

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 102.—VOL. IX.

DECEMBER, 1881.

PRICE 6D.

## FREEMASONRY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: WARRINGTON, 1646.

BY BRO. W. HARRY RYLANDS, F.S.A.

FROM the time of the first publication of the entry in Ashmole's Diary relating to the Lodge of Freemasons at Warrington, the subject as to the real character of the Lodge has been oftentimes discussed. Much has been based on the statement in an edition of Preston's work, that Ashmole was elected a fellow as a singular favour—chapter and verse for such a statement it would have been difficult to produce.

The subject is again opened, and I notice in a recent letter to the *Freemason*,\* that Masonic Student taking no doubt some such careless and incorrect copy of the quotation from the Diary as that used by Paton,† falls into the error that "fellow crafts" are mentioned, but no such words, really occur in the original. Under the circumstances, it may be well to give here all the entries from the diary referring to Freemasonry.‡

"1646, Oct. 16, 4.30 p.m.—I was made a Free Mason at Warrington in Lancashire, with Coll. Henry Mainwaring, of Karincham in Cheshire. The names of those that were then of the Lodge [were] Mr. Rich. Penket: Warden. Mr. James Collier, Mr. Rich: Sankey. Henry Littler. John Ellam. Richard Ellam, & Hugh Brewer.

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"March, 1682.—10: About 5 p.m. I rec<sup>d</sup> a Sumons to app<sup>r</sup> at a Lodge to be held the next day, at Masons Hall London.

"11: Accordingly I went and about Noone were admitted into the Fellowship of Free Masons.

"Sr. William Wilson Knight, Capt: Rich: Borthwick, Mr. Will: Woodman, Mr. Wm. Grey, Mr. Samuel Taylor, and Mr. William Wise.

"I was the Senior Fellow among them (it being 35 yeares since I was admitted). There were p<sup>r</sup>sent besides my selfe the Fellowes after named.

"Mr. Tho: Wise Mr: of the Masons Company this p<sup>r</sup>sent yeare. Mr. Thomas Shorthose, Mr. Thomas: Shadbolt, Wainsford Esq<sup>r</sup> Mr: Nich:

\* October 22, 1881. † "Freemasonry and its Jurisprudence," p. 92.

‡ See the facsimile plate published by Mr. W. W. Gee, 28, High Street, Oxford.

Young, Mr. John Shorthose, Mr. William Hamon, Mr. John Thompson, and Mr. Will: Stanton.

"Wee all dyned at the halfe Moone Taverne in Cheapeside, at a Noble dinner prepared at the charge of the New-accepted Masons."

It would be all but impossible at the present time to describe upon what constitutions the Lodge at Warrington was based, or what was the character of its *speculative* masonry. It would at the same time be equally absurd to fall back upon the common and often unfounded statement of "architects," "builders," and the like, and to say that Ashmole, Col. Mainwaring, and the rest were of that class.

In "Kenning's Cyclopædia"\* it is stated that "recent researches have proved that Ashmole was not a member of the Masons' Company, though almost all the persons he named were. It then is clear that the 'Fellowship of Freemasons' was a lodge of separate Freemasons more or less speculative." Had Ashmole been a member of the Masons' Company, he, so particular in notifying his other associations, would surely have mentioned this one. The latter portion of the sentence referring to the other "fellows" I take to apply to the names of those mentioned as being present at the Lodge in London, but whether this is what is intended or not, I would submit that it does not enter directly into the question. Ashmole himself was not a member of the Masons' Company, and yet he was summoned to appear at a Lodge, and was the senior Fellow present; hence, I suppose he took the chair, and according to the old custom became the acting "Master." The meeting, although held in Masons' Hall, therefore could not be a meeting of the Masons' Company, otherwise why was Ashmole, the "senior fellow" present, "summoned" to, and present at, what must have been a private meeting where a number of *gentlemen* were admitted Fellows.

Ashmole leaves no record in his diary as to his attendance at any lodge between 1646 and 1682; but it is worth remarking, that although he was first admitted to the "Fellowship" at Warrington, he was summoned thirty-five years afterwards to a Lodge held in London, is particular to specify that Mr. Thomas Wise was the Master of the Masons' Company, and is equally particular to call the "Fellowship" that of the "Free Masons," except where he writes of the "New-accepted Masons."

I am indebted to my friend Mr. William Beamont, of Warrington, for the use of his printed copy of the Memoirs of Elias Ashmole, published by Charles Burman, Esq., London, 1717. The copy from the original MS. used for this edition, it is stated in the preface, is in the handwriting of Robert Plot, L.D., collated by David Parry, M.A., both in their time Keepers of the Ashmolean.

Dr. Robert Plot was a friend of Ashmole; some entries relating to him occur in the diary:

December 10th, 1677.—Dr. Plot came to me to request me, to nominate him to be Reader at OXFORD of the Philosophical Lecture upon Natural Things. I told him if the University liked him, he should have my Suffrage.†

August 18th, 1684.—Dr. Plot sent from OXFORD to visit me came to me.

Nov. 19, 1684.—Dr. Plot presented me with his Book, DE ORIGINE FONTIUM, which he had dedicated to me.

May 23rd, 1686.—Dr. Plot presented me with his Natural History of STAFFORDSHIRE.

7th October, 1687.—Dr. Plot came to me at my office, and told me that the Earl Marshal had chosen him Register of the Court.‡

The Preface is dated from "Newington, Feb. 1716-17," and signed Charles Burman. In Mr. Beamont's copy, with what authority I know not, some

\* See also "Masonic Magazine," Vol. viii., p. 457. May, 1881.

† Dr. Plot brought a letter from J. Evelyn, dated Whitehall, 7th December, 1677. It is printed in full at the end of Ashmole's Diary.

‡ He was made Mowbray Herald Extraordinary and Register of the Court of Honour.

one has written underneath the printed signature "alias Richard Rawlinson, LL.D."

The writing is perhaps one hundred years old. Allibone\* speaks of John Burman as being the stepson of Dr. Plot.

As already pointed out, it is a somewhat suggestive fact that the Sloane MS. No. 3848, is thus signed: "Finis p me Edwardū Sankey, decimo sexto die Octobris, Anno Domini, 1646," the very day Ashmole was initiated at Warrington.†

It will be noticed that in the list of entries from the Warrington Registers, subsequently given, relating to the Sankey family, Edward, son to Richard Sankey, Gent. Bapt., 3rd February, 1621-2, is mentioned.

If I were asked to express an opinion on the Warrington Lodge of 1646, I should feel obliged to say that, so far as I am able to judge, there is not a scrap of evidence that there was a single *operative* Mason present on the afternoon of the 16th of October, 1646; in fact, the whole of the evidence seems to point quite in the opposite direction. How far the following notes will bear out such an opinion I must leave to the judgment of others.

For astrological reasons Ashmole was particular to note in his diary the exact hour and minute, when possible, of all the events of his life, and from this diary the following notes have been for the most part gathered:—

He was the only child of Simon Ashmole, of Lichfield, saddler, the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Ashmole, of the same city, saddler, who was twice chief bailiff of that corporation, by his wife Anne, one of the daughters of Anthony Bowyer, of Coventry, draper, by Bridget, his wife, only daughter of Mr. Fitch, of Ausley, in Warwick, gent. He mentions his uncles, Thomas and Ralph Ashmole, the latter of whom died 29th October, 1675, and a cousin, William Ashmole, saddler, of London. His father, Simon Ashmole, died 1634, and his mother, Anne Ashmole, died of the plague in July, 1646.

Elias was born, as he himself informs us, giving the precise time of the day, with his and Lilly's rectification of his nativity, on the 23rd of May, 1617, and was baptized on the 2nd of June, at St. Mary's Church, Lichfield. His father served under Robert, Earl of Essex, in Ireland and elsewhere (A.D. 15—), and "loved war better than making saddles and bridles." By his improvidence the family appears to have suffered considerably; but fortunately for Ashmole, his musical voice caused him to be noticed by James Paget, Esq.,‡ the Puisne Baron of the Exchequer, who had married "to his second wife BRIDGET, one of my Mother's Sisters, and Widow to—MOYRE, a Confectioner in LONDON." After having been made a chorister in Lichfield Cathedral, and taught to play upon the virginals and organ, he was sent to London in 1633, by Thomas, the Judge's second son. Here he continued his musical education and studied law, residing in the Temple, under the patronage of his friend. In 1639 he tells us that "Peter Venables, Baron of Kinderton, wrote to me, to take upon me the

\* II. p. 1609.

† "Early History and Antiquity of Freemasonry." London, 1878, p. 137. By George F. Fort. In "Masonic Sketches and Reprints," Bro. W. J. Hughan gives the date (Unpublished Records of the Craft, p. 22), "Sexto die Octobris." In the old "Masonic Charges" he gives it correctly on p. 51, as I found on consulting the original MS.

‡ It is worthy of note that the MS. Constitutions in the possession of the Lodge of Antiquity was "Written by Robert Padgett Cleark to the Worshippfull Society of the Free Masons of the City of London," &c., in the year 1686. Robert Padgett's name is not to be found in the books of the Masons' Company according to the Article MASON'S, COMPANY OF, in "Kenning's Cyclopædia." Ashmole was very intimate and connected by marriage with the family of the Puisne Baron, and in 1651 he borrows books from Dr. Paget. On "June 14. 1652. 11 *Hor. ante Merid.* Dr. Wilkins [John Wilkins D.D., afterwards Bishop of Chester, a writer on Philosophy and Mathematics, &c.] and Mr. Wren came to visit me at Black-Fryers, this was the first time I saw the Doctor." Ashmole is said to have possessed a roll of *pergamentum*; But the possibilities these and other points suggest are too numerous to enter into at the present time.

Management of his Law Business." On February 6th, 1641, he was formally admitted of Clement's Inn, and on the 11th was sworn an Attorney in the Court of Common Pleas. Many were the honours showered upon Ashmole, as is shown by the following extracts from his diary :—

1645, May 9.—I was entered a Gentleman of the Ordnance [in the Garrison of Oxford] 9 *ante Merid.*

Dec. 8th.—I was recommended to the Commissioner for the Excise of WORCESTER, unknown to me, which when I knew, I accepted, and prepared for my Journey thither.

Dec. 16.—The King caused Mr. — to be out of the Commission of Excise, and mine to be inserted in his Place.

Dec. 19.—2 *post Merid.*—Mr. SWINGFIELD and myself received the Commission of Excise from the Clerk of the Crown.

Dec. 22.—I took my journey from OXFORD to WORCESTER, 10 *Ante Mer.*, with Sir CHARLES LUCAS.

Dec. 23.—8 *Ant. Merid.*—I arrived at WORCESTER.

Dec. 27—11 *Hor. 15 Min. ant. merid.*—Mr. JORDAN, Mayor of WORCESTER, Mr. SWINGFIELD, and my self took the Oath as Commissioners of Excise in the Town-Hall, and thence went into the Office, and entered upon the Execution of the Commission. The Commission bears Test the 15TH of DECEMBER preceding.

In 1646 he was made Receiver and Register. A new commission was granted for the excise at Worcester. He took the oath with others, and on the 27th April was chosen Register.

On March 12, 1646, he records :—

1 *Hor. post merid.*—I received my Commission for a Captainship in Lord ASHLEY's Regiment, and on May 22, Ten *ante merid.*, Sir RALPH CLARE moved me to take a Command about the Ordnance in the Fort of WORCESTER.

June 12.—I entered upon my Command as Comptroller of the Ordnance.

June 18.—One *Hor. Ten Minutes post merid.*—I received my Commission from Col. WASHINGTON.

July 24.—WORCESTER was surrendered, and thence I rid out of Town according to the Articles, and went to my Father MAINWARING in CHESHIRE.

1657, Nov. 11, 2 *Hor. 15 Minutes post Merid.*—I was admitted of the MIDDLE TEMPLE.

In 1660, at the time of the Restoration, more honours were added, for we find—

Sep. 3.—My Warrant signed for the Comptroller's Office in the Excise; and Oct. 24, 5 *Hor. post merid.*—I came to the Excise-Office and took Possession of the Comptroller's Office.

Dec. 28.—I took my Oath as Comptroller of the Excise before Baron TURNER.

Nov. 2.—I was this Night called to the Bar in the MIDDLE TEMPLE Hall.

Nov. 7.—I had my Admittance to the Bar in the said Hall.

1661, Jan. 15.—I was admitted a Member of the Royal Society at GRESHAM-COLLEGE.

Feb. 9.—A Warrant was signed by the King for my being secretary of SURINAM, in the WEST-INDIES.

In 1662 he was made one of the Commissioners for recovering the King's Goods. In 1668 "Accomptant-General in the Excise, and Country Accomptant" in the Excise. In 1669 he was made "Doctor of Physick at OXFORD."

1674, May 29.—He records that "About Five *post merid.* the Order was made in the Chapter House at WINDSOR for Recommending me to the Knights of the Garter."

In 1685 he first sat on the Commission of Sewers and that of Charitable Uses. Of his Parliamentary experiences Ashmole gives the following account; there is another reference on November 4th, 1677 :—

1677, Dec. 19.—Having received several Letters from LICHFIELD to request me to stand for a Parliament-Man there; I at length consented, provided it was not too late; and upon attempting it by others for me, found it was so; for I found the Magistrates and Friends not so cordial to me as I expected, and therefore drew off and would not stand.

Another attempt was made at a later date, an account of which we also obtain from the diary :—

1685, Mar. 2.—5 *Hor. 15 minutes post merid.*—I received an obliging Letter from the Bailiffs, Justices, &c., of LICHFIELD; so also from the Dean, inviting me to stand to be one of their Burgesses for Parliament. I sent them Word that I would stand.

1685, Mar. 3.—Whereupon they set about getting Votes for me, and I found the Citizens very affectionate and hearty. About a Fortnight after my Lord DARTMOUTH told me, the King would take it kindly from me, if I would give way to Mr. LEWSON. Upon this I applied myself to my Lord Treasurer, and desired to know of him the King's Pleasure, by whom I found it was the King's Desire, and then I immediately wrote down, to acquaint my Friends that I would resign; but they would not believe my Letter, which occasioned me to go to the king, and let him know so much, who told me he did not know I stood when he gave Mr. LEWSON Encouragement to go down, for if he had he would not have done it; I told him I was all Obedience, which he took very kindly. I then wrote down again to assure them I would sit down, and so Mr. LEWSON with the Assistance of my Votes carried it at the Day of Election.

At the Restoration he was appointed Windsor Herald, and records in his Diary:—

1660, June 18th.—10 *Hor. ante merid.*, was the second Time I had the Honour to discourse with the King, and then he gave me the Place of Windsor Herald. June 22nd.—This Day the Warrant bears Date. On May 16th, 1661, he received a grant of Arms from Sir Edward Bysshe, Clarenceux. From some discontent, probably owing to some such cause as the one he records, "that the Officers of Arms seem unwilling to let him have the funeral-turn," which would have given him a considerable sum of money, he wished to resign his office, and with some difficulty he obtained the consent of the Earl Marshall, on January 29th, 1675-6. There is little doubt, had he remained, he would on the first opportunity have been made Garter.

Ashmole was married three times—it has been said "for affection, fortune, and esteem." He thus informs us of his marriages:—

1637, August 21.—I came to SMALLWOOD, to Mr. Peter MAINWARINGS, to ask his Consent to Marry his Daughter.

Sept. 4th.—The second time I went to SMALLWOOD.

Sept. 16th.—I returned to LONDON.

1638, March 27th.—I was Married to Mrs. ELIANOR MAINWARING, eldest Daughter to Mr. PETER MAINWARING, and JANE his Wife, of SMALLWOOD, in Com. GEst. Gent. She proved a vertuous, good Wife. The Marriage was in St. BENEDICT's Church, near Pauls Wharf, by Mr. ADAMS, Parson there.

She died on the 5th December, 1641, during Ashmole's absence, and was buried at Astbury Church, Cheshire.

His second wife had been before married several times,—to Sir Edward Stafford, Mr. Hamlyne, Blanch Lion, and Sir Thomas Mainwaring, Knt., Recorder of Reading. Her marriage, although Ashmole appears to have been in no way to blame, proved an unhappy one; she lodged a suit against him, which failed (in 1657), and died April 1st, 1668.

It is thus recorded in the diary:—

1648, November 6th.—Having several times before made Application to the Lady MAINWARING, in Way of Marriage, this Day Eleven *Hor.* Seven Minutes, *ante Merid.*, She promised me not to Marry any Man unless myself.

November 10th.—Two *Hor.* Fifteen Minutes, *post Merid.* She Sealed a Contract of Marriage to me.

November 15th.—I was Sequestered of my Lands in BERKSHIRE.

1649, December 5th.—The Lady MAINWARING was Sequestered by the Committee of READING upon her Son HUMFREY SAFFORD's Information.

1649, November 16th.—Eight *Hor. ante Merid.*—I Married the Lady MAINWARING. We were Married in Silver-Street, LONDON.

1668, April 1st.—2 *Hor. ante merid.*—The Lady MAINWARING, my Wife, died.

He thus records his third marriage:—

1668, November 3rd.—I Married Mrs. ELIZABETH DUGDALE, Daughter to WILLIAM DUGDALE Esq., NORROY King of Arms, at LINCOLN'S-INN Chappel. Dr. WILLIAM FLOYD, married us, and her Father gave her. The Wedding was finished at 10 *Hor. post merid.*

She survived him, and died at Lambeth in April, 1701.

Ashmole died 18th May, 1692, and was buried in the church at Lambeth, where a black marble slab at the east end of the south aisle is placed to his memory. It bears the following inscription:—

*Hic jacet Inclytus Ille & Eruditissimus*  
 ELIAS ASHMOLE *Leichfeldensis, Armiger,*  
*inter alia in Republica Muneva,*  
*Tributi in Cervitias Contra Rotulator,*  
*Facialis autem Windsoriensis titulo*  
*per annos plurimos dignatus.*  
*Qui post duo connubia in Uxorem duxit tertiam*  
 Elizabetham, GULIELMI DUGDALE  
*Militis, Garteri, Principalis Regis Armorum, filiam;*  
*Mortem obiit 18 Marti, 1692. anno ætatis 76.*  
*Sed durante Museo ASHMOLEANO, Oxon,*  
*nanquam moriturus.*

Near it is an achievement set up for him, bearing Quarterly, *Sable and Or*, in the first quarter a fleur-de-lis of the second for Ashmole; impaling Dugdale, *argent*, a cross moline *gules*, and a torteau, with this motto, "Ex una omnia."

Ashmole bought many libraries, and inherited by will from John Tradescant, all the collections of rarities made by members of his family. Many entries occur in the diary with reference to these curiosities. One says, in 1664, May 18—"My Cause came to hearing in CHANCERY against Mrs. TREDESCANT." This, he tells us, May 30, 1662, was "for the Rarities her Husband had settled on me." On November 26th, 1674, he obtained some of the "Rarities;" and on December 1st, he records: "I began to remove the rest of the Rarities to my house at SOUTH-LAMBETH." A fire in his house destroyed some of his books, &c., and his fine collection of engraved portraits, but many of his curiosities are preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, which he founded and endowed.

Ashmole was the author of a number of works,\* "The History, &c., of the Garter," 1672, being the most famous of them. It is said that he made collections for, and intended to write a history of Freemasonry, but this never appeared. However, we have in the "Diary and Correspondence of Dr. John Worthington"† the following at p. 157:—"I hear that Mr. Ashmole hath published the orders of the Rosy Crucians and Adepti; can you tell me what esteem it bears?"

The book here intended may be his "Fasciculus Chemicus," 1654, or "Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum" 1652. The latter, Lowndes says, "gained him great reputation and was the means of extending his acquaintance in the literary world."

As the subject is an interesting one, perhaps I may be forgiven for adding the following note by my friend Mr. James Crossley, F.S.A., the editor of the Chetham Volume, "Worthington's Diary," &c. :—

The work perhaps intended, though it scarcely answers to the description, is "The Way to Bliss, in three books, made public by Elias Ashmole, Esq. Qui est Mercuriophilus Anglicus." Lond. 1658. 4to. The object of this treatise, the author of which, Ashmole informs us, was without doubt an Englishman, "but has hitherto passed with us among the anonymi," and which "seems to be written about the beginning of the late, or end of the former century," was to prove the possibility of such a thing as the philosopher's stone. The "laborious searcher" who found the manuscript of this treatise, was most fortunately directed to three grains of powder, closed up between two leaves thereof, with which he made projection! The judgement of the writer of Ashmole's life, in the "Biographia Britannica," (who was Dr. Campbell, the author of "Hermippus Redivivus,") on the book

\* A list may be found in Watt, Lowndes, Anthony, or Wood, &c., &c.

† "Chetham Society," Vol. xiii. Entries relating to Ashmole also occur in the reprint of "Newcome's Diary," published by the "Chetham Society," Vol. xviii., and "Autobiography of Henry Newcome," Vols. xxvi. xxvii., principally relating to his repeated visits to Cheshire and Staffordshire. It must be remembered that Newcome married July 6th, 1648, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Peter Mainwaring, of Smallwood, and sister to Ashmole's first wife. It was to Colonel Mainwaring that Newcome was indebted for the living of Gawsorth, in the county of Chester. ("Autobiography," p. 16, 18, 61, &c.)

itself, is almost as astonishing as this circumstance. He says "it deserved the pains that both Dr. Everard and Mr. Ashmole bestowed upon it, for beyond all doubt, in the genuine edition of our author, it is the best and most sensible book in our language." I rather agree with Dr. Dibdin, who pronounced it "a work invincibly dull," and "a farrago of sublime nonsense." "Bibliomania," p. 387. Probably neither of us have the true Hermetic vein, which only "Panci quos æquus amavit Jupiter" are blessed with. Dr. Campbell might be one of those more favoured readers of whom Ashmole speaks, ("Fasciculus Chemicus," Lond., 1650, 12mo., prolegomena.) "It is a cause of much wonder, when he that reads, though smatteringly acquainted with nature, should not meet with clear satisfaction; but here is the reason: *Many are called but few are chosen.*" 'Tis a haven towards which many skilful pilots have bent their course, yet few have reached it. For, as amongst the people of the Jews, there was but one who might enter into the holy of holies, (and that but once a year), so there is seldom more in a nation whom God lets into the sanctum sanctorum of philosophy, yet some there are. But though the number of the elect are not many, and generally the fathom of most men's fancies that attempt the search of this most subtle mystery is too narrow to comprehend it, their strongest reason too weak to pierce the depth, it lies obscured in, being indeed so unsearchable and ambiguous, it rather exacts the sacred and courteous illuminations of a cherub than the weak assistance of a pen to reveal it, yet let no man despair." The address to the "Way to Bliss," which is dated April, 1658, was a kind of farewell to Hermetic Philosophy on the part of Ashmole. He had fortunately by this time discovered that readier way of acquiring the elixir, which old Anthony Wood, with his usual dry humour, and, though Ashmole was a man after his own heart, Anthony could not forbear the joke, has indicated. "But," observes he, ("Athen." Oxon II., 891) after enumerating his Hermetic collections, "the best elixir that he enjoyed, which was the foundation of his riches, wherewith he purchased books, rarities, and other things, were the lands and jointures which he had with his second wife Mary, and widow of Sir Thomas Mainwaring, of the Inner Temple, Knt., sometime steward of Reading." From the references in his diary to his disputes and litigations with this second wife, it may be surmised that Ashmole occasionally found to his sorrow that the possession of the elixir is not always the "way to bliss." Of Ashmole, who was connected by his two first marriages with the Cheshire family of Manwaring or Mainwaring, and who in too interesting a subject to be compressed within the few lines at present allowed, a fitter opportunity will occur to speak in the preface to Dr. Dee's "Autobiographical Correspondence." (This refers to a future volume of the Chetham Society.)

The above is a short sketch of some of the principal events in the life of this extraordinary man, who has been called "the greatest virtuoso and curioso that ever was known or read of in England." The time of Ashmole's introduction to Lilly marks the period of his life most interesting to Freemasons—the year 1646, as it was during the same visit to Cheshire that he was made a Freemason at Warrington. After Worcester was surrendered by the King's troops, Ashmole, as mentioned above, rode out of the town and went to stay with his father-in-law, Mr. Peter Mainwaring, in Cheshire. The following entry occurs immediately after that recording his initiation at Warrington. The next entry is Dec. 3rd.

1646, Oct. 25.—I left CHESHIRE and came to LONDON about the End of this Month, viz. the 30 Day, 4 Hor., *Post Merid.* About a Fortnight or three Weeks before I came to LONDON, Mr. JONAS MOORE brought and acquainted me with Mr. WILLIAM LILLY; it was on a FRIDAY Night, and I think on the 20TH of Nov.

This was the beginning of a friendship which so much influenced the thoughts and actions of Ashmole, and some notices of which occur in this diary.

1670, Octob. 8th.—I moved my Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY for a License for Mr. LILLY to practise Physick, which he granted.

1672, July 20.—I and my Wife went to Mr. LILLY's, where we stayed till SEPTEMBER the 2nd.\*

Besides the libraries, &c., of Milbourn, Hawkins, John Booker, and Dr. Dee, Ashmole bought that of William Lilly, who died 1681, as he records in his diary:—

1681, June 12.—I bought Mr. LILLY's Library of Books of his Widow for £50.

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\* There are several other entries relating to visits paid to LILLY, &c. "1651, Oct. 20th.—Mr. LILLY gave me several old Astrological Manuscripts.

A recent writer\* on the subject of Freemasonry, credits Ashmole with having written "an elaborate history of the Knight Templars." This is an error, the full title of his book published in 1672, is "The Institution, Laws, and Ceremonies of the most noble Order of the Garter." The same writer adds: "It is not impossible that Elias Ashmole may have sought a knowledge of the mysteries of Freemasonry, presuming, perhaps, upon the service it might afford him in preparing his history of chivalry."

It would appear that after the taking of Worcester in 1646, Ashmole devoted himself to his profession and various other branches of science until the Restoration, when he again took office under King Charles II. Mixed up with the *literati* of the time, and having, it is evident, a great love for mysticism of all kinds, such a fellowship as that of the Freemasons would have a peculiar fascination for him, and to this more probably his initiation was due.

The following entries from his Diary show how, on his return to London, he connected himself with the Hermetic art.

1647, Feb. 14.—The Mathematical Feast was at the WHITE HART in the OLD BAILY, where I dined.

1649, Aug. 1.—The Astrologers Feast at PAINTERS-HALL, where I Dined.

1649, Octob. 31st.—The Astrologers Feast.

1650, Aug. 8.—I being at the Astrologers Feast, two *Hor. Post Merid.*, I was Chosen Steward for the following Year.

1654, Aug. 22.—Astrologers Feast.

1656, Aug. 29.—This Day the Astrologers Feast was held.

1659, July 2.—Was the Antiquaries Feast.

1659, Nov. 2.—Was the Astrologers Feast.

1682, July 13.—The Astrologers Feast was restored by Mr. MOXON.

1683, Jan. 29.—The Astrologers Feast was held at the Three CRANES, in CHANCERY-LANE. Sir EDWARD DEERING and the TOWN-CLERK of LONDON were Stewards.

Ashmole informs us that he was made a Freemason "with Coll. Henry Mainwaring, of Karincham." This is usually taken as meaning that they were both "made" Freemasons at the same time. Robison† speaks of Colonel Mainwaring as being the father-in-law of Ashmole, but this is an error, as he himself states that his father-in-law was Peter Mainwaring, of Smallwood.

The family of the Mainwarings of Kermincham was a younger branch of the old Cheshire family of the Mainwarings of Peover. Randle Mainwaring, the first of Kermincham, established himself there about the year 1445, his father (of the same name) having purchased the manor in that year. His great-grandson, Randle Mainwaring, of Kermincham, Esq., added to his estates by the purchase of lands in Swanley and Barnshaw, and his son, Henry Mainwaring, Esq., was High Sheriff of Cheshire in 1575. The latter was buried at Swettenham on the 16th March, 1617-18, leaving his estates to his grandson, Henry Mainwaring, of Kermincham, Esq., who died in the year 1638. By his first wife, Mary, daughter of Anthony Kinnersley, of Loxley, co. Stafford, Esq., whom he married about 1607, the latter was the father of Henry Mainwaring, his eldest son and heir, afterwards known as Colonel Mainwaring. Born about the year 1608, in 1626 he was married at Gawsworth to Frances, fourth daughter of Sir Edward Fitton, of Gawsworth, county of Chester, Bart., and one of the co-heiresses of her brother, Sir Edward Fitton, Bart. The Licence for this marriage, as filed at the Bishop's Court, Chester, is dated 12th June, 1626, and the settlement after marriage is dated 20th March, 1626-7. For some years he appears to have resided at Barnshaw, as he is called of that place in 1633, but on the death of his father in 1638 he succeeded to Kermincham. At the outbreak of the Civil War he attached himself to the Parliamentary party, and is not unfrequently mentioned in the records of the fighting which took place in Cheshire and the neighbouring counties; his father-in-law, on the

\* Fort's "Antiquities of Freemasonry," 1878, pp. 136-7.

† Proofs of a Conspiracy, &c., 1797, p. 21.

other hand, being one of the most devoted adherents to the Royal cause. He was the father of three sons—Roger, Edward, and Peter—and four daughters. His eldest son and heir-apparent died before his father in 1660; but by his wife Sarah, daughter of Randle Ashenhurst, of Ashenhurst, county Stafford and Beard, county Derby, Esq., left issue a son Roger who, ultimately, as will be mentioned, succeeded his grandfather. Of the other two sons—the one Edward became a clergyman in Cheshire, married and left issue, and the other, Peter, died in 1664, unmarried.\* It is recorded in Newcome's† *Autobiography*: "On September 10th, 1649, I went with Colonel Mainwaring's two sons, Peter and Edward, to Cambridge, and admitted them under Mr. Pickering, Fellow of St. John's College, fellow commoners."

On turning to the "History of East Cheshire,"‡ I find the following:—"In February, 1643-4, he [Lieut.-Colonel Robert Duckenfield] attacked and took Wythenshawe Hall, and on May 25th, 1644, he, together with Colonel Henry Mainwaring, commanded the forces sent to guard Stockport, and to prevent Prince Rupert's march into Lancashire."

And again,§ "Macclesfield does not seem to have played any important part during the Civil War. It is said to have been attacked in 1643 by Sir William Brereton on behalf of the Parliament, and taken from Sir Thomas Aston, the Royalist, who defended it on behalf of the King, and that subsequently the Royalist Colonel Legh, of Adlington, endeavoured to retake it from Colonel Henry Mainwaring, but unsuccessfully."

Another account adds a little more to our knowledge:—||

[1644, May 24].—Upon Friday they [Prince Rupert and his army] advanced towards Lancashire and lodged at Knutsford. Upon Saturday [25th] they advanced towards Stockport, where Col. Mainwaring and Col. Duckenfield were with their companies, but they left the town and fled into Lancashire.

[May] 26th, [1643-4].¶—Captain Ogle and Captain Rawstorne were allotted for the ac'con, but they like good p'vident fellows, thrifty of their owne lives, p'vented the Capt. this hono'r [Captain Mosley to make a sally out next morning with two hundred men], who heareing of the Prince's [Rupert] victorious entrance into the Countrey (by the defeate of Col. Duckenfield, Mainwaring, Buckley, and others who kept the passe at Stockport, the second key of the county) stole away betwixt 12 and 1 o'clock in the night."

Warrington was surrendered May 27, 1643,\*\* for "when, after a fortnight's attendance, there happened that unfortunate surprise of the Lord Goreing in Wakefield, which utterly disenabled her majesty to spare him any relief; which the Governor of Warrington (Colonel Norris) understanding, after five days siege, gave up the town, the greatest key of the county, to the enemy, and all his lordship's forces, then with the Lord Molineux and Colonel Tildsley, marched down to York."

"1644, Jan. 25.—In the north-west, the regiments recalled from Ireland, had been beaten and almost entirely cut to pieces by Fairfax, under the walls of Nantwich in Cheshire."††

I cannot say if Col. Mainwaring was present at this defeat, but certainly he was not amongst those killed.

\* The above account of the Mainwaring family has been kindly supplied to me by my friend Mr. J. P. Earwaker, M.A., F.S.A., from his MS. Cheshire Collections.

† "Chetham Soc.," Vols. xxvi. and xxvii.

‡ By J. P. Earwaker, M.A., F.S.A., Vol. ii. p. 13.

§ *Ibid*, p. 471.

|| "Civil War Tracts of Lancashire: Chetham Society," Vol. ii., p. 187. "The First Siege of Lathom House," Harl. M.S., 2074.

¶ *Ibid*, p. 182 and "Siege of Lathom House, App. to Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson." Bohn, p. 489. In the same account a Lieutenant Pencket is mentioned as having been one of the garrison of Lathom. Captain Rawstorne was also there.

\*\* "Siege of Lathom," Bohn, p. 492-3.

†† Guizot, "Hist. Eng. Revolution." Trans. by W. Hazlitt, p. 229.

The Battle of Marston Moor was fought on July 2, 1644, and on 15th May, 1645, Chester was relieved by the King; on the 14th of June following the King was defeated by Fairfax, at the Battle of Naseby. Chester surrendered to the Parliament, 3 Feb., 1646.

Of Col. Mainwaring there is little more to relate. In 1662 he came to Manchester, for Newcome records in his diary, 1662, "Munday, August 4th, Col. Manw: came in & was w<sup>th</sup> me a little while." His family, as owners of Barnshaw, had certain small yearly payments reserved to them, which passed in the middle of the last century to the Mainwarings, of Peover, when they purchased that Lordship.

Fee farm-rents were paid in 1656, 1660, 1662, 1676,\* &c., to Colonel Henry Mainwaring, of Kermincham, and in 1685 to Roger Mainwaring, Esq., whom we see, from the will, was his grandson.

It is clear, from the will of Colonel Mainwaring, printed in abstract in the Appendix, that for some reason, in the year 1672, perhaps finding himself becoming advanced in years, he had given up Kermincham, and made it over to his grandson and heir apparent, Roger Mainwaring. He then retired to live on one of his smaller estates at Blackden, near Goostrey, co. Chester.

In "Newcome's Autobiography"† under the year 1684, it is recorded:— I heard of the death of old Col. Manwareing: and of gratitude to him for kindnesses in the former part of my life. I resolved to go to his funeral, and so did on December 2nd." Thus he died, at a ripe old age, having lived through troublous times, and had he survived but a few months would have lived to see King Charles II. pass away. Whatever the opinion of the side he took in the politics of his time, it is some satisfaction to us to know that one who played so important a part in the history of his native county, and of England, was also one of the "Fellowship of Free-Masons."

We are not informed by Ashmole who occupied the place of Master on the 16th of October, 1646, at the Lodge in Warrington, but *Mr. Richard Penket* was *Warden*.

My friend Mr. Beamont, of Warrington, was kind enough to place at my disposal his papers on the Penkeths of Penketh,‡ of which family there is no doubt the Warden of the Lodge at Warrington was a member. I was not a little pleased to find that Mr. Beamont had made the same identification with regard to Richard Penketh as myself.

From the Heralds' visitation of Lancashire, made by St. George in 1613, it appears that Richard Penketh§ of Penketh, who died *circa* 1570, married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Sonkey, of Sonkey [gent.], and had a son, Thomas Penketh, of Penketh, county Lancaster, who married Cecilye, daughter of Roger Charnock, of Wellenborough, county Northampton, Esq., whose son Richard (dead in 1652), married Jane, daughter of Thomas Patrick, of Bispham, in the county of Lancaster. This no doubt was the Richard Penketh who was a Freemason at Warrington in 1646.

Mr. Beamont is of opinion that he was twice married. This is probably the case, for in the parish register at Warrington there is the following entry:— "1591, June 11th.—Richard Penkethe, Gent., and Mary Etoughe." By his [second] wife, Jane,|| he left an eldest son and heir, Thomas Penketh, then living, aged three years, and three daughters. In an interesting account of the Early History of the Roman Catholic Mission in Leigh, Lancashire,¶ it is stated that the earliest Missionary Priest of Leigh was Father John Penketh, *alias*

\* "East Cheshire," Vol. ii., p. 361. Chelford Deeds.

† "Chetham Society," Vol. xxvi. and xxvii., p. 257.

‡ The Penkeths bore for their arms, argent three poppinjays [or kingfishers] ppr. Sometimes a chevron is added between the birds.

§ "Chetham Society," p. 132; also Visit, 1567.

|| Visitation, 1613.

¶ "Leigh Chronicle Scrap Book," Vol. ii., Nos. 162, 163.

John Rivers, who was serving there in 1678 and again in 1693, and was for six years confined in Lancaster gaol for high treason, under the act of 27th Elizabeth. He appears also to have been at one time a soldier in the French army.

"On entering the English College at Rome, in 1652, he gave the following account of himself\* :—"My name is John Penketh, *alias* Rivers. I am son of Richard Penketh of Penketh, in the County of Lancaster, Esquire, who married the daughter of Thomas Patrick, of Bisham, in the same county, gentleman. I was born and bred up in my father's house, and am now twenty-one years of age. My father, before his death, had spent nearly all his fortune, and left very little to my mother. My relatives are of good families, but reduced to poverty in these evil times. I am the youngest of thirteen children, and have only two brothers and one sister out of the thirteen living. My relatives are entirely Protestant, but my father, with all his family, one brother excepted, was always Catholic," &c.

Father Penketh died on the 1st August, 1707, aged 71.

"In 1641, the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Pym,† having resolved on a protestation to defend the privileges of both Houses, and the performance of those duties to God and the King to which they were obliged as good Christians and good subjects, Herle‡ ("Clarendon's History of the Rebell." iii. 181) and his curates, Nicholson, Gee, and Norman, his three *men servants*, and a number of his parishioners signed the required protestation." Amongst a long list of names is entered that of a Richard Penketh.§ Mr. Beamont writes :|| "When the list of seats in Warrington Church was made in 1628, Richard Penketh's name does not appear among the Parishoners; but in January, 1642, when the protestation was signed to maintain the Protestant Religion, &c., &c., Richard Penketh was one of those who subscribed to it and we hear of him again in the entry in Ashmole's Diary, &c." It is difficult to reconcile this with the statement of Father Penketh, that his father "was always a Catholic," and I am inclined to believe that this was not the Richard Penketh, of Penketh, Freemason.

Father Penketh states that his father had spent nearly all his fortune before his death, and Mr. Beamont writes¶ :—"Penketh Hall, the ancient seat of the Penkeths, seems to have changed owners much about the same time that Bewsey, the time-honoured residence of the Butler's [Bewsey Hall, near Warrington], passed into the hands of strangers; for, in the year 1624, we find Sir Thomas Ireland exchanging with Thomas Ashton the hall and demesnes of Penketh, late the inheritance of Richard Penketh," &c.

From this it would appear that Mr. Richard Penketh, Freemason, was the last of his race who held the family property, and that with him also commenced the downfall of the family.

One more member of his lineage, although not bearing on the subject, deserves a note. This was the celebrated Thomas Penketh, who was a monk of the Hermit Friars of St. Augustine, at Warrington, evidently descended from the family of his name.\*\* The name remained in or near Warrington, and in the Appendix I print an abstract of the will of a RICHARD PENKETH dated 1705. No will or administration of Richard Penketh, the Freemason, dead before 1652, is on record now at Chester or London.

The next on Ashmole's list of the gentry present was Mr. James Collier. I regret that I have but little to record in this instance, but perhaps it may be

\* *Ibid*, from "Foley's Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus."

† "History of Winwick," by William Beamont, p. 42.

‡ Rev. Charles Herle, then rector of Winwick.

§ "History of Winwick," by William Beamont, p. 43.

|| Papers from the family of Penketh, in the *Warrington Guardian*, 1881 (?).

¶ "Warrington, in 1465." Chetham Society, p. x., note.

\*\* *Ibid*, p. xxxiz.

assumed that he was the James Collyer, of Newton-le-Willows, co. Lancaster, who married Ellen, the eighth daughter of William Bretherton, of Hey, the then (he died about 1640) representative of that well known ancient Lancashire family, by Margaret, daughter of Richard Urmston, of Lostock, co. Lanc.\* The register book of the old church of Winwick, situated only a mile and a half from Newton-le-Willows, thus records some members of the family, in all probability the Freemason and his wife :—

1673-4, Jan. 17.—Mr. James Colliar buried.

1678-9, Jan. 4.—Mrs. Ellen Collier, aff. [idavit that she was not buried in Linen, according to the Act of Parliament.]

Of course it is impossible to state positively that these entries, or the will given in the Appendix, refer to the Mr. James Collier, Freemason, mentioned by Ashmole; but there seems to be every probability that such is the case. Mr. James Collier, or Captain James Collier, as he is called in the endorsement of his will, must be the same as the one entered in the pedigree. He holds lands in Newton-le-Willows; his wife is named Ellen, and "her brother, Bretherton," is mentioned. Although the will is endorsed as being made 16th April, 1668, it was not proved until 21st March, 1673-4, which agrees with the entry of his death from the parish registers of Winwick.

The family of Sonkey, or Sankey of Sankey, as they were called, were landowners in Warrington at a very early period, as appears from a charter *circa* 1275.† They held Little Sankey and Great Sankey, the former in the Parish of Warrington, and the latter in that of Prescot. The property in Little Sankey was held under the Butlers, the Lords of Warrington, and evidence is extant that from time to time homage was done by them for these lands.

In the Warrington parish registers are the following entries amongst the baptisms :—‡

1591, Feb. 22.—Joane, dau. to Edward Sankey, Gent.  
 1595, Aug. 12.—Allis, dau. to Edw<sup>d</sup> Sankey.  
 1621-2, Feb. 3.—Edward, son to Richard Sankey, Gent.  
 1628, Aug. 10.—Margaret, dau. to Richard Sankey, Gent.  
 1631, Sep. 4.—Eleanor, dau. to Richard Sankey, Gent.  
 1636, April 19th.—Alice, dau. to Richard Sonkey, Gent.  
 1639, May 27.—Sen John [St. John], son to Richard Sankey, Gent.

And also

1635, June 11.—Ellen, dau. to Richard Sankey, Gent., Buried.

At a later period of the same registers there appears :—

1634, Mar. 25.—Cha<sup>s</sup>, son to Richard Sankey, baptized.  
 1635, Ap. 30.—Cha<sup>s</sup>. son to Richard Sankey, buried.

And finally :—

1667, Sep. 28.—Buried, Mr. Richard Sankie.

As the Warrington Parish Registers only commence in 1591, there is no record there of the marriage of Richard Sankey,

The hamlet of Sankey, like that of Penketh, lies close to Warrington, and coupled with the fact that at no very distant date a Penketh married a Sankey of Sankey, as mentioned above, it is not extraordinary to find two such near neighbours and blood relations associated together as Freemasons.

The names to which the distinguishing title "Mr." is apparently not intended to be prefixed, are Henry Littler, John Ellam, Richard Ellam, and Hugh Brewer.

\* "Dugdale's Visitation of Lancashire," 1664-5. Chetham Society.

† "Warrington in 1465," by William Beamont, p. 46n. Chetham Society.

‡ "Local Gleanings Magazine," 1879-80, p. 136, &c.

There was certainly a gentle family of Littler or Lytlor settled in Cheshire at this time.

In the *Inq. p. Mortem* of Sir Richard Bulkeley, Knt., of Cheadle, in Cheshire, taken at Northwich, 8 April, 6th of Edward VI. [1552] the name of Robert Lytlor, of Wallerscott, appears as a juror.\*

*Inq. p. m.*† of John Davenport, Esq., who married Anne, daughter of Randle Mainwaring, of Karincham, taken at Northwich Sept. 11th, 1532. Richard Lytlor, gent., is one of the jurors. The same appears again as a juror, in the *Inq. p. m.*‡ of Sir John Savage, Knt., taken at Chester 1 Oct., 41 Eliz. [1599].

In the *Inq. p. m.*§ of Thomas Leigh, Esq., of Adlington, taken at Chester, 7 Oct., 44 Eliz. [1602] the name of Ralph Litlor, of Wallerscote, gent.

And again in the *Inq. p. m.*|| of Thomas Wyche, gent., taken at Middlewich, 16 Sept., 17 James [1619] the marriage of his son Richard Wyche, gent., with Anne, daughter of Robert Litler, of Tarven, is mentioned.

The Rev. Robert Littler, M.A., the son of the Rev. Robert Littler, incumbent of Goostrey, near Sandbach, was in 1826 incumbent of both Marple and Chadkirk, which he resigned for Poynton in 1832 and 1837.

A good yeoman family bearing the name of Ellam has long been resident in the Parish of Winwick and the neighbourhood.

In the list of persons above eighteen years of age, within Winwick and Houlime (an adjoining hamlet on the high road between Warrington and Winwick), who took the Protestation oath before the Rector of Winwick, we find:—William Ellam, sen.; John Ellam, and William Ellam, jun. The will of Alice Ellam, of Croft, in the Parish of Winwick, widow, dated 1636, is in the Probate Court at Chester, and there is also the will of Thomas Ellam, of Croft, in the Parish of Winwick, dated 1612.¶ The John and Richard Ellam mentioned by Ashmole were doubtless members of this family, a probable branch of which had apparently settled at Lymm, a village in Cheshire, about five miles from Warrington, and in the appendix I give the Will of Richard Ellam, Freemason, and that of John Ellam, husbandman, but cannot assert that the latter refers to the person mentioned by Ashmole. At the same time this John Ellam may have been a Freemason; he appears to have been more wealthy than Richard, leaving, as he did, goods to the value of over £165, and a tenement.

Of the family of Hugh Brewer, I regret to say, no trace has come to hand.

One word as to the present oldest Lodge at Warrington. From information kindly sent to me by my friend Bro. William Sharp, P.P.G.J.W. It appears that the original Charter of Constitution was granted by "John Smith, of Hammersmith, in the Parish of Fulham, and County of Middlesex, Gentleman, Provincial Grand Master, &c., for the County of Lancaster," 8th November, 1765. This was confirmed by the Earl of Zetland, Grand Master (the Earl de Grey and Ripon, D.G.M.), on the 6th February, 1863; as the "Lodge of Lights." From this warrant it appears that at the time of the original constitution the Lodge was No. 352. At the alteration in 1770 it became No. 289, and at the alteration in 1781 it became No. 232. At the alteration in 1792 it became No. 198, and at the Union, on December 27, 1813, it became No. 246. At the alteration of numbers in 1832, it became No. 173. The Warrington Lodge, at the closing up of the numbers in 1863 became, and is now, No. 148. Its warrant for a centenary jewel is dated 9th March, 1865, and that of the Charter of Constitution to hold a Holy Royal Arch Chapter, by the title of "The Chapter of Elias Ashmole," bears date 2nd May, 1866.

I have nothing more to add. My endeavour has been to select from my note books only such facts as bear directly on the subject, and to make clear to

\* "Earwaker's East Cheshire," Vol. i., p. 175.

† *Ibid.* Vol. ii., p. 382 n.

‡ *Ibid.*, Vol. i., p. 190.

§ *Ibid.*, Vol. ii., p. 241 n.

|| *Ibid.*, pp. 621, 623.

¶ Record Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, "Index to the Wills



the best of my power the position and identity of the various persons whose names have been handed down to us. No doubt if a life of Colonel Mainwaring were required, other information could be collected, and also isolated references to the other Freemasons. This paper has run to far greater length than was anticipated, but I must plead as my excuse the interest of the subject, and the fact that this is the first effort that has been made to throw light on a record so valuable in the history of Freemasonry in the seventeenth century.

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APPENDIX.

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I give here abstracts of the wills which have, up to the present time, come to hand. It is much to be regretted that the will of Richard, and more particularly that of Edward Sankey, have not been found; but every source of information is not yet exhausted. The same difficulty appears with the wills of Henry Littler and Hugh Brewer, but it is hardly surprising, as the period during which the men lived—1660 to 1690—is the most unsatisfactory to work upon, so many records having perished. It may be well to add that the following are from careful transcripts taken for me from the originals at Chester, and they are now printed, I believe, for the first time.

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IN THE NAME OF GOD, Amen. 15 Dec. 1680. I, HENRY MAINWARING, of BLACKDEN, co. CHESTER, ESQUIRE, being aged and weak in body, My body to be buried at the discretion of my Executors.

Whereas by a deed of settlement dated 30 April 24 Charles II [1672], made between me the said HENRY MAINWARING, by the name of HENRY MAINWARING of KERMINCHAM, co CHESTER, ESQUIRE, and my GRANDSON ROGER MAINWARING my Executor hereafter named, by the name of ROGER MAINWARING GRANDSON AND HEIR APPARENT OF THE SAID HENRY MAINWARING, upon the one part, and Sir Fulk Lucy, late of Henbury, co. Chester, Knt, deceased, Thomas Kinnersley of Loxley, co. Stafford, Esquire, Richard Bradshaw of Pinnington, co. Lanc. Esquire, and S<sup>r</sup> James Bradshaw, now knight, by the name of James Bradshaw of the City of Chester, Esquire, upon the other part, this particular clause, amongst divers others, is specified that from and after the decease of the said HENRY MAINWARING AND Frances his wife, the sum of £1000 part of £1500 should be paid for the use and benefit of THE SISTERS of the said ROGER MAINWARING, and that the £500 residue should remain in the hands of trustees for securing the jointure of MARY [WIFE OF THE SAID ROGER MAINWARING] from all manner of incumbrances made by THE SAID HENRY MAINWARING, but if the said jointure be clear at the death of the said Henry Mainwaring then the said £500 to be disposed of as the said Henry Mainwaring shall by his will appoint. Now I do bequeath the said £500 to MY SAID GRANDSON ROGER MAINWARING towards the clearing and securing the premises limited in the jointure of his said wife, from the incumbrances in the said deed of settlement mentioned, and for the payment of any debts which I owe to MY SAID GRANDSON ROGER MAINWARING, and I make MY SAID GRANDSON ROGER MAINWARING OF KERMINCHAM, co CHESTER, ESQUIRE, my sole Executor.

(Signed) HENRY MAINWARING [very shaky].

Armorial seal nearly illegible.

Sealed, signed &c. in the presence of: Edm. Jodrell.

Samuell Leadbeater

John Dudley (?)

Thomas Whittingham,

Proved 28 Jan. 1684[-5].

Endorsed, COL. MAINWARINGS WILL.

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IN THE NAME of God, Amen, I RICHARD PENKETH OF GREAT SANKEY, co. LANC. YEOMAN, being weak and "creazy" in body, but of a sound mind, I will that all my just debts and funeral expenses be paid, And whereas I stand siesed of that messuage and tenement in Great Sankey aforesaid, for remainder of a term of 99 years, if the lives in the original Indenture of Lease so long live NOW I do hereby devise unto ELLEN MY WIFE the annual sum of £5 for her life (if the term so long continue) to be paid out of the said

premises, provided she does not marry, but if she marry I hereby devise unto her only the annual sum of 5s. Item I do further give unto my said LOVING WIFE, certain furniture, pewter, linen, my silver watch &c. Item, I give to my son JAMES PENKETH, one bed &c. Item to MY DAUGHTER ANN now THE WIFE OF HENRY SEDDON of DALLOM, YEOMAN, £15. and to JOHN SEDDON their son £15. to be paid out of the profits of my said message &c within 3 years after my decease, To all the children of my son RICHARD PENKETH living after my decease 5s apiece, and to the children of my son NICHOLAS PENKETH. 2s. 6d. apiece, and to the child of my BROTHER-IN-LAW WILLIAM LOMAS 2s. 6d. To my son RICHARD PENKETH and the said WILLIAM LOMAS, my Executors hereinafter mentioned 20s. apiece, and to my son NICHOLAS, the annual sum of 20s, to be paid out of my said message &c, And after payment of my debts &c I give the said message &c unto my son NICHOLAS PENKETH for the term yet unexpired. And I appoint my SAID SON RICHARD PENKETH and my BROTHER IN LAW WILLIAM LOMAS my Executors, hereby revoking all former wills made by me. Dated 24. Nov. 1705.

(signed) RICHARD PENKETH.

Signed Sealed &c  
in the presence of  
Josh. Stockton, his mark,  
John Barrow.

Proved. 25. Oct. 1706.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN, This is my last will and testament, My body to th<sup>o</sup> earth to be decently buried there, To my WIFE ELLEN COLLIAR my house &c. and land in the township of Newton. All that is remaining at her death, to my BROTHER WILLIAM POWELL and his issue male, in default, then to the next kinsman I have of the Colliards, [He appoints his wife sole executrix.] "I charge you not to trust YOUR BROTHER BREXERTON nor any of his, for you and I have found them bad, God forgive them, so with my dear love to you I rest yours.

Signed JAMES COLLIAR [good signature].

[Small red seal: A cross croset fitchée, a martlet in dexter chief. Crest: A cross crosetlet fitchée between two wings.]

WITNESSES

Peter Leigh,  
John Wilson.

ENDORSED Captin. James Colliers

Last Will and Testament.

April the 18th, 1668.

Proved. 21. March 1673-[4].

[A very long Inventory "of the goods of Mr. JAMES COLLIAR late of Newton." The total is not given, and it contains no items of interest.]

The 7th day of September. Ano. Dom 1667.

IN THE NAME of God Amen, I RICHARD ELLOM of LYME [LYMME] co CHESTER FREEMASON. being sick and weak of body. My body to the earth to be buried in Christian Burial at my Parish Church of Lyme, or otherwise it shall please God to appoint the same. Whereas I have an estate of the message and tenement wherein I now dwell by force of one Indenture of Lease heretofore made by Richard and Maria Domvill late of Lyme aforesaid Esq. deceased, bearing date 16 Feb. 16. Charles II. [1664] for the term of 99 years, if the said RICHARD ELLOM and WILLIAM ELLOM his son or either of them, so long live. I assign all my said message &c immediately after my decease, unto my BROTHERS JOHN ELLOM and PETER ELLOM for the use, education &c of ALL MY CHILDREN until the youngest is 18 years of age. My will is that my ELDEST SON WILLIAM shall have all my said message &c for his life, paying unto MY SAID BROTHERS JOHN ELLOM and PETER ELLOM or their Executors £10 within 2 years after he shall enter the said message &c, and the said £10 to be employed to the use of the youngest child or children of the said Richard Ellom then living, All my goods, cattle, &c, I give unto MY SAID BROTHERS JOHN ELLOM and PETER ELLOM, for the bringing up of my said children And I ordain MY WELL BELOVED BROTHERS JOHN ELLOM and PETER ELLOM Executors, and desire my well beloved friend William Leigh of Rushgreen and MY LOVING BROTHER IN LAW RICHARD RATLIFE to assist my said Executors. Dated 7 Sep. 19. Charles II. 1667.

(Signed) RICHARD ELLOM [in a shaky hand].

Before the sealing of the within written deed THE SAID RICHARD ELLOM DID GIVE to HIS SON WILLIAM the dishboard in the house to stand as an heirloom, and then signed and sealed in the presence of

Margaret Moose her A  
William Leigh.

PROVED 17 Jan. 1669-[70]

The Inventory was taken on 10 Oct. 1667 by John Leigh and Peter Martin. Total 77li. 16s. 00d.

IN THE NAME of God. Amen. 7th June I. William [1689] I JOHN ELLAMS OF BURTON CO. Chester husbandman, being of perfect memory.

First. My body to be buried in Christian burial, at the discretion of my Executors hereafter mentioned. Item. I leave one half of my tenement in Burton, now in the possession of MY SON IN LAW SAMUELL LIGHTFOOT, with half the housing thereunto belonging, to MY WIFE ALSE [OR ALICE] ELLAMS after my decease, so longa s she liveth, if the lease so long last.

Item, All the rest of my household goods, husbandry ware, cattle &c I leave to MY DAUGHTER ELIZABETH INCE, and MY DAUGHTER ANN ELLAMS, and MY DAUGHTER ALSE ELLAMS after my decease, to be equally divided amongst them, paying my funeral expenses, debts &c, only I leave to MY DAUGHTER ANN ELLAMS, one colt that is 2 years old, and also one other colt that is 2 years old, I leave to MY DAUGHTER ALSE ELLAMS. Leaving MY WIFE ALSE ELLAMS, and MY DAUGHTER ANN ELLAMS my sole Executors, revoking all other wills by me made.

(Signed) JOHN ELLAMS, his mark [in a very shaky hand].

Witnesses.

John Cawley, Robert, Mouldsdale.

PROVED, 27. July. 1689.

A True and perfect Inventory of JOHN ELLAMS of Burton late decd. both of goods and cattle made the 6th day of July, 1689. by Thomas Bruen, Richard Ince, and Robert Mouldsdale. Total 165li. 02s. 08d.

## DRIFTING AWAY.

**D**RIFTING away from each other,  
 Silently drifting apart  
 Nothing between but the world's cold screen,  
 Nothing lost but a heart.

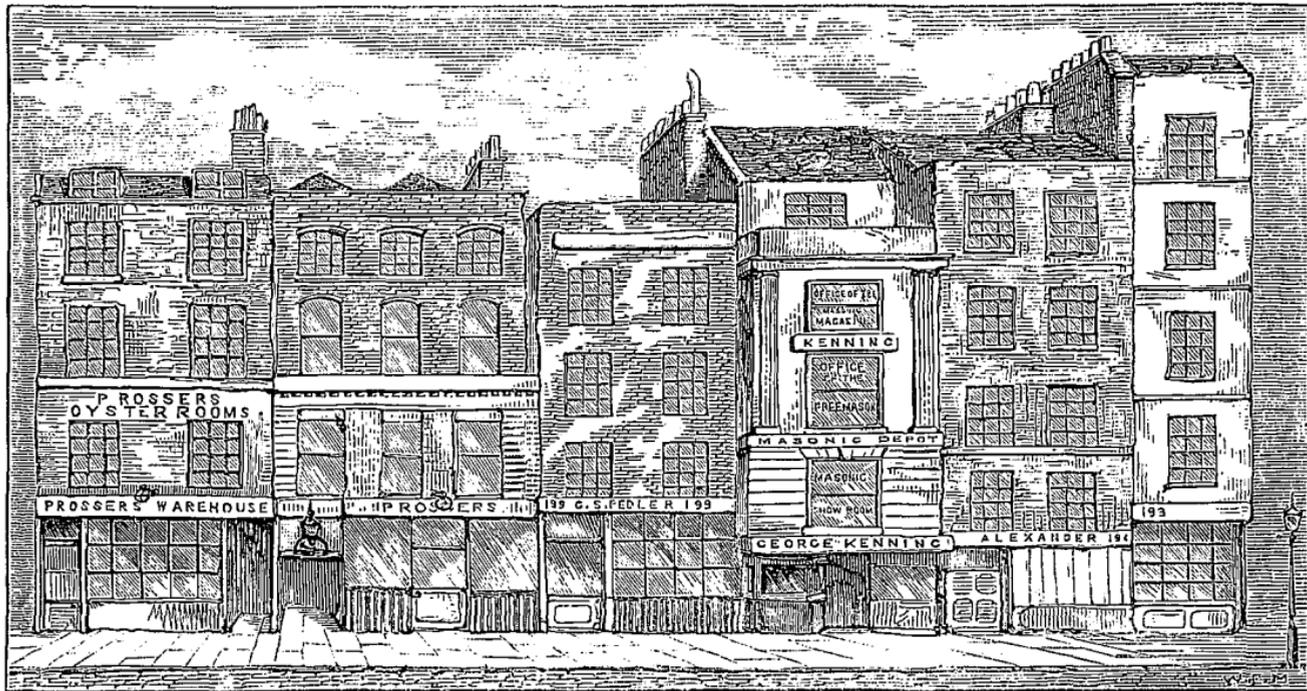
Only two lives divided,  
 More and more each day,  
 Only one soul from another soul  
 Steadily drifting away.

Only a woman's heart striving  
 Bitterly hard with its doom,  
 Only a hand small and tender  
 Slipping away in the gloom.

Nothing of doubt or of wronging;  
 Nothing that either can cure;  
 Nothing to shame, nothing to blame,  
 Nothing to do but endure.

The world cannot move less quietly,  
 Both time and man must change;  
 Nothing here that is worth a tear,  
 Love failing, noways strange.

Drifting away from each other,  
 Steadily drifting apart,  
 No wrong to each that the world cannot reach,  
 Nothing lost but a heart!



FLEET STREET, FROM BELL YARD TO CHANCERY LANE.

## A BIT OF OLD LONDON.

BY W. E. MILLIKEN.

We walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose by way of trying my disposition, "Is not this very fine?" Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of nature, and being more delighted with the busy hum of men, I answered, "Yes, sir; but not equal to Fleet Street." JOHNSON: "You are right, sir;"—BOSWELL [Saturday, July 30th, 1763].

THE ballad of "Robin Conscience" (1683), which deserves to be better known, gives a lively picture of one aspect of Fleet Street at that period. After the Great Fire, even, it consisted mainly of timber houses hanging, in all imaginable positions, over the narrow and badly paved roadway. The shops were little better than rude sheds, with pent-houses for the protection of their wares, which the dealers announced *ore rotundo* to the passers by, with an endless shouting of "What d'ye lack, gentles—what d'ye lack?" The appearance of the street may be gathered from a print of old St. Dunstan's church, which, originally published in the *Mirror* (vol. xiv., p. 145), has since been reproduced on a larger scale. Of that church no record can with exactness be given; it escaped destruction, however, in the Fire, which stopped at the "Temple Exchange" coffee-house. The church stood far into Fleet Street, and the shops which are shown in the engraving were, if not the earliest, at any rate, among the earliest fixed places for the sale of books in London. Originally in the pointed style of architecture, the structure became greatly disfigured by later repairs and additions after the Italian manner. Above the cutler's shop at its eastern end stood a statue, which is still preserved *in situ*, of Queen Elizabeth, removed thither in 1766, from the western side of Lud Gate, which had been taken down six years previously. The most peculiar feature of the exterior was the projecting dial, with its two life-size figures of savages. These, carved in wood, were set up in an alcove above the dial; each had a club in his right hand, and moving his head the while, would strike the quarters on two suspended bells. For this piece of ingenuity, one Thomas Harrys was paid with £35 and the old clock in the year 1671. The dial, figures, etc., are now at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, the residence of Mr. H. H. Gibbs, formerly of the Marquis of Hertford. In December, 1829, the materials of the former church were sold at auction, and on the 31st July, 1833, the present building was consecrated. It was designed by John Shaw, and stands, for the most part, upon the burial ground of its predecessor.

The district is singularly rich in memories—not always the happiest—and traditions of the past. To the house of one Russell, a tailor, in St. Bride's Churchyard, Milton brought his young royalist wife, Mary Powell. "She found it very solitary," Aubrey tells us; "no company came to her, and oftentimes she heard his nephews beaten and cry." In the church lies buried Richard Lovelace, who, at his presentation to King Charles I. at Oxford, Anthony Wood says, was "the most beautiful and amiable youth that eyes ever beheld," the betrothed of Lucy Sacheverell, the "divine Althea" of his exquisite stanzas beginning

When Love with unconfined wings—

and who died, destitute, in Gunpowder Alley, Shoe Lane; and the author of "Clarissa," whose sublime triumph over her sullied purity is the most beautiful creation of uninspired fiction. In Salisbury Court, at a house which may still be seen, Richardson had his printing office; and here Oliver Goldsmith, one time his reader (1757), corrected the sheets of "Pamela" for the press. Whitefriars included the Sanctuary of Alsatia, which yet lives in the pages of the "Fortunes of Nigel." The annals of the Temple alone would fill a volume. I, for my part, never pass down Middle Temple Lane without recalling that concourse of women, unhappy outcasts,

who on the morning of Monday, the 4th of April, 1774, gathered in Brick Court to lament the death of him whose hand had never been extended to them save in pitying charity. Strange, unaccustomed group of unbidden mourners, what lesson do you not teach us who have promised to renounce the vain pageantry of woe? Goldsmith, like Gay, had "many friends": none were with him at the last; whilst of all who have been moved to smiles or tears by his writings there is no one that can point out the spot in the Temple Church burial-ground where the author of "The Traveller" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" was laid to his rest. He had purchased for £400—out of the profits of his "Good-natured Man"—the set of three rooms at No. 2, Brick Court, immediately above Blackstone's, being, as we learn from Mr. Filby, his tailor, on the second floor to the right hand of one ascending the stairs. Hard by, at No. 1 staircase, Inner Temple Lane (pulled down in 1858), lodged Dr. Johnson during the period 1760-5. Whilst living here he was awarded his pension, when, Lord Bute having signed the order for its bestowal, he owned that a Scotchman could write well; and soon afterwards, eagerly adopting the proposal of Sir Joshua Reynolds, established the club which, at Garrick's funeral, became distinguished by the title of the *Literary Club*. They met at the "Turk's Head," in Gerrard Street, Soho, the street of Dryden and of Burke. Goldsmith, had he been the survivor, would indubitably have written Johnson's life. What a life of Goldsmith have we lost at the hand which penned the lives of Addison and Savage! In No. 4 staircase, also pulled down, lived "Elia," who describes, in an undying theme, the benchers of the Temple. To the "Mitre," since sadly changed—appositely-named resort of the Tory and good Churchman, Johnson—he, Boswell, and Goldsmith often repaired. Here was planned the tour which gave us the delightful "Journey in the Western Islands of Scotland." At Robinson's shop, in the western corner gate-house of Inner Temple Lane, Pope and Warburton first met. Between the Middle Temple Gate—which, built by Sir Christopher Wren, occupies the site of one erected by Sir Amyas Paulet as a fine to Cardinal Wolsey—and Temple Bar, stood the "Devil Tavern." Its sign was "St. Martin and the Devil." Here Ben Jonson held his club, the "Apollo," for which he composed his "Leges Convivales." This is the tavern spoken of by Pope—

And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,  
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.—

SATIRES (HOR. EP. P. II., 1).

It was esteemed of good repute in the early years of the last century. "I dined to-day," says Swift, in a letter to Stella, "with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison at the Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar, and Garth treated." Looking to the date of the letter and the political changes of the time, it is conceivable that Swift did not greatly enjoy the dinner. Frequent mention occurs in *The Tatler*, and similar works, of many famous shops and coffee-houses in this quarter, such as "Nando's" coffee-house, "Dick's," the "Grecian," the "Rainbow," (said to have been indicted in former times for the *nuisance* of selling coffee), the shops of Jacob Tonson and Bernard Lintot, booksellers. In the latter of these Gay was anxious that his works should appear:—

Oh! Lintot, let my labours obvious lie  
Ranged on thy stall for every envious eye.—

TRIVIA, Book ii.

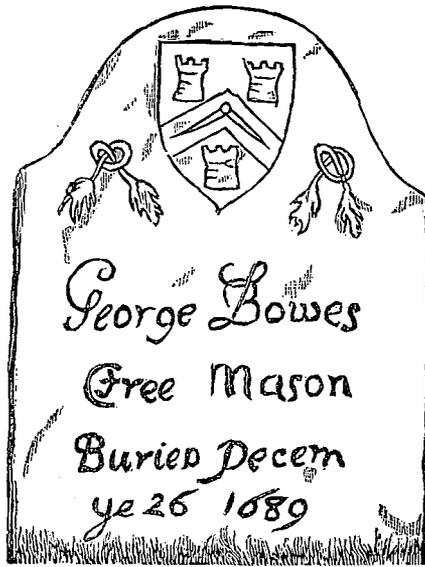
Nor must we forget Ben Tooke's, a bookseller, and the shop of Charles Mather, *alias* Bubble-boy, the toyman. Next door to the "Devil Tavern" Francis Child conducted the banking-house that he had founded with the marriage fortune of his wife, the daughter of his master, William Wheeler, a goldsmith. Here, at the sign of "The Marigold," King Charles II., Prince Rupert, Dryden, Pepys, with many others, including Nell Gwynne, kept their accounts. Of poor Nell there is little to be said that has not been said before. She, no less than Vane—

Could tell what ills from beauty spring;

but I do not think enough has been made of the circumstances that, unlike her compeers, she seldom used her influence with the King for evil, or that she retained a strong hold in the affections of the people by her sympathies with their more innocent pleasures and pastimes. Buried in the old church of St Martin's-in-the-fields, a Tillotson did not disdain to preach her funeral sermon. Shire Lane, Boswell Court, and one side of Bell Yard were cleared away for the new Law Courts. The lane is said to have derived its name from forming the boundary between the city and the shire. At the "Trumpet," since called the "Duke of York," in Shire Lane, Isaac Bickerstaff met his club, and hence dates many of his papers in *The Tattler*. Here also was the "Bible Tavern," a favourite haunt, together with the "White Lion" in Wych Street (pulled down 1880), of Jack Sheppard. The "Bible Tavern" communicated by a subterranean passage with Bell Yard. To Bell Yard Pope often came, visiting Fortescue, afterwards Master of the Rolls. At the house of Christopher Katt, a pastrycook famous for his mutton pies, in Shire Lane, was held the Hanoverian Kit-Kat Club. Jacob Tonson, the secretary, had the portraits of its members, with his own, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. These pictures form the celebrated Kit-Kat series, now preserved at Bayfordbury, in Hertfordshire.

The six houses which I show in my drawing stand—or, rather, stood, for their demolition, with the exception of No. 193 to the east, has already been begun—on the north side of Fleet Street, between the southern openings of Bell Yard and Chancery Lane. One of the group, in particular, will be of lasting interest to all readers of this journal, as being the premises of Mr. George Kenning, and the publishing office of *The Freemason* and kindred publications.

The house itself is said to have been a residence of Izaak Walton, who shared it with one John Mason, a hosier. The next house to the east was an inn, long known by the sign of "The Harrow." Some assert that when Walton moved to Fleet Street—which he did in 1624—it was to the house on the other side of "The Harrow"; that is, to the house which stood on the site of Attenborough and Son's, No. 193, at the south-western corner of Chancery Lane. I am told, though, that Walton lived for a while in Crown Court, at the rear, part of which was lately pulled down. Walton moved from Fleet Street, in 1632, to a house on the western side of Chancery Lane, a few doors from Fleet Street, and opposite to what was, in later years, the shop of Jacob Tonson, the bookseller. There he kept a sempster's, or man-milliner's, shop. If Mr. Kenning's was the house inhabited by Walton in Fleet Street, it had not then its present elevation, but resembled the two a little further eastwards, near the southern end of Fetter Lane. In one of those lived Drayton, who composed the "*Poly-olbion*." The court passing between Prosser's warehouse and the "Cock" tavern (to the west of the latter) is Apollo Court, leading into Bell Yard; it is a curious little thoroughfare, and well worth a visit. The destruction of the five houses in Fleet Street threatens the time-honoured "Cock" tavern, though only the front portion, happily, will fall a victim to the Dæmon of Improvement. Hither Pepys, to the great delight of his wife, would come gallivanting with the pretty, fascinating Mrs. Knipp, of the King's Theatre, Killigrew's new house in Drury Lane. He records how, on one occasion, they "drank, ate a lobster, and sang, and mighty merry till almost midnight." The scene of a lyrical "monologue" of the Laureate is laid at the "Cock," and opens with a call for some of its celebrated port. The exterior of the tavern has no interesting features, but within one may see the high-backed settees—as at the "Cheshire Cheese," in Wine Office Court (where they yet show Dr. Johnson's customary seat, next to the window in the first box on the right hand side as you enter), with a finely-carved oak mantelpiece of the Jacobean period. With small effort the visitor may picture what the room was as far back as, it is said—and I would be the last to deprive Mrs. Colnett of her inherited renown—the time of King Charles I.



A PRE-HISTORIC BROTHER.

BY BRO. T. B. WHITEHEAD.

THE question so ably and fully opened out by "Masonic Student" in the columns of *The Freemason* as to the pre-revival character of Freemasonry is of the deepest and widest interest, and every scrap of information bearing on the Craft in the seventeenth century should be carefully preserved. Some time ago Bro. the Hon. W. T. Orde-Powlett, of Wensley Hall, told me that he had discovered in the churchyard at Wensley a monumental slab recording the death of a Freemason in 1689. At my request he very kindly made a rubbing of the stone, a task of some difficulty, as the slab is leaning forward at a considerable angle, and the surface is much honeycombed by the weather. From this rubbing I have made a reduced sketch, which it may be worth your while to produce in the pages of the Magazine. The measurements of the stone are about two feet six inches by two feet, and it is a curious circumstance that it faces west, or in an opposite direction to the rest of the stones. The reason for the interment of the dead with their faces to the east is well known. May not the western position in this case have reference to the direction in which the Master Mason is supposed to go in search of that which was lost? The entry of the interment of Bro. Bowes occurs in the parish register, and the date on the stone coincides with it.

The North Riding of Yorkshire has long been a very old seat of Masonry, and at Richmond exists the Lennox Lodge, one of the oldest on the roll. Several lodges were, during the eighteenth century, from time to time warranted by the Grand Lodge of All England, and worked at North Riding centres, and it is not improbable that Bowes, if not made at York, was made by York Masons. The legend on the stone, "George Bowes, Free Mason," is exceedingly curious, because it would seem to point to the fact either that the man was best known in his character of a "Freemason," or that the singularly terse inscription was placed on the stone at his own request. In either case it would imply that Bowes was a prominent man in the Society, and something more than an operative mason.

## 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.*

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

SECTION IV.—1864 to 1879—*continued.*

**T**HE ceremony of dedication was proceeded with, according to ancient Masonic custom, by the W.D. Prov. Grand Master, Bro. Tew, in an able manner, the oration being given by Bro. the Rev. William Collings Lukis, M.A., F.S.A., Prov. G. Chaplain West Yorkshire, De Grey and Ripon Lodge, 837, as follows:—

Brethren,—We have met together to assist in a stirring and interesting ceremonial, and our heartiest wishes accompany the performance of the act. In addressing the members of the Airedale Lodge on this auspicious occasion, I am not addressing a young Lodge, but one that has already attained to a respectable and respectful age. It is composed of well-instructed brethren, many of whom are better qualified to teach me than I am to tell them anything which they have not already learned and endeavoured to practice as true and loyal Masons. The Airedale Lodge is in the fifty-second year of its existence, its Warrant of Constitution bearing date 12th March, 1827. It seems in its origin to have risen, phoenix-like, out of the ashes of an old lodge, viz., the Duke of York's Lodge, No. 428, originally constituted at Doncaster in 1788, and removed to Bingley in 1807. In 1815 the Duke of York's Lodge at Bingley is supposed to have closed its career, and the Airedale Lodge sprang into existence, at Baildon, in 1827, its originators being Bro. Wainman Holmes, of the Lodge of Hope, Bradford, and other brethren of the defunct Bingley Lodge. From Baildon it finally settled here at Shipley, where we trust it will long continue to pursue an honourable and useful career. This wandering life will account for the circumstance that no dedication of the lodge should have occurred earlier. During the period between 1827 and 1877 its number has been twice changed, owing to the erasure of extinct lodges; the first time in 1832, when from 814 it was recognised on the roll of the Grand Lodge of England as No. 543, and the second time in 1863, when it obtained its present number, 387. It is not necessary that I should enter more at length into the history of the lodge and its vicissitudes, because that history has been compiled by Bro. P.M. Riley, and printed in a very handsome volume. I shall simply add what I believe will be felt by every member of the lodge, that the brother who must always be gratefully recognised as its founder and mainstay, and whose long and active services have contributed to its prosperity, is the venerable Bro. P.M. Wainman Holmes, who, to quote his own words, stated last year that "out of the fifty years that the Airedale Lodge has been constituted, I think I should be W.M. and Secretary at least thirty or more years (perhaps forty years), and whatever I had to do I did it with pleasure, and particularly in my younger days, when Masonry was my 'hobby horse.'" I will venture to say that there is probably no other lodge in this province that can grasp the warm hand of its living founder at the end of fifty-one years. May the prayer of the lodge uttered last year be fulfilled, that the G.A.O.T.U. may make Bro. Holmes's closing years happy and contented. Before making a few general remarks I cannot forbear alluding very briefly to two points which come to light in the printed history of this lodge, because they indicate in a forcible manner that the brethren have been in the past, and continue to

be at the present time, imbued with the true spirit of Masonry; that they have not only maintained a careful adherence to its ritual, but have practically illustrated its principles. Firstly, the brethren have, throughout the long career of their lodge, manifested the deepest sympathy in the sufferings and distress of sick and mourning members. Secondly, to the Masonic Charities the lodge has been a liberal contributor; and, owing to the zealous exertions of its indefatigable Charity Steward, Bro. F. W. Booth. P.M., a large increase of charity votes has been secured. This example is worthy of imitation on the part of all lodges of the province. You are no doubt, as in duty bound to be, firm believers in the great antiquity of the Craft, and you have been taught that as regards structural science, there was a period in the history of mankind—a period dark, dreary, and comfortless—when Masonry had not laid her line or extended her compasses; when men took refuge from storm and tempest and the attacks of savage beasts in thickets of woods and in dens and caverns of the earth; and that from these poor recesses and gloomy solitudes the Grand Geometrician of the Universe in pity drew them and instructed them to erect buildings of a rustic kind in artless imitation of simple nature. This remark of the author of the Fourth Section of the Second Lecture contains the element of a truth of which he was probably little conscious at the time. The earliest buildings of which antiquarians have any knowledge were not of the Tuscan order, as he states, however rustic that order may be, but were structures of Cyclopean architecture, many of which in all their majestic proportions and solidity have survived through tens of centuries of civilization (in spite of civilization itself, which is not always disposed to show a conservative reverence towards the works of former times), and remain to this day as footprints of Masonry. These rude monuments may be briefly described as constructions whose walls are composed of ponderous unquarried stones, selected with a certain amount of care and suitability, on which are placed, so as to form a ceiling, blocks of far greater dimensions and weight, the whole being hidden from sight by an outer covering of earth or of small stones, often of considerable altitude, and constituting a chambered mound. In process of time, and from various causes, natural and regrettable, which need not be detailed here, these mounds fell away, or have been in many instances partially or wholly removed, and the denuded chambers now stand forth in imposing nakedness and grandeur, and proclaim to us the mighty power of united action of the enduring nature of works undertaken with combined energy and resolution, even when those works have been accomplished with the aid of simple and mean appliances. In their exposed condition they are commonly called cromlechs, which are ignorantly considered by some persons (happily an almost extinct family) to have been connected with the bloody rites of Druidic worship. These constructions, which have been observed in all parts of the world, are rude, yet, in a certain sense, skilful Masonic institutions of those natural dens and caverns in which men of the palæolithic age lived, died, and were oftentimes buried, and were intended for sepulchral purposes only. They are, however, standing and imperishable witnesses to truths of considerable importance, for they tell of a belief in the G.A.O.T.U., the Almighty and Eternal Teacher of His people, of the immortality of the soul, and of a future life. They speak also of respect and reverence for chiefs and heroes, of brother and family affection, and of mystic rites of religion which have been, from the earliest ages, inseparable from burial customs. May we not perceive in this parallel how the grand principles of the Craft are amply illustrated? If the origin of Freemasonry is not lost in the mists of pre-historic antiquity as some sceptics suppose, it possesses similar attributes to those possessed by the monuments of which I have spoken. It can boast of an immemorial existence. It is universal in its distribution, and its chief glories are reverence for the Eternal Architect and ruler of the Universe, loyalty to the throne, brotherly love, and truth, based upon a comprehensive faith. It teaches us that in our perishable frame

there resides a vital and immortal principle, and that when we consign the mortal remains of a faithful and true brother to the cold bosom of the grave, it is with a holy confidence that the immortal principle is in the merciful hands of the Lord of Life. A Provincial Grand Master once remarked that if any brother wishes to rise to eminence in the Craft, he should give to the subject deep study, much thought, and constant antiquarian research, for Masonry is a well-stored mine, in which treasures are deeply hidden. Research thus directed may never be able to decide to the satisfaction of the fraternity the conjectures that Julius Caesar and his generals were patrons and protectors of the Craft in England; that the Emperor Carausius held its tenets in the highest veneration; that Alban, the canonized martyr, presided over British Masons as their Grand Master; and that Athelstane was a promoter of the art in the same capacity. But, however interesting these investigations may be to the inquirer, we may rest assured that a wide field of study is open in the direction of those grand principles which have exalted Masonry into a moral science, and have helped to humanize mankind. It is an inspiring reflection that our God-honouring institution advocates and upholds a morality of the highest kind, and a never-failing charity in a cold, unsympathizing world. The G.A. of the Universe has not placed us here and endowed us with various gifts that we may live for ourselves alone. The immortal bard has uttered this sentiment in these sublime words:—

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched  
But to fine issues.

With one other quotation I will conclude. In 1876, our very excellent and greatly respected Provincial Grand Master expressed a wish that there might be “on the part of the fraternity in his province an earnest desire to study the principles upon which our ancient and time-honoured Order is founded,” being well convinced that by doing so they would become better men, and better fitted for higher things than if they confined their attention to the mere routine work of the lodge. As in the monuments of which I have spoken, the outer covering of earth hid from sight the massive and imperishable portion of the sepulchral structure, which, when its solid materials are brought into view, is a token of marvellous engineering skill, so should the external ceremonial of Masonry be regarded as the simple clothing which conceals from the superficial observer those everlasting principles of Heaven-born truth, which it is our duty to study and to teach. May the lofty purposes of Masonry, which have been so earnestly fulfilled in the past by the members of the Airedale Lodge, continue to animate them through a long future, causing them to work harmoniously, in obedience to the will of Him who would have all men to be steeped in the effulgence of His Divine love.

The Pro Grand Master then rose, and said: Brethren, the ceremony of dedication being now completed in all its parts, it only remains for me to perform the task I undertook to day, namely to open this building. And it is open accordingly.

The musical part of the service was most impressive, the really fine consecration service of Bro. F. C. Atkinson (Mus. Bac., Cantab., P. Prov. G.O., W. Yorks.) having rarely had such an interpretation as was given to it on this occasion by the musical members of the lodge.

After the business of the lodge had been brought to a close, a sumptuous luncheon, under the superintendence of Bro. R. Breuer, of the Belle Vue Hotel, Bradford (and which reflected the highest credit upon that brother for the ability and exquisite taste displayed in all its details), was served in the banqueting-room, after which the usual loyal and Masonic toasts were given and honoured.

In response to the toast of "The Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, M.W. Pro Grand Master," which was most enthusiastically received with loud and continuous cheering, his lordship said: Worshipful Sir and Brethren—It is with no common feeling of satisfaction I find myself here to-day; and it is also a great satisfaction to meet with so hearty a welcome. If there was one circumstance that could have pleased me more than another it is the pleasure of having my health proposed by one of the oldest members of the Airedale Lodge; by one whom I am quite willing to accept as a representative brother. I thank the Airedale Lodge most heartily for their invitation; I thank the representatives of the Provincial Grand Lodge of West Yorkshire who have attended here to-day; and I thank all those representative brethren who have come to join in the interesting ceremony of to-day and to assist in giving me so hearty a welcome. I, too, share the regrets that have already been expressed of the lack of accommodation; but I rejoice to see so many here present. My knowledge of Yorkshire is, as yet, small, yet it is such as to teach me that no plainer, franker-speaking people lived than Yorkshire people, none who could give so hearty a welcome. The county possesses some of the best temporal gifts which God could send. Brethren, I cannot lay claim to an extended age in Masonry, as some around me can, but since I have been enrolled in its ranks I have taken great interest in its welfare. I can truly say I have never known the Craft in so prosperous a position. We are wealthy; we are powerful; we are free from internal strife; and that is a condition of which all who are in authority ought to be justly proud. May I qualify that remark, however, with one word of counsel, in a homely saying, "that times of prosperity are times of anxiety and watchfulness." Our strength lies not in the number, or the wealth of our members; it rather lies in our maintaining intact the great principles of Freemasonry, in standing steadfast to its great and good landmarks, in acting in whatever sphere we move, in our corporate and private capacities, honestly and honourably to its precepts. I am glad to have made your acquaintance to-day, and I shall carry away with me a lively recollection of to-day's ceremony and of your truly fraternal welcome. I trust the day may not be far distant when I may have another opportunity of speaking to you (loud cheers); not then as a half stranger, but as an old friend. One reason that takes me away so soon and so hurriedly to-day is that I am going to see your late Provincial Grand Master, the Marquis of Ripon. He is an old and dear friend of mine. No one felt more deeply the loss we sustained by his secession from our Order than I. After many periods of doubt and anxiety did he decide on the action he took, and although I have no sympathy with his action, yet I believe he acted honestly and conscientiously to his convictions. I believe I was one of three friends to whom he communicated his change of creed and withdrawal from our ranks, but it was then too late to endeavour to dissuade him from his purpose. The act was then done. Of all the difficulties he had to contend with, mentally and otherwise—of all the sacrifices he felt called upon to make, I have reason to know that the severing of himself from Masonry was the greatest possible wrench his feelings sustained. I am sure, brethren, it will be a source of satisfaction to him to know, as it is to me, that though his Masonic brethren disagreed with the action he took he had not forfeited their esteem. Allow me again to thank you, and I hope soon to meet you again. (Loud and continued applause.)

His lordship again rose, and said:—I rise to give you the sentiment "Success to the New Hall." To no one could that task be more acceptable. May all the good omens which form a part of that strikingly interesting ceremony in which we have to-day taken part be accomplished in this lodge. May the oil of kindly feeling and brotherly goodwill ever make smooth the differences and dissensions our natures are prone to; may the grain, the symbol of plenty, indicate the combined growth and prosperity of your lodge; and may the salt, which symbolises "the feast of reason and the flow of soul,"

make your Masonic meetings pleasant and attractive. Accept my every good wish for your prosperity.

The toasts of "The Visitors," "The Worshipful Master," "Past Masters," "The Building Committee," "The Secretary," "The Musical Committee," and last of all, "All Poor and Distressed," brought this red-letter day in the annals of the Airedale Lodge to a truly harmonious and happy termination.

Letters were received by the W. Master from the R. W. Prov. G. Master (Sir Henry Edwards, Bart.), and by the Secretary from the M. W. Pro G. and Master (the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon), both expressing their acknowledgments for the reception, also approval of the admirable arrangements for their comfort and the pleasure generally which the day's proceedings had given them.

(To be continued.)

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## THIRLMERE LAKE.

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**T**HIS beautiful lake rejoices in four distinct names. The most ancient is Brackmeer, so called in Nicholson and Burn's "History of Cumberland and Westmorland," p. 79. It is thus noticed in the history, published 1777:—

"At the foot of Wythburn there is a large broad meer, or lake, called Brackmeer, well furnished with pike, perch, and eels; from the north end whereof issues the river Bure, which falls into Derwent below Keswick.

"At little below Brackmeer, at the head of Buredale, stands the ancient seat of the Leathes's, called *Dulchead*; which gave the name to a family of the Dales, whose daughter and heir was married to Leathes, of Leathes, in the parish of Aketon."

When Gray, the poet, visited the lakes in 1769, in his journal under date October 8th, he says: "Came to the foot of Helvellyn, along which runs an excellent road, looking down from a little height on Lee's water, (also called Thirl-meer or Wiborn-water),\* and soon descending on its margin. The lake looks black from its depth, and from the gloom of the vast crags that scowl over it though clear as glass; it is narrow, and about three miles long resembling a river in its course."

Gilpin, in his tour, 1788, says: "We now approached the lake of Wyburn or Thirlmer, as it is sometimes called; an object every way suited to the ideas of desolation which surround it"—

A joyless coast

Around a stormy lake.

"And to impress still more the characteristic idea of the place, the road hanging over it ran along the edge of a precipice. One peculiar feature also belongs to it. About the middle of the lake, the shores, on each side nearly uniting, are joined by an Alpine bridge. I did not observe any picturesque beauty, arising from this circumstance, but rather a formality; at least from the stand where I viewed it. A communication, however, of this kind rather increases the romantic idea."

The earliest writers on Thirlmere do not seem to have discovered a title of its beauties in consequence of having passed it on the highway. The lower reach of the lake is completely hidden from view by Great How, a fine, wooded

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\* Gray always spells names of places as he heard them pronounced. Leathes-water, Thirlmeer, and Wythburn being the correct spelling at that time.

eminence, famous for its hazel nuts. To make a good day's excursion, the tourist should take his route through the Vale of St. John's, which he can do either on foot or by waggonette. He would drive three miles, having the River Greta, with Brundholme Woods, on his left, backed up by Blencathra and Lofty Skiddaw. At the third mile-stone he should turn to the right, and enter St. John's Valley, with Hollin root on his left and Shundrahow on his right. In front, as he crosses the valley, there is Hill Top, the ancient seat of the Gaskarths, a family of great respectability in their day. It was the Rev. Dr. Gaskarth who gave £200, two centuries ago, to increase the endowment of St. John's Chapel, and his family enjoyed the right of presentation alternately with the freeholders, till one of his descendants sold it to the first Earl of Lonsdale. Another clergyman of the family, who owned Hill Top, had a daughter who married Colonel Howard, afterwards Lord Andover, and ultimately Earl of Suffolk. Her portrait, a beautiful one, was unfortunately destroyed by a fire, which took place at Greystoke Castle, not many years ago. Next the tourist passes Lowthwaite, a neat country residence of the Williamsons, long settled there. As he progresses the valley narrows, and Castle Rock (of Sir Walter Scott's *Bridal of Triermain*) comes prominently into view, and stands a perpendicular mass of rock, resembling in form a huge tower or keep of the olden times.

Passing Stanah, the occupation-road turns to the right and leads into the Keswick and Ambleside turnpike-road. Here it turns to the left, and half a mile brings you to Thrispot, where there is a road-side inn, with the sign of the King's Head. Here may be seen an ancient sign, preserved inside the house, having the following distich upon it:—

John Stanley lives here and sells good Ale,  
Come in and drink it before it goes stale.  
He succeeded his father Peter,  
And i'th old man's time, it was never better.

Just beyond the inn, the road to the lake leaves the turnpike and passes Dalehead Hall, which stands on the right, with a fine green field stretching down to the lake. In half a mile you come to the stone foot-bridge, which looks as indestructible as if it had been built by the Romans, albeit they have not left much to mark their way through this remote lake and mountain land. There is no cement used, and therefore we may conclude that it is British in imitation of Roman work. Here the tourist should leave his vehicle, cross over the bridge, and walk along the western shore of the lower reach of the lake; then he will discover that its principal beauties are to be seen along this side. Green, in his excellent guide, says: "Mrs. Radcliffe, like others who have written upon it, seems not to have deviated from the turnpike-road, for she says: "This is a long but narrow and unadorned lake, having little else than walls and rocky fells starting from its margin. It is much to be regretted," he adds "that Mrs. Radcliffe did not traverse the western side, for, had she done so, the public would doubtless have been much gratified by her descriptions of some of the finest scenes in nature." The distance from Keswick by the direct road over the bridge, which cuts the lake in two, is about thirteen miles, and may be done only on foot. But the pedestrian would do well to take the Keswick road to Ambleside so far as near the end of Shoulthwaite Moss, then diverge by an occupation-road past Smathwaite, round the foot of the lake to Armbboth and so cross the foot-bridge. By this route you have Raven Crag, Bull Crag, and Fisher Crag on your right, and the bends, promontories and islets on the lake are seen stretched at full length at your feet as you traverse the ancient mountain road. The way I have indicated, through the valley of St. John's, adds about two miles to the distance. Southey says there are no legends in the lake country, and, indeed, they are very few, and those there are would have puzzled that incomparable magician to have made a taking story of them.

Take for example the story of Clark's Leap. It is given in "Clarke's Survey of the Lakes," published 1787, a folio volume, and is "dedicated to H.R.H. Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland and Strathern, Earl of Dublin, Ranger of Windsor Great Park, Admiral of the Blue Squadron, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Grand Master, &c., &c., &c.; The Right Honourable Thomas Howard, Earl of Effingham, Lord Howard, acting Grand Master; Sir Peter Parker, Bart., Deputy Grand Master; the Grand Wardens, past and present Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of England, and brethren of the most ancient and honourable society of *Free and Accepted Masons*: This book is humbly dedicated by their most obedient brother and servant—JAMES CLARKE."

He says, "Passing Swirly Gate, a little beyond the seven mile-post, is seen a rock jutting out into the Lake, which has got the name of *Clark's Leap* from the following strange story: A man of the name of Clark was jealous of his wife to that degree that he was resolved to put an end to his own existence. He communicated his resolution to his wife, and told her at the same time, that he was determined to hang himself. To this she objected, for fear it might prove too painful. He then said he would shoot himself; but from this she likewise dissuaded him, for fear he might not kill himself outright, and so suffer extreme pain to no purpose. He next proposed to drown himself; this pleased her, and they went very lovingly to the water's edge. He then proposed to wade in, but she said the weather was very cold, that he would suffer much needless pain. They then walked by the water side till they came to this rock, which she told him she thought was fit for his purpose, as the water was deep enough at the edge to drown him. He was then going to throw himself directly in, but she told him he might hurt himself against the rock before he reached the water, so that he had better take a run and leap as far as he could. He followed her advice; very calmly put off his coat and took his leap. She staid till she saw him drowned, and then returned fully satisfied that she had done her duty in giving him the best advice she could. This story she related to her neighbours, and I had the curiosity (for she is still alive) to ask it from her own mouth."

(To be continued.)

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## COME, FORTH MY LOVE!

BY J. TATLOW.

COME forth, my love. The rude wind hath fled,  
 No longer doth he scourge the shrinking wold;  
 The gentle zephyrs softly breathe instead,  
 While glowing Phœbus tints the scene with gold;  
 Again bright Flora's laughing nymphs bespread  
 The greening meads; once more each brooklet flows  
 In glittering radiance o'er its pebbly bed,  
 And sings a song of gladness as it goes.  
 To welcome spring the regal oaks, in state  
 Magnificent, their vernal robes renew;  
 To greet the sun the lark doth leave its mate,  
 And mounts, with song, the empyrean blue.  
 Thou comest, sweet! my glad heart bounds elate,  
 As thy bright presence crowns the sylvan view.

## A MEMORABLE YEAR IN ENGLISH MASONRY.

There are few institutions, as there are few nations, in whose history there are no bright particular epochs at which there occurred events that have exercised a beneficial and enduring influence over their subsequent fortunes, and certainly our Freemasonry is no exception to the rule. Just as for instance the Englishman looks back with pride to the year 1215, when Magna Charta was signed by John, as marking the inauguration of his boasted liberties, to 1603 as strengthening British interests by the union of the English and Scottish crowns; and to 1757 as the commencement of our supremacy over the vast and densely-populated peninsula of Hindostan; so does the English Freemason call to mind with the liveliest feelings of satisfaction the events of the year 1717, when the Four Old Lodges met together and elected one Anthony Sayer, gentleman, as Grand Master of England; the year 1790, when, for the first time in the annals of our Craft, a Prince, who was heir-apparent to the throne, was chosen to preside over its destinies; or 1813, when the dissensions which had prevailed in our midst for some three-quarters of a century were put an end to, and the union of the rival Grand Lodges of England was so happily consummated—never, let us hope, again to be disturbed. It is to this last mentioned year, though not alone to the event I have just referred to, to which I am about to draw the attention of my readers.

There is no single year throughout the whole history of Speculative Freemasonry into which are crowded so many interesting events as 1813. Taking these events in the order of their occurrence, I find that on the 27th January, a magnificent fête was held at Freemasons' Hall for the purpose of doing honour to one of the most distinguished men and Masons that ever wore the insignia of our order. I allude to the Earl of Moira, who had filled the high office of Acting Grand Master during the whole of the Grand Mastership of George, Prince of Wales, and who, being on the eve of leaving England, in order to take up the Governor-Generalship of India, was under the necessity of resigning his office. More than thirty years previously his lordship had won distinction as a military commander during the war of American Independence. He had subsequently served in Flanders under H.R.H. the Duke of York, and had likewise rendered important service to his sovereign as an hereditary member of the British Legislature. How admirably he justified his selection for the arduous office of British Viceroy of India is a matter of history that needs no comment here; but it may not be so generally known that Lord Moira, if he did not take the initiative in the fortunately successful attempt to bring about the union of the Regular and Athol Grand Lodges, was one of its earliest and most ardent promoters. To the Duke of Sussex and Kent belongs the chief honour of having contributed to bring about the union, but the labours in the same direction of the Earl of Moira place him almost on a level with Their Royal Highnesses. Be this as it may it was his lordship's first care to exert all his influence in removing such prejudices as had previously existed; and he it was who, on the 21st July, 1810, presided at the first of the united committees of the two Grand Lodges appointed to consider the terms of reconciliation—the Athol brethren being his lordship's guests on the occasion. No wonder then that, when he was on the point of leaving for India, the opportunity should be taken by the chiefs of his own Grand Lodge to indicate in some especially pronounced way their sense of his eminent services to the cause of Universal Masonry. Hence this banquet at which, in the absence of the Grand Master the Prince Regent, his brother and Deputy, the Duke of Sussex, presided. The Earl of Moira had the place of honour to the right of the chair, and among those present were Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York, Clarence, Kent, Cumberland, and Gloucester,

the Swedish Ambassador, Lord Kinnaird, Sir John Doyle, and all the most distinguished members of the regular Craft. The principal gallery was set apart for ladies, among whom was the Countess of Loudoun and Moira, while in the other was posted the Duke of Kent's band. Even in those days, indeed, it would be difficult to picture to the imagination a more brilliant assembly; while as to the arrangements, which gave to the fête a kind of public character during the first part of the proceedings, so as to admit of the presence of the ladies, the latter being wholly Masonic, nothing could have been in better taste. It is hardly necessary to say that everything passed off most successfully, the meeting being roused to a pitch of enthusiasm when the toast of the evening, the health of "The Earl of Moira, the Friend of his Prince, of his Country, and of Mau," was proposed by the illustrious chairman, and drunk with three times three, a song by Bro. Rodwell Wright, Provincial Grand Master of the Ionian Islands, specially written for the occasion, accompanying it. When the noble Earl had returned thanks the ladies withdrew, Grand Lodge was opened and tyled, and the Duke of Sussex, after having given the customary toasts, rose and delivered another speech in honour of Lord Moira, at the close of which he presented to his lordship a magnificent jewel, intrinsically of great value, as a work of art exquisitely beautiful, but, as indicating the warm feelings of the whole craft towards the noble recipient for his Masonic services, beyond all price. When the gift had been acknowledged in most eloquent terms, other toasts followed, Grand Lodge was closed, and one of the most honourable episodes in the history of our Craft was closed likewise.

At a Quarterly Communication on the 7th April, the Earl of Moira sent in his resignation as Acting Grand Master, and a letter was read from H.R.H. the Prince Regent, in which his Royal Highness resigned the office of Grand Master. The latter resignation was, of course, accepted, but with the acceptance was coupled the unanimous expression of a wish that the Prince would become the Patron of the Order. A suitable address for his great services and the deep interest he had always taken in the Craft was agreed to, while a worthy successor to the Regent as Grand Master was found in the person of his brother, H.R.H. The Duke of Sussex, who for some time had held the office of Deputy Grand Master, and who, on this occasion, was unanimously elected to occupy the vacant Masonic throne.

The first act of the illustrious Duke in his new capacity was to preside at the Anniversary Festival of the Masonic Girls' School, which was held on the 14th of the same month, or only a few days later, in Freemasons' Hall. His brother, the Duke of Kent, was present, as well as a distinguished muster of guests, among whom were Curran, the famous Irish lawyer, and a Captain Bock, an officer in the Russian army, who had arrived in England shortly before, and whose reception was most enthusiastic—as will be readily understood when I point out that Russia and Great Britain were firmly allied together against Napoleon Bonaparte, and that the former had just succeeded in driving back and almost annihilating the invading hosts that would, had not Providence willed it otherwise, have enslaved the empire of the Czar. The occasion is only memorable for the speech of the Duke of Sussex, in which, in proposing the health of the eminent Curran, he said, "a Master of the Rolls might be found every day, but a CURRAN could not."

On the 12th May, a Grand Lodge was held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's. The chair was taken by the Duke of Kent, who, in due course, and according to ancient and solemn form, installed his royal brother, the Duke of Sussex, as M.W. Grand Master for the year. Among the brethren appointed Grand Officers were Lord Dundas, Deputy Grand Master; and Bros. W. H. White, Grand Secretary; the Chevalier Ruspini, Grand Swordbearer; and Samuel Wesley, Grand Organist; amongst the Grand Stewards was Bro. Rev. Samuel Hemming, D.D. When this part of the proceedings was over, Grand Lodge took into consideration the services rendered by Bro. W. H. White, who,

during the thirty years he had held the office of Grand Secretary, had fulfilled his important duties "with honour and credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the brethren at large," and it was unanimously agreed that a handsome vote of thanks should be recorded to Bro. White, and that a piece of plate of the value of one hundred guineas, and bearing an appropriate inscription, should accompany the vote.

On the 17th of the same month, the Duke of Sussex was re-elected "Grand Master" of the Supreme Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of England, with Comps. John Dent and John Aldridge as his assistants in place of the Earl of Moira and Comp. W. Rodwell Wright, who had resigned in consequence of having received official appointments in the public service abroad. The business of the chapter was concluded by "a unanimous vote of thanks to their highly respected Bro. and Comp., W. R. Wright, Esq., accompanied with a request that he would accept a present of plate, of not less than three hundred guineas value, in token of their regard and esteem, and as an humble tribute of acknowledgment for the very eminent service he had rendered to the order during the long series he had assisted in presiding over them." The account concludes: "This being the Annual Festival, the remainder of the day was devoted to social intercourse and conviviality;" so it seems that in those days Grand Chapter as well as Grand Lodge had an Annual Festival.

On the 23rd June, at a Grand Lodge held in Freemasons' Hall, under H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, a letter from Col. McMahon was read, announcing in the most flattering terms that H.R.H. the Prince Regent "had been graciously pleased to continue the Society under his protection, and allow himself to be styled 'Grand Patron of the Craft,' and a bust of His Royal Highness, of the value of one hundred guineas, was voted to be placed in the Hall over the chair of the Grand Master."

On the 1st December, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent was formally installed Grand Master, at a special communication of the "Ancient" Grand Lodge, in place of the Duke of Atholl, whose resignation as Grand Master had been accepted at another special meeting held on the 8th November. The installation of the Duke of Kent was witnessed by the Duke of Sussex and a number of his Grand Officers, who, in order that they might be present, had been previously made Ancient Masons in a room adjoining.

Of the act of Union between the two Grand Lodges, which, taking place on the 27th December, brought this "memorable year in English Masonry" to a close, I need say little. To the wisdom which planned, and the ability, tact, and judgment which carried the design of the Union to a successful issue on this eventful day, we owe the present prosperity of our United Grand Lodge of England. But the story of this Union has been too well told by Hughan and others to need repetition in this paper. Suffice it to say that the bright star of Masonic prosperity which was in the ascendant on the 27th January, 1813, when honour was done to the Earl of Moira, reached its zenith on the 27th December, when was accomplished that grand Union, to bring about which he had laboured so well and worthily during so many years.

To conclude with a question. Am I not right in describing the year 1813 as a memorable one in English Masonry? In the first of its twelve months was held a Masonic fête, with six Royal Dukes present, in honour of the Earl of Moira, the soldier, the statesman—"the friend of his Prince, of his Country, and of Man." In the last was consummated the Union. In the interim were installed two royal brothers as Grand Masters respectively of the rival Grand Lodges. The office of Grand Patron was instituted and two worthy brethren publicly honoured. I, say, then, there are few years like it in our history.

And whence think you, reader, I have derived most of my information as to the details, at least, of the above story? From Masonic sources? Well, no; from the pages of an ordinary magazine of the year.

G. B. A.

GOING HOME:

A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL EPISODE.

BY HORACE WEIR.

A WAY from the roar of the noisy old town  
They brought us a bairnie one night;  
We tenderly, lovingly laid the boy down—  
So weak did he look, and so white.

Each moment we thought little Rob would have died,  
As the surgeon his limb cut away;  
But he rallied, then opened his eyes, and he cried  
"I shall never be able to play."

We could not persuade him to look at his toys;  
But he lay and he list to the chimes,  
And the shouts in the street of the girls and the boys,  
And the birds as they sang in the limes.

To be patient and good the little boy tried,  
As he lay in his cot day by day;  
We nursed him with care, but we knew that the tide  
Of his life was fast ebbing away.

Of a picture that hung o'er his head he caught sight,  
And divine was the lustre that shone  
From the face of our Lord, the sweet Fountain of Light,  
As he bless'd the wee bairns one by one.

Poor Robbie had heard of the Saviour of men,  
Though his years upon earth were but seven;  
He remembered this text, and he quoted it then—  
"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

One night as the wild wind went shivering by,  
Like the sobbing of souls in deep pain,  
Rob saw me in tears, and he said, "Do not cry;  
I shall go very soon home again.

"My mother is lost, and my father is dead,  
And if I am to die—I don't care;  
I saw a sweet angel last night by my bed,  
And she told me of Father—up there!

"She told me that I had grown better, not worse,  
And she bade me rejoice and be glad;  
And she asked me to give you her blessing, dear nurse,  
For the love you have shown a poor lad."

\* \* \* \* \*

The call came at last, and Rob, patient and meek,  
(On this earth never more will he roam)  
With a smile on his face, and a tear on his cheek—  
Had gone to his Father and Home.

## AFTER ALL;

OR, THRICE WON.

BY HENRY CALVERT APPELBY,

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

## CHAPTER XIX.

Guide, philosopher, and friend.—POPE.

ARTHUR HUMBERTON sat in his room thinking, and he had much to occupy his thoughts. Stern events had filled up the last few years, making a solid framework on which to build his active imagination; a suggestive support for the flowers of his fancy, which twined hither and thither, in and out of the trellis-work of his past life. He sat warming his feet before the cosy bars of his bachelor's fire, and musing as he gazed on the bright red coals, blazing and crackling as if for joy. Cold and crisp was the weather without, while the biting wind blew in a rattling gust against the shaky window, and set everything in its neighbourhood vibrating. Warm and cheerful was the ruddy glow within, and Arthur thought of those less comfortable than himself as the fleeting ideas chased themselves through his mind.

His thoughts reverted back to the time when he had first seen the beautiful Olivia at Mr. Phane's office, and he traced their successive meetings from that happy one at the evening party to their last, after her mother's death. What strange vicissitudes had troubled his existence since their acquaintance; how he had known a heaven of love, a hell of separation. Their meetings, only too few and short, when he had lived in a romantic Aidenn with his beloved one; how he had counted the heavy hours when absent from her side; how he had struggled to win a reputation and position for her sake; and how all his hopes had been rudely dashed to the ground. His career of successes had been chequered with despair. He had always been true to his first love, notwithstanding the attraction of others, and almost thrice had he won Olivia for his own. But was she indeed inclined towards him now; he who had a stain on his character? Had she forgotten her attachment to poor Merrislope, and returned to her old love? Who could tell?

Thus he ruminated over his position. Now he was rich by his own exertions, success having attended his musical efforts. Was it money that made him friends, or was it purely for himself that they flocked round him in his prosperity? Or were they attracted to this slave of thousands, this dirty god, this vile idol—money? Yea, this yellow slave, the root of all evil, is indeed a wonder-worker, making and unmaking friends as with the touch of a wand. 'Tis a good soldier that gilds the knave and troubles the brave.

"Yes," soliloquised Arthur, "Shakespeare was not wrong when he said 'Put money in thy purse!' The man who cannot wield the numismatical power of a financier must fail in this world. A man with a lack of rouleaux is shunned like the plague, but a veritable god is he who possesses a lac of rupees. Ha! ha! I'm growing humorous. But hist, who comes now?"

It was a tripping, cheerful step at the door, and a merry rat-tat-tat at the grotesque knocker, and in walked Dr. Chirrup, seemingly brimming over with fun. A portly little man, stout and comfortable-looking, who might almost have been called "podgy," but that it would have been insulting his good nature. Jovial to a degree, he was at the same time a kind, warm-hearted man, whose genial manner betrayed his soul within. Not that he possessed

a shallow nature, but he was open and frank in his disposition, while he was as capable of working a problem as of doing a good deed.

"Well, Mr. Humberton, how are you?" he said, before Arthur had recovered his surprise at the unexpected visit. "You look startled. I thought I would just pop in and cheer you up a bit, and I trust you will never require my professional services; I have plenty of work. Don't be downhearted, man; come, cheer up."

"No, thanks, Dr. Chirrup, I am not miserable; merely musing. But I am very glad to see you; it does me good."

"Thanks, thanks; but you do too much of that melancholy 'musing,' as you term it. Why don't you be and feel jolly as I do, and I've had plenty of trouble in my time?"

"Ay, but not like mine," said Humberton, sadly, as his thoughts went back to the past.

"Tut, tut, boy, you don't know what trouble is yet. Look here, you'll have to use more philosophy than you have done if you intend to live a happy life. Now I've taken a fancy to you, and I'm going to give you a bit of good advice now and then, and not having been blessed with sons of my own I shall talk to you like a father at times, and I know you'll be sure enough to listen, and I hope you may profit by my experience."

"It is very good of you to take such an interest in me," returned Arthur, gratefully.

"Don't mention that. Now I know where your thoughts are. I've been similarly placed myself. Courage, man; remember how Colonel Hay epigrammatically says:

Wisely a woman prefers to a lover a man who neglects her.

This one may love her some day; some day the lover will not;

and

There are three species of creatures, who when they seem coming are going,  
When they seem going they come. Diplomats, women, and crabs.

"Yes, but I don't see the particular bearing of those quotations," objected Arthur.

"No, you won't look at it in a proper spirit. You know its 'years that bring the philosophic mind,' according to Wordsworth. Depend upon it, my young friend, philosophy is adversity's sweet milk, as the divine Shakespeare terms it; a good horse that teaches by examples, triumphing easily over difficulties. Does not the imaginative Keat say 'that it will clip an angel's wings?' My dear fellow, if you will only take the trouble to analyze the difficulties that seem to you insurmountable and unconquerable, you will laugh at the idea that they should ever have troubled you. Try a little Baconism—multiply your enjoyments and mitigate your sufferings. Thanks, I will take a cigar;" and the little old gentleman soon half filled the room with smoke, while he gave vent to profound sentiments between the puffs. "You know—puff, puff—the first idea—puff—is to diminish misery—puff. One must not grasp too much—puff—that is a false philosophy—puff—but economize. The great source of melancholia is too great faith being placed in the fulfilment of hopeful anticipation. One should always be prepared for disappointment if it comes, and ready to bear up against it, though it need not be expected. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;' live in the present, and leave the past and the future in a shadowy, uncertain unfulfilment; vain regrets and wild speculations will only work misery and discontent." And the doctor having delivered himself of this good advice and rather mixed metaphor set himself once more to vigorously puffing his cigar.

"But you would not have one attempt the indifference of a Stoic, or practice Platonic philosophy? Am I to give up every comforting trace of romance that gilds the stern face of fact for a cold, cheerless philosophy that

renounces even facts themselves, and replaces them with impossible theories? Human nature is not capable of it; in fact, does not Shakspeare himself say, 'There never was philosopher yet that could endure the toothache patiently?'" and Arthur having delivered himself of this retaliation, triumphantly waited to see what his good-natured companion would reply to it.

A few contemplative puffs, and Dr. Chirrup replied in the best possible humour:

"My dear fellow, do I look cold, cheerless, and unromantic, and am I an impossible fact? I think I am pretty solid," he said, with a laugh, tapping his broad chest with his hand. "Now don't run to extremes, but just clear away a *little* of the romantic nonsense, and you will find your troubles all the easier to bear. Depend upon it if you only wait long enough all will come right even yet."

"I believe you are right, doctor, and I am much obliged to you for your encouraging counsel, which I will try to follow," and Arthur sighed as he sought relief from his thoughts in the distorted fancies pictured in the glowing embers of the shining grate, while the door-bell tinkled unmelodiously. "Pardon my abstraction, but I am a poor companion to-night," said Arthur, rousing himself.

"Don't trouble yourself on my account. Here's someone ferreted me out, and I must go; but cheer up, and we shall see big things yet. Good bye!"

A hearty shake of the hand, and the good-hearted doctor took his departure to attend a fresh patient who required his professional services, while Arthur turned his words over in his mind, and meditated far into the evening, after which he felt that the doctor's call had not been in vain.

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## CHAPTER XX.

Drown'd in the gloom and horror.—TENNYSON.

FULL of poetic philosophy, Arthur wended his way one fine night to Manville Villa. It was some time since he had visited the residence of his beloved Olivia, though he had been often prompted to do so. But he wished to leave Olivia free to follow her own fancy, without attempting to sway her actions. Twice had he won her affections; twice had she refused him. Yet he felt that he had a strange influence over her whenever they met, but he determined to wait the course of events without using undue efforts in the direction he would most have wished. He hardly knew why he was going that night, and he felt a strange flutter at his heart as he drew nearer and nearer to the house where he had been in days of yore with many conflicting emotions.

Miss Phane was in, and glad to see him. At first they spoke of recent events and common-place things. But there was a restraint observable in them both, arising from a fear that they should touch upon subjects painful to either, and a mutual misapprehension of their feelings towards one another. Did he still love her as before, and was he honest? were the thoughts to arise in Olivia's mind, and she answered herself in the affirmative. Humberton, too, imagined that she still loved him with her first love, but he was handicapped like herself by not knowing that his letters to her of long ago, protesting his innocence of the crime attributed to him, had been cruelly intercepted. Thus they were both placed in false positions. Mr. Phane was not well, and could not be seen, so they were alone.

By some accident or other—how it happened they could never tell, for they guarded carefully against alluding to the past—the subject of Humberton's disastrous adventure was broached, and suddenly Arthur exclaimed:

"Miss Phane, do you believe my innocence? Do you believe that the accounts as they appeared in the newspaper at the time are literally true, that I was robbed by two ruffians of the money I was taking charge of, which I strongly suspect to have been part of a villanous plot to ruin me? Oh, how I have suffered to think I was branded as a thief in your eyes!" said Arthur passionately, and anxiously awaiting her reply.

"No, no, I don't believe that; I have always thought you innocent," said Olivia feelingly; "but you never explained this to me before, and I have suffered much to think that you had never vindicated your character to me, though I never believed you guilty."

"What? Did you never receive my letter explaining all?"

"No; I never knew anything about it" said Olivia in accents of surprise.

"Then it has been intercepted. Oh cruel, cruel! But I wrote two: did you never get either?" asked Arthur excitedly.

"No. Indeed, I thought you had forgotten me," she said quietly.

"Never: we have both been deceived—tricked. How much unhappiness to both of us might have been saved had we only known," returned Arthur sadly; and do you still love me with the old love?" he asked in earnest tones.

For answer she laid her head on his shoulder, and allowed him to take her tiny hands and kiss them, and his arm stole around her waist, when a loud shriek aroused them from their reverie, and Olivia recognised the voice of little Dolly.

She immediately rushed away to find out the cause of her scream, and found that she had awoke from a horrid dream, and she soon pacified her. After this interruption the lovers again held sweet communion, and Arthur at last pressed the question: "Will you be mine?"

"I cannot tell you now, Arthur" she replied, accompanied with a beseeching, loving glance. And Arthur pressed her to him and gently kissed her yielding lips, which were half raised up to his, and after one long embrace he tore himself away from his precious enchantress, for such indeed she was to him; and with all his determination he could not resist the sweet influence of those lips and eyes, both eloquent in the living language of love; and as he left the house he mentally promised to return on the morrow and receive his answer.

Olivia, though happy, still thought of her father's troubles, financial and domestic. The loss of her mother had been a great grief to her, and she knew how much her father had suffered too, and determined to do all in her power to soothe his sorrow. Poor Merrisslope, too, was almost mad, and roamed about the country like an escaped lunatic; and she blamed herself for much of his misery. It was just six months since she had refused him at the altar, and he had grown worse ever since.

As for Arthur, he once again felt his old spirits return, as with a brisk step he walked homewards. Away with the spirit of philosophy and back to the regions of romance. Romance was life and soul to him; how could he play the part of a cynic while such a creature as Olivia Phane lived? Impossible! "The age of romance can never cease," and I believe Carlyle is right. A touch of Quixotic Utopianism gives a spice of enjoyment to reality, without which one would soon be satiated of plain unvarnished facts." Thus he mused as he gazed at the fleecy clouds in the light of the silver moon, and his imaginative fancy pictured sylph-like fairies in their pure white forms, which mythical whim he followed as the clouds altered their shapes, without noticing whither he was going. Chimeras of all kinds were created in his fertile brain, as he went on inventing original ideas from the suggestive forms of the soft white vapour that hung in woolly billows in the cerulean sky. Air-castles they were, floating in his mind, and he conjured up a vision of his beautiful Olivia as their queen, reigning over his heart and countless retinues of servants. On, on he went, indulging in his reveries of conception—his ideal

dream—and giving “to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.” He walked while possessed with this rhapsodic vision like a somnambulist phantom. Olivia’s soul-stirring kiss still possessed him, and filled his brain with fleeting phantasies of bliss outvieing the “Arabian Nights” in their splendour. Now, indeed, was he experiencing “a fine phrenzy” in his “thick-coming fancies”; and his mind’s eye pictured in vivid colours “such stuff as dreams are made of,” until in his sanguine ecstasy he noticed not that he had doubled on his course and was again approaching the neighbourhood of Manville Villa, until a wild shriek for help and a figure fleeting in the distance rudely roused him from the millennium of his trance, and he wondered where he was. Still the cry for assistance rang in his ears, and he impulsively ran in the direction of the figure. It was flying at a terrible speed, and it appeared to be a man carrying something white that floated behind him. Nothing was heard now save the running, and Arthur gradually gained on the object of his pursuit; and now he fancied the burden bore a resemblance to a woman. And then he remembered that he had just passed the house of the Phanes. Could it be Olivia?

These thoughts floated like lightning as he hotly pursued the figure; and then he thought of Merrisslope, and was it possible that he was running off with Miss Phane? ’Twas the act of a madman, and every circumstance seemed to be in favour of the supposition though he had had no time for collecting his thoughts, and all seemed a mystery to him. On, on they excitedly tore, the pursued now urged by the sound of pursuit, until the river came in sight. Oh, horrible! He was rushing straight for it; what would he do? Was he going to plunge in and thus end the existence of himself and the girl who had refused him? How the seconds seemed to drag as Arthur, nerved almost to despair, raced after them and never seemed to get any nearer! Now it seemed as though they were both standing still, now they were getting out of his reach again, and his feet felt as though shod with lead. On, on he strove; only a few yards now separated him from them; could he reach them before the wild plunge was made? Burdened though he was, Merrisslope (for it was he) seemed gifted with the agility of a fawn, and ran as only a madman could have done. Three more strides and they would be in the river, when Arthur caught the loose flowing robe of Olivia, and they all three plunged in together, Merrisslope clutching his prey with the tenacity of a demon. Down, down they sank, and then slowly rose to the black surface of the swift flowing river, both Arthur and Merrisslope almost exhausted with their run, and having swallowed large quantities of water. Merrisslope would not relinquish his clutch, but he struggled with the vigour of a maniac devoid of fear. The suspense was terrible to Arthur. How could he act? At present they were rapidly drifting, but soon they would sink, and he felt that it would be never to rise again. They were getting lower and lower in the water, when Arthur freed one of his hands and aimed a blow at Merrisslope as a last chance, when the latter’s head struck against the buttress of a bridge, and he loosed his hold and sank to rise no more. Arthur now, with difficulty, kept himself afloat with the insensible form of Olivia, while he strove to keep her head above water. But it was no use; they were inevitably sinking, and with a last despairing effort he endeavoured to raise her above the water, while his own head sank below. A gurgling sound and all was over, and the dark rolling waters passed on unconscious of their guilt. All this had happened within the space of five minutes—an epoch of fearful agony.

Merrisslope had been hanging round Manville Villa, and had seen Olivia come out on to the balcony to inhale the cool night air for a few moments, and while she was deeply plunged in thought he had stolen behind her and carried her off. At first he led her down the steps without materially alarming her, until he reached the foot, when he flung open the garden door and carried her bodily away at full speed, her screams at the time attracting Arthur Humberton. There had been little time for thought, and action had

to be prompt; but into those few moments years of suffering had been crowded. Now the moon was hidden behind a dark cloud, shrouding the earth in solemn gloom, but the stars twinkled brightly as before, and a brilliant meteor shot across the sky and then plunged into the realms of space.

*(To be continued.)*

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MASONIC RECITATION,

*Composed and repeated on the occasion of the Installation of Bro. George Porteous  
as W.M. of the Williamson Lodge, 949, September 2, 1881.*

BY BRO. C. MACNAMARA, W.M. 97.

COME, brethren all, your joy record,  
For our brother now to health restored,  
At length with the Master's square array'd,  
Oh, may his prestige never fade!

Now, since he's reached the Master's chair,  
And does its flowing honours bear,  
Oh, may he advance from day to day  
In Masonry, and all the fruits display.

May he rule the Lodge with truth and love,  
An herald of that Lodge above;  
May he the wise King's path pursue,  
His rulings righteous, just, and true.

To the "Williamson" may he ever cling,  
And greater honours may he bring  
To its old fame, and may he prove  
How Masons work, how Masons love.

But since you've placed him in yon chair,  
Remember, brethren, 'tis but fair  
That you support your own free choice,  
And with your help his heart rejoice.

As W.M. of 949,  
May your just honours on him shine,  
Both full and fair; and may health and will  
Be given, its duties to fulfil.

And as the sun rises in the east,  
May he, like it, with zeal increas't  
Attain at last his greatest height,  
With fame and labours sound and "bright."

May all true joy attend you then—  
We wish it, sir, again, again;  
And may the Lodge a portal be  
To Life's own great Eternity!

"GLEANINGS FROM THE BLUE."

A REVIEW.

THIS is a little selection printed for private circulation from the Christ's Hospital magazine, and dedicated to an esteemed friend and brother, Dr. Brette, Christ's Hospital. There are in the little work many indications of originality and talent, of high promise, and of future excellence, and several of the "selections," both in poetry and prose, are well worth reading, and, above all, preserving from that "oblivion" which too often sometimes falls here—on the efforts of "genius," on the "toils of inanity" alike. Let us seek to be more just, and consequently more "Masonic." The first little morceau" to which we deem it well to call special and approving attention, is headed in French, "A un Vieux Fauteuil." It is alike simple and truthful; the idea is very well carried out, and is exceedingly suggestive.

A UN VIEUX FAUTEUIL.

O fauteuil d'autrefois, vieux meuble de famille,  
Grâce à toi, mon esprit remonte au temps passé.  
J'aime à te voir le soir près du foyer qui brille,  
Avec ta soie usée et ton bois tout cassé.

A mon père tu fus offert un jour de fête ;  
Tes bras ont soutenu jadis ses bras tremblants ;  
Voici la place vide où reposait sa tête  
Grave et douce à la fois sous ses beaux cheveux blancs.

Grâce à toi, je revois sa noble et pure image,  
Son air de patriarche et son front soucieux ;  
Notre mère en silence observe son visage,  
Et nous à leurs côtés les adorons des yeux.

Hélas ! Ces jours sont loin ! Depuis bien des années  
Tes maîtres sont partis, ô mon vieux serviteur !  
Mes cheveux ont blanchi, tes fleurs se sont fanées,  
Et nous voilà brisés par le Temps destructeur.

Mais plus nous vieillissons, plus chère m'est ta vue.  
Reste, ô reste avec moi jusqu'au jour du trépas,  
Et quand ma dernière heure, ami, sera venue,  
Laisse-moi doucement m'endormir dans tes bras !

A very amusing little skit on the "Good Old Times" points out truly and fairly enough that mercenary art of "cruel expressions" and proverbial sheep-walking in which we all, more or less, are apt to indulge.

GOOD OLD TIMES.

We have all heard of the good old times; we do not know when they were, or what they were, but we were told that they were something very different from anything that we personally have experienced.

The mention of them is so frequent that after a while their antiquity becomes more evident than their excellence: we come to loathe the mouldy fragments thus cast in our teeth, and, beginning to fancy that the times now belauded as good and old must once have been bad and new, and may at that date have been disadvantageously contrasted with some past excellence, we come to doubt in the very existence of good old times, as a certain historical personage did in the existence of Mrs. Arris.

When were these good old times? Where is the contemporary record of them? When was the glorious present? Poets rave about an excellent past and a glorious future, but the present is, to them, always disgusting: in fact, happiness with them is like jam with the "white queen"—it comes yesterday or to-morrow, but never to-day.

We will leave the future alone, and confine our attention to the past. In the earliest records of the human race we soon come upon a fratricide: such times seem rather "old"

than "good." In the early days of the Christian Church, when we might expect absolute serenity and virtue, we read of querulous widows and hypocritical philanthropists.

Whence, then, arises this idea of departed excellence? It is just possible that it is a bit of grumble. Discontented with the present, men throw a halo over the past: human nature loves a grievance, and having found one, hugs it.

Of a piece with this, as it seems to some, is the hackneyed regret for childhood: what humanity generally does for its own past, that each individual does for his: that is to say, extols it at the expense of the present. The past being hopelessly gone, what can be a simpler and safer grumble than to profess regret for it? The broken toys and scalding tears of childhood are carefully forgotten, while the present uneasiness is exaggerated. If we would but be honest with ourselves, we should find that the past was not so nice and the present not so nasty as we profess it to be.

It has been hinted that poets are mainly responsible for these fictions: to quote passages depicting the delights of a sensual and otiose past would be an endless task. Instances will occur to all. One poet, however, stands out as a noble exception. Homer makes a hero profess his belief that his generation is better than the one preceding, and in another passage represents childhood as not being altogether blissful, by introducing a simile of a child running by the side of its weary mother and ceaselessly wailing until it is picked up and carried. Homer spoke from experience, not from a frenzied imagination.

Aristophanes professes to regret the "good old times" of Marathon, but hard measure need not be meted out to him, for there is a natural affinity between comedy and conservatism—an affinity, by the way, lost sight of by *Punch* in recent days, somewhat to the detriment of that publication. Remembering this affinity, the writer was astonished to hear an advanced Radical talk of the good old times in language often used by a rigid Conservative. The wonder ceased with the thought that extremes meet. In answer to inquiry, both agreed in placing the Golden Age fifty years ago. This coincidence seemed to imply reality, until it was remembered that this was the period of their youth, and also that the time was too recent to admit as yet of impartial or authentic history.

If we turn to history, not merely strings of dates and lists of battles, but such as is recorded by novelists, we shall find it hard to fix the date of the "good times." Thackeray is supposed to give a fair picture of the period whereof he treats, and certainly in the Georgian era, which he describes, there is nothing so very lovely that we need desire or regret it. And turning to another great writer—Charles Dickens—his recently-published letters show plainly how his righteous soul was vexed by the sentimental regrets for an imaginary past.

Thus neither in the earliest records of humanity, nor in those of Christianity, nor, again, in those times just distant enough to be called "old," do we find a monopoly of what is "good." If it were a mere matter of sentiment, it would not be worth while to attack this "poetic licence;" but as a fact, this view of the past implies and fosters a discontent with, and ingratitude for the present, and this leads humanity as a body, and each man as an individual, to be contented with a low standard of morality. If the natural tendency of human nature in general, and of each human nature in particular, is downwards (as the phrase "good old times" implies) rather than upwards, neither a nation nor a man will make a real effort to rise. The words act like a prophecy that fulfils itself.

We commend much the "freshness" of the "lines" "O ubi Campi," their sense and brightness of youth. They are truly redolent of green fields, hawthorn lanes, and summer flowers.

#### O UBI CAMPI.

I am tired, I am tired, I've been stewing for weeks  
Over musty collections of Romans and Greeks,  
Over mummies and dummies in sawdust and bran;  
I can't understand them and don't know who can.

I am tired, I am tired of Cicero's jokes;  
Oh, surely the Romans were very dull folks:  
Bucolics and Tusculans put them together,  
Compared with Miss Braddon they don't weigh a feather.

Just think of those antediluvian times,  
Of Virgil or Horace reciting their rhymes:  
With a voice full of passion, and gesture to mate it,  
In toga and slippers—I can't contemplate it.

Then take them and fling them all out to the winds;  
Let Æolus collar whatever he finds.  
He is welcome, for I, for a long time to come,  
Shall not be in need of their *aurum*.

“Gated” is a lament of a suffering “Juventin,” with which we cannot help sympathy. Does a “fellow feeling” or an ancient memory make us “so wondrous kind?”

“GATED”: A LAMENT.

*Saturday Afternoon, June 13th, 1874.*

If poets tell their tales of grief,  
 If Ovid sighs and moans  
 With bitter tears  
 His lonely years,  
 Why should not I, as they, seek like relief  
 In groans?  
 Fame says Siberia's plains are bleak,  
 And fame no doubt says true;  
 Calcutta's sun  
 Has ruth for none,  
 Consuming British livers in a week  
 Or two.  
 Yet exile here or there were sweet  
 As still I gaze upon  
 This cheering view  
 The whole day through:  
 The Middle Arch, the pump, a few square feet  
 Of stone.  
 It might have been my happy lot  
 From Putney's bank to steer  
 A four or pair,  
 Devoid of care,  
 Youth at the helm and at the prow a pot  
 Of beer.  
 But stern fate points to duties owed,  
 Toils not yet overcome;  
 Demands Greek verse  
 Or even worse,  
 Judicial systems and the legal code  
 Of Rome.

We originally gave the “French” of some very touching lines to the poor widowed Empress Eugenie, for whom all loyal hearts must feel both the deepest sympathy and the truest respect. To-day we find an English translation of the same, and lest our readers have forgotten we give them side by side.

A SA MAJESTÉ L'IMPÉRATRICE  
 EUGENIE LORS DE SON RETOUR DE  
 ZULULAND.

Il est fini, ton triste et long pèlerinage!  
 Nous fêtons aujourd'hui ton bienheureux  
 retour,  
 Et nous tous qui t'aimons venons sur cette  
 plage  
 T'offrir notre tribut de respect et d'amour.

Tous les cœurs sont émus et tous les fronts  
 s'inclinent;  
 En nous tous retentit l'écho de tes douleurs.  
 O! si de ta couronne, enlevant les épines,  
 Nous pouvions la changer en couronne de  
 fleurs!

Si nous pouvions, hélas! Altesses infortunée,  
 Te rendre en même temps tous les bon-  
 heurs perdus!

Si nous pouvions te faire une autre destinée,  
 Digne de ton grand cœur, digne de tes  
 vertus!

*Idem Anglicé.*

Thy long and mournful pilgrimage is o'er!  
 We celebrate thy safe return to-day,  
 And all who love thee stand upon the shore,  
 A tribute of respect and love to pay.

Each heart is touched, and every head is bent;  
 The echo of thy grief resounds in ours.  
 Ah! if thy crown with thorns of sorrow pent,  
 We might exchange for one of joyful  
 flowers!

Alas, if but we might, unhappy Queen,  
 Give back the blessings torn from thee by  
 strife,

Fashion another fate than what has been,  
 Worthy thy noble heart and virtuous life.

Mais que sert de te plaindre et t'aimer, pauvre mère ? Nos vœux ne peuvent rien sans le secours du Ciel.	But what, poor mother, avail our grief and love ? Our vows are naught without the aid of Heaven ;
"De sa coupe, Seigneur, ôte l'absinthe amère "Et daigne à l'avenir n'y laisser que le miel !	The wormwood from her cup, O Lord, remove, Vouchsafe that honey alone henceforth be given.
"Son cœur saigne ; ses pieds ont gravi le Calvaire, "Son front pâle est courbé sous le poids des malheurs !	Her heart is wrung, on Calvary stand her feet ; Her face is pale, and crushed with woes and fears ;
"Verse sur sa blessure un baume salulaire, "Et taris dans ses yeux la source de ses pleurs !"	Anoint her wound with healing balm and sweet, And in her eyes drain dry the source of tears.

And once more we think it well to notice some very effective lines in Latin and English, called "Prospice."

## PROSPICE.

*Idem Latinè.*

Fear death ?—to feel the fog in my throat, The mist in my face, When the snows begin, and the blasts denote I am nearing the place, The power of the night, the press of the storm, The post of the foe ; Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form, Yet the strong man must go ; For the journey is done and the summit at- tained, And the barriers fall, Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon is gained, The reward of it all.	Mortemne ut timeam—Sentire in gutture fumos, In facie nebulas ? Ut cœpere nives, propioraque flamina signant Me tetigisse locum, Quâ hox arma movet, tempestas urget, et hostis In statione suâ est : Statque viris præsens Libitina timoris imago, Nec renuenda viris ! Nam confecta via est, et habemus culmina montis, Ipsaque valla cadunt, Quamquam pugna manet, pretium mercedis et actum Fine coronat opus.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more, The best and the last ! I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbear And bade me creep past. No, let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers The heroes of old, Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears Of pain, darkness, and cold. For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave, The black minute's at end, And the elements rage, the fiend voices that rave, Shall dwindle, shall blend, Shall change, shall become first a piece out of pain, Then a light, then thy breast, O, thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again, And with God be the rest !	Pugnavi meruque manu : nunc optima tantum Summa, relicta dies : Nollem luminibus captis mihi præter eunti Mors faceret veniam. Immo ego, quæcunque est ediscam, heroës ut ante, Consimilesque mei ! Cuncta feram, lætæ reparem dispendia vitæ, Nocte, dolore, gelu : Nec mora : nam subito prosunt et pessima forti ; Nigrior hora perit : Tartareæ voces, clementaque sæva, quiescunt, Ut coise putes. Fiet mutatis dolor otia—luxque—tuoque in Pectore deliciae, O vitæ vita ipsa mea ! te amplectar, ut olim : Viderit inde Deus !

Many other of the articles equally deserve attention and perusal, but our limits are exhausted. We hope this little work will find many friendly reader's attention.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

TENNYSON'S new poem, entitled "Despair," published in the November number of the *Nineteenth Century*, gives us another taste of the Laureate's power in depicting the extremity of human passion. The subject is unlovely, but it is treated in a masterly manner.

Oscar Wilde's gorgeously got up volume of poems has passed into a second edition, spite of the manner in which so much meaningless and silly rhyming is intermingled with not a little unaffected and genuine verse in its pages. Its author is the pet of the æsthetic drawing room; hence, doubtless, the run his book has enjoyed. Mr. Wilde is clever enough, but he has been spoiled by society's praise. If he would only give up his morbid affectation he might achieve a permanent success.

Through Macmillan's Miss Christina G. Rossetti has given to the world a new volume of verse, with the title of "A Pageant, and other Poems." It is, we must confess, a little disappointing, displaying most of the fair writer's shortcomings and few of her distinguishing excellencies. The chief fault evinced is unnaturalness. She should assert her own individuality, and not be content to so often echo the method and idealism of others. "The Months" in the "Pageant" which furnishes the title are quaintly conceived and tolerably well worked out. The "other poems" are mostly short and of varying merit, and many of them are marked with deep religious feeling. "Johnny" and "Brandon's Both" are simple and very pretty; but perhaps the best bit of poetry to be found in the whole two hundred pages is contained in the eight lines headed "Buds and Babies." Here they are:

A million buds are born that never blow,  
 That sweet with promise lift a pretty head  
 To blush and wither on a barren bed,  
 And leave no fruit to show.  
 Sweet unfulfilled. Yet have I understood  
 One joy, by their fragility made plain:  
 Nothing was ever beautiful in vain,  
 Or all in vain was good.

The new "Birthday Book," designed by Princess Beatrice, and splendidly produced by Smith, Elder, and Co., is the sensation of the season. The price is two guineas, and the volume is one of the handsomest issued from the English press for many a day.

*Art and Letters: an Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Fine Art and Fiction* (Remington and Co.), is quite a journalistic novelty, being a combination of high class fiction and art literature, together with news notes and critiques on innumerable themes appertaining to art and letters. It has been deservedly well received, and will, we trust, become a permanent periodical.

Dr. William Howard Russell, the veteran "war correspondent," who has been across the Atlantic of late in company with the Duke of Sutherland, will shortly send to press an account of what he saw in America, under the title of "Hesperothen: Notes from the Western World."

We are glad to notice that the popular sixpenny monthly known as *The Burlington* will for the future be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall,

Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. With such a firm as this as publishers, and such a well-known and justly popular author as Miss Helen B. Mathers as editor, there can be no doubt that the future prosperity of this already prosperous magazine is assured. The November issue of *The Burlington* is on a parity with the best of its shilling contemporaries. The contributions are bright, clever, and varied, and we doubt not they will find a host of interested readers. We understand that one of the features of the December number will be a highly entertaining Christmas story from the pen of Mr. Horace Weir, the ingenious author of "Newspaper Romances," and other works. The story will be entitled "One Winter's Night." Some of its incidents are said to be both original and dramatic.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall are about to issue in three volume form a new novel by the editor of *The Burlington*. Miss Mathers' "Story of a Sin," from what we have seen of it in the magazine named, is brilliant as to style and unique as to plot, and, in our opinion, ranks with the best of the many good works which have emanated from the same pen. We predict a second and a third edition for this novel.

*The Reporters' Magazine* (80, Fleet Street), edited by Mr. Edward J. Nankivell, F.R.H.S., is, as its name implies, the organ of the reporting profession. It is printed in phonographic characters, and contains much that will interest not only the profession to which it is devoted, but shorthand writers generally. The get up and general appearance of the magazine are in every sense excellent.

The November issue of *The Phonographic Monthly* is, as usual, an excellent one. A very interesting paper relating "Personal Recollections of Thackeray," illustrated with a good portrait of the brilliant novelist, is one of the items, and comes from the clever pen of Mr. Edgar Wallis. Mr. Horace Weir contributes a fascinating story called "Snowflakes and Sunbeams," and Mr. T. Broadbent Trowsdale furnishes an article on "The Shropshire Peasant Countess." There are poems from the pens of Dr. Ryley Robinson, F.R.G.S.; John Rowell Waller, F.R.H.S.; and John Brent, F.S.A.; besides other meritorious contributions in prose, and a number of well executed illustrations. The magazine is phonetically printed, and the editor may well be proud of it, for it fairly surpasses many of our old established and popular monthlies.

The publisher of *The Phonographic Monthly* (Pilman, 20, Paternoster Row) is issuing a Christmas annual in shorthand, containing a budget of stories and sketches from well known pens, and a host of capital illustrations. It is wrapped in a very tastefully designed cover, and is styled, "All in the Downs," from the title of the opening article, a well written story in the manner of Messrs. Besant and Rice. Among other specially attractive features are a novelette written by Mr. Horace Weir, and a very entertaining and appropriate article on "Christmastide Customs." This unique annual ought to be extensively circulated among the numerous writers of phonography to be found in all our great towns.

We have received a copy of *The Fan*, the newest thing in society papers. Its contents are "spicy" and the illustrations good. Judging from the early numbers, we think it should do well.

*The Stage*, a new organ of the dramatic profession, shows evident signs of a healthy vitality. Its criticisms are both sound and honest, and its weekly information relating to plays and players is written in an interesting manner, and is fully abreast with the times. The acting of amateurs is not treated in an indulgent spirit, but still, for all that, the notices bear the stamp of courtesy and discrimination, and there is a palpable absence of those brutal "slatings"

which seem to be the order of the day in some quarters when dealing with the doings of amateurs.

Mr. Thomas Baines, one of the best known of local historians, and a veteran member of the Fourth Estate, has just died suddenly at Seaforth Hall, near Liverpool. He was a brother of Sir Edward Baines, the father of the Liberal party in Leeds, and for many years connected with the Yorkshire newspaper press. Mr. Thomas Baines was long the editor of the *Liverpool Times*, at one time a highly influential journal.

Another new journal has been established to guide those who are purchasers of new books, either for themselves or others. It is called *The Bookbuyer*, and is a sort of index to current literature, and will contain a pithy criticism of every important new work. An interesting feature of *The Bookbuyer* is that a part of its pages are set apart as a medium of communication between buyers and sellers of rare books, and this free of charge. The journal is published at the small charge of twopence per month, at 9, Essex Street, Strand.

"Gleanings of Lancashire Lore," a series of local historical sketches now appearing in the columns of the *Ashton Reporter*, from the pen of Mr. William Andrews, will shortly be published in volume form.

Miss E. Owens Blackburne's new novel, "The Love that Loves Always," is just to hand, in the orthodox three volume form, from White and Co. It is a story of great power, and will doubtless be widely read. Miss Blackburne is deservedly advancing in popularity as a novelist.

As a collection of current intelligence, *The People*, the new Conservative weekly journal, is a worthy example to the old established papers. The news columns are surprisingly full and well arranged.

An attempt has been lately made to institute a novel departure in London journalism. *The Illustrated Evening News* lived, however, only four days. The idea is not, we think, a bad one, but in this case it fell short of success entirely through absence of enterprise. It was a very rude print indeed.

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## THE FREEMASONS' APRON.

*From an Unpublished Volume of Masonic Sonnets,*

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

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AS spotless as the Aprons which we wear,  
 As innocent as Lamb's, our lives should be ;  
 For we are marching to eternity,  
 And from our souls must all defilement tear.  
 Our ancient brethren, building temples rare  
 In honour of the Almighty Architect  
 (Whose skill and love hath reared and does protect  
 The Universe with more than Father's care)  
 Should teach us all to square our actions so  
 That we may each become as living stones  
 In his immortal Temple, though our bones  
 Are crumbling into dust. Then let us go  
 Through life not slipshod, nor blindfolded quite,  
 But as true Masons, who have seen the Light.