles to see,
 The fair of Albert Hall.