

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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## THE KOMOSŌ SOCIETY.

BY the attention of a kind correspondent we are enabled to print the following interesting paper on a Japanese Secret Society, and which appeared, we think it fair to say, in the *Japan Weekly Mail*, August 30th, 1879, but the subject of which is unknown to most of our readers.

In several of the works recently published in Europe touching upon the manners and customs of the Chinese may be found allusions to what are commonly known to foreigners by the name of the Tryad Societies. These are said to be secret associations, whose branches spread throughout the length and breadth of the Chinese Empire; and although but little is as yet known with regard to the tenets and object of these so-called fraternities, it is nevertheless beyond all doubt that they do actually exist, and that their members are bound one to another by certain hidden ties and secret mysteries that are kept carefully concealed from uninitiated outsiders. It is even asserted that several foreigners have also been admitted as members, which, if true, would seem to indicate that these societies are of a cosmopolitan nature, the right of entrance thereto not being restricted to natives of the "Middle Kingdom" alone. In Japan, too, it is well known that what may be termed Secret Societies have existed, and amongst these that of the *Komosō* stands first and foremost.

The *Komosō*,—as their very name implies,—were a semi-monastical association; and although the date of their original organization is unknown, it is a fact that they existed in Japan down to the time of the Revolution of 1868. Whether the scattered remnants of the society have been re-organized since that date, or, indeed, whether there now exist any remnants at all, is a question enveloped in the deepest obscurity. But it is of the past, not the present, history of this strange society that we now propose to speak.

According to Japanese traditions (for it may here be observed that all the information at present forthcoming with regard to this subject is merely oral, not written) the *Komosō* Society first came into prominent notice at the time of the rise of the last, or Tokugawa, dynasty of Shōguns,—i.e. in the year 1603 A.D. Its history prior to that date is unknown, but from that time down to the year 1868 its existence was fully recognised. As a proof of this we may mention that in the well known Japanese drama of the *Chiushin-gura* (describing the deeds of the famous "Forty-seven *Rōnin*"), one of the most effective scenes is that in which Kakogawa Honzō appears upon the stage

disguised in the white garments of a *Komosô*; and again, in the illustrations to popular Japanese novels of recent date there may often be observed representations of some member of this mysterious association.

The Society (or Fraternity, as it may well be styled) was filled from the ranks of the *samurai* class alone, and entrance into it proved a means of refuge for any person who had committed a deed of bloodshed, &c., which rendered it necessary for him to flee away from the territory of his feudal chieftain. Thus its numbers were recruited chiefly from amongst those who had, under the influence of intoxication, or in some way other than of malice aforethought, killed or wounded a fellow clansman, a friend, or other person. None, however, was admitted who had been guilty of any disgraceful crime held to be unworthy of a *samurai*,—as for instance, adultery, burglary or theft.

Although its history, prior to the accession of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shôguns, be altogether unknown, we find that in the early part of the 17th century certain lands were granted to the *Komosô* by that family,—by which act the existence of the society was formerly recognized by the then rulers of the east of the Empire. These lands were situated in the province of Owari, a little to the east of the castletown of Nagoya, and slightly removed from the highroad (the Tôkaidô). Here was the *Honji*, or chief temple of the society; but there were also *Matsuji*, or Branch Temples, in different parts of the country. The situations of the latter were not, however, precisely known except to the *Komosô* themselves. Meetings were held in these Branch Temples at various intervals, and troops of *Komosô* were often to be seen entering some remote town or village in different localities; but where or when they met was a profound mystery, and the morrow's dawn saw them leaving the place as silently as they had entered it.

The society was under the command of a Chief, elected by the general votes of the members. Under him were an Assistant Chief, Treasurer, and other officers, all chosen in similar manner. The Chief usually resided at the Chief Temple, and was invested with wide powers. His style of living and general position are said to have been equal to those of any *Daimiô*. He had power of life and death over all his fellows, and was only required to make a report to the Government in the event of any *Komosô* being put to death by his orders. The Assistant Chief might act in his stead, whenever such necessity arose.

The Society could never boast of very large numbers, most probably owing to the fact that a member of it could often return to his own province in a few years time, when the affair in consequence of which he had originally fled away had been hushed up. Any one desirous of entering the Society used to go to the Chief Temple, and there make application to be received, stating his case and giving the reason why he had left his feudal lord's domain. He was then lodged in the temple, while private enquiries were set on foot to ascertain the truth of his statement; if it were discovered that he had committed some unworthy deed, he was rejected and dismissed, but if it appeared that his offence of bloodshed was not premeditated, he was admitted into the Society with all due rites and ceremonies. What these rites were is unknown, but it is allowed that every candidate was bound by solemn oath to conceal them.

The distinctive dress of the *Komosô* was white, consisting of the loose Japanese *kimono* and tight-fitting trousers. The wide trousers and upper mantle usually worn by the *samurai* class were never used. They carried but one long sword. The hat was of bamboo, in shape resembling a large inverted basket of circular form, with a small aperture to enable the wearer to see freely. This hat was never removed during a journey; it was worn, too, in lodging-houses, and even at meals. When sleeping however, the *Komosô* might take it off, and in the temples of the Society it could be laid aside at will. A long staff and a flute completed their equipment, and certain notes blown on the latter formed one of the signs by which the members could make themselves known to their fellows.

The lands granted to the Society enabled its members to obtain sufficient means of maintenance. On a journey they were assisted by other *Komosô*, and often by outsiders also. If a *Komosô* met another person similiarly attired, he at once challenged him by signs, &c., to ascertain if he were a true member of the Society. In case of failure to respond, such person was deemed to have assumed the garb merely as a disguise (as was, indeed, often the case), and the true *Komosô* was then held to be justified in seizing and confiscating the clothing of the pretender. The white clothing was in the first instance given to each man by the superior officers of the Society. The chief, when travelling, was always attended by a select band of his fellows, and their journeys were performed on foot,

No women were admitted into the Society, and a man desirous of entering it used therefore to leave his wife and family in the charge of relatives or friends. A son was often admitted with his father, but boys of tender age were on no account received. Communication with the outer world was discountenanced, and it was an exceedingly difficult matter for any uninitiated person to gain access to a friend who had entered the Society. He was always subjected to rigid examination at the temple, before various members, ere he could be allowed to see his friend, and even then the interview was but brief.

Those members who died were buried in the temple enclosures, whenever this was practicable. The tombstones, so tradition has it, always bore the true name of the deceased; and thus, in death, were at last known the actual appellations of those who, during their lifetime, had wandered to and fro, homeless and unknown men. One of the principal *Komosô* cemeteries is said to exist even now in the neighbourhood of Nagoya, and another to the east of Kiyôto: the very site, however, of the latter is well-nigh unknown, and it is probable that the former has shared the fate of the Chief Temple to which it was originally attached.

The *Komosô* were most numerous in the province of Owari (their headquarters) but large numbers were also found along the line of the Tôkaido and in the province of Shimôsa. They generally avoided the large towns, and kept to the country districts, where they received substantial assistance from the farming population, in the way of money, food, &c. It is a well known fact that many of these mysterious men perished while fighting on the Tokugawa side in the battle in the temple-ground of Uyéno, in Tôkiô, on July 4th, 1868; and it is also stated that on that day a numerous band of their fellows, with others, were on the march from Shimôsa to succour the force besieged in Uyéno. A violent storm of wind and rain delayed their arrival until after the combat was over, but had it not been for this mishap the swords of these *Komosô* would doubtless have done good service in aid of the clan by whom their society had been both recognised and assisted.

Many men entered the ranks of the *Komosô* not in consequence of any offence on their own part, but voluntarily, the better to carry out plans for avenging themselves on the murderer of a relative. It is said that instances have even been known of men so admitted discovering the murderers, of whom they were in search, among the *Komosô* themselves, and there and then carrying out the vendetta by killing the latter. Such cases, however, were undoubtedly very rare, though it is certainly within the bounds of possibility that both pursuer and pursued might have been enabled to find an asylum in the ranks of this strange fraternity.

Such is the history of the *Komosô* so far as is known to the outside world. Of their secret arts and hidden mysteries it is improbable that anything further will come to light, for, according to oral assertion, their extinction as a Society was contemporary with the downfall of the Tokugawa dynasty. It remains, however, for after ages to prove this fact, and to determine whether the *Komosô* are really extinct, or likely to appear again under, perhaps, a fresh name and a different organization.

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 OLD RECORDS OF THE LODGE OF PEBBLES.
 

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 COMPILED BY BRO. ROBERT SANDERSON, P.G. SEC. PEBBLES AND SELKIRK (S.C.)
 

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 (Continued from page 43.)
 

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Peebles, 11th January, 1799.

The which day the treasurer produced to the lodge his accounts for the year ending St. John's Day last. And it from them appears that the money received by him, including the Balance at last settling, amounts to Twenty-eight pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence halfpenny, and what he has expended conform to particular state and vouchers produced, to seventeen pounds sixteen shillings and threepence, and the Balance thence arising and due by the Treasurer to the Lodge amounts to Eleven pounds three shillings and sevenpence halfpenny sterling, which is attested by

ROBERT SCOTT, Mr.

THOS. GRIEVE, Treasurer.\*

Peebles, 23rd August, 1799.

The which day the Lodge being convened in consequence of a letter from the Grand Lodge of Scotland inclosing a Copy of their Resolutions regarding an Act of Parliament passed in the last session of Parliament, Cap. 79. entitled "An Act for the more effectual Suppression of Societies Established for Seditious and Treasonable Purposes," which Resolutions and Letter, after having been read and duly considered by the Brethren present, they unanimously approved of the same, and appointed said Resolutions, with the accompanying Letter, to be ingrossed in their Sedurent Book.

The Lodge also appoint their Right Worshipful Master Scott and Secretary Bartram to go before a Justice of the Peace and Depon in terms of the said Act of Parliament; and they also appoint their Secretary to give in a full list of all the ordinary attending members to the Shereff Clerk of the County, in order that the same may be recorded in terms of the said Act; and also appoint a List of the Arrears due to the Grand Lodge to be made out, and the same to be settled as soon as possible, and thereafter to apply for and obtain from the Grand Lodge a Certificate that this Lodge has complied with the whole requisites of the Act of Parliament. It was also moved and unanimously agreed to that the thanks of this Lodge are justly due to the Grand Lodge of Scotland for their uniform care and attention to the Interest of Masonry, not only on the above, but on every occasion where the welfare of the Craft is concerned.

[The next extract presents a somewhat ludicrous contrast to the foregoing.—R.S.]

Brother Johnstone, the Tenant of the Lodge, Represented that the entry (passage) to his stables is and has been much impeded and obstructed by John Dicks laying Dung and other Nuisance in the closs (passage), that several of his best Customers have threatened to leave him on account thereof. The Lodge, therefore, feeling it their duty to protect their tenant in the full right and enjoyment of his property, appoint Brothers Robert Scott, Andrew

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\* The above minute, as well as the following, bearing upon the action taken by Grand Lodge of Scotland in reference to the Act for the Suppression of Societies established for Seditious and Treasonable Purposes, are well written, and occupy nine pages of the Minute Book. The matters referred to therein are historical, and may be found in Laurie's History of Freemasonry, pp. 151 to 161, but may not be out of place in being again brought before the Masonic reader.—R.S.

Ritchie, and John Jamieson a Committee to visit and inspect said closs, and if they find it in the state represented, the Lodge authorise said Committee to apply to the Dean of Guild and his Court for their authority to get said Nuisance removed.

The following is the letter from the Grand Lodge enclosing the resolutions above-mentioned:—

Grand Lodge of Scotland, Edinbro', 12th August, 1799.

Right Worshipful Brother,—You are requested by the Grand Lodge of Scotland to pay immediate and particular attention to the enclosed extracts from their Minutes at last Quarterly Communication of 5th Instant.

And I am desired to intimate the suspension of Brother Sommers from his functions as Grand Clerk, and the interim appointment of Brother Bartram to that office.

Any Communications or Remittances may be addressed to me here.

I remain, Right Worshipful Brother, yours &c.,

Signed Wm. GUTHRIE, Grand Secretary.

Then follows—

Extracts from Minute at a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Scotland:—

August 5th, 1799.

It was stated from the chair that by an Act passed in the last Session of Parliament, Cap. 79, entitled "An Act for the more Effective Suppression of Societies Established for Seditious and Treasonable Purposes," it was *inter alia* declared illegal for any body of men to require an oath, test, or declaration from their members not authorised by law, but that an express exception was contained therein in favour of Freemasons, under certain provisions of the following tenor:—

SECTION 5TH OF THE STATUTE.—And whereas certain Societies have been long accustomed to be holden in this Kingdom under the denomination of Lodges of Freemasons, the meetings whereof have been in great measure directed to charitable purposes, be it therefore enacted that nothing in this Act shall extend to the meetings of any such Societies or Lodges which shall before the passing of this Act have been usually holden under the said denomination and in conformity to the rules prevailing among the said Societies of Freemasons.

SECTION 6TH OF THE STATUTE.—Provided always that this exemption shall not extend to any such Society unless two of the members composing the same shall certify upon oath (which oath any Justice of the Peace or Magistrate is hereby empowered to administer) that such Society or Lodge has before the passing of this Act been usually held under the denomination of a Lodge of Freemasons, and in conformity to the rules prevailing among the Societies or Lodges of Freemasons in this Kingdom, which certificate duly attested by the magistrate before whom the same shall be sworn, and subscribed by the person so certifying, shall, within two callender months after the passing of this Act, be deposited with the Clerk of the Peace for the County, Stewartry, Riding, Devision, Shire, or Place where such Society or Lodge has been usually held. Provided also that this exemption shall not extend to any such Society or Lodge unless the name and denomination thereof, and the usual place or places, and the time or times of its meetings, and the names and discriptions of all and every the Members thereof be Registered with such Clerk of the Peace as aforesaid within two months after the passing of this Act, and also on or before the 25th day of March in every succeeding year.

SECTION 7TH OF THE STATUTE.—And be it enacted that the Clerk of the Peace or the person acting in his behalf in any such County, Stewartry, Riding, Devision, Shire, or Place is hereby authorised and required to receive such Certificate, and make such Registry as aforesaid, and to enroll the same among the records of such County, Stewartry, Riding, Devision, Shire or Place, and to lay the same once in every year before the General Session of the Justices for such County, Stewartry, Riding, Division, Shire, or Place, and that it shall and may be lawful for the said Justices or for the major part of them at any of their General Sessions if they shall so think fit upon complaint made to them upon oath by any one or more creditable persons, that the continuance of the meetings of any such Lodge or Society is likely to be injurious to the public peace and good order, to direct that the meetings of any such Society or Lodge within such County, Stewartry, Riding, Division, Shire, or Place, shall from thenceforth be discontinued. And any such meetings held notwithstanding such order of discontinuance, and before the same shall by the like authority be revoked, shall be deemed an unlawful combination and confederacy under the provisions of this Act.

Which enactments the Grand Lodge having taken into their most serious consideration, they unanimously agreed that it was their province as the head of the Masonic Body in Scotland, from whom all Regular Lodges held their right of meeting by Charter, to take effectual steps for enforcing observance of the law before recited, a law which as bearing honourable testimony to the purity of their Order, and thus silencing the daring breathe of calumny, must be truly flattering to the Brethren at large.

They do, therefore, in the first place, most strenuously recommend the instant attention of the whole Lodges of Scotland to the foregoing legislative regulations, by which it will be observed that two essential requisites are necessary for entitling the Freemasons of Scotland to hold in future their usual meetings.

1st. That two of the members of each lodge shall certify upon oath before any Justice of Peace or other Magistrate "*That the lodge has before the passing of the said Act been usually held under the denomination of a lodge of Freemasons, under conformity to the rules prevailing among the Lodges of Freemasons in this Kingdom.*" And which affidavit, certified by the magistrate before whom it is taken, must be registered with the Sheriff Clerk of the county where the particular lodge holds her meetings within two callander months from the 12th of July last. And

2nd. That one of the Presiding Officers of the lodge do record with the Sheriff Clerk within the same space: 1st, The name by which the lodge is distinguished; 2nd, The place and days of meeting; and 3rd, The names and descriptions (designations) of the attending members.

And the Grand Lodge, responsible for the regular conduct of the Masons of Scotland holding of them, which they are firmly persuaded is almost without exception entirely consonant to the principles of the Craft, yet anxious to guard against every intrusion on their ancient and respectable Order, or upon her established and accustomed forms, do unanimously resolve—

1mo. That every Lodge holding of the Grand Lodge of Scotland shall, *within six months* from this date, apply for a certificate from the Grand Lodge, which certificate shall bear an express renewal of power to hold Masonic meetings under her sanction and authority, and which shall not be granted without production of evidence to the Most Worshipful Grand Master, his depute or substitute, that the Act of Parliament above recited has been literally complied with. And every lodge which shall not within the said space demand and obtain such certificate shall be expunged from the Grand Roll, have consequently no right thereafter by her Presiding Officers, or by proxy, to sit or vote at their meetings, and be deprived of all future protection of the Grand Lodge.

2do. That the said certificate shall be subscribed by the Grand Master, his depute or substitute, and by the Secretary and Clerk for the time, and have the seal of the Grand Lodge appended thereto, for which a fee of five shillings, and no more, at the disposal of the Grand Lodge, shall be exacted.

3tio. That the said certificate shall be thereafter applied for on or before the 25th day of April, 1801, and of every succeeding year, and evidence produced as before mentioned so long as the said Act is in force under the same certification of being so expunged from the roll in case of failure.

4to. That no such certificate shall be granted until all the arrears due to the Grand Lodge be discharged.

5to. That the names of all the lodges who have obtained certificates shall be annually transmitted to one of His Majesties Principal Secretaries of State, and to the Lord Advocate of Scotland.

6to. That the foregoing resolutions be printed, and copies transmitted to all lodges throughout Scotland holding of the Grand Lodge, that none may pretend ignorance thereof.

7mo. That copies thereof be also transmitted to His Grace the Duke of Athole, and the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, by the Most Worshipful the Grand Master, and he be requested to take that opportunity of expressing the grateful sense the Masons of Scotland entertain of their exertions in behalf of the Craft.

8vo. That a Committee be appointed to wait on the Lord Advocate with a copy of the said resolutions, and who be instructed to assure his Lordship that they have a grateful feeling of his Lordship's kindness to the Masons of Scotland, and will be ready to listen to any other regulations that to him may appear proper to be adopted. And the following

Committee were accordingly named for that purpose: The Right Honourable and Most Worshipful the Grand Master, his Substitute, and Brother Campbell, of Fairfield.

9no. That a copy of these resolutions be also transmitted to the Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Ancient Free Masons in England.

And lastly, that the thanks of the Grand Lodge are justly due to the Right Honourable and Most Worshipful Sir James Stirling, Bart., their present Grand Master, for his constant attention to their interests since his unanimous election to the chair, and more particularly in his correspondence with Mr. Secretary Dundas during the dependence of the late Bill in Parliament.

Then follows list of members of the old Lodge of Peebles, No. 25, with the affidavit of the master.

(To be continued.)

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A N D R E A S   H O F E R .

FROM THE GERMAN OF MOXEN.

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**I**N chains true-hearted Hofer was in Mantua we've heard say,  
 And then the enemy's escort led him to death away;  
 Fraternal hearts bled for him on that all mournful day,  
 All Germany in grief and shame and stupefaction lay,  
 And with them Tyrol's land.

With hands behind him clapsed, without of fear a trace  
 Andrea Hofer calmly marched in firm and measured pace;  
 For death to him appeared a little thing to face,  
 That death he had from Iselburg sent with his hardy race  
 In holy Tyrol's land.

But when from prison windows, as in Mantua he was stayed,  
 He saw his comrades lift their hands to bless and not upbraid,  
 "Then God be with you all," all tenderly he said,  
 "And with the German people so utterly betrayed,  
 And Tyrol's holy land."

They say the drummer's hand refused the march to play  
 As that stern convoy led him to meet his death that day;  
 As he, Andreas Hofer, passed on undaunted on his way,  
 And free in fetters stood so stately on that bastion grim and grey  
 That man from Tyrol's land.

There should he kneel, they said, but he replied, "Not I!  
 As now I stand upright, so erect will I die!  
 Just as I stood in stubborn fight in days gone by!  
 Long live my good Emperor Francis, my last cry,  
 And with him my land Tyrol!"

A grenadier then took the bandage—they tell us, all unmanned  
 As Andreas prayed a last short prayer on this sublunary land.  
 "Mark well," he cried aloud, "steady, comrades, be your hand,  
 And hit me well. Fire! Ah, you clumsy band—  
 Farewell my land Tyrol."

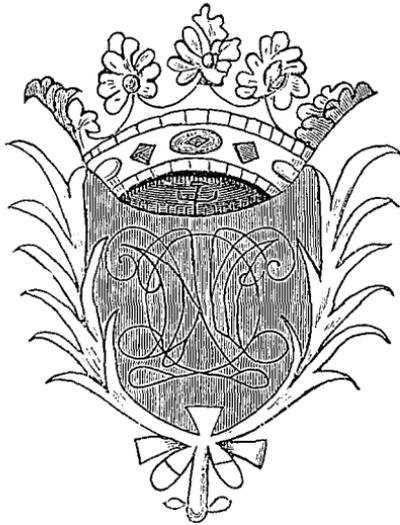
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## DESCRIPTION OF A MASONIC MS.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

**T**HIS is a curious MS. in the British Museum, among the Additional MS. It is practically the history of Coustos and the Inquisition in MS., with some additions, and certain other MS. not Masonic. Coustos's book was published in 1746. The MS. also contains the history of the evil morals of the Inquisition, which is found in "The Bloody Tribunal," by John Marchant, 1756. It is not original, as it appeared in Gavins "Master-Key to Popery." Where Gavin got it from he does not say. But as we have here a translation of Coustos (and Coustos's life and sufferings have been often published in French), the probability is we have here a translation of the story as it is in Gavin's "Master-Key." Of course the MS. is after 1754.

**TITLE:** "Procédures curieuse de l'inquisition de Portugal contre le francs-macons, 1754.



*Begins* :—

Je suis né a Bern en Suisse et aujourd'hui lapidaire de profession mon père m'en mena dès ma tendre enfance dans un pais bien éloigné de ma cheré patrie comme il étoit chirurgien. \* \* \* \*

At fo. 36 :—

"Je terminai ma justifications par les quatre vers suivant qui ont été faits par un macon." Here follow two fanciful devices within which are written two sentences, the one beginning "Nous suivons tous des sautiers peu batus, nous cherchons a batir : et tous nos édifices sont des temples pour les vertus ou bien des cachots pour les vices." The other : "J'ajoutai a ce quatrain la celui qui suit mais du contraire hélas seràje convaincu je vois l'inexorable et cruelle injustice sa charnes a poursuivre en ces lieux la vertus pour mieux faire briller le triomphe du vice."

Fo. 57b. The first portion appears to end here with these words :—

“Confiance dans leur adversité et qui mettant tout leur plaisir, a faire du bien aux mortels meritent et leur respect et leur vénération.”

Fo. 58. Then follows another fanciful border in which are entries of names of three persons, commencing with :—

“Ioaô Custou Coustos hérégé protestante lapidario natural de Contaô de Brazilla e morador nesta citade por introduzir é patrie, car nesta corté a citados pédreiros Livres condenada pedasé apostolica.” \* \* \*

Fo. 58b. Within a similar border :—

“Que le ciel préserve tout vrai maçon de cithiranique tribunal c'est le vieu sincere que je vous soite de tout mon cœur. De la valée de Josaphat lan de la foundation du temple de Salomon.”

Fo. 59. Here the second article or part (apparently) commences as follows :—

“L'inquisition ex communique par un officier françois témoins de la Debauche des Inquisitions. En lan 1706 après la bataille Dalmanza, un corps darmée Françoise composé de quatorze mille hommes, fut a la conquête de l'Aragon.”

This ends at 68b, with these words :—

“Que l'avarice des inquisiteur et leur amour insatiable des richesses souvant fait connoitre a ceux qui ont jugé de leurs démarches sans prévention.”

Fo. 69. Here begins

“Histoire d'une jeune demoiselle mise a l'inquisition uniquement pour avoir plû a un des Inquisiteurs.”

Below this is a device, and upon the next side (fo. 69b) this heading is repeated, and the *histoire* commences thus :—

“Un jour qui je fus avec ma mère rendre visite a la Contesse Dullras son confesseur Dom Franchisco Torrejon second Inquisiteur y'étoit aussi malheureusement pour moy il me fit plusieurs question que me parurent très embarasantes sur ma religion.” \* \* \*

The course of this recital is interrupted by several of the fanciful ornaments (?) before spoken of, but without any writing withinside. The *histoire* comes to a close upon fo. 85, thus—

“Sur la route dici à Paris nous lui rendrez visite de même que mon mari qui est a présent a la cour de France pour y solliciter une autre charge dans le militaire ou plutôt une commission dans le civile et qui sera charmé de vous voir. Fin.”

At fo. 85b. is another device, within which is written :—

“Nous connoissons quelque cepales, nous connoissons quelque proces. Qui par çes espreuves fatales, ont esté quelques fois surpris, etc.” \* \* \*

Fo. 86 appears to commence abruptly :—

“Il faut remarquer que l'inquisition ne se borne pas a sa jurisdiction, sur les vivans et ceux qui meur plusieurs de ceux qui sont morts dans les prisons.”

The subject is the treatment of Free-masons by the Inquisition. At fo. 93b. this passage occurs :—

“Je ne pouroit sans ingratitude taire les bontes de toutes espèce que les francs maçons de Lisbonne eurent pour moi et pour les autres frères qui étoient prisonniers.” \* \* \*

This ends on fo. 95. On fo. 95b. is a short paragraph entitled “Histoire de Caivajal.” Fo. 96, Title :—

“Extrait d'un écrit intitulé Les bon mots Du petit père André.”

Fo. 97. Here this title is repeated, and the “Extrait” commences thus :—

“Le petit père andré si connu par ses bon mots préchoit le carême à albij dans le tems dés fameuse dispute de Monsieur Arnaud avec les jesuites.” \* \*

This ends upon fo. 104. At fo. 104b. is a title which is repeated on fo. 105 :—

“Sentence de Messieurs les vicaires généraux de l'archevêché de Tours.”

Begins thus :—

“Nous vicaires généraux de l'eglise metropolitaine de Tours le Siège Archiscopal vacant, sur lavis qui nous a été donné par plusieurs personnes de consideration de cette ville.” \* \* \*

This finishes on fo. 106b. On fo. 107 commences a subject with this heading:—  
 “Textes du nouveau Testament aus quel les propositions condamnees ont  
 Rapport.” “Texts”: Que de mendrai je mon maitre n’ayant ôté l’adminis-  
 tration de son bien je ne puis pas labourer la terre et j’ai honte demandier.  
 En St. Luc, ch. 16, v. 3.” \* \* \*

The *textes*, 101 in number, end upon fo. 117b. Then follows (on fo. 118):—  
 “Eclaircissement sur le formulaire,” commencing, “Mais quand on en feroit  
 l’application au formulaire ou seroit le crime de combien de parjures en  
 effet n’est il pas loccasion on assure en lesignant que les cinq propositions  
 sont dans le livre de Jansenius.” \* \* \*

Ends on fo. 127 with an *etc.* The next fo., 127b. has a brief heading “A les  
 causes.” The paragraphs are marked (a) (b) *etc.*, throughout the alphabet,  
 as if they are *notes* illustrating some portions of the preceding text.

These end on fo. 143 with a design similar to those before named. Within is  
 written:—

“La vérité dés miracles opérés par l’intercessions de Monsieur de Paris  
 démontrés contre Monsieur l’archevêque de Sens ouvrage dedie au Roi par  
 Monsieur De Montgeron Consieller au parlement, 1737.”

A few short articles follow, viz.: fo. 146b.:—“Eclaircissement sur l’excom-  
 munication.”

Fo. 152b:—

“Priere en l’honneur du bien heureux François de Paris.”

Fo. 152b:—Table of Contents.

Fo. 154:—

“Le Miseréré de Monsieur Chauvelin veille de sa disgrace.”

Fo. 155:—The same, better written.

Fo. 158:—

“Les quatre embaras de la France—Le Roy, Le parlement, L’archevêque,  
 Le porte Dieu.” (*In verse.*)

From fo. 1 to fo. 106, the *running heading* is “Procedures Curieuses.”

From fo. 107 to fo. 152, the *running heading* is “Unigenitus. La Constitu-  
 tion.”

The writing is small and not good, neither is the spelling correct, as may be  
 seen by the extracts given.

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## MASONIC SYMBOLISM.

BY W. M. BRAITHWAITE.

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THE symbol representing the letter N assumes a great variety of modifica-  
 tions in ancient, mediæval, and modern Masonry. Originally an  
 astrological symbol, connected with the glorious sun-worship of Egypt, India,  
 and Persia, it was imported into Masoury by the descendants of those who  
 practised such worship, and who became transformed into Rosicrucians,  
 Mystics, Fakirs, Dervishes, and the like. It traces back to the dim and remote  
 ages of antiquity, when by the reedy banks of the Nile, or the bed of the  
 roaring Ganges, or the grim shadows of the Himalayan heights, or in the  
 sacred groves of Persia, the sun, in all his meridian splendour, was adored by  
 the crowd of prostrate devotees, who saw in him the typical representative of  
 a Great Principle—guiding, sustaining, and ruling all nature—a principle  
 from whom all had proceeded, and to whom all should in time return. “The

spirit shall return to God who gave it" was the teaching of the Hebrew sage, and the Egyptian magi inculcated a similar dogma, while the Hindoo Brahmin was content to pass to the unseen world in the sure hope of an ultimate absorption into the first great object of worship—"Brahma the Creator."

The letter N was imported into Masonry as a symbol at the same time as the hexalpha, the tau, the pentacle, the cross, and the V or Y. The *first* origin of these symbols is shrouded in an altogether impenetrable darkness. They were probably, as Mrs. Hardinge Britten says in her "Art Magic," connected with fire worship, and as such were sculptured in the galleries and corridors of the mighty "sun temples," which we now call the Pyramids. The Rosicrucians, or brethren of the Rosy Cross, were the first to introduce them into Mediæval Masonry. Let me prove my position in regard to the connection between the two. Egyptian mysticism was essentially a form of spiritualism; not the form that we know now, with its attendant bewilderments of table tiltings and rappings on the ceilings, but a veritable, unquestionable *rapport* and intercommunion with the denizens of the unseen world. Witness the great works which in India and Egypt are performed at the present day: witness the revelations received by the Jewish patriarch on Mount Sinai, and the "serpent transformations" which symbolized the worship which was then in Egypt beginning to be practised; the deification of the serpent as the—to them—wisest of all the beasts. And the Rosicrucians maintained the same ideas in regard to superhuman intercourse. They taught the theory of the two kinds of life, the "elementary" and the "compound." They advocated man's dual nature. The elementary was the "sylphide" or spirit life. The compound was the human, or soul-life. The duty of their sages was by fasting, contemplation, and prayer to bring about a union or "Rosicrucian marriage" with the *sylphide* or elementary. That union produced another (which it would be more proper to call a "tripartite" nature), which was compound life in the next world—in the paradise of heaven. "It was," so they held and taught, "the desertion of the spirit-bride which constituted the fall of man." The grand purpose of the brethren was to bring about the entire regeneration, and perfection, and immortalization in mankind in body, soul, and spirit. By the help of the "spirit-brides" they could penetrate the secrets of nature, or, as the Taliesin says of the Druidical god life, they could see into the life of things; and the fruits of the glorious alliance which they sought were to be science, genius, and immortality, as in the Eleusian initiation.

The symbol N to which I have referred assumed a variety of modifications. Thus, by distortion and a series of metamorphoses, it produced the following, all of which are known to those of the Master Degree:—



Thus a straight line cuts it into its two terminal angles, as if it would draw our thoughts to the *duality* of these angles; then a second N takes the place of the division, and we have the  $\text{—} \text{+} \text{—}$  or X or  $\text{+}$ , which, among the mystical nations, has always been assigned a prominent place. It is worth remark that the third to the last of the figures given is identically the same as the mark of the ancient Hindoo Jaius; and the last is a symbol known and venerated among both the Chinese and Hindoos, just as the Y symbol is known in this and other countries as an heraldic bearing, and as the "pall" or official vestment of the Vatican archbishops. In all the varieties of the N symbol there is the same peculiarity as in the St. Andrew's Cross X, viz., the two reversed angles. Here may be seen an equivalent for the sexual union of the V and  $\Lambda$  of the feminine and masculine signs of the Egyptians, and by putting the V and  $\Lambda$  together thus  $\Lambda V$  the N may be regarded as a compound syllable. Regarding the con-

nection betwixt Persia and Freemasonry or Rosicrucianism, which I have mentioned, it is just worthy of remark that on the coins of the Aridrethes, a series of kings who lived before Jesus, there is the N symbol, and the A, also the M, a *trinity* of angles, the T and the hexalpha. These symbols are associated with the figures of Minerva and Victory, from whence Christianity derived the idea of the Virgin and Child, inculcating thereby the beautiful teaching of the "God man," or divine nature which enters into all humanity.

Before concluding my article for this month I would like to say a few words concerning mirrors or images.

They are of peculiar significance in Masonry, as well as in magical science, and ancient mysticism and Christianity. Warburton speaks of the "shining image" of Isis, or midnight sun, which appeared to Lucius as well as to Moses. It is often referred to by the mystics as representing divinity in general. And Paul, the mystic writer of the *Anno Christian* era, says of mirrors, "We with open face behold as in a glass or mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." And again, "For now we see through a glass, or mirror, darkly, but then face to face." *Apropos* of this, we, in the North, have a curious custom or magical superstitious tradition. It is said that if a maiden proceed at the mirk hour of night on "Hallowmas Eve, when the witches do glide," to her apartment, and comb her hair before a mirror by candlelight, the apparition of her true lover, or spirit-partner, will be shown in the mirror; some say that water is more potent to produce this effect than a mirror. Thus Narcissus falls in love with his own double by seeing it reflected in a brook. We are all seeking the "shining image." We, of the antiquated faiths, yearning like those of yore for the absorption into deity, after myriads and myriads of countless ages, which it almost makes the brain reel and the heart burst to think of, of never ending progression; the Jews, as they look for the promised Messiah with whom they shall proceed to an immortal earthly kingdom, seek the shining image, as the Isis sought Osiris, or Ceres Proserpine, or the Christians their bodily resurrection after ages of an unbroken dreamless sleep, or as the Japanese seek the Tensir Dai Sin. We are all travelling onward to the light. Away across the river gleams the loved forms of the spirit ones who have gone before, and even now the boatman pale comes to ferry us over to the other side. Whether we be Rosicrucians, Brahmins, Jews, Christians, or Moslems, we shall, as the apostle says, "know hereafter," when we shall be "face to face"—participators in the great progression—one with the great I am—*Omnia in omnium*. Next month I purpose taking up the subject and dealing with some of the other symbols.

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### FALLING, FALLEN, LEAVES.

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THE leaves are falling one by one,  
 As autumn hours speed away;  
 A dimmer sky, a colder sun  
 Mark each departing day;  
 The wavy trees around are bending  
 Beneath a stern and bitter blast,  
 And autumn's hues are sadly blending  
 With pleasant aspects fading fast.

In vain kind nature seems unwilling  
To pass us with all of autumn's grace ;  
But wood, and vale, and hills are filling  
With duller tints which melt apace.  
The brightness of the golden grain,  
And all the glory autumn yields,  
Are past with autumn ; once again  
We look on bare and silent fields.  
Around us, too, on every side  
Where all was lately purple-green,  
'Mid kindly woods and leafy pride  
A magic change is seen ;  
A few short hours no more appear  
The charms we lately found,  
Autumn's brown tints no more are here,  
But "sere leaves" strew the ground.  
And now the landscape seems to tell  
Of gloomy hours and coming storms ;  
The trees are bare, a darker spell  
Nature itself deforms.  
Summer is sped, and autumn's fled,  
E'en winter's signs draw near ;  
The leaves are falling, fall'n, dead,  
Which glorified the year.  
How like to Life is Nature still  
In all her scenes and ways,  
In parting good and coming ill,  
In swiftly passing days ;  
How still the golden hours fade  
As the seasons come and go,  
How all our hands and hearts have made  
Is mortal here below.  
Spring's hopes and summer's brightness,  
And autumn's graces each in turn,  
Our scenes of grief and tones of lightness,  
The dreams which touch, the thoughts which burn,  
Our troubles, cares, our joys and pleasures—  
Affection's tenderness and trust,  
Soft memories and fancy's treasures  
End but in ashes and in dust.  
And all we counted choicest, dearest,  
The friends we lov'd so long and well,  
The joys which filled our hearts the nearest,  
Nearer may be than tongue can tell ;  
Youth's glowing dreams and hours of gladness,  
And manhood's trust matur'd sublime,  
All must give way to age and sadness,—  
All must depart with dying time.  
All, all is doomed to weakness ever  
While "sojourners" we linger here,  
Each loyal word and fond endeavour,  
And hopes we count both true and dear.  
Nothing outlives the passing hour ;  
The years which vanish, months which flee,  
Alike attest Time's sovereign power ;  
Thank God Time's *not* Eternity !

## HISTORY OF THE AIREDALE LODGE, No. 387,

*Giving also, incidentally (by notes of the Foundation of each Lodge in chronological order), a Record of the Progress of Freemasonry in Yorkshire.*

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BY BRO. J. RAMSDEN RILEY, P.M. AIREDALE LODGE, NO. 387,

Z. MORAVIAN CHAPTER, NO. 387.

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THE occasion of the Earl of Carnarvon's visit to Saltaire has been taken advantage of by the Freemasons of Shipley to give *éclat* to the opening proceedings of a new Masonic Hall in that town, an event which was looked forward to with considerable interest, not only by Masons in the district but by those of the Craft resident elsewhere. The securing of a hall specially adapted for Masonic purposes by the brethren at Shipley was of itself an event sufficiently interesting, and has been rendered increasingly so by the circumstances that they have been able to secure the good offices of so distinguished a Mason as the Pro Grand Master of the Order to conduct the inaugural proceedings. Another circumstance of interest is the fact that the new hall is a memento of the jubilee of the Airedale Lodge, 387, for whose accommodation the hall has been erected.

From the published address of the Secretary, P.M. J. Ramsden Riley, which was given upon the fiftieth anniversary of the lodge in April, 1877, we learn that the Airedale Lodge was established at Baildon, on April 11th, 1827, having succeeded to the paraphernalia of the defunct Duke of York Lodge, which was constituted at Doncaster in 1788.

During the latter part of this earlier lodge's existence it does not appear to have shown much vitality, and in 1807 it was removed to Bingley, where it existed under slightly better conditions until January, 1815. A few brethren of the district appear to have met without interruption at each other's homes, but it was not until 1827, mainly through the exertions of Wainman Holmes and Jonathan Walker, assisted strenuously by two or three members of the Keighley Lodge, that a lodge could be formed, and the present Airedale Lodge constituted. The last fifty years has been so important an epoch of Masonic history that it would have been extraordinary if the Airedale had not had its vicissitudes, and notably in 1838, when its members were returned to Grand Lodge as seven (although nominally comprised of about fourteen), the career of the lodge had well nigh ended through the severe commercial depression in the Baildon district. It had even then, however, some staunch supporters, whose example has no doubt materially affected the subsequent growth and importance of the lodge, which since 1866 (commencing as it were another generation), has had an uninterrupted prosperity, while its future prospects are decidedly auspicious. The jubilee of the lodge was held on the 11th April last year, in the old rooms in Westgate, Shipley. The number of members is now about fifty, the following being the acting officers of the lodge, viz., John Morrell, W.M.; John Hey, I.P.M.; John Magson, S.W.; Fred Ives, J.W.; J. Lister, S.D.; H. Mitchell, J.D.; S. Smith, I.G.; E. Heaton, O.G.; the indefatigable Secretary of the lodge being J. R. Riley, P.M.

The new Masonic Hall is situate in Welleroff-court, Kirkgate, Shipley, and has been erected upon the site of the former New Inn, by Mr. Jonas Bradley, who has built the Star and Garter Hotel adjoining. About £1000 has been

expended upon the building, which is every way adapted for the purposes of a lodge of Freemasons. There are two large rooms for lodge purposes, a room of medium size, a large kitchen, with store-rooms, lavatories, &c. The lodge-room, which is upon the upper storey, is twenty-seven feet by twenty-five feet; the dining-room being of equal dimensions, and situate upon the floor beneath. To the former a small ante-room is attached, and to the latter a convenient store-room. Upon the first floor are situate the practice-room, twenty-five feet by twelve feet, and a kitchen, eighteen feet by thirteen feet. The latter is fitted with the best appliances for cooking and upon all those occasions when the austerities of the Craft are so far relaxed as to allow its members to dine, this department of the lodge premises will be regarded as an indispensable adjunct. A hoist communicates with the dining-room and also with the lodge-room. All the rooms are lofty, and are well ventilated. The lighting of the lodge-room is effected by means of a central chandelier and six side lights, while in the dining-room a central light on Benham's principle is introduced, supplemented by side lights, a very cheering effect being produced thereby. The furnishing and decoration of the premises are quite in keeping with the structural arrangements of the hall, the appointments of the lodge-room being such as to entitle it to rank as one of the neatest in Yorkshire. The decoration of this room has been effected with considerable taste, all the colours being in distemper. The ground colours of the wall is of fawn, relieved by parallelograms divided by chocolate lines, the panels filled in with Masonic emblems drawn in vermilion and blue. Boldly-designed corbels support the roof, the frieze being effectively relieved by a series of Egyptian figures continued round the room. This design is reproduced from one introduced into the decoration of the former lodge-room. The ceiling of the room is done in colours and gold. The dining-room is of a modest tone, the prevailing colour being drab. Round this room is a surbase moulding in pitch pine, the interval between this and a deep plinth being filled in with geometrical designs in black. The furnishings have been the subject of much attention, and in respect to some portion of the furniture a more than ordinary interest attaches. Three of the pedestals, presented to the lodge by Bro. Chas. Marchbank, have withstood the wear and tear over ninety years, having been used in the old Duke of York Lodge, and, re-furbished, look equal to quite as long a tenure of existence. Apropos of the opening of the new hall, various presents have been made by members of the lodge, including an eagle-lectern, a large quarto copy of the Holy Scriptures, a beautiful ivory mallet, &c. The various works in connection with the erection of the building were contracted for by the following tradesmen, viz.:—Mason, John Rhodes; joiner, George Yates; plumbers, S. Rushworth and Son; plasterers, Walsh and Son; decorators, Sam Oddy and Son; gas fittings, C. Howroyd. The architects for the works were Messrs. Jackson and Longley. The extra decorations rendered necessary by the ceremony consisted of the laying of crimson cloth along the passages and staircases of the hall, and draping the windows with curtains, &c. These have been supplied by Messrs. Pratt and Sons, of Bradford.

The brethren of the lodge assembled in good force, but owing to the limited accommodation of the building (although sufficiently large for the purposes of their own meetings), they were unable to make the occasion so general as it otherwise would have been. Their invitations included the acting members of the Provincial Grand Lodge of West Yorkshire; and they had succeeded in securing the honour of the company of the M.W. Bro. Earl Carnarvon, Pro Grand Master. The lodge having been opened by the W.M. and officers of the Airedale Lodge, the Provincial Grand Lodge entered, and was presided over by the R.W. Bro. Lieut.-Colonel Sir H. Edwards, Bart., Prov. G.M., assisted by the W. Bro. T. W. Tew, D.P.G.M. of West Yorkshire. After the customary salutations of these two dignitaries, a procession was formed, and escorted the M.W. Pro. Grand Master (Earl of Carnarvon) into the lodge.

Bro. Sir Henry Edwards, Prov. G. Master of West Yorkshire, said:—

I beg to return my hearty thanks to this assembly for their very cordial reception of me. We are gathered here to-day to perform an important ceremony. It is to dedicate this new Masonic Hall to the purposes of Freemasonry for ever, and to encourage and exhort the brethren in this town and province to learn and practice more and more the beautiful principles of our ancient Fraternity. We are honoured to-day by the presence of the Pro Grand Master of England, the Earl of Carnarvon. This compliment to West Yorkshire is warmly felt and appreciated by the whole Craft in this province, over which I have the honour to preside. I need not dilate on the admirable way in which the Pro Grand Master performs his Masonic responsibilities, or the immense interest he takes in the affairs of the Grand Lodge. He always does everything he undertakes for the benefit of the Craft in the same admirable manner, and, I repeat, we owe him a debt of gratitude for being present amongst us to day. The address of the Pro Grand Master to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on his installation as Grand Master on the 28th April, 1875, which I had the honour to listen to, will be long remembered. We welcome the Pro Grand Master to West Yorkshire, a province of sixty-five lodges and 3000 loyal Masonic subjects, who read with the deepest interest of his dignified conduct whilst occupying the throne of Freemasonry in Grand Lodge. I can assure the Pro Grand Master that implicit obedience to Masonic law is in my province encouraged and enforced; and it is with pride that I can refer his lordship to his highly esteemed Grand Secretary, Bro. John Hervey as to the punctuality of this province on the part of the brethren in rendering and making the annual returns and payments. It is a well-known circumstance that wherever you find prosperous lodges they are certain to be the most loyal and punctual observers of the regulations and landmarks of the Grand Lodge and the bye-laws of the Craft. I may also point out the strictly enforced rule laid down in our Provincial Grand Bye-laws, especially No. 47, in which it is incumbent on the Master of a lodge wherein a candidate seeks admission to make inquiry, in writing, of the Master of the lodge established in the town or place wherein the candidate resides, touching the character and moral fitness of such candidate or joining member. Our great difficulty is with candidates coming into our province and obtaining admission from lodges over the border, or from some populous place where sufficient enquiry cannot be made. This appears to be a weak point in Masonic watchfulness and carefulness, as to the admission of "just, perfect, and upright" men only, "of mature age, sound judgment, and strict morals," and I hope one not unworthy of his lordship's grave consideration. Again thanking the Pro Grand Master for his presence here to-day I call upon you to salute him with the honour due to his exalted rank.

The Secretary (Bro. Riley, P.M.) then read an address of welcome to Lord Carnarvon, which he afterwards presented to his lordship.

The following is a copy of the address presented to the M.W. Pro Grand Master, the Right Hon. Earl of Carnarvon:—

Most Worshipful Pro Grand Master.—The brethren of this lodge, being animated with a desire to promote the interests of Freemasonry, have caused these premises to be erected for their convenience and accommodation. They are wishful, should the various arrangements meet with your lordship's approval and that of the R.W. Provincial Grand Master, that the building should be solemnly dedicated to the purposes of our Order, according to the ancient usages of the Craft, and that your lordship will formally declare it open on this auspicious occasion. My lord, with sentiments of the heartiest welcome, the Worshipful Master and brethren of the Airedale Lodge, No. 387, humbly beg your lordship to accept their most sincere and grateful thanks for the honour your lordship has condescended to do them by consenting to be present and take part in the ceremonies of this day. The reality and world-wide usefulness of Freemasonry is sufficiently testified by its continual spread throughout all lands, and is especially identified in our own favoured country by the results of those labours which proceed from brotherly love. In this visit of your lordship we are proud to recognize and acknowledge a noble example of that first grand principle of Free-

masonry which cannot fail to support and animate us in all our Masonic duties. Although occupying so deservedly high and distinguished a position, no doubt your lordship finds a pleasure in being present; and associated as your lordship's noble name will henceforth be with this lodge, it will also continually remind us, as members, to take especial care that the Airedale may be always worthy of the distinguished honour conferred upon it. One and all the brethren of this lodge feel (so magnanimous has been your lordship's kindness) that no words can adequately express their sentiments of gratitude towards your lordship, and they pray that by the providence of the Great Architect of the Universe your lordship may long be spared to devote to Freemasonry that love and attachment to our illustrious institution, which, we believe, have entirely influenced your lordship to come amongst us, in so generous a manner, on this occasion. We most cordially wish your lordship health, prosperity, and happiness; and trust that this visit to Airedale will not be the least pleasurable of your lordship's Masonic experiences; but that your lordship will always be able to look back upon the proceedings of this day with feelings of unalloyed satisfaction.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, Pro Grand Master, in responding said:—

Right Worshipful Master, and Brethren,—It does not need so hearty a demonstration of feeling to assure me of meeting in Yorkshire, and, indeed, in every part where Freemasonry prevails, with a truly fraternal and sympathetic welcome. I rejoice greatly to have the opportunity of coming amongst you to-day; I rejoice greatly to hear from your Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master of the progress of Freemasonry in West Yorkshire; I rejoice greatly in meeting the Worshipful Master and brethren of the Airedale Lodge—a lodge old in Masonic history, well known in the Craft, and holding an honourable position in this province—in their new home; and I cordially tender to each and all my hearty good wishes. May it be the beginning of a fresh and bright chapter in the history of the lodge; and may it also be the beginning of fresh honours for Masonic success. It has been truly said in that address which has just been read to me that Masonry had a world-wide name and character. I will only say that when we reflect on the truthfulness of that assertion it becomes more patent to us that we have a great duty to perform; that by our actions, whether we act in the lodge, or whether we act in the province, or whether it be in our individual capacity outside the lodge, our aim should be to uphold and maintain the fair fame of the name and character of Freemasonry; that we may not only be able to hand it down to future brethren in all its brightness, but that we may be able to send it on with additional lustre. All who study Freemasonry know the high standard of its principles, and I believe all who do, make it a study to try to live to those principles. I hope the number may be largely augmented in the future members of this lodge. Every lodge ought to possess a home of its own; nothing, I think, so much as a migratory residence tends to damage the prestige of a lodge. A settled home is a source of continual pleasure; a constant gathering of new history. Such, I hope, will be the new home of the Airedale Lodge; and may it be to its several members a source of additional attraction. I will say no more on this subject, but will most gladly, at the proper time in the ceremony, and if requested so to do by your Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master, comply with the wish you have expressed in that address, and formally declare this lodge open.

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## A DEFENCE OF ARCHÆOLOGY.

THE Bishop of Lincoln, who is well known as one of the first scholars of the day, welcomed the Lincoln Architectural Society to Lincoln about a year ago in a speech of great power, thought, and beauty. We have deemed it well to give it nearly "in extenso" to our readers to-day, as one of the great objects of this magazine is to preserve a record of such passing addresses and lucubrations which tend to illustrate alike Masonic antiquity and general archæology. We feel sure that our readers will thank us for calling their attention to this most able address.

"It is no part of my duty to-day to pronounce a panegyric on the study of archæology. It may well stand on its own merits. Some, I am aware, have disparaged it as only subservient to the indulgence of an idle curiosity or learned pedantry. And doubtless it has its weak side, and cautions are needed in its pursuit. Sir Walter Scott, archæologist as he was, has revealed some of its frailties in his "Antiquary." And another English poet not unwisely says

How profitless the relics that we cull,  
 Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,  
 Unless they chasten fancies that presume  
 Too high, or idle agitations lull;  
 Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they?  
 Mere *fibulæ* without a robe to clasp,  
 Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls,  
 Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

But I am speaking now of the study of archæology when rightly pursued. And at this time, and in this place, I do not scruple to claim for it something more than a technical and professional character, or even than a literary and scientific value. It has, I conceive, a high moral, social, intellectual, and spiritual dignity. Let me illustrate my meaning by reference to present circumstances. England has just been passing through the severe ordeal of contested elections, and is now approaching the close of a stormy Parliamentary campaign. At such a time it is surely a great relief to be raised above the troubled atmosphere of party politics, and to meet, as we do here to-day, as friends and brethren. Human nature is weary of strife; it craves peace, and longs for repose. The Middle Ages expressed that desire by their *trêve de Dieu*, their holy truce; and classical antiquity consecrated that longing every fourth year at the summer solstice beneath the light of the full moon, which gleamed on the waters of the Alphæus and on the olive groves of Olympia. Belligerent nations then laid down their arms; political feuds were forgotten in a general amnesty; and foes embraced one another in a periodic armistice. So it is now. We welcome all here to-day, as friends and brethren, to our own archæological Olympia. We forget our political differences. In the present week we are all Liberals, and we are all Conservatives. We are all Liberals because we are all met to promote those liberal arts and studies which adorn society and dignify human nature; and we are all Conservatives because we desire to protect, preserve, and restore with affectionate reverence the time-honoured monuments of antiquity, and thus we are associated in the fellowship of a Liberal-Conservatism, and of a Conservative-Liberalism. And we give a hearty welcome to all who have come to this peaceful harbour from the stormy sea of politics, and we hope that they may feel refreshed, like the ancient hero and his prophetic companion as described by the greatest of

Roman poets, when they emerged from the shades of Erebus into the clear light and pure breezes of Elysium,

Devenere locos lætos et amœna vireta  
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque quietas ;  
Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit  
Purpureo, solemque suum sua sidera n̄runt.

But we may rise higher. We may claim for archæology a nobler prerogative than this. It emancipates us from the thralldom of modern prepossessions and prejudices, and frees us from the tyranny of ephemeral passions and local conventionalities. It makes us contemporaries with every age, and citizens of every clime. We are too prone to be absorbed and engrossed by the things of to-day, and to be the slaves of personal interests and party trammels. We need to be liberated from such vassalage. Archæology does this, if studied aright, and especially if it is connected, as your present visit to Lincoln is, with a tour and pilgrimage to places hallowed by the memories of great men in bygone ages. Pardon a personal reminiscence. About forty-seven years ago, when returning from Greece and Italy, I read with delight a passage of the great Roman orator, statesman, and philosopher, Cicero, which exactly describes this feeling. At the beginning of the fifth book of his philosophical treatise, "De Finibus," he is describing an afternoon walk which he took with his brother and friends from the western gate of Athens to the gardens of the Academy. He there observes that we are more affected by visiting places in which great men have lived, than we are when we read their writings, or hear of their deeds. "Magis movemur, quum loca videmus in quibus viros memoriâ dignos versatos esse accepimus, quam quum scripta eorum legimus, aut facta audimus." And he illustrates this by a reference to objects which he and his friends saw that afternoon. Among these were the tombs of Pericles, and the spot where Demosthenes trained himself to become the greatest orator of Greece, and the grove of the Academy, immortalised by the School of Plato, and the beautiful Colonus, the birthplace of Sophocles and the death place of Œdipus. If I might illustrate this by referring to sacred archæology and topography, I would do so by a notice of the earliest Christian itinerary of the Holy Land, the letter of St. Jerome, in the fourth century, describing his visit, in company with the noble, pious, and munificent Roman matron, Paula, the descendant of the Scipios, to the most celebrated sites and remains of Biblical history in Palestine. But I forbear, and will pass on to observe that in our archæological excursions and researches during the present week in Lincoln and its neighbourhood, our thoughts will be extended from the narrow range of to-day, and we shall be made contemporaries with nineteen centuries. In the Roman Arch standing in the northern wall of the ancient citadel of Lindum, and spanning the military road which stretched from Lincoln to the Humber, we may imagine ourselves spectators of the warlike legions of the ancient mistress of the world, which marched along those great martial highways, marked by milestones, of which one was disinterred the other day from its grave of 1600 years; and near it we may listen in fancy to oratorical pleadings of lawyers in the ancient Roman Basilica, of which the columns of the façade has just been revealed to our view. Near them we are brought into contact with the greatest of Saxon kings, and of Norman conquerors in his feudal castle of Lincoln, and, with one of the greatest of Norman bishops, St. Hugh; and with St. Hugh you will also hold spiritual communion in your visit to the noble Minster of Stow and to Stow Park; and when you make your pilgrimage to Southwell and its grand Collegiate Church, soon, we hope, about to become a cethedral of a new diocese, you will be brought into union with Paullinus, the apostle of Northumbria and Lindissi, in the seventh century, who built a church at Lincoln, and with Cardinal Wolsey, Dean and Bishop of Lincoln in the sixteenth, and with King Charles I. in his later days, in the seventeenth century.

You will thus be brought into sympathy with great men, and into synchronism with great events, and will drink in a refreshing draught of that generous spirit which the study of archæology freely ministers, and which, if we are not wanting to ourselves, will make us wiser and better men.

We might, if time allowed, dwell on that consolatory influence which this study exercises in times of sorrow. It was said by the greatest critic or antiquity that tragedy has a purifying power, because it displays noble examples of suffering. There is also a tragedy of events and places connected with great events, and this has a purifying, elevating, and soothing influence. When we contemplate the desolation and ruins of ancient buildings and cities, of palaces, churches, abbeys, and castles, we forget our private griefs in a feeling of sympathy with public sorrows. I have referred to an antiquarian picture drawn by the hand of Cicero; may I refer to an antiquarian sketch, by means of which one of his friends, Sulpitius, consoled him in the bitterness of his private affliction, the death of his only and dearly beloved daughter. "On my return from Asia," he writes, "I was sailing from Ægina to Megara, and I then saw the ruins of cities formerly famous, but now desolate. Behind me was Ægina, in front Megara, on my right Peiræus, the harbour of Athens, on the left Corinth, all once prosperous, but now dead and buried. Why (he adds) should we grieve so much for our own private losses, when cities themselves are tombs?" To a Christian this question comes with greater force, for there is a promise of a glorious and eternal future for our children and friends, but there is no such resurrection for cities.

And here, before I conclude, may I be allowed to say a few words on the spiritual uses of archæology? One of the most instructive revelations which this study presents to us is that of the deep feeling of religion which animated the greatest nations of antiquity in their most heroic days, and which showed itself not only in their cities at home, but wherever they planted colonies abroad. Let anyone stand in the solitary plain at Pæstum, or on the hilly ridge of the Sicilian Girgenti—the ancient Agrigentum—and contemplate the group of magnificent temples on both those sites, or in the sequestered vale of Segesta, and look on that noble religious fabric standing there in its lonely grandeur, or on the huge columns of Selinus thrown prostrate by an earthquake; or let him stand on the Areopagus at Athens and look at the Erechtheum and Parthenon towering above him—and let him remember that all these grand buildings were works of religion, not, indeed, rightly directed, but grounded on a belief in unseen heavenly powers controlling human affairs, and in a future state of rewards and punishments; and let him consider also that those who erected those noble public religious buildings cared little for their own private houses, which were comparatively mean and insignificant, and he will feel himself constrained to ask whether we may not learn some lessons of religious zeal and self-sacrifice, especially in this sceptical age, from heathens themselves. The first thing that some of them did in planting a colony was to build a magnificent temple. Where are our own cathedrals erected by England in her colonies?

One topic more. We may claim also for archæology the honour of illustrating the inspired text of Holy Scripture and confirming the truth of Revelation. The researches of Rosellini and Sir Gardiner Wilkinson in Egypt have refuted the allegations of certain sceptics, and have corroborated the Mosaic narrative. The cuneiform inscriptions of Nineveh have proved that Samaria was not taken by Shalmanezzer—as some had supposed, but as the Bible nowhere asserts—but by Sargon, once mentioned by Isaiah, whose history they have revealed. And they have shed a flood of light on Hebrew prophecy. Archæological researches at Babylon have brought to light Nebuchadnezzar's own account of his magnificent works in which he gloried, and have explained to us why Belshazzar is represented by Daniel as chief in power at Babylon when taken by Cyrus. Similar contributions have been

recently made by archæology to the elucidation of the New Testament. The inscriptions lately discovered at Cyprus have removed objections to the accuracy of St. Luke's statement in the Acts of the Apostles on the Preconulate of Sergius Paulus; and the inscription lately found at Jerusalem illustrates the assertion in that book that to bring Greeks into the Temple there was regarded as a heinous crime.

We think that by this time all who have perused these striking and touching words, marked alike by dignity of thought and eloquence of expression, will be both encouraged and edified by this very seasonable defence—if defence be needed, for a pursuit, a science, which if worldlings rail at and ridicule, wise men "Oi Sophoi," admire and appreciate. Some of the pleasantest moments of our lives have been spent in archæological studies and expeditions; and still for us, and all thinking minds, the old past is, and ever will be, a great and grave reality to be studied and realized in all reverence, sympathy, and affection.

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## HERALDRY.

BY BRO. BLAZON.

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INTERESTING as is the study of heraldry to the "student of the past," important as it is to him who wishes to master all that antiquity and archæology can unfold, it has found, as some of us know, many in successive periods who have antagonized its claims and ridiculed its pretensions. But leaving all such objections and tirades behind, let us go on to-day to consider its history and to number up its historians, a study not without use and pleasure, let us hope, also to some readers of the Magazine. Heraldry, then, is that science proper which has to do with the work and procedure of "heralds," and heralds are those who have to decide or ordain what "armorial bearings" a gentleman may claim or maintain; to decide questions of rank or precedence; and in former days to be messengers of peace and war; to go on solemn embassies, to arrange Court festivities, convey "orders" of knighthood, and invest the new knights; and even to-day our distinguished Brother, Sir Albert W. Woods, has just gone on a similar mission to Spain. It was the peculiar attribute of the "generosus," the "gentilhomme" of former days, to have a right to bear a "cote of armes," which he had either by "lyneage and descent, as originally granted, or obtained by a fresh grant, or purchased with a manor, and was entered, allowed, and upheld by the "College of Arms." As time ran on and the line of demarcation between various classes became less and less distinct, and wealth progressed, and grants of arms were made to corporations and fraternities, and special services obtained special grants, the College of Heraldry and the Chapter of Heraldry enlarged alike the number of their clients and the "field" of their labours. Some writers make "heraldry" very ancient indeed; and "heralds" in some form or other are of very early institution, undoubtedly in the history of civilization, in the life of nations, committees, and sodalities. The Greeks had their "keruges," or heralds; the Romans their "fœciales"; and there seem to have been analogous officers in eastern nations, and special "heralds" in the mysteries.

Milton talks of the "sceptred heralds" of pre-Christian times, which is clearly an afterthought, for it is equally certain that their full development dates from the age of Chivalry.

In the Boke of St. Albans, printed 1486, we find this passage:—"Our large cote armuris were begun afore thyn-carnation of oure Lord Jhesu Christ. Jafet made first Target, and therein he made a Ball in token of all the

worlde, and afterwarde II<sup>m</sup> yere æ xxiii before thyncarnation of Christe cote armure was first made and figuird at the sege of Troye, where in 'gestis troianorum' it telleth that the first begynnyng of the lawe of armys was the which was effigured and begunne before any lawe in the world bot the lawe of nature, and before the x commaundementis of God. And this came of armys encounred with iv diveris precieuse stonys of colouris and of vertuys divers." And both the Boke of St. Albans and Dame Juliana Berners ascribe armorial bearings to the Patriarchs. Waterhouse, an erratic writer in 1660, gives a coat of arms to Adam and to Joseph, and Legh, in his "Accedense of Armorye," gives the arms of the chiefs of Troy and Greece, Queen Semiramis, King David and Catiline. But we may surely content ourselves with the "chivalric ages," without going back to such "ancient days"—to pre-historic claims."

The earliest coat of arms so far known in England is said by Gough, *teste* Dalloway, to be that of Geoffry de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, in the Temple Church, 1144; but, according to the old chroniclers, armorial bearings came in with the Normans, and were not unknown to the Saxons and Danes.

In 1187, Gervase de Paganel bore on his seal, we are told, "two lions passant," and King John is said to have borne the same coat of arms. In the "Charta Honoris de Richmond," as we are also told, we find a picture of William the Conqueror with lions on his surcoat; Alan of Bretagny and twenty-two knights, each having his proper coat-armour on a banner; to use the words of the Norman French, "ette dit seigneur tenvit en au lance le pennon de ses plains armes." In the Phillipeis, by Guillaume le Breton, 1230, in which he celebrates the birth of "William de Barr" and "Richard Earl of Poictou," he says of the latter especially, "Rictus agnosco Leonum illius in clypeo." In the "Romaunt" of Richard Cœur de Lyon we are told that he bore "upon his shoulders a scheld of stele, with the Lybbardes painted wite." In "Les Tournois de Chauvenci, Valenciennes," 1853, set out originally in MS. in 1285 by Jacques Bretex, a long French poem, armorial bearings are in full use and evidently "normal" in chivalric life and jousts. In the "Roll of Karlarverok," 1300, we find armorial bearings worn and acknowledged, the technical terms being all Norman French, and in it we are informed—

El milisme tres centeisme an  
Grace, au jour de Sainct John,  
Tint in Carlucl Edward Grand Courte, &c., &c.

In the Roman de la Rose, as well as in Chaucer, and Gower, and Lydgate, we meet with constant allusions to armorial bearings; and no doubt, also, many MSS. relating to heraldry exist unedited and uncollated, which have escaped the researches of curious Dry-as-dusts.

In many illuminations we find pennons with "devices," and clear it is that from the days of chivalry each knight was known by his special "bearing," just as we read still of the Knight of the Silver Swan, of the Golden Eagle, of the Rosy Cross.

To Dr. Nicholas Upton, in the reign of Henry VI., a learned civilian, must be ascribed the first distinct work on the subject, so far as can be ascertained, and which was first published, in folio, in 1654, by Sir Edward Bysshe. If other MSS. exist, as probably they do, they have not as yet, I believe, "come to the fore." A MS. of date 1488, by Hoddesworth, on heraldry, is said to be in the library of Trinity College, I believe, unpublished; and in the British Museum, Dalloway tells us, there is also a MS. equally unpublished, as far as I know, termed "Agon Historicus concerning Arms and Armourie," though it may be the "substratum" of some other work. Dalloway also alludes to a translation made by John Dade of an heraldic MS. of "John de Foveis," though where it is is not stated. Perhaps the earliest certain heraldic work is that by Gerard Legh, "Accidens of Armorie," published by Tottel, 1562. Legh has been termed the "father of modern blazonry," and

his work seems to be really and truly the basis of others, such as John Bossewell's "Workes of Armorie," 1572; Sir John Ferne's "Blazon of Gentry," 1586; William Wyerley's "The True Use of Armory," 1592; and the "Gentleman's Academie," by Gervase Markham, 1595. Dr. Johnson uses this last work. Some of us may also have seen Sir William Segar's "Honor Militarie and Civil," and Bolton's "Elements of Armories," 1610, as well as Thomas Miller's "Catalogue of Honor," 1612. Dallaway mentions a scarce book in the Herald's College Library, called the "Mirrour of Majestie," &c., London, 1618, without an author's name. Page 32 has the arms of the Earl of Dorset with these lines:—

'Tis true your various bend thus quarterly  
Of honour and of virtue truilie claimed  
Described, points out the great antiquitie  
By you who have preserved them free unmaimed:  
Let none that's generous think his time ill spent  
To imitate your worth so eminent.

There are few of my readers who interest themselves in such studies who have not heard of John Guillim's "Display of Heraldry," 1610, though it has been asserted that the main part of his work was really written by a certain John Bareham, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and Rector and Dean of Bocking, Kent. This well-known work has gone through many editions, and in "Rob Roy" Die Vernon makes belief in "old Guillim" part of the "creed" of "Cub Castle," hazy as it was at the best. The original MS. of this work, dedicated to King James I., was once in the library of Naworth Castle. In the fourth edition, which has the name of a certain "Francis Nower," who styles himself "student in heraldry," though Dallaway dubs him a "sign painter," and which is dedicated to "none but gentlemen," we have the following Latin lines descriptive of the heraldic literature so far generally known, though, curiously enough, Gervase Markham is forgotten:—

Armorum primus Wynkenthewardius artem  
Protulit, et\* trinis linguis lustravit eandem,  
Accedit LEGHUS; concordat perbene BOSWELL  
Armorioque; suo veri dignatur honoris  
Clarorum clypeis et ivistis ornat eumque  
Pulchre nobilitat generis blazonia FERNI,  
Armorum propriam docuit Wyrleius et artem;  
At tu præ ceteris GUILLINE.

Subsequently to Guillim we have, as many of my readers know, Brookes's "Catalogue," 1619; Vincent's "Discovery of Errors," &c., 1622; York's "Union of Honour, 1640; Doddridge's "Honour Pedigree," 1652; Nicholas Upton's "De Studio Militari," 1654; Spelman's "Aspilogia," 1654; Waterhouse's "Discourse and Defense of Arms," &c., 1660; Morgan's "Sphere of Gentry," 1661, and his "Armilogia," 1666; Holmes' "Accademie of Armorie," (undated); Gore's "Catalogue Script de re Heraldica," 1668; Philpot's "Origin and Growth of Heraldry," 1672; Carter's "Analysis of Honour," 1673; Dugdale's "True Use of Armoury," 1681; Nisbet's "System of Heraldry," 1722; Cotes' "Dictionary of Heraldry," 1725, which I constantly use; Porney's "Grammar of Heraldry," and Edmondson's "Complete Body of Heraldry," 1780. In 1793, Dallaway published his fine work, dedicated to the Duke of Norfolk, entitled "Inquiries into the Origin and Progress of the Science of Heraldry in England," &c.. From this work I have taken most of the "facts" which make up this little humble compilation, and which I intend simply as a reminder of a most interesting study, and as a help to other "non-experts" like myself. There are many other books, English, and foreign especially, which will occur to my reader, some of which I know and possess myself; but I have preferred to keep to English heraldry. I conclude

\* Alluding to the "Boke of St. Albans," printed in blazonry in three languages, by Wynken de Worde, in 1496.

with three extracts from Dallaway, all of which I think highly pertinent to the aim and idea of this paper :—"It has been a general, but ill-founded censure, that heraldic knowledge is unconnected with classical learning, or philosophical utility." Elsewhere he says,—“Heraldry in its present state has just pretensions to be reached in the circle of sciences, so general in its usage, so infinitely various in its discriminations, and so classical in its specific differences, that if system be the groundwork of science, this claim may be fairly advanced.”

Let us listen to the sound old teacher once more, whom some of us know, in his valuable “History of Architecture,” &c. :—

To the young student of English antiquities, heraldry affords constant information and amusement. When he surveys the repositories of the illustrious dead, how many an un-inscribed monument will he be enabled to discover and appropriate. Amidst the pomp of older days and the proud reliques of feudal magnificence he will recognize the symbol by which those who founded or improved the structure are notified to posterity. He will investigate with principles which rest not in ingenious conjecture but certain proof. These are the means by which topography is rendered interesting, for however necessary the embellishment of learned commentaries and philosophical enquiries may be to its perfection, simple facts incontrovertibly ascertained must form the ground-work. As to the extent of the study there have been few who pursued it with every advantage of longevity and perseverance who could boast that all its resources were exhausted by them. There are abundant opportunities of gaining information in our public libraries and in many private collections; and perhaps no field of literature offers greater inducements of novelty and entertainment. But to those who have had access to the library of the College of Arms, I need only refer for a confirmation of my opinion, whilst I indulge sentiments of the truest respect for that liberal and well-informed society, whose urbanity I am proud to acknowledge.

And so, as Russell says, if somewhat adapted and altered, “Go forth little essay,” and may you gratify others, and lead others to peaceful studies and pleasant toils.

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## IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

*From an unpublished Poem*

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

**I**F thou ne'er leant in sorrow o'er the bed  
 Whereon some dear one linger'd in the pains  
 That too oft herald the dread calm of Death;  
 Hast ne'er, with tearful eyes, beheld expire  
 A parent—or life's partner—or the child  
 That should in thine old age have tended thee;  
 In thy infirmity thy pillow smooth'd,  
 And when “life's fitful fever” had pass'd o'er,  
 Have seen thee decently entombed; if thou  
 Ne'er felt thy very heart-strings crack with grief  
 When the cold grave has hidden from thy view  
 Those whom thou dearest loved of all on earth;  
 Thou canst not realise how dear the hope  
 Of meeting once for aye in endless bliss  
 Is to the mourner's soul.

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*

## A F T E R A L L ;

OR, THRICE WON.

BY HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY,

*Hon. Librarian of the Hull Literary Club, and Author of "A Queer Courtship,"  
"The Fatal Picture," etc.,*

## CHAPTER XVI.

Beauty and her Chivalry.—BYRON.

THE golden sun had sunk in glorious splendour, and a faint line of light now marked where the gorgeous hues which painted the fleecy clouds had departed, as the scintillating stars shone through the cerulean sky. Slowly the pale moon crept up the vault of heaven, casting long sharp shadows with its cold beams. A refreshing breeze played over the tired earth as the night grew on apace. Soon, midnight tolled out from the churches in discordant monotony, while all else was hushed in slumber. No, not all else; for wrapt in an ample cloak, and pacing with meditative, sad strides around the mournful nunnery, was the miserable Redtaper. Not much consolation to him that he was now out of bondage vile, for he was as far as ever from his beautiful idol, imprisoned somewhere in the walls of the hateful convent. Silver gleamed the placid moon on its gaunt shape, stencilling the sharp outlines in brilliant light. All was silent as the grave.

Redtaper was wondering where they could have removed his darling, as he inconsolably walked to and from the neighbourhood of the nunnery. Bold projects for the future filled his heart, and he determined by some means or other the lovely Violet Cumberland should be released from the detested thralldom of the Roman Catholics. On, on, he now hurried rapidly away from the precincts of the horrid building, muttering curses against the blasphemous system existing within its walls. Wilder and wilder his thoughts grew as he excitedly anathematized indiscriminately the whole of the followers of Popedom.

"Darkness sieze the —ah!—perhaps not! Perchance, but for these infernal fools I should never have known her love for me; for she does love me; no, no, not with the love of pity, but with true and tender passion. God bless her! Ah, me!—Hey, what!"

The latter exclamation, uttered in a startled tone, was caused by the sound of fire-bells from several quarters. At first it had been unnoticed by him, but when the first bell had been echoed by several others their real cause suddenly dawned upon him. They were the brazen alarms of terror, the turbulent cymbals of fright, the clamourous tocsin of death. Louder and louder they screamed their distracting sounds into the startled ear of night, madly appealing, wildly expostulating with the deaf, unmerciful flames. In the distance Redtaper could now detect a lurid glare, and he at once made for the spot. Horrors, it was in the direction of the convent; possibly it was the convent itself now being devoured by the greedy element, and all that he held dear was in dreadful jeopardy. Frantically the bells now seemed to peal, swelling despairingly with clanging blast and clashing roar. Their palpitating din nearly drove him mad. Irving's masterly Poe-like frenzy was mild in comparison to the tortures he felt. The air seemed filled with the fearful knelling boom; the skies rang again with the fulminating thunder of deafening twang-

ing, ear-splitting wrangling, and soul-piercing jangling, of the angry iron-tongued monsters; the heavens were rending with the death awakening *tintamarre*.

At least, so thought the madly excited Redtaper as he rushed up the same road he had similarly travelled when Miss Cumberland had fled to the nunnery. Sure enough it was on fire; and the cruel bonfire shot forth its Plutonic sparks into the midnight air. Sheets of fire spurted out from the volcanic mass, and lambent flames flashed from every opening. Already the convent burned like a furnace, though half an hour ago not a sign of fire was to be seen. Hoses were now playing on the building from every quarter, and Redtaper darted up to the nearest fireman, and snatched his hose from him. Madly he exerted himself, endeavouring to cover the whole building with the puny flood. Shrieks and cries rent the air as nun after nun threw themselves blazing into the crowd below or down the avalanche of the fire escape. But no Violet. Distracted beyond endurance, Redtaper threw away the miserable hose, and rapidly climbed one of the scaling ladders nearest to where he had erected his own unfortunate instrument a month ago. Into the stifling smoke and through the red-hot blaze he flung himself, where the horrid suffocating atmosphere exceeded any tropical heat. Room after room he entered, but most were empty, while some contained the dead bodies of unfortunate nuns smothered in the choking smoke. His blood was boiling, and his skin burnt by the scorching flames. Several rooms he could not possibly enter, and once or twice he almost succumbed to the dreadful heat.

"Save me! save me!" shrieked an agonized voice; and there, across a ghastly gulf of flickering flame, he saw the thinly clad figure of Violet, still safe, thank God, but environed on every side by the rapidly encroaching fire. He forgot all the torture he was enduring, though his eyes were so blistered he could scarcely see, and taking three or four rapid strides backwards, he leaped across the fiery chasm, and clasped the trembling girl in his arms. She would have been content to have died with him there; the escape seemed impossible: but the terrible danger he had encountered had invested Redtaper with the daring of a demon, and the love he bore for Violet seemed to inspire him with the agility of a tiger and the courage and strength of a Goliath. But he needed the impenetrable skin of a Vulcan to withstand the terrible heat he was subjecting himself to, as he panted for breath, while a fierce perspiration burst from every pore. But there was no time for hesitation. Swiftly he tore off his now charred and smoking long cloak, wrapping it tightly round the frightened and clinging form of Violet, covering her from head to foot; for himself he tied a handkerchief round his nostrils, and taking her up he prepared to leap back; but his strength was not sufficient, and he dare not risk the jump. Violet elected to jump by herself, and persisted she was strong enough. So they rushed together across the deadly chasm with resolute faces, he bearing half her weight, and they just cleared the distance. Rapidly he raised her now inanimate form, and, clenching his teeth, he staggered to the nearest outer window—back through the broken and crashing timbers, back through the blinding smoke, and lurid spreading flames leaping and clutching at their prey, to sink exhausted and insensible on the threshold of safety, succumbing to the fury of the fire. But two firemen seized the blazing masses and bore them through the window to the anxious and excited crowd below.

Violet was insensible, but otherwise seemingly uninjured, but Redtaper was badly burnt. He could just murmur his wish to be carried to the nearest hospital with Violet, and a dozen willing hands carefully conveyed them thither immediately. There it was found that Violet was unhurt, but Redtaper's injuries were severe, and his face had especially suffered. He endured fearful agony now that he felt the effects of the fire.

The fire had now been raging an hour, and was quickly getting under control, as a strong supply of water had been secured. Out of the eighty-

seven inmates twenty-two were still missing, and it was feared they had all perished. Redtaper was well attended by the doctors, Violet insisting on helping in various ways, and many little comforts were soon prepared by her hands, though she had hardly recovered her fright yet. Indeed, shortly after she herself had taken some restoratives, she fell asleep, and did not wake for twelve hours.

During the next five weeks she was the almost constant attendant at his bedside, smoothing his pillow, anticipating his desires, soothing his pain, and showing infinite tenderness in her kind solicitude and loving devotion. In Redtaper's eyes she was a more beautiful creature than ever, and his love increased. She in her turn truly loved her hero and saviour with more than the delirious love she had experienced for Humberton, and she had promised to be his wife. But she had overtaxed her strength by her devoted vigils and care for Redtaper, and she sank under the strain. A week's rest and medicine, however, brought her back to health, and in three months they were to be married. Redtaper was well again, though his face was marred by the disfiguring fire. But she loved him the more for that, and they determined that nothing should now prevent their union. She had renounced the nun's life for ever. Redtaper had not the slightest suspicion that her love was simply the feeling of deep and dutiful gratitude to her preserver—it was too ardent, too earnest for that.

Quietly they were married, and happy, happy was their wedded life as a poetic dream. The queenly Violet loved her brave and persevering husband (who was almost a head less than herself) with a love that had perhaps just the slightest tinge of patronage in it; while he adored her. Long was the honeymoon they spent at fashionable Brighton, and loth were they both to leave the place. There was almost a longing visible in Violet's beautiful face to go back to the festive city by the sea. There she could not help observing how she had been universally admired, and her piquant dresses tended greatly to heighten her attractive beauty. Foolishly she had permitted a photographer to display her photographs in his conspicuous window, and after some persuasion allowed him to sell them, the consequence being that the photographer made a little fortune out of it, and Violet a proportion of it. This was too flattering for her vanity to resist, and she felt she was fast becoming a professional beauty; indeed she was *the* belle of Brighton for that season. Naturally Redtaper did not exactly like it, but he could refuse his dear wife nothing, and she knew how entirely he was in her power, and she easily turned all his chagrin into kisses. So she had her own way, and now she was in London; the town began to buzz and echo with her name and beauty, a name and beauty that had before been unknown, and now was on every lip. Happy were the privileged ones who managed to creep into her society, and were held spell-bound by her imperial vivacity, her brilliant beauty, and swift *repartee*. The moths flew round the candle, dazzled by the unusual glare. Yes, the city went into raptures over her, and Redtaper became the friend of the nobility, though not for his own sake. It was not the happiness he had wished for; he did not care to know that hundreds had fallen in love with his lovely and accomplished wife, and that she was the most popular woman in London. Still she was his, and true and loyal to him; still she had kisses and caresses for him; her love had not faded by her new passion yet, though he feared what it might lead to; for she was veritably the favourite idol of the hour, the fancied queen of the "crutch and toothpick" fraternity, ay, and of the aristocracy. She had risen from the frothy foam of the past, and burst like a brilliant bubble upon the susceptible hearts and minds of her admirers—the incomparable, the indefinable, piquant, beautiful Venus of the modern Babylon—literally empress of all she surveyed, for London was at her feet; her intoxicating presence flashed its dazzling splendour upon the electrified citizens of the mighty metropolis.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## Rash-embraced despair.—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

LET us take a peep behind the scenes and fortunes of the unfortunate Phane family. There was something undermining their happiness and welfare, of which only one person was fully aware. That one was a veritable demon, whose devilish machinations had already accomplished the ruin of more than one innocent victim. With all the fiendish insinuating power of an Iago, combined with the cringing servility of a Uriah Heep, this foul fiend encompassed the downfall of his unsuspecting prey. Gifted with a minimum of the milk of human kindness, a generous act was an unknown quantity to him; and, possessed of a most spiteful nature, he gloated over the misery of his dupes, while he greedily grasped his ill-gotten spoil. Not that he needed wealth, except to satisfy his miserably morbid craving for hoarding the yellow coin. More, more, more, that was his inward cry, while the meanest parsimony characterised his every action. No matter by what vile means, money must be his; money was power—power over his enemies; power over the gilded son of folly, who sneered at or pitied his shabby habiliments; power over the virtuous and sharp-sighted, who despised his petty meanness; power over any who were fool enough to trust him. He pulled the wires of society; he, the unpretentious, the humble; he, the honest servant, worked out the damnation of all who came in contact with him. What short-sighted fools! He was the master of them all; they played into his hands, and he was ever victorious. He paid them back tenfold for their sneers, and was still in pocket.

"Ha! ha!" he chuckled to himself, "Carlyle was right, 'Most men are fools.' With a little ingenuity and convenient servility I have it all my own way. Ho! ho!" he cried, while he rubbed his skinny hands with glee at the thought.

Perhaps the reader has already guessed the name of this blackened specimen of humanity—no, libel on humanity, type of the foul fiend himself, who had thus honeycombed the fair fame and hopes of those surrounding him, so that it needed but a touch to cause their complete collapse. The crisis was impending, and the climax close at hand; it could not long be averted, and the vile worker of these execrable plots was—let us anathematize him with the vehemence of an indignant Othello, or let us blurt it out with the repugnance of an exasperated Micawber—Bulliker!

Yes, James Bulliker, the trusted servant of the credulous Robert Phane, was as black as he is painted above. He it was who compassed the disgrace of the unfortunate Humberton, a mystery never yet fully solved. A strange state of things now existed, and curious circumstances had come to pass. Some time before the extraordinary marriage-scene in the church, Merrisslope and Bulliker had been much together; in fact, the former was fast getting into the power of the latter, mortgaging his property with him to a frightful extent. Where he procured the money from he knew not, but he treated him as an old Jew, only Bulliker pretended to be doing it more out of kindness to him. Still Merrisslope was not so blind as not to know that the virtuous cashier did nothing without a motive. Mr. Phane's business lately had been very bad, and his books showed only a very poor account. The merchant felt he must either make some bold successful stroke to recoup his losses or fail altogether. He hardly comprehended his position, or understood how it had been brought about, but he was obliged to accept the stubborn facts. He needed money, and Merrisslope had been foremost to lend it to him. Merrisslope had been in the office, and in his time the profits accruing to the business were large, and he was not aware of the state of things when he lent the money. He thought Mr. Phane simply required more capital to extend his business, and Bulliker, from whom he raised the ready money, did not inform

him of the true state of affairs. Merrisslope gladly helped Mr. Phane, thinking thus to rise in his favour and secure his daughter, and then in time the firm would belong to him. Thus affairs were getting singularly entangled, and the culminating crash was near at hand.

Of course Bulliker was at the bottom of all this. Truly, he told Merrisslope that he wished to leave Humberton no chance of winning Olivia, but he also took care that he did not work for nothing even while succeeding in his plans. He was gradually drawing and tightening his net around both Merrisslope and Mr. Phane simultaneously. A little more time, and, unless some untoward event spoilt his elaborate plans, all would be his. As soon as Merrisslope was completely in his power, he would find a means of destroying the offices of Messrs. Phane and Co., and with them all traces of his misdeeds, and then the game was his. But not yet.

Olivia's action at the church had somewhat alarmed the cashier at first, but afterwards circumstances seemed to dovetail with his plans beautifully. Merrisslope went nearly mad after the occurrence, and borrowed still more money from Bulliker, which he spent recklessly, getting further and further into the power of the unscrupulous designer. He still held to a kind of wild, despairing hope that Olivia might yet be his, and he would not on that account withdraw his substantial support from Mr. Phane, though he paid so dearly for it. Thus he still continued borrowing; and now he sought all kinds of excitement, no matter what it was, to divert his distracted mind from its miserable melancholia. Wildly he plunged into the betting ring, and speculated in horses. Success crowned some of his first ventures, but they gave him little happiness. Recklessly he carried on the deceptive and uncertain game, until a turn came in the tide, and he lost. Deeper and deeper he fell into difficulties; further and further he plunged into debt. Then he took to that desperate solace of madmen—drink. Still, he never solicited Mr. Phane to return his loans, while he constantly raved of Olivia. He was gradually losing his reason, and he became a mere plaything in Bulliker's hands. But he was not quite ruined yet; a little longer, and then—

Meanwhile, Olivia heard of these things with strange feelings, sorrowing for him and blaming herself for much of his misery. But she could never have been his wife. Mr. Phane, for his part, had become somewhat resigned to circumstances, and he could only wait and see what turn they would take next. He was too ashamed to blame his daughter's conduct, and he considered his best course to be comparative inaction. Mrs. Phane was completely prostrated by the untoward turn of events, and she was rendered so ill that she could hardly grasp the situation. Her troubles had been too much for her to bear, and she had succumbed to the severe strain upon her delicate constitution.

Bulliker, of course, was rubbing his hands in devilish delight at the success of his diabolical plans. Meanwhile, Merrisslope was rapidly growing worse. His mansion was the scene of midnight orgies, frequented by *blasé* and disreputable characters and inebriated worshippers of the god Terpsichore. Now had he lost all self-respect, and his wild vagaries were those of a lunatic. He flung himself headlong into the most outrageous follies, regardless of the disastrous consequences. He no longer calculated the cost of his expensive carousals, but allowed himself to be robbed on all sides. His latest freaks were the talk of the neighbourhood. In the glaring glitter of the society he cultivated, he for awhile forgot his misery, and consoled his stultified faculties with the insincere flatteries of his hollow acquaintances and the amatory embraces of his female companions—satanic syrens who lured him to certain ruin. Had he not gone mad for a woman? and now he was the prey of women! Poor, weak humanity! Poor Merrisslope!

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

## The noiseless Bed of Rest.—CARLYLE.

'Twas a lovely day in autumn, succeeding a fearful storm, and the sun gleamed through the breaking clouds as it rapidly slanted towards the west. Doubly rich were the varied tints of the fast fading leaves on the trembling trees, as the golden rays glinted on their drooping splendour. Gently were they stirred by the repentant wind which had softly brushed away the remaining rain drops of the previous night. Slowly sank the sun lower and still lower, its colours deepening as it cast a few square feet of glory into the sick chamber of Mrs. Phane. Contentedly cawed a few swirling rooks as they carelessly circled in the neighbourhood of Manville Villa, while a brilliant ray of sunlight shot across a shred of clinging ivy broken by the stormy blast, and lit up the fair hair of little Dorothy Hope sitting by the invalid's bedside. Faithful Carlo, too, lay stretched on the floor, venting an occasional melancholy whine, but so gently he might have been gifted with human intelligence. At times he would restlessly pace the floor, and come again and again to Dorothy to have his shaggy head stroked, as though to show his sympathy for the sufferer. All seemed so still and quiet and secluded from the outer world, and every little noise had such a far off sound, that everything seemed to be merged into the distant past, and the present was hardly apparent. At least, so thought the sorrowfully anxious Olivia, as she softly glided in and out of the room anticipating her mother's every want.

It was a month after Olivia's refusal of Merrisslope, and ever since that shock to her system Mrs. Phane had gradually declined. Poor woman, she had suffered much, and her delicate constitution had been sorely tried. Mr. Phane was nearly delirious with his troubles, and blamed himself for much of his dear wife's misery. Only he and the doctor knew how near she was to her end, and that any moment she might rapidly fade away. Olivia knew not the full extent of her mother's danger, but she was strangely fearful. Every little circumstance seemed ominous of approaching evil; and several times during the day she could not refrain from stooping and kissing her dear mother with a long, sad, tender, kiss, and she seemed each time to have a foreboding that it might be her last. That morning as she was tending the fragrant flowers on the window-sill, a pretty little robin had perched on the edge of the tiny garden, and then fluttered away with a mournful chirp.

Cheery Dr. Chirrup had been in the morning, and endeavoured to enliven them all with his quaint touches of quiet humour, though he knew how very near was the King of Terrors. A gentle smile played over Mrs. Phane's thin face as the doctor jocularly assured her she would soon be well, but it quickly died away again. She loved to have little Dolly with her, who playfully chattered with her picture-books, though the dear little thing refrained from asking too many questions, conscious that "mamma" was not well. To Mrs. Phane it was a comfort to have such an innocent little creature near her, who understood not the meaning of that mysterious fact—death; for she felt that it was close at hand in spite of the doctor's assurances.

Poor Olivia had wept many times over the misery she felt she had caused, and misfortune's hand seemed heavy upon her. It was not her fault she had been so changeable. Her heart had been true to Humberton, her first and only love, but cruel fate seemed to have decreed that he should never be hers. Her happiness was constantly blighted, and verily had true love been a rough experience to her. Would that she could see into the future! How would it all end? Why had she been born? She had only been a source of much sorrow and anxiety to her mother, and now she had been unable to help her father in his difficulties. Her dear mother was, perhaps, lying at the door of

death, and all for her; and her anguish seemed almost more than she could bear. Sometimes in trying to cheer her mother she would involuntarily burst into tears, as the thought came suddenly upon her sensitive mind, "Who has caused all this?" Many and many a time did she wish that she had married Merrisslope, that her mother might have been spared to her. Poor girl, she felt the affliction doubly.

Still, thoughts of Humberton forced themselves upon her mind, and mentally carried her back into the church where he had played his successful march as she totteringly entered with Merrisslope. How the chords had seemed to thrill into her very being, and fill her with the utmost repugnance of her intended husband; how she had still bravely borne up against the feeling for her father's sake. She hardly wondered how it was he was there, for the consciousness of his presence caused her such agony while she was passing through the ordeal of the service. She could feel the anger and astonishment of her father, and the inquisitive wonder of the people; it was only too painfully plain to her, and she would never forget the cruel moment when the final question was asked, and she looked up and saw the sorrowfully beseeching face of Humberton above the choir curtain, and she had desperately shrieked out "No!"

A few days ago Mrs. Phane had wished to see Humberton, who had sent her some delicious grapes during her illness. She had desired to see her daughter with him once more, and her wish was gratified. Once a day did Humberton call to inquire after Mrs. Phane, and each time he saw Olivia. It was happiness to see and be with her once more, and she felt much of her sorrow alleviated. But he never spoke of love, and they felt as if an indefinable mystery still enveloped them. Notwithstanding the unexplained tragedies of their lives so mutually affecting each, they never mentioned them; much as they both wished a better understanding of their relations and actions, nothing but commonplaces passed between them. Arthur would much have liked to have asked her a few questions of the most vital importance to his welfare, but he restrained his desires, deeming it best to wait a little longer yet, much as it pained him. To see her was something; but, oh! how he longed for more!

He had been there that morning, and had gone away with a sad heart. Olivia was still thinking of him, but with strangely conflicting emotions. Her mother also occupied much of her thoughts. She had just given her another long pitiful kiss, and come away to look after some little delicacy, with a strange weight at her heart.

Meanwhile the sun sank lower and lower, and the orange light melted away into the twilight. Colder and colder grew its beams, and the twilight was quickly fading into darkness. Poor Mrs. Phane stretched out her thin hand, and called Dolly to kiss her, in a small weak voice.

"God bless you, my child," she said as their lips met. "Sing me that little hymn about Jesus in heaven," and she wearily closed her eyes, exhausted with the effort of speaking. Prettily did the bonnie creature trill through the pathetic hymn with her little melodious voice, and when she had finished she said, "Mama, do you like that?"

It was Mrs. Phane's favourite, which she had carefully and lovingly taught to little Dolly; but no reply came to the child's query; Mrs. Phane had passed into the spirit-land of rest.

(To be continued.)

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In Memoriam.

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BY SAVARICUS.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD,

*President of the United States of America. Born 19th November, 1831 ;  
Shot 2nd July ; Died 19th September, 1881.*

— — —

**A** Brother's dead! and one whose greatness lives  
 Within the hearts of nations brave and just;  
 We sympathetic mourn his sad, sad loss,  
 And join the universal grief of men.  
 A noble life, well spent from childhood's days  
 To man's estate; for knowledge struggling hard  
 Amid the wants and cares of bare existence,  
 Till, step by step, by learning crowned, he stood  
 The foremost man in all the World called New.  
 To him Humanity was "all in all;"  
 Nor creed, nor colour could his honest heart  
 E'er sway: all men to him were kin;  
 For Freedom's spirit ruled his gentle soul,  
 And Justice prompted him to stand by Right.  
 His Country's welfare being his chief aim,  
 'Twas all he sought; cold worldly wealth in vain  
 Its sordid charms hung out, the dazzling bait  
 Ne'er took the good man's eye; his heart was true,  
 And bravely went he on from day to day,  
 Until the honoured goal was proudly won.

\* \* \* \* \*

Too surely does the Evil One possess  
 Some men, and thus to work his baneful Will;  
 The coward deed done by th' assassin's hand,  
 A thrill of horror sent through ev'ry land.  
 Each feeling heart was by emotion stirred,  
 And many earnest prayers were offered up  
 To God to spare the life a wretch would take.  
 We know the Hand Divine is merciful,  
 And we believe the immortal soul gone forth  
 Has entered into joyful rest above—  
 A blest reward for Faith and Fortitude.

\* \* \* \* \*

Upon the pinnacle of earthly Fame  
His name for ever stands in bold relief,  
As Nature's Nobleman and Mankind's Friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

The loved ones left to weep, such anguish feel  
As draws forth tears from loving Angels' eyes ;  
A world's condolence soothes, but Time alone  
Can soften down our reverential grief.  
Brave wife, poor widow, thy devoted care  
Avaléd not ; a task of love, well done,  
That added glory to thy womanhood.  
The Martyr's halo round thy Hero's head,  
O'ershadows thine with loving lustrous grace ;  
And his distinguished life and name the world  
Will ne'er forget ; but Cleveland's hallowed shrine  
Shall serve to mark the cherished spot where rest  
The mortal relics honoured as a King's.  
When great men die, we greet with deep respect  
Those near and dear to them ; this loyal act,  
Or loving tribute paid by willing hearts,  
Is balm indeed, and comforts pining souls.  
For Garfield's fate the millions freely mourned ;  
All ranks were touched with pity sad, sincere.  
Our Queen, Beloved Victoria, foremost was  
To show how greatly Majesty was moved.  
Her kindly heart each feeling message sent,  
Replete with hope until the bitter end.  
Then sweet compassion's tender words went forth  
From heart to heart, engend'ring peace and love.  
The bonds of life are often closer drawn  
When ruthless Death asserts his cruel power.  
A Ruler dies, the nation feels its loss,  
And doubly so when foul play wrecks its will.  
The deed is done—the victim's slain—what good ?  
For grief and sorrow are the sole result.  
We have no words but those of love and praise  
Wherewith to speak of Garfield's honoured name :  
A future Age, with universal tongue,  
Shall tell the tale of dastard crime, and paint  
The Hero's worth in language full of Truth.

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## REVIEWS AND REVIEWS.

IT is amusing sometimes to note the "current" of contemporary reviews, and to see both in what they excel, and in what they exceed. Those of us who have read "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" in other days,—for it is but seldom we fancy it is read now, its interest having passed away, and its allusions being only half understood,—will remember to what indignation Lord Byron was wrought up by a "savage" and unappreciative notice of his early "poems," by the great "Edinburgh Review." Some of us, too, may call to mind Lord Macaulay's "scathing" if unjust review of poor "Satan," Montgomery, and even now may realize what it is to fall under the "lash" of a competent, or incompetent reviewer.

No doubt we all get over the hard words and "unappreciative ignorances" of some "dunderhead," who neither felt the "powers," or entered even into the meaning of our own little "poem," or "animated prose." And after a little we forget the little "contretemps," and smile (if savagely, perchance) at the weakness, or the want of taste of "that unfair reviewer."

We took up a well-known contemporary of ours the other day, and we found some "gems" of reviewing which we think it worth while to commend to the notice of our readers. The following is a week's normal review of the "poetry" which comes before a most successful journal, in such rapid, and, to our minds, unhealthy profusion.

Let us listen to the "critic" on this new "Poiesis," and we may say, "en passant," that we have no reason to doubt either the faithfulness and the fairness of these reviews, though we may be struck with their turseness and pithiness,—commendable characteristic of all reviews,—and even feel ourselves slightly discomposd at their "plain speaking." In Newmarket slang, there is no want here of a "straight tip." How excessively pleased and flattered the "writer" will be when he reads the following very appreciative notice of his "Songs of Passion and Pain?" We cannot feel sorry for him. Can our kind readers?

Mr. Ernest Wilding, the author of "Songs of Passion and Pain" (Newman), must be a very silly young gentleman, and it is rather a pity that his schoolmaster,—he *can* only have been at an "Academy,"—did not look over his verses as well as his letters home. The results, however, might have been corporeally disastrous. The poems (?) are "quite too awfully utter," and consequently, it need hardly be said, beneath contempt. Here are a few of the titles,—"Study in White and Blood" (*sic*), "Harmony in Sea and Silver,"—why does this suggest soapuds?—and "Nocturne in White and Silver." What *did* the boy think he meant! It is high time to protest, once and for all, against the wretched, emasculate, un-Christian folly which finds its exposition in such sickening trash as this. Mr. Wilding's method of making blank verse is obviously to count out ten syllables upon his fingers; whilst for such a piece as "Rest" the recipe is,—Take a few plagiarisms and hash them up with original rubbish,—it begins "Far from the maddening crowd," and shortly after we have, "After life's fitful fever!"

The veteran poet, R. H. Horne, well known to some of us, does not seem to please his reviewer.

For the sake of the magnificent work which the author has done in bygone days we are inclined to speak leniently of "Bible Tragedies," by Richard Hongist Horne (Newman), but must confess to a wish that the veteran poet had rested on his well-earned laurels. Of the two plays proper,—which are supposed to be modelled upon the old Mysteries,—the subjects are "St. John the Baptist" and "Judas Iscariot," and the latter is in every respect the better. The third piece is a strange imitation of Biblical literature, entitled "Rahman," and professes to deal with Job's wife, but we fail to see in what the interest consists, and the diction is not always in keeping. Some of the utterances of St. John the Baptist

are not without a tincture of later Arianism, and most of the piece is little better than an indifferent metrical paraphrase of the Authorised Version. The speech of Judas in *Acelanda* has fine points, reminding us of what Mr. Horne could once do; but, perhaps, nobody but Marlowe could ever quite have grasped the situation *in toto*.

We confess that we should have liked a more favourable notice had we written and published "The Shepherd's Dream!" though it is rather a sheepish title, is it not?

Little need be said about "The Shepherd's Dream: a Dramatic Romance," by Henry Solly (Brook and Co.); it is tedious to read, and would be still more so in performance. The plot turns on the career of a Suffolk hind who, in Tudor times, wins the love and hand of a titled lady,—a highly probable incident, as all will allow. This phenomenon nearly gets burned for a heretic in the Marian persecution, and the martyrdom of Dr. Rowland Taylor figures prominently in the action. It may be remarked that the good priest in question was *not* a Lollard, which epithet Mr. Solly seems to imagine a synonym of Protestant! The attempts at humour are depressing, and make one inclined to sympathise with Sir Roger, when he addresses Master Carey as "vulgar ninny;" he had certainly endured much.

#### Poor Erro!

It is not necessary to break butterflies upon the wheel, so that "The Vale of Hermanli, and Other Poems," by "Erro" (Newman), may pass with little more than the comment that the title is a misnomer, as there is not a single poem in the book, though it contains some feeble attempts at blank verse, evidently by a novice with no musical ear.

There is a good deal in the reviewers "protest" against morbid verse. There is a vast amount of "morbid verse" afloat just now, alike in the sensational and sentimental, the classic and the realistic school. Some of our readers will recollect in "Our Street." The poetess of "withering verse" and "morbid outpourings," who eat a "hot mutton chop" and drank a glass of warm brandy and water "every night of our blighted existence." There is a fashion in such things. But to the review.

"My Old Portfolio" (C. Kegan Paul) was probably intended for private circulation, and contains some sympathetic verse, with one or two attempts at a higher strain. "Too Late," "A Lay of Provence," and "One in a Thousand" are pleasant, thoughtful songs, and "He Would be a Sailor" is rather a good ballad, though the ending shows most exaggerated morbidity of sentiment. But will nobody write us a few cheerful verses? Surely this world is not all made up of dust and ashes! The rhymes are occasionally very faulty.

The following three reviews seem not unkindly meant as sound advice to writers of a similar stamp from obtruding under any pretence, their cherished "bantlings" on a generous but suffering public.

"Other Days" (Simpkin, Marshall) is an unpretending little volume of verse of a rather old-world nature,—as will be supposed when we mention that one piece deals with the death of the Princess Charlotte. The subject of Henry II. and his Clifford love has been better treated, and once for all; but the version of David's lament has merit,—it reminds us rather of some of N. P. Willis's serious pieces.

Two little scholastic volumes are the first and second parts of a "Poetical Reader for Schools" (Marshall, Japp and Co.) Whatever may be said for the plea of novelty put forward in the preface, we cannot think the selection has been wisely made. Most of the pieces are taken from unknown or third-rate authors, and where a well-accepted name does appear it is not, as a rule, suitably represented.

"Hymns for Children of the English Church" (William Poole) professes to give "simple verses for every Sunday and Holy Day in the Christian year." As a matter of fact, none of the Black Letter festivals are noticed, and the verses are of a very low order.

Even the dramatic writer does not please this stern "Censor Morum" and of verse.

The nature of the type used is almost fatal to the chances of "Bernice: a Tragedy," by J. H. Pearce (Charing Cross Publishing Company); a strong microscope would be indispensable to the enjoyment of such beauties as the play may possess. It is described as a "tragic trilogy" (*sic*), and is very tragic indeed, as the wicked heroine more or less in-

directly compasses the death of most of the characters before she relieves us by dying in horrible torments. It is a melodramatic and rather silly play, but strangely enough the verse is above the average; perhaps the author has only mistaken his line, and may do better in some other branch of poetry. It appears that he originally intended to emulate George Psalmanazar, and invent a new language in which to convey his thoughts; it was wise to abandon the idea, as it might have tended to make his audience an eclectic one.

With his "one word" of praise we conclude these "selections" and this paper, which we hope may slightly amuse some of our readers.

A most delightful anthology from the higher class of national poetry is "English Odes," edited by Edmund W. Gosse (G. Kegan Paul), which is issued in the publishers' series entitled the "Parchment Library." The editor's preface, giving a succinct account of the origin and progress of the ode, is good and to the purpose, whilst his selection has been very judiciously made. The range will be owned as comprehensive, since we find specimens of many of our best poets, from Spenser down to Mr. Swinburne. The extracts from Leyden, Warton, and Sir William Jones will be new to many.

We do not ourselves consider these "reviews" at all unfair or too severe. All reviewing is very difficult just now, and that review to our mind is utterly worthless which neither aims at fairness nor seeks honestly to speak, perchance, "unwelcome truths."

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#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

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THE *Burlington Magazine* (Remington and Co.), edited by that popular novelist, Miss Helen B. Mathers, has, by way of initial article, a powerfully-written story of lowly life, entitled "Pretty Polly." "A Dream of Dead Authors" is a delightfully readable, imaginative sketch, in which "the master minds of old" are compelled to revisit "the glimpses of the moon." There is also an amusing essay anent monkeys, quaintly styled by the writer "Our Poor Relations." Among poetry, some pathetic verses by J. Keith Angus are particularly pleasing. "The Story of Sin," a fascinating serial from the editor's accomplished pen, approaches the climax in a manner most artistic. The *Burlington* runs its costlier rivals very close in the matter of literary excellence.

Among other highly-interesting papers in the current number of the elegant and useful *Magazine of Art*, is a picturesque description of Jersey, regarded as an artist's haunt, by Edward Bradbury.

"Follies and Fancies: a Medley in Metre" (London: *Society* Offices, 108, Fleet Street) is the title of a modest little booklet of poems which has recently come to hand. Horace Lennard ("The Melancholy Jacques," whose perennially interesting column called "The Folly of the Week," which appears in the Wednesday edition of *Society*, has won him so many admirers) is the author. This is not by any means his first literary venture. We have pleasant recollections of his "Busy Babylon;" and "Lie-a-bed Lyrics," by the same writer, has pulled us together in many a *mauvais quart d'heure*; while we found another of Mr. Lennard's books, "Harmonies in Tricolor," an invaluable *vade mecum* while wandering through the cosmopolitan thoroughfares of the Champ du Mars during last Paris Exhibition. In the present volume the author's talented pen traces in harmonious metre the most delightful verse. His muse ranges "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Here it is prettily

playful, as in "Naming the Baby," "Two To-day," "May," "Buttercup Bell," "Dingle Bay," "In the Conservatory," and "The Christmas Tree;" there, full of tender pathos, as evinced by "The Baby Midshipmite," "The Price of Coal," "Only a Pauper," "A French Husband," "The Gospel according to the Strand," "The Demon of the River," "A Voice from the Sea," &c. Scattered through these pleasant pages too are many rich gems of quaint philosophy. Vivid pictures of human nature are given with all the grace of a master's hand, and exquisite moral touches abound. We have read and re-read "An Old-Fashioned Prayer." Surely, none but a very good man, large-hearted and kindly withal, could have written it. The book is dedicated to the author's friend, Bro. G. W. Plant, editor of *Society*.

Under the title of *Hand and Heart*, a penny weekly family, social, and temperance journal, has for some six years past wrought much good in many a humble home by its continuous presentation of pure and irreproachable literature. *Hand and Heart* has secured a large circulation; and now, with a view to giving greater prominence to the end and aim of the periodical, it has been re-christened, and will henceforth be known as *The Church Standard*. The excellent illustrations, and all the other well-established features of the paper are to be continued. One useful section, which we are glad to note has been very popular, is that headed "Men of Mark." This is a series of concisely-written biographies of contemporary worthies, and accounts of the works which have brought their names into honoured eminence. Many of these are accompanied with nicely engraved portraits. One of the latest pictures in the gallery is that of Matthias Barr, the "Children's Poet-Laureate," as someone has well called him. An entertaining sketch of Mr. Barr's poetic progress is given, with a number of apt quotations from his published volumes of verse. Here is one poem from his pen:—

#### ONLY A BABY SMALL.

Only a baby small,  
Dropt from the skies;  
Only a laughing face,  
Two sunny eyes;  
Only two cherry lips,  
One chubby nose;  
Only two little hands,  
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,  
Curly and soft;  
Only a tongue that wags,  
Loudly and oft;  
Only a little brain,  
Empty of thought;  
Only a little heart,  
Troubled with nought.

Only a tender flower  
Sent us to rear,  
Only a life to love  
While we are here;  
Only a baby small,  
Never at rest;  
Small, but how dear to us,  
God knows best.

A new paper has been started in the Midlands, mainly for the elucidation and discussion of local and national social and political questions. Special attention is to be given to agriculture and the laws by which it is affected;

the stumbling-blocks to Church progress, commercial affairs, temperance education, and other vital themes. The journal is called the *Nottingham and Derby Home Reader and Exchange Gazette*, and judging from the initial issues seems to be in vigorous hands.

One of the most remarkable things in latter day journalism is the prominence given by editors to the provision of family reading matter over and above the supply of news and other information which comes within the legitimate province of journalism. Almost every respectable newspaper has now its serial story, and a greater or less array of "specials." As a noteworthy instance of how largely fact and fiction are in some cases blended, we may name the *Evening News*, a smart halfpenny daily, in the columns of which no less than three continued tales are now concurrently appearing from the several pens of Miss Owens Blackburne, Harry Blith, and E. Lynch Dowdney.

The second volume of "Old Yorkshire," announced a month or two back, is now in the hands of the subscribers, and a very valuable addition to antiquarian literature it is. We regret to notice that the editor, Mr. William Smith, F.S.A.S., intimates in the preface that ill-health and other engagements will prevent him from bringing out a volume in regular annual sequence, as was at first promised. The two issues of the work already published have thrown no inconsiderable light upon Yorkshire history. Among the contributors we note the names of Messrs. William Andrews, F.R.N.S., and T. Broadbent Trowsdale, whose writings in elucidation of archæological subjects are not unknown to readers of this magazine.

"Stanley Brereton," Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's new story, is just about to be published by Routledge's. The veteran romance writer, in further token of the delight he has in being known as the "Lancashire novelist," is inscribing the work to Alderman Baker, the Mayor of Manchester.

Mr. W. Davenport Adams, who must be as industrious as a *littérateur* as he is accomplished, has edited yet another volume of Chatto and Windus's "Mayfair Library," under the title of "Latter-day Lyrics." This latest addition to that popular series is a garland of recent poetry, selected with admirable taste and ability.

The long-expected work on "The Alphabet," from the erudite pen of Isaac Taylor, whose valuable "Words and Places" is to be found in every good library, will, we are glad to learn, be given to the world during the coming season.

Though the cry has already been taken up elsewhere, we cannot refrain from here entering our protest against the manner in which the works of our dearest authors are being hacked and mutilated, and having "the heart torn out of them," to use the words of one feminine condenser, by the catchpenny publishers. The delightful romances of Sir Walter Scott, the deathless creations of Dickens, and other books "not of an age, but for all time," are being ruthlessly shorn of their inimitable beauty and completeness by literary men and women whose own attainments ought to cause them to shrink with horror from such unwarrantable sacrilege. The world wants no mauled penny "Pickwicks" and "Waverleys," when those books can be produced as their authors perfected them at a merely nominal price.

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## THE RECENT DISCOVERY AT THEBES.

WE have thought it well to preserve the record of this very wonderful find, and therefore we have given Professor Maspero's and Mr. Peake's accounts.

PROFESSOR MASPERO begins by describing the place where the mummies were concealed, which is probably the tomb of a certain Queen Ansera, whose mummy is among those recently discovered. The entrance to this excavation is situated behind a fallen rock, in an angle of the cliff a little way to the south-west of the temple of Dayr-el-Bahari, and is so cunningly contrived that one might pass it twenty times without noticing any outward sign of its existence. The ground rises considerably to the foot of the cliffs, and the mouth of the pit is about 60 mètres above the level of the alluvial plain. A perpendicular shaft descending to a depth of 12 mètres leads to a gallery 74 mètres long, at the end of which is a sepulchral chamber measuring 7 mètres by 4. The height of the gallery varies from 1 mètre 10 centimètres to 5 mètres. A sketch of the cliffs showing the fractured rock and the position of the shaft, a sketch-map of the locality generally, together with a ground plan and section of the excavation, accompany this part of the memoir. M. Maspero then goes on to say that his attention and the attention of the late Mariette Pasha had long been drawn to the fact that large numbers of valuable objects were constantly flowing from Egypt into Europe, many of them bearing the same royal names and belonging to the same periods. Between the years 1872 and 1877 no less than five royal papyri made their appearance, four of which were the funereal papyri of queens. Of these, two were purchased for the Louvre and two for the Boulak Museum. The fifth—a superb specimen—was bought by Captain Campbell, an Englishman, and proved to be the funereal papyrus of Pinotem I. Other objects came to light bearing the name of the High Priest Masahirti, &c. “Mariette, like myself,” says M. Maspero, “had come to the conclusion that the Arabs had found some royal tombs. During my stay at Thebes in March and April last (1881) I ordered the arrest of one Abd-er-rasool, to whom a variety of testimony pointed as possessor of the secret. He was imprisoned at Keneh, then released, and it was not till the beginning of July that one of his brothers decided to reveal all to Daoud Pasha, the Mudir of Keneh.” Daoud Pasha hereupon telegraphed to the Khedive, and the Khedive despatched a steamer to Thebes, having on board Herr Emil Brugsch, keeper of the Boulak Museum, and Ahmed-Effendi-Kemal, acting secretary and interpreter. M. Maspero warmly eulogizes the devotion and energy with which these gentlemen performed their work; and states that by the end of July the whole treasure had been safely packed and transported to Cairo. The number of mummy cases discovered is twenty-nine, of which seven contain mummies of kings, nine mummies of queens and princesses, five various personages of distinction. “The presence of all these royal mummies in a single tomb would be very surprising,” writes Professor Maspero, “if we did not know that the necropolis of Thebes was pillaged towards the end of the Twentieth Dynasty, and that the reigning Pharaohs were consequently obliged to take every possible precaution to insure the remains of their predecessors against profanation and theft. It therefore became necessary to remove the sarcophagi of those Pharaohs from their sepulchres in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, and to hide them in some place duly

prepared for their reception. Several hieratic inscriptions written upon the mummy-cases of Amenophis I., Thothmes II., Seti I., and Rameses give the dates of transfer, and also of the periodical inspections to which the depot was subjected. It was the Priest-Kings of Amen, from Her-Hor to Pinotem III., who peopled the cavern at Dayr-el-Bahari. One of the seals impressed upon the shattered door of this hiding-place yet bears the titles of the high priests of Amen enclosed in a royal oval; and this testimony confirms the testimony of the hieratic inscriptions before mentioned."

Then follows a list of the principal mummy-cases and mummies, arranged as far as possible in chronological order.

The period preceding the Eighteenth Dynasty is represented by at least two personages—1. A wooden sarcophagus painted white and formerly gilded, like the sarcophagi of the Eutefs and of Queen Aah-hotep. On the breast are the two cartouches of Raskenen-Taaken named in the inscription of Aahmes. 2. A mummy bearing the name of "the royal wife," Queen Ansera. According to the hieratic inscriptions before mentioned, the mummies of Seti I. and Rameses were laid in the tomb of this queen; hence the probability that this excavation was originally her sepulchre.

Eighteenth Dynasty.—3. Mummy and mummy-case, bearing the name of Ra-neb-pehte, Ahmos. I. The mummy is unbandaged, and measures 1 mètre 70 centimètres in length.

4. Mummy of Queen Aahmes-Nofretari, in a *cartonnage* of hardened linen. A smaller brown case enclosed. Four canopic vases.

5. Wooden sarcophagus bearing the name of a Queen Aah-hotep. M. Maspero is inclined to connect this case with the famous mummy of Queen Aah-hotep in the Boulak Museum, which with a rich store of jewels was said to have been found in the sand, only a few feet below the surface.

6. Mummy and mummy-case of Queen Hont-ti-mou-hoo.

7. Mummy-case of Princess Mashont-ti-moo-hoo, probably daughter of the preceding. The mummy is missing, and has been replaced by a piece of wood bandaged to represent a mummy.

8. Mummy-case of an infant princess named Sit-Amen.

9. Mummy of an infant prince named Se-Amen, eldest son of Ahmos I.

10. Mummy and mummy-case of King Amenophis I. The second cartouche bears the name of "Amen united to Egypt," instead of only Amenhotep, as usual. A hieratic inscription on the breast states that the mummy was transferred hither in the seventh year of Pinotem, son of Pinotem, son of Piankhi.

11. Mummy-case of Thothmes I., containing the mummy of Pinotem II.

12. Mummy-case of Thothmes II. The hieratic inscription states that its removal took place in the reign of Pinotem, son of Piankhi.

13. Mummy-case of Thotmes III. The mummy presents a very "ambiguous" appearance, and measures only one mètre 55 centimètres. The case has been broken open in ancient times. Various objects enclosed bear both the cartouches of Thothmes III.

14. A mummy-case, evidently of the Twentieth Dynasty, containing the mummy of Queen Sitka, of the Eighteenth Dynasty.

15. Mummy-case of the Lady Rai, nurse to Queen Aahmes-Nofretari. In this case was found the mummy of Queen Ansera.

16. Mummy-case of Sonou, Master of the Household of Queen Nofretari. The mummy is replaced by that of the Princess Mirit-Amen.

Nineteenth Dynasty.—17. Mummy-case of a woman, surcharged with the cartouches of Rameses I. The mummy is missing; the mummy-case is of the Twentieth Dynasty.

18. Mummy-case of one Neb-Seni.

19. Mummy and mummy-case of Seti I. A hieratic inscription dates its removal "in the year VII."

20. Mummy-case of P-hir-petti, servant of the Necropolis.

Twentieth Dynasty.—21. Mummy and mummy-case; the mummy-case of unpainted wood, bearing a Royal effigy, of which the eyes, beard, sceptre, whip, and Royal asp are painted black. On the breast two cartouches, which read *Rameses Mer-Amen, Ra-user-ma Sotep-en-Ra*. "It is this personage," writes M. Maspero, "whom it has been sought to identify with Rameses II. I see many difficulties in the way of such identification, the chief being that the mummy-case, which is of very fine workmanship, bears every characteristic of the Twentieth Dynasty, as for instance, in the orthography of the cartouches, in which we find the special form of N (a hieroglyph representing the Crown symbolical of Lower Egypt), which was in favour at that time. The face of the effigy, in which it was invariably sought to present a likeness of the deceased, in no wise resembles the aquiline and well-known features of Rameses II. In the absence of further evidence, this mummy may, therefore, be accepted as that of Rameses XII., of the Twentieth Dynasty, the namesake of Rameses II., and the Pharaoh of the Stela of Bakhtan."

22. Mummy-cases (two) and mummy of Queen Notemit, wife of Her-Hor, the first Priest-King.

23. Two mummy-cases and mummy of the High Priest of Amen, Pinotem son of Piankhi, grandson of Her-Hor.

24. Mummy of Pinotem II., son of the foregoing; found in the mummy-case of Amenhotep I.

25. Two mummy-cases, *cartonnage*, and mummy of the High Priest of Amen, Head of the Archers, of Upper and Lower Egypt, Masahirti, son of Pinotem II. His statue is at Brussels.

26. Two mummy-cases of Queen Hathor Hin-Tauï.

27. Three cases and mummy of Queen Ast em-af, daughter of Masahirti, married to her uncle Menkheperra. Also a funeral papyrus of this Queen in an Osirian statuette, four canopic vases, three boxes containing libation-vases, and a large canopy of cut leather. The inscriptions show her to have been a grand-daughter of Pinotem and the mother of Pinotem III.

28. Two mummy-cases usurped by the Princess Nesi-Khonsu, daughter of the Lady Tahonnoo Thouti.

29. A double sarcophagus containing the mummies of two Queens, named Makera and Maut-em-hat; also a papyrus of Queen Makera.

30. Two mummy-cases usurped by the body of a Royal son of Rameses, named T'ot Ptah-fonkh.

31. Mummy-case of one Noi-Shounap.

32. Mummy-case and various objects belonging to the Lady Nesi-Tanebasheru.

33. Mummy-case of a Lady Hati, usurped by the Lady Ta-hirt.

The presence of these last three personages in the midst of so many Kings and Queens is explained by their titles, all being attached to the worship of Amen, and connected probably with the reigning family of the line of Priest-Kings. Summing up the foregoing, M. Maspero attributes this assemblage of mummies of various periods to two causes—1. They were first concealed in consequence of the great tomb robberies which took place during the reign of Rameses IX. The tomb of Amenhotep I. was precisely one of those attacked at that period; but the robbers failed to break their way into it. Everything now indicates that his tomb must have been situate in the necropolis near Koorneh, and that it was in the midst of tombs of Kings of the ancient dynasties of the Thebaid, as well as of Kings of the Eighteenth Dynasty.

Secondly. Judging from the actual condition of the objects, it would seem that several mummies were already missing at the time of removal, their tombs having been pillaged, like those of the King and Queen mentioned in the Abbott papyrus. This is certain as regards Queen Mashont-ti-moo-hoo, and seems probable as regards Thotmes III., Rameses I., Seti I., &c. The



Cairo, August 31.

"All those who take an interest in the past life of this country have been awaiting with the utmost anxiety the arrival from Upper Egypt of the proofs of the reported grand discovery made lately, and which Herr E. Brugsch has gone to bring home to Cairo, said to consist of various kings and queens who have long been known by name, but have scarcely been thought to exist longer in the state in which they are well known to have been preserved after their death. The remarkable and valuable things found much more than substantiate the reports, but before entering into a description of the actual relics found, and now lying in the Boulak Museum, it may interest you to have a short account of how the valuable mummies, cases, &c., were found and rescued from their tombs.

"It was remarked by the authorities of Upper Egypt during the earlier part of the year that an unusual quantity of antiquities, papyri, statues, pieces of mummy cases, &c., were offered for sale by the natives. A suspicion was caused by this fact and the matter reported to the Viceroy, who sent Herr E. Brugsch to Upper Egypt to investigate and endeavour to find out the reason. His investigations soon proved to his satisfaction the fact that more was known of the valued treasure than should be confined to the sole keeping of such people as the natives, whose only reverence for the antiquities is in exact proportion to the amount of sovereigns or piastres they can secure in exchange. More careful and systematic investigation very soon enabled Herr Brugsch to discover the native who was in possession of the desired secret, and he was called to give an account of all he knew. To all those knowing the country it is needless to remark the native was entirely ignorant of any tomb or valuable. However, he was given six hours to make up his mind and receive the reward for disclosing his secret. Fair means failing, and the six hours having passed without the man presenting himself, an order was issued for his arrest, and as he still pleaded ignorance, he was put into prison. Meanwhile, the fact travelled to his brother, with whom he had had a quarrel, and, it being a fine opportunity for revenge, he disclosed the whole secret and conducted Herr Brugsch to the tomb, in which were such treasures as never yet have been discovered, and one cannot but regret that the late Mariette Pasha is not alive to participate in the wonders which it is now the good fortune of M. G. Maspero to be the medium of giving to the world. At Dayr-el-Bahari, or the Northern Convent in the Lybian mountains, was the pit or tomb, about thirty feet deep, cut into the solid rock, and leading into a gallery about 150 feet long, and full of the most perfect antiquities yet exhumed. For several minutes Herr Brugsch remained in silent awe, overpowered by the grand sight of the splendid wonders, unable to do anything but gaze at the magnificent cases containing the mummies of Egypt's past kings and queens, with papyri, statues, &c. Steps were at once taken to remove all to Cairo, and a steamer was a few days afterwards on its way with the whole collection bound for the museum, where everything now is. Such is the history of the discoveries, and I should like to describe in detail all there is to see. But this must be left to those more competent than myself, and from whom you will get an historical account. A few, however, of the most important things may be interesting, which will give you an idea of the great value of this discovery. Through the kindness of a friend I had the pleasure of visiting the museum, and the most interesting of many interesting objects, to an ordinary visitor, are its various and numerous cases containing the mummies of ancient Egyptians and over twenty-five royal personages. English people will generally feel more deeply the value of these discoveries, when it is known that among the royal mummies are to be found the embalmed bodies of King Thothmes III., about B.C. 1600, and King Rameses II., about B. C. 1330. The former it was who ordered the execution of the obelisk which now ornaments the Thames Embankment, and the latter who, 270 years later, added his own titles to those already inscribed by order of his

predecessor, Thothmes III. It is difficult to realise the fact that side by side in the Boulak Museum one can now see the actual bodies, enclosed in their respective cases, of men whose orders caused the execution of the monument so lately the object of so much interest in England, and which, in almost perfect preservation, has survived 3000 years. It is curious to notice in these cases containing the royal mummies the flowers (among the number the now obsolete lotus) and garlands with which it was the custom to encircle the neck of the embalmed body after swathing with cloth, perfect in form, but, perhaps not unnaturally, faded and dry. It is supposed that these royal mummies were removed from their own tombs and sarcophagi to prevent their being desecrated by an invader, perhaps Cambyses, and placed for safety in the pit just discovered. This would seem to be corroborated by the fact that Belzoni found and took away to England a sarcophagus, but without any mummy, some years ago, and that the body for which that same sarcophagus was made, and said to contain at one time, is now found among the number collected in the Dayr-el-Bahari and now lying at Boulak side by side with the supposed father of Rameses II., during whose reign, it is said, Moses was born (somewhere about the sixth year). One of the most magnificent of the mummy cases is that containing the body of King Rameses's daughter (possibly the identical lady who found Moses in the cradle among the bulrushes), which is in a most perfect state of preservation, looking, at it lies in its coffin, just as if it had only a few hours previously left the hands of the people whose duty it was to embalm it and swathe it in its cloth. The coffin is most beautifully finished and ornamented with colours and a sort of mosaic of precious stones. The colours are as fresh as though only done yesterday. It is to be regretted that much of the valuable mosaic has been robbed, having been chipped off, evidently with some sharp instrument. The crystal eyes have also been removed, but the breast ornamentations fortunately remain perfect and untouched, thus giving one an idea of the grandeur of this case before its mutilation. If all the wives and children of this distinguished monarch were treated in the same fashion as this daughter, one may hope to some day find other specimens of this grandeur, for he is said to have had many wives and 170 children. It was during his son's reign (his successor) that the plagues of Egypt occurred, and the Exodus of the Israelites.

"Everyone will await with impatience the translation of the various papyri, which form anything but the least important portion of this discovery, and may possibly prove its most valuable feature, as throwing conclusive light upon many points which are now much disputed among *savants* of Egyptology. Many alabaster vases were also found, which are said to contain the heart, &c., of defunct kings and queens, &c. Small statues in many hundreds have also been added to the already large stock in the museum, also a most curious tent made of pieces of leather of different colours sewn together, and bearing the cartouche of some king, and hieroglyphs embroidered in various colours. It is supposed to have formed a canopy over the sarcophagus of some king or queen. Another curious feature in this collection from the Dayr-el-Bahari is a number of hair wigs, the property of royal personages, who upon occasions of grand ceremony thus adorned themselves.

"There are many other things of great interest, but you will see from the foregoing how valuable and grand has been and is this collection, the full value of which, however, we must wait until a thorough study has been made by M. G. Maspero and others to thoroughly understand. The papyri read and translated, the mummies, perhaps, unwrapped, and all told which can be by those documents and defunct personages of a far-off past, will afford an interesting subject for some future time."