

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF
FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

It is usual with Magazines at the present day, when they begin their insect-like existence, to put forth a few words of prefatory explanation and address. But it seemed to the excellent publisher of this our only Masonic serial, that it was better to take a business view of things, and to plunge "in medias res." And so, as some of our readers will remember, at it we went, and we have been at it ever since, in a very calm and business-like way, without one needless word of explanation, or any fine-drawn sentences of personal appeal.

There is a good deal to be said for both ways of proceeding—both have their conveniences and their inconveniences, their benefits and their defects, their good and their evil; but, perhaps on the whole the old-fashioned way to use a very familiar expression, has "the pull." And so with this New Year, we have thought it well to say a few words of explanation as well as of greeting, to all our readers. The Magazine was started last July, just about six months ago, to supply an obvious want in our Masonic literature of the day, a Masonic serial. Under a good old name, we thought we could minister to the intellectual wants of our brotherhood, and claim at the same time their patronage and support. We hear a good deal at the present hour of a desire for literary progression, and of the need of a good and wholesome literature.

We confess, that, if we are to judge by the support tendered by the Craft, to any Masonic literary effort in this country, of this anxiety and want on the part of the great mass of our brethren for a literary representation, we should feel compelled to say, guided by the

stern dictates of truth, that that anxiety was somewhat limited, and that that want could very easily be supplied. For the truth is, that the supply far exceeds the demand, and at present, just as in the past, all Masonic literary efforts amongst us are carried on, if not at a direct loss, certainly without the slightest profit. Indeed, it is not too much to say, that we know of no surer way of creating a deficit, than of starting or introducing a Masonic literary undertaking.

Brother Hubert, our able French Brother, editor of the "Chaine de l' Union," an admirable magazine, both for quantity and quality, has said that Freemasonry does not pay, and though the subject is an unpleasant one, and we seem to be telling an off-told tale, we think it well to repeat it, to our listening and suffering readers to-day. But having said this, we propose to dismiss the matter, and turn to a healthier and pleasanter subject. With this new year, we beg to tender our heartfelt good wishes to all members of the Craft, and especially to all who peruse the pages of our Magazine.

We trust earnestly, that, the new year will bring all of happiness to them and their families, will indeed be a happy New Year to them, alike in their public avocations and their private relationship. And above all, we wish that 1874 may witness a furtherance of the good cause of Freemasonry in the development of our system, and the prosperity of our lodges.

Happily for us in England, the atmosphere which surrounds the pathway of our feet in our onward Masonic progress, is both clear and healthy. No mists or fogs obscure our gaze, no clouds seem gathering over our heads, as in other countries, ready to break in the pouring rain or the over-

whelming storm. No, thanks to those who direct the affairs of Masonry in England, all is tranquil and serene, and the Craft appears under the skilful direction of its present distinguished and admirable Grand Master, to have before it a future of goodly work and peaceful progress.

We hope then, we are not wrong in anticipating for 1874 a prosperous year for Freemasonry in England. Last year as we shall all remember, contributions of £21,000, in round numbers were made to our great Masonic Charities by the combined donations and free-will offerings of our brethren. What 1874 will produce time alone can fully shew. But yet we are inclined to think, that, so far from any evidence yet of slackness on the part of the Craft in these their charitable efforts, in this their labour of love, there is on the contrary much proof in various ways that as a Brotherhood we are realizing more and more, that, if Freemasonry is what it professes to be, and is worth anything at all to us or the world, the best evidence both of its value and vitality is to be found, in its works of good-will and benevolence. Certain it is, that, our Craft is largely augmenting in numbers every year, and with increasing numbers come necessarily increasing wants, and extended claims on our memories, our sympathy, and our brotherly relief.

We beg also with this New Year to tender our heartfelt thanks to those, who have aided us with their literary labours, or cheered us with their fraternal patronage. That 1874 may witness a considerable increase to our list of subscribers is our earnest desire, and we have some well founded hopes that our expectations may be fulfilled. And we say it not only with all regard for our enterprising publisher, whose efforts deserve every encouragement, but we feel persuaded for the true welfare of our English Craft. Yes, we repeat, our trust and hope are, that, 1874 may witness a well digested movement for the introduction of reading rooms and libraries more generally amongst our

lodges. And with this expression of our sincere desire for the intellectual well-being of our Order, the extension of a good Masonic literature generally amongst the Craft, we beg to reiterate our heartfelt good wishes to all our brethren and readers, on this our first number of a New Year.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

THE December Quarterly Communication of the United Grand Lodge of England is past and gone, and our most excellent Grand Master is again nominated for that high post during the next twelve months, much to the satisfaction of the Craft. Bro. Clabon has been re-appointed by the G.M., President of the Board of Benevolence for the current year, and Bros. Joshua Nunn and James Brett have been nominated and approved of by Grand Lodge as vice-Presidents of the same. The twelve Past Masters who served last year in the Lodge of Benevolence on behalf of the Grand Lodge, have been re-elected to serve this year. The rest of the routine business requires no note or comment. Since the last Quarterly Communication twenty-one lodges have received charters from the Grand Lodge.

THE Grand Lodge of Scotland held its annual Festival on December 1st, when Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart, M.P., was invested and installed as G.M., and Lord James Murray was appointed Depute G.M. Lord Rosslyn, P.G.M., mentioned that during his three years of office forty-four lodges were chartered, and 7583 members admitted and registered in the books of Grand Lodge.

THE aggregate assembly of Mark Masters terming themselves the Grand Lodge of

Mark Masons, met on December 2nd, Lord Limerick, in the absence of Earl Percy, in the chair. Much business was got through.

THE Provincial Grand Lodge for Leicestershire and Rutland, held its annual meeting at Leicester, on the 5th November, under Earl Ferrers, P.G.M., who installed our Bro. Sir H. Halford, Bart., M.P., as D.P.G.M.

THE Provincial Grand Lodge of Derbyshire was holden at Derby on the same day, under the Bro. Okeover, the D.P.G.M. Previous to the meeting of the P.G. Lodge, a new Lodge called the "Hartington" was consecrated, when our Rev. Bro. A. A. Bagshaw, P.G.C., delivered an eloquent address.

THE Provincial Grand Lodge for West Lancashire has also met in large numbers, 400 being present, and has given Lord Skelmersdale, the P.G.M., a most enthusiastic reception. We hardly ever remember to have read a more gratifying account of the meeting of a Provincial Grand Lodge.

We have also to record a meeting of the P.G. Lodge of Durham, under its excellent P.G.M. Bro. John Fawcett, of the District Grand Lodge of Bengal, and of the District Grand Lodge of Victoria, Australia.

THE Provincial Grand Chapter for Middlesex, under the Provincial Grand Superintendent, Bro. Col. Burdett, has held a meeting at Hampton Court.

We mentioned in our last summary, that a new military lodge was to be opened at Canterbury, called the Royal Military Lodge, No. 1,449. It was consecrated at Canterbury according to notice, by our gallant brother, Major General Brownrigg, C.B., P.G.M., for Surrey.

BRO. ALFRED WADE was installed by Brother Adams of Dover, as the first W.M., and the success which marked all

the arrangements, and the effect which was given to all the ceremonies of the day, seem to argue well for the future prosperity, and good working of this interesting "little stranger."

A NEW Chapter was opened at the Greyhound Hotel, Hampton Court, on Monday the 10th, by Companion R. W. Little, P.G., P.G.S., assisted by Companion Col. Burdett, P.G. Supt., and Companion McIntyre, under the name of the "Bard of Avon" Chapter, No. 778. Companion George Elliott, was installed as First Municipal, Companion Parkinson Second, and Lord Limerick as Third. The Burdett Chapter.—Another new Chapter was opened at the same place, on the 29th.

A NEW Masonic Hall is being erected at Derby, by the Derbyshire Masons, and our Bro. Smith, the Mayor of Derby, has shown a very active and laudable interest in this much needed undertaking.

WE are glad to hear that our worthy Bro. Manoah Rhodes, an old and respected P.M. of the Lodge of Hope, Bradford, has been elected Mayor of that important borough.

THE Freemasons of the province of Durham are about to give a window to Durham Cathedral, as a mark of their respect and attachment to their excellent P.G.M., Bro. John Fawcett.

THE REV. O. G. D. Perrot, M.A., Oxon., Head Master of Stepney Grammar School, has been elected Head Master of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, and will begin his important duties after Christmas.

THE Pilgrim Lodge, No. 238 has opened a Lodge of Instruction, for our German Brethren, and the working will be in German. The meetings are to be held on the second and fourth Tuesdays in every month at the German Gymnasium, Old St. Pancras-road, King's Cross.

FROM Tobago we hear that its Provincial Grand Lodge was held on the 24th Sept, under the P.G.M. the Hon. Joseph King Wattle, Chief Justice of Tobago, and from New Zealand we are informed that on July 7th, a new lodge was consecrated at Reefton, to be called "The Pacific Lodge of Reefton."

WE have to regret the decease of our Bro. Edward Wates, P.D.G.M. for Kent, and Mayor of Gravesend, of Bro. Arthur Hoare, P.G.W., Vice-Patron of all the Charities, of Bro. Jabez S. Gower, a liberal donor to all the Charities, of Bro. Richard Tanner, formerly a well-known Inspector of the Detective Police, and of Bro. Henry Coates, who was for about half-a-century member of Lodge 262, and only missed attendance at the lodge twice during that lengthened period.

From Scotland we hear of a consecration of a new lodge at Cross Hill, near Glasgow, by Col. Campbell, M.P., P.G.M. for Renfrewshire, assisted by 200 brethren. Bro. J. D. Porteus is the first W.M. of this lodge and Bro. William Gillies, Depute Master. The proceedings appear to have been most successful.

WE also have received the account of a meeting of the P. G. Lodge of Fife, under our Bro. John Whyte Melville, P.G.M., when a new lodge at Cross Gates was also consecrated; 300 brethren being present.

IN Ireland the subject of the Revised Contributions is still before the Grand Lodge.

FROM America we have a most exhaustive account of American Freemasonry from the able pen of Bro. Clifford McCalla, Editor of the *Keystone*, Philadelphia, to which we call the special attention of our readers.

THE Foreign Masonic News is not very important this month, though instructing in itself. The Dutch have elected Prince Henry as successor to Prince Frederick in the Grand Mastership. Prince Frederick has been a Freemason 57 years, and still remains Protector of the Dutch Grand Lodge.

FROM Sweden we hear that on the 8th November, H.M. King Oscar assumed his post as Grand Master of the Freemasons for Sweden and Norway at a Meeting of the Masonic Order.

IT seems that there are in the Argentine Republic fourteen lodges and fourteen chapters. These chapters are probably those of the High Grades.

THERE are in Buenos Ayres twenty-one lodges under different jurisdictions, of which four are now dormant.

THE Grand Lodge of Chili has elected Bro. Xavier Villanueva as G.M., and Bro. Maldonado as G. Sec.

THE Emulation Lodge of Improvement has had a most successful anniversary, under the chairmanship of Bro. Col. F. Burdett, P.G.M. for Middlesex. The lodge maintains its high character in all that appertains to the work of our ancient ritual.

THE EDITOR.

KING OSCAR, the present sovereign of Sweden, who ascended the throne in September, 1872, is also the Grand Master of Swedish Masons, having succeeded his brother, the late King, both as head of the State and head of the Order. He is about forty-four years of age, and distinguished for literary capacity, being the author of several prose and political works, which indicate much intellectual culture.—*Moore's Magazine*.

A GEM OF THOUGHT.—"We all complain of the shortness of time, and yet we have much more than we well know what to do with. Our lives are either spent in doing nothing, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or what is worse still, doing what we ought not to do. We are always complaining, that our days are few, and yet acting, as if there would be no end to them."

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW YEAR.

A lonely student in his room
Was sitting by the fire,
And 'mid the dark December gloom
As the flames kept rising higher;
He thought he saw in fancy then,
In vision dim and faint,
And seemed to welcome once again
Two figures strange and quaint.

One was an old and weary man
Whose locks were ting'd with gray,
As if "thro' blessing and thro' ban"
He had wandered on his way;
The other in the happy hours
Of all goodly trust and truth,
Stood glowing in the genial pow'rs
Of bright and opening youth.

And 'mid the books of 'parted ages,
And 'mid the pictures of old days,
Amid the tomes of sairs and sages,
The world's grave censure and its praise,
The student seemed to look in awe,
And with a mourning heart that night,
On these two forms he mutely saw
Amid that fire's flickering light.

"What want you here?" he said at last,
"Why come you now to visit me?
Why can't you leave the buried past
And the great future yet to be,
To tell their mutual tale of tears,
Of sorrow, ill, and earthly strife.
The cares and crosses of long years
In this departing life?"

"Why stand you now as pilgrims here
Covered with scallop shell,
Whispering 'mid earthly doubt and fear
Of things I know full well?
Why do you seek to open now
That book of magic lore,
Which tells of faded hope and vow,
And points to what's before?"

"Listen, oh! listen, student grave
Within your room this eve,
We thy attention briefly crave
Amid the cares which grieve,"
They said together in magic voice,
In deep gentleness of tone,
"We come in love to bid rejoice
The heart which stands alone."

"For the past is gone and vanish'd,
From the realm of toil and care,
Thou, too, hast long since banish'd
Old fancies warm and fair;
And toiling on alone to-day
While thy sand is running out,
Thou hast seen thy past all fade away
In much of gloom and doubt."

"For thee that past is but a tale
Of years and friends of yore,
Of trials which no more assail
Of ruins with age all hoar,
Of scenes which thou never more canst see,
Of friends whom no more thoult meet,
Of the loving voice and the fancy free
Of converse soft and sweet."

"But yet tho' all's of the past for thee,
Dear friends and loving way,
The mind so rare, the heart of glee,
Bright shadow, laughing fay:
Still that past in its mystic pow'r,
And its songs of buried years,
Can serve to soften the fleeting hour
With the tenderness of tears."

"Remember then, oh, mourning friend
That past was in wisdom sent,
Those happy hours which too soon would end
Were in mercy and goodness lent
To thee, those very golden days
Which greeted thy dawn of youth,
Were y't if perhaps in different ways
A proving of love and truth."

"Thy after seasons of riper life,
Matured gifts and days,
The thronging scenes of human strife,
All earthly gain and praise,
Were sent by One who 'mid life's decay
And time's departing scroll,
And as our hours pass away,
And the onward ages roll,"

"Arranges all things for the best,
As for thee thy life's career,
Thy times of peacefulness and rest,
Thy seasons of dread and fear;
Whate'er thou art, where'er thou be,
His wisdom ruled the plan,
Which made thee feel, which made thee see,
What is the life of man?"

"Mourn not the past, nor vainly cry
For sundered hopes to day,
Brood not, nor e'en complaining sigh
For gifts long past away;
Howe'er to thee thy past has been
Whether for good or ill,
Whate'er has been its lingering scene,
'Twas God who gave it still."

"Neither the future seek to scan
In its all winding maze,
Nor idly long on that hidden plan
To concentrate thy gaze,
The veil still hangs unbroken
'Twixt past and future now,
Its words are all unspoken,
We know not the when or how."

"No, for thee that future lies before
In mist, and fog, and night,
Upon its still beclouded shore
No beams fall yet of light,
But wait the dawn, ere very long
That haze will melt away,
And thou wilt hear the joyous song,
And hail the golden ray,"

"Which tells of a happier home than this
Of a better country far,
Of the friends we always fondly miss,
Where nothing our peace can mar,
The future of our being
Dear rest and endless love,
For sight at last is seeing
In God's—own Truth above."

"Lift up thine eyes, cheer up thine heart
 Stern Duty's path pursue,
 This is the message we impart
 In loving words and true;
 If the past has sadly faded
 From life, and hope, and trust,
 If the future still is shaded,
 By Time's all-clinging rust;
 "Look up in faith, all calmly strive
 As years fade all away,
 And yet find and leave thee still alive
 On this fresh New Year's Day;
 Seek to improve thy solemn hours,
 Fear not thy sadder cares.
 Mourn not life's gathered flow'rs
 Nor all its painted wares.

"For life in all that it has been
 In all that it must be,
 In all that here thine eyes have seen,
 In all that they must see,
 Has still some work for thee to do,
 Before it fades away,
 Therefore thy path in trust pursue,
 With this glad New Year's day."
 The voices ceased, I listened long,
 In bowed heart and awe,
 As one sometimes hearkens to a song,
 Or to some wise old saw;
 But looking around my chamber then,
 And with the fire's gleam,
 The strangers had passed beyond my ken,
 All was but a pleasant dream. W.

WHEN YOU'RE DOWN.

When legions of "friends" always bless us,
 When golden success lights our way!
 How they smile as they softly address us,
 So cordial, good humoured and gay,
 But oh, when the sun of prosperity
 Is set—then they quickly frown,
 And cry out in tones of severity,
 Kick the man! don't you see he is down!
 What though when you knew not a sorrow,
 Your heart was open as day.
 And your "friends" when they wanted to borrow,
 You'd oblige and ne'er ask them to pay,
 What though not a soul you e'er slighted,
 As you meandered about through the town,
 Your "friends" became very near sighted,
 And don't seem to see you when down.
 When you're "up" you are loudly exalted,
 And traders all sing out your praise;
 When you're down you have greatly defaulted
 And they really "don't fancy your ways."
 Your style was "tip top" when you'd money,
 So sings every sucker and clown.
 But now 'tis exceedingly funny,
 Things are altered because you are down.
 Oh, give me the heart that for ever
 Is free from the world's selfish rust,
 And the soul whose high, noble endeavour
 Is to raise fallen men from the dust;
 And when in adversity's ocean
 A victim is likely to drown,
 All hail to the friend whose devotion
 Will lift up a man when he's "down."

—*Philadelphia Keystone.*

STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF FREEMASONRY IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BY CLIFFORD P. MAC CALLA, K.T.,
 Editor of "*The Keystone*," Philadelphia.

The United States of America probably furnish a more striking example of the rapid developement of Freemasonry than is afforded by that of any other nation in the world; and there is reason for the belief that the growth of true Masonic spirit has kept pace with the growth of numbers. The body of their membership makes itself felt in their abounding charities, which assume such varied and inconspicuous forms, that the general public, and even many of the Fraternity, have little knowledge of their extent or amount.

The membership includes, individually, there as elsewhere the world over, the more prominent men in all the professions and leading avocations of life—all of whom are proud to be connected with the Ancient Craft, which has included potentates, statesmen, scholars and soldiers among its brethren.

I propose to give, in the present brief article, a hurried, and yet accurate account, of the origin, progress, and present position, of Freemasonry in the United States of America. Tradition and imagination will be carefully disregarded, and facts only will be cited. The time has gone by when intelligent craftsmen will receive any statement as true, merely because it flatters their pride. The truth has come to be considered the highest praise.

The city of Boston, Massachusetts is the mother of Masonry in America. Exactly at what date the earliest lodge was established there, is not known, just as it is not positively known when the first lodge was established in Philadelphia. The earliest records are all lost, beyond recovery, so that we have to rest satisfied to take up the chain of evidence as near its commencement as we can find it. We know, however, that a Provincial Grand Lodge

was established in Massachusetts in the year 1733, by virtue of a charter granted April 30, of the same year, by Anthony, Lord Viscount Montagu, Grand Master of Masons of England. The Warrant appointed Henry Price, Grand Master of North America, with power to constitute Provincial Grand Lodges in Massachusetts, and elsewhere upon the continent of America. By virtue of this authority St. John's Grand Lodge was established in Massachusetts, on July 30, 1733; and from this Grand lodge the earliest lodges in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, North Carolina, South Carolina, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Connecticut owed their origin.

The following are the dates of the constitution of the senior Grand Lodges in the United States, in the order of their seniority:—(1) Massachusetts—Provincial Grand Lodge, July 30, 1733; Independent State Grand Lodge, March 8, 1777; (2) Pennsylvania—Provincial Grand Lodge, June 20, 1764; Independent State Grand Lodge, December 20, 1779; (3) Virginia—May 6, 1777; (4) Maryland—April 17, 1783; (5) New Jersey—December 18, 1786; (6) North Carolina—January 14, 1787; (7) South Carolina—March 24, 1787; (8) New York—September 5, 1787; (9) Rhode Island—June 25, 1791; and so on.

The first historical lodge in the State of Pennsylvania, was opened in 1734, under a Warrant from the Provincial Grand Lodge of Massachusetts—the eminent philosopher, Dr. Benjamin Franklin being its Worshipful Master.

In less than a century and a half, the Craft in the States has increased from one Provincial Grand Lodge to 48 Independent Grand Lodges (not including Canada), exercising jurisdiction over 600,000 affiliated Masons. This is the remarkable growth to which I adverted. I will now endeavour to show when and where this growth has been attained.

Mention should be made of the sources of information, so that the reader may judge of its trustworthiness,

and also be led to consult them for himself. Of course the Annual Proceedings of the various Grand Bodies were consulted, as the highest official authorities. In addition to these—Bro. Josiah H. Drummond, of Maine, Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence of the Grand Lodge of Maine; Bro. Stephen J. Young, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence of the Grand Chapter of Maine; and others, have prepared tabular statements, which have been annexed to their reports, and are valuable and reliable, because derived from official sources—these have been consulted; and also, Bro. Mitchell's *Digest of Masonry*; Bro. Leon Hyneman's *World's Masonic Register*; and the Catalogue of the Library of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, 1873, prepared by Bro. Theodore S. Parvin, Grand Secretary, and containing in the way of addenda many interesting facts and figures. These afford sufficiently comprehensive and satisfactory data from which to derive a just idea of the progress of Freemasonry in America.

The oldest Grand lodge in the United States is that of Massachusetts, Established in 1733; the youngest Grand lodge is that of Utah, Established January 16, 1872.

In the year 1860 there were in the United States 38 Grand Lodges, 5,147 subordinate lodges, and 228,279 members. These ranked, according to numbers, as follows:—(1) New York—26,977 members; (2) Ohio—14,150 members; (3) Illinois—12,725; (4) Georgia—12,310; (5) Pennsylvania—11,983; (6) Kentucky—11,665; (7) Tennessee—11,102. The smallest (because then the youngest) Grand lodge, was that of the territory of Washington, which numbered 9 lodges and 217 members.

Note, now, the wonderful progress in one decade of years. The number of Freemasons in the United States was doubled in ten years, from 1860 to 1870. The tabulated results of the reports in the proceedings of the various Grand

lodges, give 556. 295 Masons as the actual number of active members at the close of 1871; 38,438 members having been initiated in the year then last past. The different states stood in rank, according to numbers, then as follows:—(1) New York—78,946 members; (2) Illinois—36,775; (3) Pennsylvania—34,772; (4) Michigan—24,662; (5) Indiana—24,324; (6) Massachusetts—23,217; (7) Missouri—23,118; and, last of all, Utah, 165 members. Of the 38,438 members initiated during the last year, New York furnished the most—5,690 initiates; Illinois stood second, 2,605; Pennsylvania third, 2,577; and Utah last, 28. During this same period of one year, when 38,438 were initiated, 9,580 applicants for initiation were rejected, forming one-fourth of the whole number of applicants.

On the first day of January, 1873, there were in the state of Pennsylvania, under the jurisdiction of its Grand Lodge, 345 subordinate lodges, having 36,185 members; and of the whole number of lodges, 57 were in the city of Philadelphia. The recent completion and dedication of the magnificent new Masonic Temple in this city, will doubtless draw increased attention to the Craft, and cause increasing numbers of the best citizens to be among those petitioning for Masonic light. The highest numbered lodge in Pennsylvania is Gothic Lodge, No 519, in the city of Philadelphia.

CAPITULAR MASONRY in the United States has had an analagous growth and prosperity. In the year 1860 there were 32 Grand chapters, 1008 subordinate chapters and 37,274 companions; now there are 112,000 companions. Royal Arch Masons number proportionately about one to every six Master Masons. The earliest Grand chapter organized was that of Pennsylvania, on November 23, 1795, followed by those of New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, in 1798. The following are the present statistics of Royal Arch

Masonry in the United States:—39 Grand chapters, 1880 subordinate chapters and 117,971 companions. According to numbers the leading Grand chapters rank as follows:—(1) New York—17,656 companions; (2) Indiana—9,378; (3) Pennsylvania—8,409; (4) Ohio—7,647; (5) Massachusetts—7,468; (6) Michigan—6,280; (7) Tennessee—4,211 companions.

The chapter degrees were at first worked under warrants from Blue lodges. It was customary for a number of Royal Arch Masons to ask permission of a lodge of Master Masons for the use of its warrant, which being granted, a chapter was opened under its authority, and the Royal Arch degree was conferred upon those who had passed the chair. In Pennsylvania, Jerusalem Chapter, No. 3, worked under the warrant of lodge No. 3; Harmony Chapter, No. 52 under that of Harmony Lodge, No. 52; and Columbia Chapter, No. 91, under that of Columbia Lodge, No. 91, and no one of them was ever either constituted or consecrated.

As M.E. Comp. Charles Eugene Meyer, Grand High Priest of Pennsylvania, remarked in one of his published, valuable historical sketches, the history of the Royal Arch in this country is peculiar, and especially in Pennsylvania. At first working in Blue Masonry, under a warrant of the so-called "Moderns," with Benjamin Franklin as Provincial Grand Master, her system of work became soon merged into that of the so-called "Ancients," and under its fostering care Royal Arch Masonry was first introduced into the United States some time prior to the year 1758. The date we have only from tradition. We have written testimony, however, dating as far back as 1767, in lodge minutes, which refer to prior minutes, now lost. The first Grand chapter was organized in 1795, under the immediate sanction of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania—the Grand Master and other officers of the Grand Lodge, (who were

Royal Arch Masons) being the Grand High Priest and other officers of the Grand Chapters. The Grand Lodge then acknowledged only four degrees in Masonry, Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, Master Mason and Royal Arch Mason. As late as the year 1817 a number of Royal Arch Masons applied to Concordia Lodge, No. 67, Philadelphia, for the use of its warrant to open a chapter, which request was granted.

TEMPLAR MASONRY in the United States, especially during the past two years (concerning which statistics cannot yet to any large extent be gathered) has met with large favor. The first Grand Commandery of Knights Templar organized was that of Pennsylvania, on May 12, 1797; (2) Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, May 6, 1805; (3) New York, June 18, 1814; (4) Virginia, November 27, 1823; (5) Vermont, January 17, 1824: and last of all, the Grand Commandery of Arkansas, March 23, 1872. In the year 1860 there were 22 Grand Commanderies, 179 subordinate Commanderies, and 7,808 Sir Knights. In the year 1872, there were 29 Grand Commanderies, 464 subordinate Commanderies and 36,536 Sir Knights. This shows a rapid growth in twelve years. 4,405 members were knighted in a single year—1871. All of these Grand Commanderies are under the jurisdiction of the Grand Encampment of the United States, R.E. Sir J. Q. A. Fellows, Grand Master. This grand body holds triennial conclaves—the next one will take place at New Orleans, Louisiana, on December 1, 1874.

To recapitulate:—according to the latest published proceedings there are in the United States 556 295 Master Masons, 117,971 Royal Arch Masons, and 36,536 Knights Templar—a splendid Masonic array, but only an empty pageant, unless these large bodies are actuated by genuine Masonic charity. The writer may, in a future article, describe the nature and number of the Masonic Charities of America.

TIME'S WARNING

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Hush'd is the song of other days,
Still is the voice of ancien t'praise,
Cold is the heart so warm and true,
Sad is the change for me—for you.

Ah! yes, old friend, this New Year's Day
Recalls old seasons fled away;
The joyous room, the classic greeting,
The happy looks, the festive meeting.

Still is that room, afar that scene,
Amid the things that once have been,
We're colder, wiser far to-day,
And sentiment it does not pay!

No, Time which changes all things here—
The fond, the merry, the severe,
Has flung a shade o'er heart and brow,
And alter'd things and persons now.

And yet amid sedater life,
Amid each onward care and strife,
Amid each pleasure and each pain,
Would we were yet but young again!

For youth has magic in its glance,
Youth still can credit life's romance,
Youth still on all of earth can fling
The magic spray of early spring.

But Youth's soft voice is heard to-day,
As a new year meets us on our way;
Saying, in accents faint and low,
"Dear me how old is long ago."

Yes, old indeed, to me—to you,
Who still the path of life pursue;
But yet how little youth does care
For what has once been fond and fair.

Youth recks not now of hastening hours,
Youth heeds not now its wasting pow'rs,
Youth loves to court, and seeks to rhyme,
"And minds not me," quoth Father Time.

"And yet how vain for youth to try
To bid to Time a long good-bye,
For here I am with each new year,
With my tale of joy, my tones of fear."

"Why will not youth to me attend?
I'm sure I treat youth as a friend,
Alas! in vain I speak, I sigh,
Youth glides almost unconscious by."

"A few more years, and youth must see
A difference great, indeed, in me,
For as youth turns my glittering page
He meets me soon in tottering age."

"What has youth done with all my days?
My golden hours, my dazzling rays?
And now the end is drawing near,
While all is dark, and cold, and drear."

"List to my message pleasant youth,
List to my sober words of truth,
Turn not from my warning voice away,
With which I greet thee, this New Year's day."
W.

ANCIENT MASONIC LODGES No. 2.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE ALNWICKE MS. AND RECORDS OF THE ALNWICKE LODGE.

Bro. E. T. Turnbull, W.M. of the Alnwick Lodge, kindly placed in our hands for perusal and publication the records of the Alnwick Lodge, the rules of which are dated 29th September, 1701, and are signed by the members belonging to the lodge of that period, and subsequently as late as August 31st, 1722. At the commencement is a good copy of the "Masons' Constitutions," evidently of date A.D. 1701, or a little earlier, and certainly a transcript from a much older document. It is similar to the "York Constitutions of A.D. 1704," which we made known to the Craft, in the "Masonic Annual for 1871" (M. C. Peck and Son, Hull). It differs, however, from it and other MSS. in some few unimportant particulars, and belongs to a year in which no other was written of those still preserved. An exact copy may be found in our "Old Charges." The following beginning to the MS. is unique.

"Draw near unto me, ye unlearned, and dwell in the house of Learning."

Ecclesiasticus, cap. 5, ver. 23.

"In the hands of the Craftsmen shall the work be commanded."

Ecclesiasticus, cap. 9, ver. 19.

Then follows the commencement of the MS. proper:—

"The might of the Father of heaven with the wisdom of His Glorious Son, through the Grace and Goodness of the Holy Ghost, Three Persons in one Godhead be with us att our beginning, and give us grace soe to govern us here in our living That we may come to his Blisse thatt never shall have ending. Amen."

It finishes with—

"These charges thatt we have reckoned, and all other thatt belongeth to Masonry you shall truely keep and well observe, so helpe you God and Holy-doom, and this Book to the uttermost of your power." FINIS. *

The rules of the lodge are of much importance as they are dated A.D. 1701, and immediately follow the MS.; besides which their antiquity is such as to attach much value

* An exact transcript will shortly be published in the "Masonic Magazine."

to the clauses then agreed on as the laws for the members, and are the earliest lodge laws as yet made public. They are headed:

Orders to be observed by the company and Fellowship of Free Masons at a lodge held at Alnwick Sept. 29, 1701, being the gentl. head meetingday.

1st. First it is ordered by the said Fellowship thatt there shall be yearly Two Wardens chosen upon the said Twenty-ninth of Sept. being the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel, which Wardens shall be elected and appointed by the most consent of the Fellowship.

2nd. Item thatt the said Wardens Receive, summonie and sue all such penalties and Forfeitures and fines, as shall in any wise be amongst the said Fellowship, and shall render and yield up a just Account att the year's end of all such fines and forfeitures as shall come to their hands, or oftner if need require, or if the Master and Fellows list to call for them, for every such offence to pay ... £ s d 0 6 8

3rd. Item, Thatt noe mason shall take any worke by task or by Day, other then the King's work, butt thattattthe leasthe shall make Three or Four of his Fellows acquainted therewith, for to take his part; paying for every such offence ... 3 6 8

4th. Item, Thatt noe mason shall take any work thatt any of his Fellows has in hand with all to pay for every such offence the sume off 1 6 8

5th. Item, Thatt noe mason shall take any Apprentice, Enter him and give him his charge within one whole year after. Nott soe doing, the Master shall pay for every such offence ... 0 3 4

6th. Item, Thatt every master for Entering his apprentice shall pay 0 0 6

7th. Item, Thatt every mason when he is warned by the Wardens or other of the Company, and shall nott come to the place appoynted, Except he have a reasonable cause to shew the Master and Wardens to the contrary; Nott soe doing shall pay ... 0 6 8

8th. Item, Thatt noe Mason shall throw his Fellow or give him the lye or any ways contend with him or give him any other name in the place of meeting then Brother or Fellow, or hold any disobedient

argument, against any of the company reproachfully, for every such offence shall pay ... 0 0 6

9th. Item, there shall noe appren-
tice after he has served seaven years
be admitted or accepted but upon
the Feast of St. Michael the Arch-
angel, paying to the Master and
Wardens ... 0 6 8

10th. Item, If any Mason either
in the place of meeting or att work
among his Fellows, swear or take
God's name in vain thatt he or
they see offending shall pay for
every time ... 0 5 4

11th. Item, Thatt if any Fellow
or Fellows shall at any time or times
discover his master's secrets, or his
owne, be it nott onely spoken in the
Lodge or without, or the secrets
and counsell of his Fellows, thatt
may extend to the Damage of any
of his fellows, or to any of their
good names; whereby the Science
may be ill spoken of, For every such
offence shall pay ... 1 6 8

12th. Item, Thatt noe Fellow or
Fellows within the lodge shall att
any time or times call or hold
Assemblies to make any mason or
masons free: Nott acquainting the
Master or Wardens therewith For
every time so offending shall pay... 3 6 8

13th. Item, Thatt noe Rough
Layers or any others thatt has not
served their time, or admitted ma-
sons, shall work within the Lodge
any work of masonry whatsoever
(except under a Master) for every
such offence shall pay ... 3 13 4

14th. Item, That all Fellows
being younger shall give his elder
fellows the honour due to their
degree and standing. Alsoe that
the Master Wardens and all the
Fellows of this lodge doe promish
severally and respectively to per-
forme all and every the orders above
named, and to stand by each other
(but more particularly to the War-
dens and their successors) in sueing
for all and every the forfeitures of
our said Brethren, contrary to any
of the said orders, demand thereof
being first made.

Sixty-nine signatures are attached, some of
which were written A.D. 1701, when the
rules were inserted in the book, and the
remainder were appended according to the
dates of initiation: e.g., "Patrick Mills
1706, made Free Decr. 27th, and George
Potts made Free this 20th of Jany. 1708."

To some of the names marks are attached
in the form of monograms, &c. The
records are mostly taken up with the
narration of fines, the arrangements for
indentures, and such like, as from the
earliest minute to the last (ranging from
1703 to 1757) the lodge was of an opera-
tive character, and the members assembled
for the purpose of aiding one another in
sickness, for the preservation of their
secrets as Freemasons, and for the proper
conduct of Master and Fellows both *within*
and *without* the lodge. The earliest minute
of the Alnwick Lodge preserved is dated
October 3rd, 1703:

"Item. Itt is agreed by us whose names
is under written thatt Wm. Balmrow for a
breach of ye 12 Artickole shall be prosecuted
according to Law, and funder James Mills of
some other offence thatt will be mad appeer
at time convenient."

On Dec. 27th, 1705: "It is agreed and
concluded upon by the genll. consent of the
Lodge thatt James Mills and James Ganmon,
Matthew Doores [these names are all sub-
scribers to the orders of A.D. 1701] Jno.
Kennington and others, offenders. be prosecuted
and find Nobles each for their absence from
Warkworth and Alnwick Lodge, as wittnesse
or. hands the day & year above written. The
Fines upon the said offenders. to be forth-
with prosecuted as agreed by us present this
day att the Lodge holden at Alnwick."
(Signed) —.

At the Lodge held — 1706 (?) several
brethren, "for not meeting at the Lodge held
on this Day at the usuall place upon due
summons are fined six shillings Eightpence
each of them."—Signed by Thomas Davidson,
master, and 14 members.)

Dec. 27th, 1707: "Agreed upon by the
consent of this Lodge holden att Alnwick this
St. Jnos. Day, the Day and year above written
Thatt James Mills of Alnwick aforesaid is by
general consent of the sd. lodge chosen and
elected master of the sd. Lodge. Thomas
Dally jr. and Thos. Davidson Wardens."

Fines and prosecutions were common to
the early Scottish lodges also. The next
election occurred 27th Dec., 1708.

At Alnwick Dec. 27th, 1710: "Its ordered
by the genll. consent of our Lodge that on the
Third Day of February next after the Date
hereof that all the Brothers and fellows con-
cerned in the sd. Lodge then & there to
appeare & to concert & enquire into all such
offences contrary to the Orders and Constitu-
tions of the sd. Lodge & and to put the same
in Execution, according to Law, as they shall
auswer the contrary the Penalty for not

answering on the Day aforesaid six shillings, eightpence, as witness our hands the Day and year above written."

(Signed) THOMAS DAVIDSON, Master;
MATTHEW FORSTER } Wardens;
DARRICK MILLES }
and Brethren.

Then follow several instances of fines for non-attendance and disobedience. The next minute is the most important of those recorded, and is the only instance we can find of sermons being preached on behalf of the Society, or, indeed, of any public appearance of the members of the Lodge in the book. That the Masons walked in procession with their aprons on, and that the Masters for the time being were held responsible for such taking place annually, the record proves clearly; and these old minutes are therefore of much interest, apart from the importance which is necessarily attached to the "MS. Constitution" of A.D. 1701, which prefaces the volume:—

That at a true and perfect Lodge kept at Alnwick at the house of Mr. Thomas Davidson, then one of the Wardens of the said Lodge the twentieth Day of this instant Jany. 1708. It was ordered that for the future no member of the said Lodge Master Wardens, or Fellows should appear at any Lodge to be kept on St. John's Day in Christmas without his apron and common square fixt in the belt thereof; upon pain of forfeiting two shillings sixpence, each person offending, and that care be taken by the Master and Wardens for the time being that a Sermon be provided and preached on that day at the Parish Church of Alnwick by some clergyman at their appointment: when the lodge shall appear with their aprons on and common squares as aforesaid, and that the Master and Wardens neglecting their duty in providing a clergyman to preach as aforesaid shall forfeit the sum of Tenn Shillings. The severall forfeitures to be disposed of as the then Lodge shall direct, and all persons offending shall upon refusall of paying the severall mulcts above mentioned shall be excluded the said Lodge.

Witness our hands the said Twentieth Day of Jany. 1708.

JAMES MILLES, Master of the aforesaid Lodge.

THOS. DAVIDSON } Wardens of the said
JOHN CHARLTON } Lodge.
(and eleven others.)

The next minute is dated Alnwick, 27th December, 1748, and

"Is to certify that we whose names are hereunder subscribed are made Free Bros. of the said Lodge holden at the House of Mr.

Thos. Harrison, Jr., Alnwick. The Lodge elected as follows: Roger Robson in Thropton chosen Master; George Snowdon and Richd. Atkinson, Wardens; Cuthbt. Yeuns, Robt. Snowdon, and Wm. Anderson, Bros. to the assistance of the said lodge."

The minute is also signed by twelve other brethren. It appears as if several leaves had been removed, and in fact in some places the remains of a few pages are distinctly visible. The proceedings sometimes are well recorded, but generally speaking the minutes are not well written. The MS. Constitutions, however, and the orders of A.D. 1701, are good specimens of caligraphy. That the lodge continued true to its operative origin even in later years is evident from the fact that *all the business* transacted at the meetings had reference simply to Operative Masonry in one form or other. On Saturday, 31st December, 1748,

"It was ordered that all apprentices that shall offer to be admitted into this Lodge, after serving due apprenticeship, shall pay for such admittance Ten shillings. Also that all other persons and strangers (*not serving a due apprenticeship*) that shall apply to be admitted into said Lodge, shall pay for such admittance the sum of Seventeen shillings. The meeting days for said Society to be the 24th day of June and the 27th day of Decr. in every year."

Certain fines are then agreed on, and officers chosen. It was

"Ordered that none shall be admitted into the said Lodge under the age of 21 or above 40. Also that in case of any of the said members of the said Society shall fail in the world, Its ordered that there shall be paid weekly out of the said Lodge 4s. Producing proper certificates of the same, and when able, the said sum to be withdrawn."

On the 24th June, 1749, provision was made for the relief of the wives and children of deceased members to the extent of half a crown weekly. It was also

"Ordered that there shall be paid out of the said Lodge Dan. Cuthbertson musicians the sum of Ten shillings yearly (to wit) 5s. at Christmas and 5s. at Midsummer."

The same sum was also agreed to be paid to Mr. Nich. Brown, as Clerk to the Society and in like manner. At this lodge (24th June, 1749) there was left "in the Box or Lodge" £3 4s. On the 27th December in the same year the amount was raised to £7 5s. 10d. The largest sum recorded was

at the lodge held June 24th, 1756, when a net balance was declared of £51 16s. 10d. The following entry is made:—

“Inrollments of Apprentices—James Swan bound apprentice to Patrick Mills, November, 1751; Edward Robinson bound apprentice to Michael Robinson, April, 1752.”

We find that these two Master Masons (*i.e.* Mills and Robinson) were members of the lodge.

The minutes conclude with a statement of accounts dated “June ye 24th, 1757,” and mentions that two shillings were “paid far Travelling Brother.” Whether any but operative Masons were admitted we cannot determine from the volume of records. It is probable other than Masons were accepted as members, which, after all, would be nothing unusual, for gentlemen were received into operative lodges in the seventeenth century. Mainly, however, if not *wholly*, the Alnwick Lodge was an operative one, and was for the protection of the Craft and the benefit of the Craftsmen. The question as to “Three Degrees” being worked prior to A.D. 1720, receives no additional light from these minutes. In common with all old Lodge Records that we have examined there is a uniform silence as to Masonic *degrees* of any kind, and we do not think that these Alnwick Lodge Minutes are likely to prove more than usually valuable, although, of course, these being the earliest of their kind yet discovered in England gives them a peculiar prominence, and confers a special English value on their contents. In Scotland the fact of lodge records dating back to 1701 is nothing uncommon.

According to the “Bombay Gazette,” “a large number of European, Parsee, Mahomedan and Hindoo Freemasons had the pleasure of witnessing the presentation of a Past Master’s Jewel, a beautiful time piece with a glass dome, and a Masonic work to W. Bro. Darasha Ruttonjee Chichgur, the immediate P. M. of Lodge ‘Rising Star of Western India,’ as a token of the appreciation of members of the lodge of his services to the Craft during his year of office—1872. The same evening the Provincial Grand Master, with his Officers, happened to be on an official visit to the lodge, and these, with the Masters and members of sister lodges who had been invited at the interesting proceedings, formed a very respectable gathering at the Scottish Masonic Hall. W. Bro. Chichgur acknowledged the presentation in an appropriate address, and assured his adherence to the interests of the Craft in future years.”—*Masonic Herald, Calcutta.*

THE PRESENT POSITION OF MASONIC HISTORY, No. 1.

I propose from time to time to call the attention of the readers of this Magazine, to the present position of what perhaps may not inaptly be termed the “Historical Question” amongst us, that, so we may see how far we have hitherto successfully travelled along the somewhat dusty highway of our Masonic Annals. Now there are certain canons of criticism, I feel bound to lay down strongly at the outset, as otherwise we are but repeating in truth an “oft-told tale;” we are in our turn but handing on to others, what we have received without consideration and investigation, from those who went before us in our Masonic life, from our predecessors in the “Ancient and Royal Art”

The first canon of criticism that I would therefore lay down to-day, when we approach the Historical Question of Freemasonry is, that, we must not treat Freemasonry in any other way, than, we would treat, the many grave and interesting topics of historical discussion and consideration. We must not draw near the “vexata quæstio” of the Antiquity of Freemasonry, or its origin, with any pre-conceived notions or favourite theories of our own. We must not sacrifice the ever great cause of historical truth, at the shrine of any false god, whether of sentimentalism on the one hand, or of scepticism on the other. In the next place we must, in treating the subject historically and critically, really carry out the rules and regulations of historical criticism. We must not put forward our own views, and defend them “à l’outrance,” unmindful of evidences which are undoubted, and of facts which are incontestable. We must not call our treatment of so serious a subject, as the Antiquity of Freemasonry, history or criticism, and then make it a personal question or an individual theory, and then complacently assume, that, we are right, and that, everybody else is wrong.

But we must approach the subject in calmness, moderation, and thoughtfulness, we must submit it to the crucial tests of sound reason and simple evidence; we must discard prejudices and pre-conceived opinions, and endeavour honestly to educe from the "debris" of the past—from the twisted skeins and confused maze of anachronisms and unscientific records, the sober tale of truth, of reality, and of genuine narrative.

Again we should not treat the question as with a criticism ready made. We live in an age of many doubts, and more negations. Hardly anything now-a-days appear to be able to withstand the sweeping advance of a cold, and callous, and destructive criticism.

There is a tendency amongst us, somewhat hastily to assume, that, all is unreliable in our Masonic traditions for instance, which is not strictly provable to-day, by the common rules of substantial evidence, and therefore we are too hastily condemned and treated as belonging to an obsolete school, who raise a word of warning or suggest a plea for deliberation. I hope to show, that, even on the most critical grounds, traditions have a value of their own, and that a tradition is not to be rejected merely because it is a tradition, and as such to a great extent, resting more on credibility for acceptance, than on actual evidence. Keeping then these three principle canons of criticism before us to-day, let us in the first place consider what is our Masonic history in reality. Suppose we were beginning the study of Masonic history as painstaking students, what should we discover? What should we assert?

We find a society existing in almost every country of the known world, what are its annals of life and progress?

Is it modern or ancient? is it of these two last hundred years? is it traceable to mediæval times? is it the creation of yesterday? or is its origin lost in the dimness of ages long since dead and

buried in the common tomb of humanity?

Now to answer these questions properly we must take our time, we must not reply to them too hastily on the one hand, or dismiss them as impossible to deal with on the other. And before we answer them ourselves, let us try and ascertain if others have written upon the same subject, how they looked upon it, how they treated it.

Well, the moment we do so, we find that the subject is not new, but has been already exhaustively treated, by many very able writers.

These writers may be divided into several schools.

There are those, though their views are those of the past rather than of the present, who treat Freemasonry as a product of the ancient mysteries. That there may be a portion of truth in their views, I for one do not think is to be denied, but their general proposition is one which does not harmonize with the stern demands of "cause and effect," or the pressing claims of a constructive criticism.

There is another class of writers, who like still to linger amid the somewhat fanciful, if fascinating, theory of a crusader origin.

But at the present moment, except Bro. Yarker, I know of no able writer who really accepts such an explanation of our Masonic history, and I think we need not dilate further upon it.

A third view of Masonic history is that propounded by Bro. J. Findel of Leipsic, well known for his most valuable "History of Freemasonry." His theory is shortly summoned up thus—as he originally propounded it, in his German history, namely that the history of Freemasonry is practically the history of the operative Masons, or "Steinmetzen" in Germany.

He gave, in the German text, a description of a mediæval Masonic reception, under a Benedictine Ritual, which had such a striking similarity with more modern usage generally,

that, I for one certainly fully accepted his theory as far as it went, unhesitatingly and undoubtedly. That view of his has been accepted I believe, by a considerable portion of later German Masonic writers, and has been effectively reproduced by Bro. Steinbrenner in America.

The fourth view of Masonic history, is what may be called the guild theory. That view accepts the organization of the trade guilds, and of the pure Craft assemblies, as precursors and ancestors so to say, of the Grand Lodge of 1717. But some of those who hold that view, go on a little further.

Some content themselves with tracing back the "guilds" through Norman, and Saxon times in this country to the Roman Sodalities, while others would pass on through the Roman Sodalities, and link themselves on to the old building corporations of the world, in Greece and Egypt, Tyre and the Holy Land; and would accept the tradition of the Masonic Legends which connects Freemasons with the building of the temple. The school of able German Masonic Writers on Masonry who flourished in the beginning of this century, like Krause and the writers in the *Altenburgh* journal, and above all Lenning, though they did not repudiate this further view, seem to have been mainly solicitous about the Roman Sodalities.

Schauberg, a writer of our own time, seems also to accept Lenning's theory, and that of Krause, and Clavel a French writer, and Ragon another French writer, practically repeat these views and adopt those theories in their works.

There are also many other writers, mostly foreign, of the early part of this century, many still anonymous, who accept the same theory; so that those, who like myself, have as yet seen no reason to give up this older view of our Masonic history, err if we do err in very good company.

I fully admit, as all Masonic students must admit, that, to our German brethren, and especially to Kloss, all who

value critical enquiry, and untiring research, and scientific treatment of historical annals and ancient evidences, must ever feel a deep debt of gratitude, and I have more than once expressed what, I consider the Craft in its entirety owes, alike to the earlier and the later school of German Masonic writers.

There is one more view which I must also touch upon, before I close this article, which is the view propounded by Bro. Buchan, and which we may call the 1717 theory, that, if I understand his arguments aright, separates altogether speculative from operative Masonry, the Grand Lodge of 1717 from the mediæval and earlier guilds.

He denies, as I read his words, that there is any connection between the two systems; that, the Masonic guilds had no mystical teaching, or none which was not at any rate common to other trades and "mysteries," and that the guilds were merely trading and operative bodies.

Now no one denies, that, our present speculative Freemasonry takes its present form from 1717, but what others and I contend for, is, that those Masons from the four or six lodges who met in 1717, were the members of the old operative lodges, and that what they then handed on to us, is with some needful modification, the same system practically, as that which distinguished the operative guilds and the Grand assembly.

But I find that I must stop here to-day, lest I should try the patience and weary the attention of my readers. I propose, in a subsequent paper, to consider what are our sources of Masonic historical evidence, manuscript and printed, from which our writers have derived their statements and their authorities.

When I have exhausted our existing sources of historical evidence, I propose to point out what is the result which may be fairly claimed as having been attained, whether from consentient historians or conflicting schools.

A. F. A. WOODFORD.

MEMBERSHIP OF THE GRAND
LODGE OF SCOTLAND;
WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT OUGHT
TO BE.

BY AN OLD PAST MASTER.

I wish to be permitted in the pages of the Magazine to call the attention of the brotherhood to the state of matters in the Grand Lodge of Scotland, which has long been such as imperatively to call for general action on the part of the brethren within the jurisdiction to remedy evils deeply affecting the interests and honour of the Craft, and has now, in consequence of a beginning of such action and of resistance to it, become extremely critical, so that those who wish to see the accomplishment of a thorough and much to be desired reform have need immediately to bestir themselves. The character of the Grand Lodge must always be of great importance to the whole Masonic fraternity, and therefore also its constitution, upon which its character cannot but in a great measure depend; for by its constitution will certainly be determined the general fitness or unfitness of its members to occupy their high and responsible position, to exercise jurisdiction over all the lodges of the kingdom, and to decide in questions of great consequence, often involving points of difficulty; and also to set an example to the whole brotherhood in the good working of the Grand Lodge, its constant maintenance of the laws and principles of Freemasonry, and the order, decorum, and brotherly kindness of its meetings. If the Grand Lodge were generally, or even to a large extent, composed of members whose education fitted them for their judicial functions, and whose character and social position commanded respect—men well esteemed amongst their brethren and in the lodges of which they are representatives for their knowledge of Freemasonry, who could not be suspected of any meanness or underhand dealing, of any jobbery for private ends or pliancy to influences such as a wealthy brother might choose to exercise in order to gain some purpose of his own, and who could neither themselves be guilty of any breach of the rules of Masonic brotherliness and gentlemanly propriety in their meetings, nor permit any one present to be so without his being immediately checked,—it would

exercise a powerful beneficial influence, which would be felt in every lodge within its jurisdiction, and would greatly tend to promote the prosperity of the Craft and to elevate it in general estimation over the whole country. There would then be great advantage to the office-bearers of lodges even in distant places in frequently attending the communications of the Grand Lodge, from which they would carry home an increased knowledge of Freemasonry and an improved acquaintance with the way of conducting every part of the work of a lodge, whilst their intercourse with brethren at its meetings would be as pleasant as it would be profitable. But I need have no hesitation in asserting,—for it is too well known to be for a moment disputed, or to be censured as the unnecessary revealing of an unpleasant secret—that the Grand Lodge of Scotland has hitherto for many years been far from answering to this description. Scandals have abounded in its history, which have in some instances resulted in driving away from all further participation in Masonic matters brethren who were among the most worthy of honour in the brotherhood. The meetings of the Grand Lodge have not always been peaceful, orderly, and harmonious, but sometimes even scenes of brawling and riotous contention, in which fierce words were uttered such as never ought to be addressed by a Mason to a brother mason, and such as are not usual in any assemblage of gentlemen; whilst, instead of discussions being carried on as they ought to be, and as the laws of Freemasonry specially require that they should be, with mutual courtesy, it has been a common thing for a brother proposing or advocating a motion not agreeable to the majority of those present, or to a section of them, to be met by shoutings, howlings, and all kinds of offensive noises on the part of members resolved beforehand not to regard any reasons which he might advance. To a brother from a distant part of the country accustomed to think of the Grand Lodge with great respect, and happening on such an occasion to be present, the spectacle could not but be both an astonishing and a painful one, not a little calculated to disgust him with Freemasonry altogether. And brethren from England, America, and other countries, happening to be present at a meeting of the Grand Lodge, could not

but carry away a most unfavourable impression of Scottish Freemasonry from what they might see and hear.

And what is the reason of all this? Those who have considered the subject are, I suppose, pretty unanimous in the opinion that the whole evil has its origin in the proxy system which has been introduced into the constitution of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. The proxy system is a peculiarity of our national Grand Lodge. Not a vestige of it exists, in any other Grand Lodge in the world. It seems to be altogether of Scottish invention; and those by whom it was devised would have little reason to be proud of it if they were now witnesses of its results. The purpose which it was intended to serve is easily understood. It seemed probable, when the Grand Lodge of Scotland was established, 137 years since, that the attendance at its communications of the Masters and Wardens of lodges at a distance from Edinburgh would ordinarily be small, so that there was danger of the whole business of the Grand Lodge being carried on, even from year to year, by a very few persons, the representatives of the lodges only of Edinburgh and its immediate vicinity, who would thus acquire an undue power over all the lodges of the kingdom. To obviate this danger, the right was given to lodges whose Masters and Wardens could not conveniently attend the meetings of the Grand Lodge in Edinburgh to appoint in their stead Proxy Masters to represent them in the Grand Lodge, as to whose qualifications it is only requisite that they should be Freemasons, members of a Scottish lodge in full enjoyment of Masonic rights and privileges. And it was arranged that each Proxy Master should appoint two Proxy Wardens, they also, of course, being brethren belonging to some Scottish lodge, and that they along with him should be representatives in the Grand Lodge of the lodge which had elected him. The theory was that lodges would elect as Proxy Masters brethren well known to them, or in whom, from sure testimony of those who knew them, they felt themselves entitled to place full confidence, that so they might be well represented and their interests well cared for in the Grand Lodge. It naturally happened that the brethren chosen as Proxy Masters, and the Proxy Wardens whom they appointed, were

mostly resident in Edinburgh. It also happened that many lodges, especially those in the smaller towns and villages, not regarding their right of appointing a Proxy Master as of great value, made no such appointment, and were contented to remain unrepresented in the Grand Lodge; also that many were ready to elect as their Proxy Master any brother who was recommended to them, although they had never previously heard of him, and knew very little of the brother or brethren who recommended him. And thus it came to pass that, if a member of the Grand Lodge had some particular object which he wished to carry, and in favour of which he was doubtful if there would be a majority of votes, the way was open to him to secure a majority by packing the Grand Lodge with creatures of his own; and if a number of members combined for such a purpose, and they were willing to spend a little money, it was easy for them, within a very short time, to effect a great increase of the number of their supporters by the addition of new Members to the Grand Lodge. In this way a mere clique obtained an almost absolute control of the affairs of the Grand Lodge, and managed them very much at their own pleasure, to the grievous injury of its character and the discredit of Freemasonry. It was, doubtless, the expectation of the founders of the Grand Lodge, when they introduced the system of representation by proxy, that the presence of a large number of the most enlightened and esteemed of the brethren would thus be secured in the meetings of the Grand Lodge, giving wisdom to its councils and moral weight to its decisions, so as to promote in a high degree the interests of Freemasonry in Scotland, and to uphold its honour. But the result soon proved the very opposite, and the evil has gone on increasing until it has become intolerable. The Grand Lodge, no doubt, has always reckoned among its members some of whom both the brotherhood and their country have reason to be proud; but very many are of an entirely different class,—ill-educated, uncultivated men, of low social position, and possessing no more knowledge of Freemasonry than the least instructed and least proficient in any Edinburgh lodge, and this, it may be safely said, is very little knowledge indeed;

whilst not a few of them are men who ought never to have been accepted and initiated in any lodge at all, and who would not have been so by a lodge properly careful of its own respectability and of the reputation of the order,—men ready to support by their votes those who were willing to pay for them their Grand Lodge fees, to entertain them now and then with a good supper, or to treat them to their perfect content with toddy. And it is a fact not to be denied that elections of office-bearers have been carried in the Grand Lodge, and resolutions passed of which all good and worthy Masons have cause to be ashamed, by the votes of such men, mustered beforehand in a tavern, and coming to the Grand Lodge not for the purpose of deliberating, but simply of voting,—not to consult the interests of the Craft, but those of their liberal entertainers. To pack the Grand Lodge, men have been chosen from the lowest ranks of society. It was not necessary that they should be already Freemasons in order to be fixed upon as eligible. They could be made Masons in order to become immediately Proxy Masters or Proxy Wardens, and so to be members of the Grand Lodge. Masons newly made were in many cases apparently selected in preference to those of longer standing. All that was requisite was that they should be ready to vote in a particular way in some particular case, or generally to give their votes according to the wish of the person who procured for them the honour of being made-members of the Grand Lodge. If, when sounded on the subject, they pleaded their ignorance and inability to determine for themselves how they should vote, they were told that nothing was more simple,—that they had only to keep their eye on a particular brother, and hold up their hand when he held up his. If, when tempted by the proposal of so high an honour as that of a place in the Grand Lodge, they objected the difficulty of paying the fees, they were told that this need not give them any concern, as the fees would be paid for them. The proper men being secured, it was only necessary to ascertain what lodges were without representatives in the Grand Lodge, and to apply to each of them, through some appropriate channel, for the appointment of a certain brother as their Proxy Master, who, upon being appointed, lost no time in ap-

pointing two Proxy Wardens. And thus was the Grand Lodge of Scotland packed with members who knew not and cared not how it behoved them to act as Freemasons, and who could not behave themselves as gentlemen.

To rescue the Grand Lodge from this degradation, and from the domination of the ruling clique which had degraded it, and whose power was due entirely to the success which had unhappily attended their unmasonic and dishonourable proceedings, became in the eyes of very many of the best and worthiest of the Freemasons of Scotland an object of the highest importance; but how to accomplish it by fair and honourable means—and they could use no other—it was not easy to determine. On considering the subject, however, they were led unhesitatingly to refer the whole evil to the proxy system, the one peculiarity in which the constitution of the Grand Lodge of Scotland differs from that of other Grand lodges. They could not observe without much pain the difference between the Grand Lodge of Scotland and the Grand lodges of other parts of the world,—notably, for example, the Grand Lodge of England,—in the character of its meetings and proceedings, and in the estimation in which it is held throughout the country. They had no difficulty in assuring themselves that the great majority of the men whose presence in the Grand Lodge of Scotland stamped upon it the character which it unhappily bears were Proxy Masters and Proxy Wardens; and they came to the conclusion that the only way in which a thorough reform could be effected was by the abolition of the proxy system, and the restoration to the Grand Lodge of what may be called its natural constitution. They considered, further, that whilst the proxy system had utterly failed to serve the good purpose which it was intended to serve, and had been abused to serve a purpose of the most opposite kind, the reason which had led to its adoption had ceased to have the force which it had in last century, or even at a much more recent date, through the greatly increased facility and speed, and the diminished expense, of travelling.—Freemasons from even the most distant parts of the country being now able, without much inconvenience, to attend from time to time

the communications of the Grand Lodge ; which also, they began to think, might with advantage be held occasionally in Glasgow, and perhaps in Aberdeen, and not always in Edinburgh. It appeared to them, likewise, that great benefit to the cause of Freemasonry in Scotland might confidently be expected from the regular or frequent attendance of brethren from all parts of the country at the meetings of the Grand Lodge, if these were conducted as they ought to be, and as they certainly would be, if actual Masters and Wardens of lodges and Past Masters were its only members,—brethren of knowledge and experience, as well as of unquestionable respectability, who, meeting with each other, would mutually impart and receive instruction, and that thus the working of the Grand Lodge and the conduct of its meetings would become a pattern for all the lodges within its jurisdiction. That all Past Masters should be recognised as entitled to a place on the roll of the Grand Lodge for life, as is the case in the Grand Lodge of England and other Grand lodges, they thought likely to be of most beneficial effect, as securing in the highest possible degree the presence of brethren of knowledge and experience in all its meetings : whilst thus, also, lodges would almost necessarily be led to a frequent change of their highest office-bearers, and few or none would continue, as has been too much the practice in many lodges in Scotland, to reelect the same brother year after year to the office of Master, and the same brethren as Wardens, the younger brethren thus having had no encouragement, from the prospect of the possible attainment of Masonic honours, to apply themselves diligently to the study of Freemasonry, and so to qualify themselves for performing the functions of office-bearers. Were the Grand Lodge what it ought to be, and what by the abolition of the proxy system it might be expected to become, presence at its meetings would certainly be esteemed a desirable privilege, and a place amongst its members a high honour, and thus brethren would be stimulated to aspire to the offices of Master and Warden, and to seek the learning necessary for a proper discharge of the duties of these offices in the lodges of which they are members.

But how was the abolition of the proxy system to be accomplished ? Partly by in-

ducing lodges to recall their proxy commissions, and by stimulating actual Masters and Wardens of lodges to avail themselves of their right, and to take their places as members of the Grand Lodge ; and in this direction some progress has been made. It is evident that if this change were generally to take place, the proxy system would die a natural death. But something more seemed to be necessary for the speedy and complete reform of the Grand Lodge,—namely, that the Grand Lodge, like the Parliament of the United Kingdom when it passed the Reform Bill, should reform itself. Accordingly, at the Quarterly Communication held in May of the present year, a motion was made and seconded, of which due notice had been given, as required by the laws of the Grand Lodge, by the proposer and seconder, at the immediately preceding Quarterly Communication in February, to the effect that, from and after the commencement of the next Masonic year, the Grand Lodge should consist exclusively of the Most Worshipful Grand Master, the Most Worshipful Depute Grand Master, the Most Worshipful Substitute Grand Master, the Provincial Grand Masters and Depute Grand Masters, the Grand Wardens and Provincial Grand Wardens, and the actual Masters and Wardens and Past Masters of lodges. This motion was, in fact, a complete Reform Bill, leaving no further change to be desired, and yet not in the slightest degree revolutionary, but, on the contrary, a return to the sound principles of Freemasonry, and a perfect assimilation of the constitution of the Grand Lodge of Scotland to that of all other Grand lodges in the world. Care having been taken to apprise brethren throughout the country of the motion to be proposed, and especially the actual Masters and Wardens of lodges not represented by proxy, and to stimulate these to a discharge of their duty on this important occasion, many of them responded to the call, and there was a large attendance at the meeting of the Grand Lodge in May. The dominant clique found themselves in a minority, and the motion was carried. It now seemed that the much-needed reform of the Grand Lodge was thoroughly accomplished, and that we had only to wait till the commencement of a new Masonic year to see the happy fruits of it. But difficulties were not, and

are not, yet over. The contest was not at an end, and is not likely to be so for some time to come. The reformers in the Grand Lodge trusted too confidently in the completeness of their honestly-won victory, and did not sufficiently consider how unscrupulous and ingenious were the opponents over whom they had prevailed. They were aware that two Quarterly Communications of the Grand Lodge still remained to be held during the currency of the present year; but they knew that, according to the laws of the Grand Lodge, no motion could be made in it without notice given at the previously Quarterly Communication, and that no resolution adopted could be rescinded or modified, or the subject of it again taken into consideration, till after the lapse of twelve months from the time of its being adopted. When the Quarterly Communication took place in August, therefore, no thought being entertained by them that anything could even be said about what had been done in May, and no business of special importance being expected to come before the meeting, there was a comparatively small attendance of members, and the old leaders of the Grand Lodge saw that their supporters were in a large majority, which probably they had taken care to secure. They were not slow to seize the opportunity. It would not have done openly to violate the laws of the Grand Lodge,—to reconsider a subject on which a resolution had been adopted before a year had elapsed, or to entertain a motion made without previous notice given. But on the minutes of the May meeting being read, it was decided by a majority that the minutes should not be approved in so far as the resolution for reform of the Grand Lodge was concerned, because that resolution was *ultra vires* of the Grand Lodge. No such procedure ever took place, I suppose, in the history of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, or of any other Grand Lodge; and being without precedent, it must be considered entirely on its own merits. It was not open and honourable procedure; the absence of previous notification of intention is sufficient proof of this. It is evidently an attempt to evade the laws of the Grand Lodge, and to annul a resolution without formally rescinding it. Any attempt to evade a law is odious in its very nature, and no one can doubt that it is

the duty of all true and worthy Freemasons to put down everything of the kind. Again, if this decision of the Grand Lodge in August should be allowed to stand, and the resolution adopted after due notice of motion and due deliberation in May to be nullified by it, the state of matters in the Grand Lodge would evidently be worse than ever; for a precedent would be established which would enable an artful and unscrupulous clique virtually to set aside at their pleasure, when by mustering their supporters they could obtain a majority, every law intended for the protection of Masonic freedom and independence. The carefully considered resolution of a large meeting might on any opportunity be over turned, in as this case, by a small meeting, which the members forming the majority present had been privately invited to attend for that special purpose. The action of the Grand Lodge in August is unprecedented, in any body having a constitution and laws. What would be thought of the House of Commons or the House of Lords declaring a resolution already adopted by the House, or the vote by which a bill was passed, to be *ultra vires*? If such a thing could be done, the whole affairs of the country might be thrown into inextricable confusion.

At the close of the Quarterly Communication in August, notice was given of a motion for the substantial reversal of the unconstitutional resolution of the lodge that evening; and when it came on for consideration at the next Quarterly Communication in November, a kind of compromise was agreed to that the consideration of it should be further postponed till February, that the subject might meanwhile be considered in the Lodges and their opinion ascertained. It seems fair that the lodges should be consulted. But I doubt if the course pursued by those seeking the reform of the Grand Lodge was the best possible. It was necessary that some protest should be made against the resolution of August, but those who carried that resolution will have virtually gained their object, if the Grand Lodge meets in February, constituted as before, and not in accordance with the motion of May, which would thus be treated as a dead letter. I hold that the motion carried on May ought to be

upheld, as not lawfully rescinded, and therefore in full force.

It is not impossible that the question of the validity of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge in August—of their right to set aside as *ultra vires* the resolution adopted in May—and therefore also the question if that resolution was really *ultra vires* or not, may come before the Court of Session with reference to rights of property. I have little fear as to what the judgment of the Court would be if a disruption should take place in the Grand Lodge between those who uphold the resolution of May and those who desire to sustain the adverse decision of August. In one point of view, it may be said, the reforming party amongst the Freemasons of Scotland have nothing at all to fear. They have only, if they find such a course necessary or expedient, to withdraw from the Grand Lodge as utterly corrupt and degenerate, and to constitute a new Grand Lodge, to which, I am confident, such a number of lodges and estimable brethren would adhere, that the old Grand Lodge and its adherents would soon sink into insignificance and contempt. They would thus, indeed, renounce all interest in the property of the present Grand Lodge; but they would also be free from all responsibility for its debts, which, through long-continued and gross mismanagement, are so heavy, that to be quit at once of the property and of them would, as a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, seem very desirable. But on other and higher grounds I cannot, as a Freemason, think a disruption amongst the Freemasons of Scotland a desirable thing, and, least of all a disruption taking place through the voluntary withdrawal of those who seek reform. If there must be a disruption, let them still maintain that they stand on the good old ground; let them not constitute a new Grand Lodge, but, wherever they meet to open a Grand Lodge constituted in accordance with the resolution of May, 1873, let them open it as the Grand Lodge of Scotland, the same that was founded in 1736; let them claim the old name and the property, and accept the debts. This is the course which I think brethren throughout the world would generally most approve,—the most constitutional and truly Masonic; and in this way, if, as I expect, they are found to be

legally in the right, their victory would be altogether complete, and the separation of parties would speedily come to an end, for none apart from them could pretend to constitute either lodge or Grand Lodge, or to carry on the work of Freemasonry.

It were a strange thing indeed if the resolution adopted by the Grand Lodge in May should be found *ultra vires*. It must then be held that the Grand Lodge of Scotland is for ever unable to reform itself in any way, or to make the least modification in its own constitution, but must remain to the end of time, or of its own existence—which in that case would probably not be very prolonged—exactly such as it is. This must be the contention of those who stand up in support of the decision of August, if they have to plead their cause in the Court of Session; and how can it be maintained in face of the fact that the British Parliament has reformed its own constitution, as to the qualification of members of the House of Commons, as to the qualification of electors, and as to the constituencies entitled to return members,—depriving boroughs of that right, conferring it on towns which did not possess it before, uniting counties that had formerly separate representatives, and dividing counties to increase the number of their representatives? It seems absurd to imagine that everything in the constitution of a body which, like the Grand Lodge of Scotland or the Parliament of the United Kingdom, is amenable to no higher authority, should be regarded as in every particular stereotyped and fixed, unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, as it must be if it is to be held debarred from any attempt to reform itself. It is otherwise with a body corporate, subordinate to a higher authority and deriving its constitution from it, as a burgh or any company incorporated by Act of Parliament, or a lodge holding of the Grand Lodge. It cannot change its own constitution even in the most minute detail, and changes can only be effected by the same authority by which the original constitution was bestowed. But changes may in any case be effected somehow; and as to a Grand Lodge, it is above all necessary that the general approbation of the Masonic brotherhood should be obtained, a sufficient security that nothing will be done contrary to the

ancient landmarks and the essential principles of Freemasonry.

But the question of greatest importance now is, What is to be done at the Quarterly Communication in February, when, in all probability, the future of Scottish Freemasonry for a long time will be decided? It may be taken for granted that many brethren holding proxy commissions will then present themselves to be received as members of the Grand Lodge; and it is to be expected, also, that many actual Masters and Wardens of lodges will present themselves, claiming to be so received, although, in consequence of the motion of May, 1873, their lodges have not thought it necessary to cancel previously existing proxy commissions; also that many Past Masters will claim their right in terms of that resolution,—real Past Masters, I mean, to whom alone the resolution can be understood to refer, and not brethren who never were Masters at all, but who have been raised to that Masonic honour, known only to Scotland, of the Past Master's degree. Which of these are to be received,—the men whose claim is founded on the motion of last May, or the men whose claim rests entirely on its nullity as *ultra vires* of the Grand Lodge? And how is this to be decided? When a new House of Commons meets after a dissolution of Parliament, all men who have been returned in the ordinary form are received as members, even although there may be some of them whose election is disputed, and who may be unseated when the question is tried; but in the meantime they take their seats and give their votes, and, when any of them is unseated, there is no going back on what has taken place in Parliament to inquire whether any disputed question has been decided by their votes, but these votes having been given, are for ever good and valid, as much as if their election had been confirmed. But this mode of procedure does not seem to yield even a hint that might be useful for guidance in the case we are considering. If the brethren whose right to be received as members of the Grand Lodge is undoubted on all hands were alone to be enrolled as members, and the rights of others to be tried by them, then all Proxy Masters and Wardens, and all Masters and Wardens of lodges having uncanceled proxy commis-

sions, and all Past Masters not holding proxy commissions, would be left out, and everything would be left to the decision of a comparatively small number of brethren; whereas the House of Commons evidently proceeds on the assumption that the disputed and doubtful elections will be few in comparison with the indisputable, which would here be far from being the case. Nor can the motion be entertained that the decision of the Most Worshipful Grand Master, or of the presiding office-bearer on the occasion, should determine any question of this kind; for this would be a renunciation of the rights and privileges of Freemasons, and a concession of power to office-bearers which it was never meant that any, even the most exalted of them, should possess, and which it would be inconsistent with the most essential principles of Freemasonry that they should possess. Here, then, we seem to come to a dead-lock, or to this, that one or other of the parties must give up their claims and their cause, if no separation is to take place. The strongly manifested opinion of the general body of the Freemasons of Scotland might possibly lead to such a result, and I think I know on which side that opinion is. But I am afraid it is too much to expect it to be expressed in such a way before next February—so generally, so unmistakeably, so convincingly,—that the present dominant clique of the Grand Lodge would give way before it, and give up their cause as hopeless. It is rather to be expected that both parties will meet resolved to try their powers. And what then is to be done? For the moment, but only for the moment, the voice of the presiding office-bearer—the Grand Master, the Depute Grand Master, or the Substitute Grand Master, or whoever else may fill that place—may outweigh all other considerations, in so far as at least to determine the question as to present occupancy of the Freemasons' Hall. Who could resist his authority? Nobody would attempt it, in regard to the mere place of meeting. But if the reforming party are to be driven to extremities, and the claims of their members are to be rejected by the then apparent authorities of the Grand Lodge, or if those whom they hold to be no members are received as such, they must withdraw themselves, not waiting for a resolution of the so-

called Grand Lodge against them,—for that would be something like a suicidal course,—but at once and without delay, and must proceed to open a Grand Lodge, as the Grand Lodge of Scotland, in whatever place of meeting may be convenient. And then will come the tug of war as to the right to the name of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and the right of property, with its heavy accompaniment of debt. But it would be good to have the property, debt notwithstanding, for the sake of the maintenance of Scottish Freemasonry, with all its hereditary claims to respect, diminished as these have been by the conduct of the Grand Lodge, and for the sake of all the books and documents of which the Grand Lodge has possession.

It may be asked how the brethren claiming to be members of the Grand Lodge in virtue of the motion of May, 1873, and those agreeing with them in opinion, whose membership in the Grand Lodge is undisputed on any hand, should proceed, if they find it necessary to withdraw themselves from the Freemasons' Hall, on the ruling of the Grand Office-bearers against them. The question seems to me to be one easy to answer. They ought to proceed at once to open the Grand Lodge,—not a Grand Lodge, but the Grand Lodge of Scotland,—fully asserting their claim to be its true members. They would, of course, place in the chair the highest office-bearer present. I cannot, of course, pretend to know how, in the event of such a separation, any Grand Office-bearer might act, or with which party he might be expected to associate himself. But if the reforming and really constitutional party in the Grand Lodge were to find themselves in their separate place of meeting without any of the Grand Office-bearers, they could still proceed by calling to the chair the highest office-bearer present. It may be asked if they should then at once proceed to declare a separation from those left in possession of Freemasons' Hall and its furniture till the decision of a civil court may determine the rights of property, and if they ought at once to elect a new Grand Master, as if the office were vacant, and so on as to other offices. I answer that they ought not, but that for a time they should proceed as if a mere mistake had

been made by their brethren, which might be soon corrected, taking no notice of the existence of the other pretended Grand Lodge, except in so far as it might be necessary to do so in the law courts; but, Masonically, not acknowledge their existence in the slightest degree, and proceeding, not as if high offices were vacant, but only as if the high office-bearers were accidentally absent. The time might come, and would come ere long, when they would have new elections to make on the natural vacation of these offices, and then they could appoint to them brethren worthy of the honour; and I have no doubt they would appoint brethren whom all men, initiated or profane, would deem worthy of the honour.

I think the course is clear for those who desire the reform of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, the thing of all things most necessary for the advancement and prosperity of Freemasonry in Scotland. It is not to be pursued without effort and some degree of difficulty; but if it is pursued as it ought, I for one feel confident that the result, ere long, will be a perfect and glorious success. I trust brethren throughout the country will see the importance of making suitable arrangements before the meeting of the Grand Lodge in February, and that there will be a very large attendance of Masters, Wardens, and Past Masters, prepared to assert and maintain their rights.

SILENCE AND DARKNESS.

Her head is low; her eyes are closed;
Within the darkness sweet she lies
Of twining leaves and nestling flowers,
Shut in from summer's purple skies,

Silence the poetry of Night!
Silence, the sister-twin of gloom!
Hangs shuddering o'er the faded form,
And sentinels her lonely tomb.

That loving heart is folded now
In Nature's calm and holy breast,
Where doleful shapes of grief no more
Shall flit around its dreamless rest.

Oh, heart of hearts! though now so still,
And mute to all these words and sighs,
Above the passion of our tears
Thy memory like a star shall rise;

A charm shall fill the midnight air,
More brightly Faith and Hope shall shine;
And Heaven itself yet dearer seem,
Because it is thy home divine.

R. WENTWORTH LITTLE.

WHAT OUR LODGES DO FOR THE CHARITIES.

There is one point on which I am anxious to say a few words to my brethren, that is concerning our lodge contributions to our great charities.

This seems to me to be a very weak point in the present practical working of our lodge system. Individual brethren do a great deal, particular lodges make remarkable efforts, for the best of all causes and the truest of all work, but if any of us will read over the subscription list of our charities they will soon find that our lodges are "generaliter" very badly represented in that otherwise goodly list.

Indeed we soon discover that a large proportion of our lodges do not, *quâ* lodges give anything to any of the charities habitually and regularly. It is true that brethren of most lodges qualify as stewards of the charities at the various anniversaries, individual members of numberless lodges are life governors or vice-presidents, but the lodge itself does not contribute from its corporate funds, and does not appear in that yearly record of our charitable efforts, which our energetic brethren, F. Binckes, or R. W. Little, or J. Terry, as the case may send forth, annually to all subscribers to our four great and admirable Metropolitan Masonic Charities.

And when I say Metropolitan, I must guard myself against being misunderstood by any; that these charities are Metropolitan, is an accident of locality and arrangement, which in no way interferes with, and ought never to affect the zeal and sympathy of our Provincial brethren. For the charities are in one sense universal and cosmopolitan, and appeal to the fraternal good will and interest of the entire Craft.

Wherever our lodges may be situated, wherever our brethren are assembled, in the "good old ways" of English Freemasonry, the silver link of brotherly love seems to bind those, perhaps the most distant and scattered branches, to our great Parent Tree at home,

and to unite their sympathies with ours, and to draw their fraternal memories homewards to our best manifestation of true-hearted kindness and active benevolence, in these our great institutions of relief, and aid, and education. And, therefore, I am anxious to-day to press upon all my brethren, what is in my humble opinion, a very serious drawback on our present Masonic system, both of general and local practice.

We make efforts from time to time, most laudable efforts in themselves, both in London and the Provinces, for this or that particular charity. In this past year these efforts have culminated in the munificent result of £21,000, a fact which redounds greatly to the credit of our Order. But in these special and striking efforts the lodges only partially assist.

Now, I am going to lay down a proposition, perhaps a little startling to some of my readers, namely, that each lodge in our Order ought to possess a life-governorship in all our Masonic Charities. There is, I make bold to say, no lodge so weak in numbers or so limited in funds, as not to be able to manage such a contribution to the Masonic Charities, and if any lodge finds that its funds are insufficient to meet such an amount, let them at once retrench other and far less needful expenditure.

It is just possible that it will be too much for any lodge to pay the qualification necessary to obtain a life-governorship in all the charities at once, but surely it can be done gradually, say by yearly payments. For instance, a lodge may qualify this year for the Masonic Benevolent Annuity Fund for Males, and next year for Widows, and if even it takes four years to pay the amount and to obtain the equivalent of a life governorship in all the charities, that is two votes for ever, the good that will accrue to the charities is almost incalculable.

In the first place, a very large amount of capital would thus be raised for the

various charities, of which the Boy's School for instance stands in great need, and in the next place a much more general support of the charities will be diffused throughout the Craft. The great objection to the present system is, that the "givers" keep giving, and that the "non-givers" abstain from giving, while a large proportion of our lodges give nothing as lodges to the charities.

It is true, that in some lodges, a small annual subscription of 5s. per member is raised, to make up a voting paper representing a certain number of votes, more or less, for the Benevolent Annuity Fund, but this, at the best and most, is a precarious and petty offering of Masonic benevolence.

We never shall do our duty to the charities until every lodge in the Order has a life-governorship in each charity; and we can really feel and say that our Freemasonry is as co-extensive in the support of our great charities, as it is in its cosmopolitan character.

I am within the mark when I say that about 800 lodges do not contribute as lodges at all to the charities, though some of our lodges "per contra" as I well know, are not content with qualifying the W.M. of the lodge, but have also qualified the two Warden's chairs, and not a few, even the Secretary and Treasurer also. So with this new year of 1874, let us as it were recommence our work, and a better or happier work we cannot be engaged in.

Let this fresh year of Masonic labour witness our united and zealous efforts, for the support and extension of these goodly charities of our Order, in this Metropolis of ours, which seem to embody in their active manifestation the best and chief characteristics of a Freemason's heart,—charity.

I cannot close this article, which has been penned in all fraternal goodwill to the lodges and brethren of our benevolent Order, without wishing them one and all, "ex imo corde," a prosperous and a Happy New Year, both of lodge work, and of fraternal harmony, unity and progress.

MENTOR.

Our Archaeological Corner.

From *MUNIMENTA ACADEMICA*; or, *Documents Illustrative of Academical Life and Studies at Oxford. Part II.*, p. 595. By Rev. Henry Austey, M.A., 1868.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THOMAS ELKYN, OF OXFORD, FREEMASON.

In Dei nomine, Amer. A. aa. 77
Vicesimo nono die mensis Sept. 29, 1449.
Septembris, anno Domini millesimo quadringentesimo quadragesimo nono, regni- que regis Henrici sexti post conquestum vicesimo octavo, *Ego*, Thomas Elkyns de Oxonia, "*Freemason*," condo testamentum meum in hunc modum, "*In primis*" do et lego animam meam Deo omnipotenti, beatissime Virgini Mariæ matre Ejus, et omnibus Sanctis, corpusque meum ad sepeliendum in Ecclesia conventuali fratrum *Augustinensium;
Item, lego fabricæ ecclesiæ matriæ Lincolniæ quatuor denarios.

Item, lego prædicto conventui pro sepultura mea, et pro laboribus suis in divinis servitiis, sex solidos octo denarios.

Item, lego Eidem conventui, ad Eorum pietantiam, ut ipsi orent pro anima mea, tres solidos quatuor denarios.

Item, lego fabricæ Ecclesiæ S. Petri in Oriente Virginti denarios.

Item, lego ad reparationem communis viæ in parochia S. Mariæ Magdalene Extratortam borealem Viginti denarios.

Item, lego Wilhelmo apprenticio meo secundam blodium togam, togam meam stragulatam, meliorem diploidem meam, et alia instrumenta cum pecuniis, sicut fit mentio in indentura suæ apprenticietatis.

Item, volo quod tenementum meum cum omnibus terris et pertinentiis suis in Beryutone in comitatu Glocestriensi vendantur per meos Executores, et quod fratres Hospitalis S. Mariæ Magdalene in hundreds de Dodestone prope Glocestriam percipiant, inde de pecunia recepta, ad fabricam Ecclesiæ eorum, quadraginta solidos; et quod Katerina uxor mea percipiat residuum quodcunque dictæ pecuniæ ad usum suum Et filii nostri.

Item, do et lego reversionem tenementi mei in vico de "*Catstreet*," situati inter

* *Sancti* is inserted by mistake between *fratrum* and *Augustinensium* in the MS.

tenementum Abbatis de Oseney, Ex parte Australi, Et tenementum Johannis Arundelle, clerici, Ex parte boreali, post decessum Katerinæ uxoris meæ, Johanni filio meo, habendum et tenedum prædicto Johanni et hæredibus de corpore suo legitime procreatis, de capitalibus dominis feodi illius pro servitio inde debitis et de jure consuetis; et, pro defectu hæredum de corpore suo legitime procreatorum, volo quod prædictum tenementum cum suis pertinentiis vendatur per meos Executores, si superstites fuerint, vel per Executores ipsius Katerinæ vel Johannis, qui datus vixerit, et pecunia inde percepta pro anima mea et pro animabus ipsorum et omnium fidelium defunctorum, fideliter et plenarie distribuatur in missas et alios pios usus. Residuum vero omnium bonorum meorum do et lego Katerinæ uxori meæ, Johanni Cleve, et Georgio Skydmore, ut ipsi inde ordinent et disponant pro salute animæ meæ prout eis videbitur melius faciendum, et eosdem Katerinam, Johannem, et Georgium ordino, facio, et constituo meos executores per præsentem, ut præsens testamentum meum fideliter exequantur et compleant cum effectu; et lego cuilibet eorum pro labore suo tres solidos quatuor denarios; et Magistrum W. Bede, vicarium Magdalenæ, constituo eorum supervisorem, cui lego etiam tres solidos et quatuor denarios pro labore suo. In cujus extremæ meæ voluntatis testimonium præsentem testimonio meo sigillum meum apposui, his testibus, Ricardo Spragot, Majore villæ Oxoniæ, Roberto, Walforde, Thoma Whithik, Johanne Fitz-Aleyne,† Roberto atte-Wode, "alderman" Olivero Urry, altero ballivo, Johanne Dolle, David Penkayer, et aliis. Datum Oxoniæ, die et anno expressatis.

† fuerit, MS.

† Fitz-Aleyne, MS.

TRACES OF CHAUCER.

Our hope that there might be Chaucer Records at the Lord Chamberlain's Office is disappointed. Lord Sydney informs us that his records do not reach back to Edward III.'s time or even Edward IV's. But the Record Office in Fetter Lane has yielded to Mr. Furnivall's search, under the courteous guidance of Mr. Selby, the Superintendent of the Search-room, the following fresh notices of Chaucer:—1. That on

the 1st of March, 1360, Edward III. gave £16 towards the poet's ransom, after his capture in France—"Galfrido Chaucer, capto per inimicos in partibus Francie; in subsidium redemptionis sue, de consimili dono Regis, die & anno supradictis, xvj. li." (This was 13s. 4d. less than His Majesty gave Robert de Clynton to buy a horse, and £4 less than he gave John de Beuele to buy a "cursor" or war-horse.) 2. That on the death of his Queen Philippa (on August 16, 1369) Edward III., on 1st September, 1369, ordered to be given to Chaucer as one of his "Esquiers" of less degree, 3 ells of black cloth, short, for mourning (On the same day the King ordered 6 ells of like black cloth to be given to Philippa Chaucer, probably then the poet's namesake, and certainly his wife in 1374.) 3. That in 1369 Chaucer got a grant of £1 for his summer clothes. 4. That in 1372 and 1373 he got £2 for his summer and winter clothes each year. 5. That in the Record Office are two rolls that Chaucer must have handled in 1381 and 1385, being the returns of his two collectors, over whom he was controller, of the Customs-dues received by them in those years for home and foreign wool, wool fells, and hides, such returns being made "per visum et testimonium Galfredi Chaucer, contrarotulatoris." Chaucer's own returns, which he was bound to write with his own hand, are not among the extant records of the Port of London, but further search will be made for them.—*Athenæum*.

FRATERNITY is the life-giving spirit of Freemasonry. It is that subtle essence which pervades all, and with a sort of magnetic attraction brings members closer together.

THE eighty-first annual convocation of the Providence Royal Arch Chapter, No. 1, was held on Thursday evening, November 13th. This is one of the oldest Chapters in the United States, and probably the largest, having a membership of nine hundred.

"I HAVE ever felt it my duty to support and encourage Masonry, because it powerfully develops social and benevolent affections—because it mitigates without and annihilates within the virulence of political and theological controversy—because it affords the only natural grounds on which all ranks and classes can meet in perfect equality and associate without degradation or mortification, whether for purposes of moral instruction or social intercourse."
—EARL OF DURHAM, Pro-Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England; 1834.

COSMOPOLITAN MASONIC
CALENDAR, DIARY AND POCKET
BOOK, 1874.

With the month of December, there falls upon us all a flood-tide of new Calendars and Pocket Books, all symptomatic of the departure of another, and the looming in the "contiguity" (not distance) of another year of time. We confess to feel sometimes sentimental when we are thus reminded that the old year is waning fast, and that a new year is as rapidly drawing near. Old Pocket-books and Calendars like old friends are to us ever very pleasant "souvenirs" of a good old past, and in this respect we certainly profess ourselves to be "laudatores temporis acti."

The entries in the pages, a single word perhaps, a mysterious sentence, or enigmatical note seem sometimes to set us thinking, and memory in her full-tide of "rushing recollections," takes us back perforce to scenes and faces, and persons, and events we had all but forgotten; to the pleasant presence that charmed us, to the happy meeting which enlivened us, to the forms, and faces, and facts of our own vanished life, sometimes even to a very long, long ago; yes to the fond delusions, to the dear deluders, to the "cari luoghi" of our youth. But we must stop, for we are getting far too sentimental.

We owe our enterprising publisher not a few thanks for his new and well arranged "Cosmopolitan." Wherever the Magazine is read, and where is it not? we trust that our kind friends and patrons will also endorse with their approval this useful "aide memoire" and book of reference to every Freemason. For the "Cosmopolitan" takes us to foreign lodges and to distant orients; it unfolds before us the "locale" of numberless foreign jurisdictions and authorities; and also imparts to all members of the High Grades the names and whereabouts of their conclaves and com-

manderies. We think that such a publication is not only very welcome but is in itself a remarkable proof how Freemasonry is spreading. Like Dibdin's old "Salt" of a bye-gone epoch, Freemasons can say "in every Land we find a friend," in "every Port" a lodge. So with this closing old year and approaching new year we thank Bro. George Kenning for this acceptable contribution to our Masonic information and we trust that he will find his labours rewarded and his hopes fulfilled in the general and generous patronage of our universal Brotherhood. W.

Reviews.

Mackey's National Freemason.

We have received the first number of the third volume of "Mackey's National Freemason" with very great interest and pleasure. We have also perused with sympathetic feelings the very effective editorial preface. And while we congratulate the Craft on the re-appearance, in its third year, of our old favourite and valued friend, we trust that such a response may be made by our good brethren in America to the straightforward appeal of the able editor, that his labours, worthy and important as they are, may not be left unremunerative. It is a very remarkable fact in itself, and one that does credit no less to the heads than the purses of the American Brotherhood, that all our old Masonic works are rapidly finding their way to the United States. We plead guilty to being "Biblioplists" and collectors of old pamphlets and MSS., like "Snuffy Davie" immortalized by Sir Walter Scott, but no sooner do we see a Masonic book in a catalogue and send for it or go for it, but the bookseller says with a most self-satisfied smile "too late, sir, gone to America; remarkable movement just now among the American Freemasons for Masonic works; pay anything for them!" So we wend homewards musing deeply and saying at intervals "such is life." To think that after all is said and done, all our Masonic illumination and mental activity seem to be setting back to the far West.

Recognizing as we gladly do the intellectual activity at present prevailing in America amongst the Masonic body large in numbers and elevated in moral worth, we trust, that "The National Freemason" may meet with well deserved support, and we echo across the great Atlantic heartily Brother Morris's touching wish to his brother editor, "Sis faustus et felix."

Light in Masonry.

We have received Nos. 1, 2 and 3, of "Light in Masonry" a new Magazine published at New York and edited by Bro. Rob. Morris. When that good veteran in the great army of Masonry retired from editorial work some years ago, many regrets were expressed at his non-appearance in the intellectual arena. So many had been his services, and so gallant his bearing, that we felt if he chose to claim to be ranked as an "Emeritus" though we might regret his retirement from active service, we should give him his discharge with the very highest of testimonials, and the best of good wishes. Yet here after ten years he appears again an Evergreen, as young, as hale, and as hearty as ever. We congratulate him and we congratulate ourselves, not only on his happy re-appearance amongst us, but on the interesting and valuable Masonic serial he edits so ably, and submits to the notice of the Craft.

We have perused all these numbers with great satisfaction, and we hope with equal improvement, and we feel sure that conducted as it is, the Magazine will be of signal help to Masonry and of intellectual credit to the Order. We wish it all success and support, "good trade winds," and a prosperous voyage.

The Voice of Masonry.

"The Voice of Masonry" hails us from Chicago and a very pleasant voice it is. We have turned over its pages most interestedly, and have been both gratified with our search and rewarded for our industry. We commend it heartily to all our readers, and we especially congratulate Bro. J. C. W. Bailey, the editor, not only on its neat appearance and its intellectual qualities, but its thorough Masonic spirit. We hope—though we feel certain that it will be so—we hope, we repeat, that "The Voice of Masonry" will be heard not only by the Masons in Chicago sympathetically,

but far and wide wherever lodges abound and Masons "most do congregate."

Freemason's Repository.

We have also received and read No. 26 of Vol 3 of the "Freemason's Repository," published at Providence, U.S., by Ferrin and Hammond. This Magazine which is now in its third year of existence, fully merits the support which it has received from the Craft in its own district and country. As this is the fourth American Masonic serial we have reviewed to-day, we cannot fail to be struck with this simple and satisfactory proof of Masonic progress in the United States. We are glad to note it and to chronicle it, as we think, that on the well known principle of action and re-action in natural laws and in human life, we may in this country before long participate in that peaceful tide of study and research, which seems somehow to find more generally patrons and fellow-labourers in the United States, than amid our prosperous lodges and sheltered Freemasonry at home. We wish the proprietors and conductors of the "Freemason's Repository" all possible good wishes, and a prolonged career of literary activity and success.

W.

WHAT NON-MASONS SAY OF US.

MASONRY, AND WHAT WE KNOW REGARDING IT.

[From the "North British Advertiser," Sept., 1873.]
(Continued from page 203.)

ARTICLE III.

In reply to the question, then, for Masonic "light," by the outside world, the answer has been given a little in the spirit of a bartering merchant:—

"Were the privileges of Masonry to be indiscriminately dispensed, the purposes of our institution would be subverted, and our secrets being familiar, like other important matters, would lose their value and sink into disregard."

As additional arguments why the mysteries should be preserved in the Order, it is further advanced:—

"It is a weakness in human nature that men are generally more charmed with novelty than with the intrinsic value of things. Innumerable testimonies might be

adduced to confirm this truth. The most wonderful operations of the Divine Architect, however beautiful, magnificent and useful, are overlooked because common and familiar. The sun rises and sets, the sea flows and reflows, rivers glide into their channels, trees and plants vegetate, men and beasts act, yet these, being perpetually open to view, pass unnoticed. The most astonishing productions of Nature, on the same account, escape observation, and excite no emotion. Even Virtue herself is not exempted from this unhappy bias in the human frame. Novelty influences all our actions and determinations. What is new, or difficult in the acquisition, however trifling or insignificant, readily captivates the imagination and insures a temporary admiration. Did the essence of Masonry consist in the knowledge of particular secrets or peculiar forms, it might be alleged that our amusements were trifling and superficial. But this is not the case. These are only keys to our treasure, and having their use, are preserved, while from the recollection of the lessons which they inculcate the well-informed Mason derives instruction, draws them to a near inspection, views them through a proper medium, adverts to the circumstances which gave them rise, and dwells upon the tenets they convey."

It is admitted by writers learned in Masonic lore that the current of mystery pervading the old religious rites had something in common with Freemasonry. Warburton's definition of the mysteries is as follows:—

Each of the pagan gods had (besides the public and open) a secret worship paid unto him, to which none were admitted but those who had been selected by preparatory ceremonies called initiation. This secret worship was called the mysteries (Divine Legation, v. 1, b. ii. § 4, p. 189). From India, where mysteries were practised by the Gymnosophists, the practice passed through Egypt, Greece, Rome, and ultimately to northern Europe. Perhaps there is a deeper meaning in the veneration paid to the east than is brought out in connection with the history of the Christian Church. The sun-worshippers looked to the east for the beams of their resplendent god. St. Augusta states that the early Christians turned in their public prayers towards the east because it was the most

honourable part of the world, being the region of light whence the glorious sun arises. Hence, according to Dr. Mackay, "All Masonic lodges, like their great prototype, the Temple of Jerusalem, are built, or supposed to be built, due east and west, and as the north is esteemed a place of darkness, the east, on the contrary, is considered a place of light." The idea, so far as the power of association is concerned, would be old as the world itself, for it is well known that one of the symbols representative of the divine power and love is "light," and hence Masons sometimes use the legend taken from Gen. i. 3, "*Lux* ~~erat~~ *erat*"—light be, and light was.

Or as paraphrased,—

"Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep,
O D G E G said, Let there be light!
The light shone forth with smiling ray,
And scattered ancient night."

Freemasons, following the example of the Persians and also the Druids, travel (work) in the lodge and in the outside world in search of spiritual light, which can only be found in the east, from whence it springs (i.e., in the Fountain of all Light and Truth), and having attained its possession, they are thenceforth called the "Sons of Light." But the light of Masonry is pure, as emanating from the source of all purity and perfection, and Masons, remembering that they are brought out of darkness (ignorance) into light (knowledge and truth), are admonished "to let the light which is in them so shine before all men," "that the great fountain of that light may be glorified." In contradistinction to light, darkness is considered both historically and symbolically the initial preparative state, and hence "the rule that the eye should not see until the heart has conceived the true nature of those beauties which constitute the mysteries of our Order." "Death and the resurrection were the doctrines taught in the ancient mysteries, and night and darkness were necessary to add to the sacred awe and reverence which these doctrines ought always to inspire in the rational and contemplative mind." And it is interesting to note that the same "doctrines form the very groundwork of Freemasonry;" and as the Master Mason, "represents a man saved from the grave of iniquity and raised to the faith of salvation," darkness and night are the appropriate "accom-

paniments to the solemn ceremonies which demonstrate this profession."

In the foregoing remarks it may be seen that the object of Masonic secrecy was the conservation of truths considered most sacred, and these chiefly symbolized by expressive objects reminding the member of historical events corresponding with revelation written in Nature, in the Word, and in the heart. It will further be seen, from a consideration of the mysteries of Pythagoras, taken in connection with other ancient rites, what has formed to a large extent the popular ideas of Masonic imitation.

ARTICLE IV.

SONG.

(Tune—Rural Felicity.)

Ye dull stupid mortals, give o'er your conjectures,
Since Freemasons' secrets ye ne'er can obtain;
The Bible and compasses are our directors,
And shall be as long as this world doth remain.
Here friendship inviting, here freedom delighting,
Our moments in innocent mirth we employ.

CHORUS.

Come, see, Masons felicity.
Working and singing with hearts full of joy.
No other Society that you can mention,
Which has been, is now, or hereafter shall be,
However commendable be its intention,
Can ever compare with divine Masonry.
No envy, no quarrels, can here blast our laurels,
No passion our pleasure can ever annoy.

Chorus.

To aid one another we always are ready,
Our rites and our secrets we carefully guard;
The lodge to support, we like pillars are steady.
No Babel confusion our work shall retard.
Ye mortals, come hither, assemble together,
And taste of those pleasures which never can cloy.

Chorus.

We are to the Master for ever obedient;
Whenever he calls to the lodge we repair;
Experience has taught us that 'tis most expedient
To live within compass, and act on the square.
Let mutual agreement be Freemasons' cement
Until the whole universe Time shall destroy.

Chorus.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE ANCIENTS IN RELATION TO MASONRY.

The most secret organisations which has ever entered into the heart of man to conceive have, from the very nature of the human mind, been revealed to the world by a natural reflective process, which gradually but surely sheds light upon what is considered by the masonic mind as the "darkness of ignorance." Forms which were impressive when aided by the accompani-

ments of dumb terror kept a tenacious hold of the memory and heart; but certain descriptive expressions peculiar to the order slip the tongue, and come into the common current of conversation, there to remain as witnesses—unknown, it may be, to a large extent—of certain acts and symbols only partially recognised by the outside world. Following out this idea, many of the best ideas connected with our greatest writers are to be found previously existing in the common proverbial expressions of the age in which they lived. For instance, who can doubt that many of the rare instances of wit and wisdom put into the mouths of Shakespeare's characters have been purely original, and not largely reflective? Burns excelled in concentrating the poetic spirit of the last century and throwing it out to the world, so that it formed the song of humanity, by anticipation, for the ages to be. The secrets of Freemasonry have been revealed—and who would not acknowledge it?—in the lives of its best members; and this is a revelation of a secret which "can be obtained" independent of what the poet sings regarding it. Is Freemasonry atheistical? All her forms, and they are many and beautiful, answer to the eye of the uninitiated that it is an order seeking *cosmos*, not *chaos*. Is it confined to creed? Within its symbolic temple there is "the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace." This the world sees and admires.

There is a popular belief that the initiation service is one which quails the heart, and makes the "boldest hold his breath for a time." The idea of a secret imparted, to be retained under dreadful penalties; the fact that within the order there are obligations to be taken, and the want of a *seen* benefit,—are alike inducements and discouragements to becoming a Mason.

The popular ideas regarding Masonry have been borrowed partly from what is known regarding ancient pagan initiation mysteries. Masonry has solved the problem of the Churches, as its variety constitutes beauty; and its agreement exists amid the most diverse circumstances. It may be said that religion is excluded; but it is not, as Masonry is a moral order. And yet there have been divisions and splits within the order at different times and various countries. It is generally believed, in connection with Masonry, that there is a kind of Egyptian darkness which may be felt, and, after this

period of probation, light in symbolic and real beauty is revealed to the astonished neophyte. The mysteries of paganism, and particularly those of Egypt, have been useful in the public mind for the purposes of comparison with those standards which represent true "blue Masonry." For instance, the "mysteries of Osiris were celebrated at the autumnal equinox; those of Serapis at the summer solstice; and those of Isis at the vernal equinox." It will be observed from the daily papers this week that "the various Royal Arch Chapters" met in their respective chapter rooms for the election of office bearers, and "in the evening, the Edinburgh Chapter, No. 1, celebrated the festival of the Autumnal Equinox by a banquet," &c. Plutarch affirms that Osiris means the Active Principle, or the Most Holy being; and Isis, the wisdom or rule of His operation. The counterpart of this symbolism will be seen hereafter in other portions of the Masonic system. Thus the ancient Egyptian priests had a celebration in some slight measure accordant with that practised by the members of Scottish R. A. Chapters. Supposing the Masonic initiation of the 19th century to correspond in severity with that in use in Egypt in the days of Sesostris, king of Egypt, or the Indian, the Druidical, the Scandinavian, or the aboriginal American mysteries, the heroism of the candidate would be of no mean order; but it is from accounts of these ceremonies, taken in connection with Masonic information, which goes to make up a generally correct picture in the public mind of what Masonry really is.

In the initiation service of the Egyptian mysteries, the candidate required to prepare himself by temperance and ablutions for the sacred obligations he was about to adopt. The declaration which must be assented to in modern Masonry before initiation embraces a repudiation of mercenary motives; a free-will desire to obtain knowledge and be serviceable to his fellow-creatures; and also that he will obey the "use and wont" of the fraternity. This declaration answers to the part of the Egyptian preliminary probation. The other part of the Egyptian initiation is as follows:

"The candidate, conducted by a guide, proceeded in the middle of the night to the mouth of a low gallery, situated in one of the sides of the pyramid. Having crawled

for some distance on his hands and knees, he at length came to the orifice of a wide and apparently unfathomable well, which the guide directed him to descend. Perhaps he hesitates and refuses to encounter the seeming danger; if so, he, of course, renounces the enterprise, and is reconducted to the world, never again to become a candidate for initiation; but if he is animated by courage, he determines to descend, whereupon the conductor points him to an iron ladder which makes the descent perfectly safe. At the sixtieth step" (there is something peculiar in this number, more particularly as associated with Time in connection with the pyramid) "the candidate reached the entrance to a winding gallery through a brazen door, which opened noiselessly and almost spontaneously, but which shut behind him with a heavy clang, that reverberated through the hollow passages. In front of this door was an iron grate" (the reader should keep this in mind, as similar barriers are introduced in the lodge proper), "through the bars of which the aspirant beheld an extensive gallery, whose roof was supported on each side by a long row of majestic columns, and enlightened by a multitude of brilliant lamps. The voices of the priests and priestesses of Isis chanting funeral hymns were mingled with the sound of melodious instruments whose melancholy tones could not fail to affect the aspirant with the most solemn feelings. His guide now demanded of him if he was still firm in his purpose of passing through the trials and dangers that awaited him, or whether, overcome by what he had already experienced, he was desirous of returning to the surface and abandoning the enterprise. If he still persisted, they both entered a narrow gallery, on the walls of which were inscribed the following significant words:— 'The mortal who shall travel over this road, without hesitating or looking behind, shall be purified by fire, by water, and by air; and if he can surmount the fear of death he shall emerge from the bosom of the earth; he shall revisit the light, and claim the right of preparing his soul for the reception of the mysteries of the great goddess Isis.' The conductor now abandoned the aspirant to himself, warning him of the dangers that surrounded and awaited him, and exhorting him to continue" (if he expected success) "unshaken in his firmness. The solitary candidate now continues to traverse

the gallery for some distance farther. On each side are placed in niches colossal statues, in the attitude of mummies, awaiting the hour of resurrection. The lamp with which, at the commencement of the ceremonies, he had been furnished, casts but a glimmering light around, scarcely sufficient to make 'darkness visible.' Spectres seem to menace at every step; but on his nearer approach they vanish into airy nothingness. At length he reaches an iron door, guarded by three men armed with swords, and disguised in masks resembling the heads of jackals. One of them addresses him as follows:— 'We are not here to impede your passage. Continue your journey, if the gods have given you the power and strength to do so. But remember, if you once pass the threshold of that door, you must not dare to pause, or attempt to retrace your steps; if you do, you will find us here prepared to oppose your retreat and to prevent your return.' Having passed through the door, the candidate has scarcely proceeded fifty steps before he is dazzled by a brilliant light, whose intensity augments as he advances. He now finds himself in a spacious hall, filled with inflammable substances in a state of combustion, whose flames pervade the whole apartment, and form a bower of fire on the roof above. Through this it is necessary that he should pass with the greatest speed, to avoid the effects of the flames. To this peril succeeds another. On the other side of this fiery furnace the floor of the hall is garnished with a huge network of red-hot iron bars, the narrow interstices of which afford the aspirant the only chances of a secure footing. Having surmounted this difficulty by the greatest address, another and unexpected obstacle opposes his farther progress. A wide and rapid canal, fed from the waters of the Nile, crosses the passage he is treading. Over this stream he has to swim. Divesting himself, therefore, of his garments, he fastens them in a bundle upon the top of his head, and holding his lamp, which now affords him all the light that he possesses, high above the water, he plunges in and boldly swims across. On arriving at the opposite side he finds a narrow landing-place, bounded by two high walls of brass, into each of which is inserted an immense wheel of the same metal, and terminated by an ivory door. This of course the aspirant attempts to open, but his efforts are in vain. The

door is unyielding. At length he espies two large rings, of which he immediately takes hold, in the expectation that they will afford him the means of effecting an entrance. But what are his surprise and terror, when he beholds the brazen wheels revolve upon their axles with a formidable rapidity and stunning noise; the platform sinks from under him, and he remains suspended by the rings over a fathomless abyss, from which issues a chilling blast of wind; his lamp is extinguished, and he is left in profound darkness. For more than a minute he remains in this unenviable position, deafened by the noise of the revolving wheels, chilled by the cold current of air, and dreading lest his strength shall fail him, when he must inevitably be precipitated into the yawning gulf below. But by degrees the noise ceases, the platform resumes its former position, and the aspirant is restored to safety. The ivory door now spontaneously opens, and he finds himself in a brilliantly illuminated apartment, in the midst of the priests of Isis, clothed in the mystic insignia of their offices, who welcome him, and congratulate him on his escape from the dangers which have menaced him. In this apartment he beholds the various symbols of the Egyptian mysteries, the occult signification of which is by degrees explained to him. But the ceremonies of initiation do not cease here. The candidate is subjected to a series of fastings, which gradually increase in severity for nine times nine days. During this period a rigorous silence is imposed upon him, which, if he preserve it inviolable, is at length rewarded by his receiving a full revelation of the esoteric knowledge of the rites. This instruction took place during what was called the twelve days of manifestation. He was conducted before the triple statue of Osiris, Isis, and Horus, where, bending the knee, he was clothed with the sacred garments, and crowned with a wreath of palm; a torch was placed in his hand, and he was made to pronounce the following solemn obligation:— 'I swear never to reveal, to any of the uninitiated, the things that I shall see in this sanctuary, nor any of the knowledge that shall be communicated to me. I call as witnesses to my promise the gods of heaven, of earth and hell, and I invoke their vengeance on my head if I should ever wilfully violate my oath.'

(To be continued.)

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—A MASONIC CAROL.

OH SODALES ET AMICI.

Where'er in this wide world to-day,
At home or in distant lands,
Surrounded by his brethren true
Each worthy Master stands;
When amid the pleasant gathering,
And faces fair and dear,
The words of festive greeting
Usher in a glad New Year,

As we wish God-speed to others
With whom we've loved and laugh'd,
Let's not forget each brother true
Of our good and ancient Craft,
But with real Masonic sympathy
In friendship's loving way
Let's bid to all good Mason hearts
A happy New Year's Day.

Twelve months of work are over,
Twelve more have just begun,
Yet how many fellow workers,
Their course of life have run;
How many are sadly missing:
From our roll call of to day,
How many are wandering pilgrims
In strange countries far away.

And yet each passing year recalls
Old mates and comrades true,
As it rises in its sadden'd vision
Before our spell-bound view;
We listen in vain for the cheery strain,
Or that voice of fun and glee,
Which gladden'd some very ancient hours,
In a happy company.

Alas! no more shall we hear that song,
Nor list to that blithesome strain,
Which told us of truth and pleasantness,
And of honour without a stain;
We yet behold that joyous gathering,
And the masters smiling face;
And the greeting of fraternal trust,
And friendship's loving grace.

But yet if each onward witness
Of hastening time to day,
Thus recalls our brother Masons
And fair meetings past away,
It still can tell of a Brotherhood
Whom friendship's bonds unite,
Whose words are words of truthfulness,
Whose hearts are in the right.

So let us wish with words sincere
In this new year so fair,
Good luck to all Freemasons
At home and everywhere,
May seventy-four but witness
For this English Craft of ours,
True work and happy labour,
Fresh efforts, quick'ning pow'rs.

And where'er upon this world of ours,
Freemasons gaily roam;
Amid our lodges the most distant,
Or our sheltered Craft at home;
May all of good attend them,
Tho' the clouds be dark above,
May theirs be friendship all unwavering,
And unity and love.

So as once more we greet to-day
With loving voice and will,
And the New Year looks benignly
On us Freemasons still;
May the next twelve-months but tell a tale
When they in turn depart,
Of that charity unweared,
Which has rul'd each Freemasons heart.

W.

Monthly Odds and Ends.

A HINT FOR SCHOOL BOARDS.—“If I had a mince pie, and should give two-twelfths to Harry, two-twelfths to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, and should keep half the pie myself, what would be left?” There was a profound study among the scholars, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer. Well, sir, what would there be left? Speak up so loud that all can hear,” said the committeeman. “The plate!” shouted the hopeful fellow. The committeeman turned red in the face, while the other members roared aloud. The boy was excused from answering any more questions.

THE vicar of a parish not many miles from Bath, England, was recently preaching a charity sermon, and in the course of his remarks he rebuked some of his parishioners' who, he thought, simulated distress for the sake of obtaining assistance they did not really require. As an illustration of this weakness, he mentioned that during one of his pastoral visits he entered a cottage of one of the supposed delinquents, where he found everything neat and clean, and, what was more, a large plateful of buttered toast before the fire. “Yes,” he repeated, emphatically, “buttered toast; and did that,” he asked, “look like want?” In the brief pause which ensued this outburst of energy a voice indignantly responded: “No; 'twern't butter, neither; 'twere only drippen!” The effect of this correction upon the pastor and flock can be more easily imagined than described.

Acquired Tastes.—Olives and babies.

A Warning for fashionable Assemblies.—
Look out for paint.

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THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

WE have not a great deal to chronicle since our last report. The G.M., has appointed, it is understood, Bro. Thomas Frederick Halsey, of Great Goddesplan-place, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, P.P.G.S.W. of Hertfordshire, as Provincial Grand Master, vice the R.W. Bro. Wm. Stuart who has resigned.

THE Provincial Grand Lodge of Hampshire, has paid a visit to the Portsmouth Lodge, No. 487, at their newly-restored and well-arranged lodge-room. The meeting was marked by a large attendance of the brethren, and by excellent speeches from many of the brethren present, especially the W.M., Bro. Hickman, Bro. the Hon. Somerset Calthorpe, the P.G.M.; R.W. Bro. Beach, M.P., and our excellent Bro., the W.D.P.G.M., J. R. Stebbing.

THE House Committee of the Girl's School has met and carried a resolution to be confirmed by the Quarterly General court, that fifteen candidates should be admitted next April. This is a very wise and judicious proposal, though we think that before long, owing to so many demands for admission, the Girls' School will still have to be increased.

A GOOD deal of correspondence has taken place about Charity Voting, but we feel persuaded that much of the recent movement reforms on the charities is purely sensational, and that most of the reforms are quite uncalled for, and utterly unpractical.

WE hear from Scotland of a new lodge having been consecrated at Port William, Wigtonshire, called the "Myrton Port

William, No. 539, and the installation of the office-bearers of the lodge by the P.G.M. of Wigton and Kircudbright, Captain Harriett of Killimore. All seems to have passed off most successfully.

WE also hear from Scotland of a testimonial to Bro. Wm. Bryce, the Grand Tyler, from the late G.M., the Earl of Rosslyn.

FROM abroad we have little Masonic news reported this month. The Masons at New Brunswick, New Jersey, U.S. have lately erected at considerable cost a new and very handsome Masonic Hall.

WE have to deplore the removal from Masonry, by death, of several worthy brethren, among them Bro. Chas. W. Moore, of Boston, U.S., corresponding Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, and editor of the "Freemasons' Monthly Magazine," the oldest Masonic periodical in the United States.

WE have also to mention the decease of Bro. Schnider, Grand Tyler, Pennsylvania, of Bro. John Turner, Liverpool, and of Bro. Wm. Dawson of Bolton.

THE EDITOR.

WE are glad to learn from our Western contemporary that the members of Lodge "Orion in the West" Poona, have voted to W. Bro. P. Callaghan, P.M., a valuable gold watch "as a memento of the regularity and punctuality with which he ruled our lodge during his year of office."

"WHILE all things change this glows the same,
By love and truth for ever fam'd;
And burns a bright and lambent flame,
O'er this and ev'ry other land!
Then join in heart as well as hand,
Ye who from bonds are now made free;
And round the magic circle stand,
To spread the Light of Masonry."

THE AGE OF FREEMASONRY AND MASONIC HISTORIOGRAPHY.

BY BRO. J. G. FINDEL,
*Author of the History of Freemasonry and Honorary
Grand Master of Prince Hall Grand Lodge of
Boston, &c.*

The unprejudiced and scientific researches into the history of our brotherhood, which we may briefly designate as the critical, have in recent times received valuable contributions, to which among others, must be reckoned the labours of English brethren, especially the meritorious performances of Bros. Hughan and D. Murray Lyon. At the same time, however, attempts have been made to question the results of exact enquiry and to dim and confuse the conceptions of less well-informed brethren. With all my high regards for my worthy and amiable friend A. F. A. Woodford, with all due acknowledgement of his zeal, knowledge and good intention, I am compelled, in the interest of historical truth, which I know to be as sacred in his eyes as in my own, to combat his views, since it is he who attempts to remove Masonic history from the firm ground of facts, and envelope it again in the midst of uncertainty. He indeed, says quite correctly (*Masonic Magazine* p. 10) "We have inherited to-day the legends and institutions of those ancient and handiwork craftsmen," but in the same breath he traces back the history of Masonry to the "Roman sodalities and thence to Jewish and Tyrian Masons," although from the latter we have not inherited any legends, rites and constitutions, nor hold the least proof of their connection with the fraternities of the Stonemasons of the middle ages.

Were it the task of the Masonic historian to invest the history of our Craft with the air of a romance—and by the aid of poetical fiction to render it interesting, we should gladly follow in the alluring paths trodden by the beloved Brother Woodford; but being in duty bound to ascertain the age and origin of our brotherhood by the

light of bare facts and authenticated documents, we must needs pursue our own path.

Brother Woodford goes so far (*Masonic Magazine*, p. 9) as to hint at our sacrificing truth at the shrine of patriotism, for he says: "Though it reflects the greatest credit on his German patriotism, to make the good 'gesellén' of the German Steinmetzen Bauhütte the originators of Freemasonry, we feel sure that this theory of our history will not survive the assaults of a scientific and colder criticism."

We hope, in the following remarks, to show that there is not the slightest foundation for Brother Woodford's assertion, seeing that, on the contrary, the recent enquiries of a Hughan Lyon, and others, tend to render it more and more certain that, prior to the year 1717, a Freemasonic Craft in the modern sense is out of the question, and that the early history has furnished the founders of our Craft much less material than people were formerly inclined to believe. The whole time, therefore, previous to the memorable year 1717, does not, strictly speaking, belong at all to the proper history of Freemasonry, but forms only an introduction to it, in so far as we find in it the scanty sources from which the stream of Masonry flows. Before the middle ages, neither does the name of Freemasonry occur, nor did the thing itself exist, and if Brother Woodford had omitted referring to the earlier Freemasons whose existence can nowhere be proved (p. 10.) we should quite agree with him in saying: "Our present Freemasonry is the legitimate successor, though on an enlarged basis, and with the admitted preponderance of the speculative element of the old operative assemblies and the sodalities of mediæval Freemasons" *i.e.* Free Stonemasons.

Brother Woodford will, we hope, come to quite a different conclusion after our unrolling to him, in brief outlines, a sketch of the course of Masonic historiography. For this purpose we must, first of all, separate the names

which he places together in an indiscriminate fashion, and group them correctly.

Brother Clavel in France has done nothing towards clearing up the origin of Masonry, nor has he a view of his own on the subject; his history of Freemasonry contains a compilation of what at his time was known about its recent history, and this compilation, however meritorious it was, is written without any historical criticism. Brother Clavel can therefore not be cited as an authority on the question of the age of Freemasonry, nor can Brother Laurie be so quoted, he being an authority only on the subject of Masonry in Scotland; nor Brother Schauberg, his researches having reference only to the Masonic symbolism, and even on that point he is not, in Germany at least, regarded as trustworthy. In the face of the more recent investigations of Kloss, Keller, Bachmann and others, Schauberg, in the main, adheres to the already obsolete views of Krause, Lenning, Schneider, &c., who trace the origin of our Craft to the Roman building colleges.

We may, for convenience sake, assume *three* periods of Masonic Historiography. The first is the time of historic darkness and mere conjecture. With equal right, because based only on surmises, arbitrary fancy and vague tradition, some have assumed Masonry to date from Adam, others from the ancient mysteries of the Jews, Greeks and Egyptians, others again from the Gnostics, Templars, and so on.

The *second* period is formed by the dawn of critical inquiry, which already paid attention to facts and historical records, and inaugurated a serious scientific investigation. The head of this school was the well-known philosopher Krause (see *Findel's History of Freemasonry*, p. 626), around whom rallied the brethren Kierer, Schneider, Mossdorf (Lenning), Morlin and others, who published their conscientious and valuable contributions in the "Altenburg journal for Freemasonry." These disciples of Krause rest their views—see *Krause*,

the 3 *Kunsturkunden* (documents on the Royal art)—mainly on two historical documents, which, however, have since proved to be unauthentic and forged, and are now rejected, viz., on the "so-called examination of Henry," and on the "York Charter," alleged to date from the year 726 (see *Findel's History*, pp. 83, 89 sq.).

Now, if Brother Woodford wants to adopt the views of those men and to trace back the history of Masonry to the Roman sodalities, let him first prove those two documents to be genuine. Without such proof if his assertion has no foundation whatever. If Brother Woodford will study the "Altenburg Journal," he will to his great surprise perceive that the above-named writers had already in the years, from 1806 to 1823, accumulated most ample and recondite materials and used them with great ingenuity in favour of their views; materials, indeed, which would fill whole volumes of the Masonic Magazine. If notwithstanding all this, the entire Masonic body of the present day in Germany refuses its assent to these views, there must be good reasons for such refusal, and we may be sure that these reasons have been conscientiously weighed and thoroughly examined.

The *third* period begins with Brother Dr. George Kloss, the father of Masonic historiography. In his important work "Freemasonry in its true Signification," a work which marks an era in Masonic historiography, Kloss has placed the ancient constitutions of the English and German Stonemasons in juxtaposition, compared them with each other and furnished the irrefragable proof that the fraternity of Freemasons is the legitimate successor of the English operative-Masons' fraternity, which in its turn is identical with that of the German Stonemasons. The researches of this eminent brother were then examined, supplemented and carried on by the Brethren Keller, Lachmann, Merzdorf, Schletter and many others, especially too, within the select union of the Grand Lodge of Hamburg, which united a

greater number of competent brethren in all Germany for the purpose of historical investigation. These labours suddenly threw quite a new light on Anderson — that oldest source of Masonic historiography. In the wake of these men follows the author of this paper in his *History of Freemasonry*, in which work all the well ascertained facts and all the results of the researches of earlier and more recent times have for the first time been critically re-examined and worked up into a systematic whole. He reads attentively all the new publications; but all that comes to light only confirms the result arrived at by the common enquiry, and can only correct some minor details.

This result consists above all, in the unassailable fact that the Freemasonic Craft in the modern sense is a work of its founders, the Bros. Payne, Desagulier and Anderson; for before the year 1717 there were indeed Lodges and Freemasons, and several chief Lodges resembling our Grand Lodges, but our ceremonies at the reception, our rituals and our constitutions are essentially modern, although, no doubt, the ancient customs, historically handed down, afforded a model, and various precedents.

New, above all, is the whole intellectual element of Freemasonry, which is indeed its principal feature; new is the universal basis; new the system of world-wide moral principles; new its cosmopolitan tendency and organisation; new, in a word is all that lifts Freemasonry above the narrow boundaries of a working Mason's guild and makes it the veritable antipodes of the Roman church with its hierarchy and absolutism and a representative of a true Catholicism, based on the moral freedom of the individual, rendering a steady progress possible, and uniting all mankind in freedom. Freemasonry, in this sense, has existed only since the Midsummer of 1717, when the four London working Mason's lodges united into a Craft of speculative Freemasonry, and in this fact, too, lies the germ of modern historiography; for it confirms, above

all, the close connexion between speculative and operative Freemasonry, which further results (1) from a comparison of the documents, the laws and customs of both, (2) from the historical sketch of Anderson in the constitution book of 1723, the oldest source of modern history.

A comparison of the ancient (German and English) operative Masons' constitution with that of the present Craft, especially of the old charges, confirms not only the connexion between the two associations, but especially, too, the fact that the Freemasonic Craft has taken the place of the former.

The rites of the present Freemasonry, though enlarged, purified and essentially remodelled, are nevertheless, in their fundamental features, formed after customs and catechisms of the ancient fraternity of Stonemasons, and what results from the facts and records is confirmed too by Anderson, whose history of Freemasonry is essentially a history of architecture and a reproduction of the legends of the fraternity.

Freemasonry then, originated in the fraternity of the English Free Stonemasons, which again is identical with the fraternity of the German Stonemason, and these partly inherit its customs and institutions, and partly received them from the monasteries, and when at the heights of their prosperity in the middle ages remodelled them in a spirit of their own.

If one chooses to insist upon a connexion existing between all the trades and corporations, no objection will be raised, for the entire history of mankind is connected, and particularly those unions which, like the association of builders, are founded on geometry. But the history of Freemasonry is not at the same time a history of building corporations, though analogies and relations may certainly exist. So far from in a purely scientific question, allowing patriotism to influence my decision, I willingly and candidly admit that England has a greater share in the

history of Freemasonry than Germany; for though the German Stonemasons' fraternity laid the foundation and is the real germ of the Masonic Craft, yet its transformation from an operative into a speculative society was effected, in England, partly by the admission of the accepted Masons, partly by her availing herself of the intellectual acquisitions of the time, especially of Deism.

Again, to England is due the never disputed merit of the decisive act of 1717, which first called the Craft into life. Since, as is proved and particularly attested by the recent labours of the brethren Hughan and Lyon, the institutions, customs and doctrines of the operative guilds were very deficient and yielded for the new creation in 1717 very few materials, aye, properly speaking only the basis and some rough outlines; the history of the Craft does not even fully coincide with that of the fraternity of the Stonemasons, but belongs to this domain only so far as those scanty elements and foundations extend and as it is necessary for the understanding of the development of Masonry towards the end of the 17th century down to 1717. Whoever attempts to trace the history of Freemasonry back ceases to stand on the ground of authenticated facts and documents, and is removed into the region of fiction and legend. The legends of our ancestors, who mixed up the history of architecture with that of the whole intellectual development of humanity, dressed up his mixture with other fables and gave it out as the history of the guilds, are touching and poetical so long as these historical relics are looked upon merely as legends; but to pass them off at the present moment as real history is relapsing into childhood. It is high time to consider that the Freemasons' Craft has no need for its existence of a borrowed lustre or an imaginary age, and that at, this time of day, it has to manifest its dignity and importance solely by its principles, an active life and a sound development of strength.

Now as to my work (History of Freemasonry) it has, I believe, its value irrespective of the question of the origin and age of our brotherhood for there is not a second book which like mine, faithfully narrates, after the best sources and the latest researches, the development, since 1717, of Freemasonry in all countries. What is the good of the designation of a "Worshipful" Master, if he who is to enlighten the lodge is not even informed on that which lies nearest and is now necessary—on the history of the Craft whose representative he is to be, and if the master is only a worshipper of habit, ignorance and empty form?

It has long since been universally acknowledged that an accurate acquaintance with the origin, development and changes of our Craft is indispensable to every Freemason who wishes to act with success. It is only in surveying its history that the present position of the Craft can be judged correctly according to the idea underlying it, and that *its future* can be realised with wisdom and conscious art.

Considering the momentous Masonic questions now in agitation, it seems doubly incumbent upon us then to enlighten and correct the views of our brethren at the hand of history. The value and importance of that work of mine has long since been recognised by criticism; and it has been repeatedly said by various competent authorities, that "the book not only deserves a place on the shelf of every Freemason's library, but should be frequently and with pleasure resorted to for information." The spread of my work is, therefore, a matter of interest to our holy cause itself, and every Worshipful Master ought to recommend it to every newly-initiated member on his reception. It may be justly asserted that the work is not *my own*, but that of the entire brotherhood, on whose labours it is based and whose acquisitions it embodies.

THERE is one industry which is flourishing in these bad times, which does not fill us with an infinite gratitude. An exchange informs us that the hurdy-gurdy organ manufactories are all running on full time, and that the supply is not equal to the demand.

THE POOR MASON'S JEWELS.

My home, it is a poor one,
To all who pass it by;
They cannot see its beauty,
And neither, faith, can I;
That is, in paint or timber,
In doorway or in roof,
But that it has its beauties
I'll quickly give ye proof.

Come hither, young ones, hither,
Your father's steps are near—
That's Bet with hair so yellow,
That's Sus with eyes so clear;
That's Will with Tawny trousers
Tucked in his stocking leg;
And yonder two wee darlings
Are beanties Jean and Meg.

A cluster of fair jewels,
Five in the rugged set;
If any man has brighter,
I have to learn it yet;
And Tom, when I am swinging
These arms with weary strain,
Their blessed faces cheer me,
And make me strong again.

I sometimes sit and wonder
"What will their future be,"
If they must delve and patter
A treadmill round like me,
And scarcely at the year's end,
Have half a groat to spare—
And see bad men put over them—
'Twill be too hard to bear.

But then, I think, as nations
Rise in the scale of might,
God puts the poor man forward,
And gives him power and light;
And learning, Tom, will do it,
And Christian truth will show
That heaven makes no distinction
Between the high and low.

So, though my home's a poor one
To all who pass it by,
And none can see its beauty
Save mother, God and I;
The future may be grander
For some great glory won—
Some gem set in the ages
By e'en a poor Mason's son.

—*Brooklyn Review.*

A MASONIC CURTAIN LECTURE.

We have most of us heard of Mrs. Candle's Curtain Lectures, and we shall remember her opinion of Masonry, but we have, perhaps, hardly as yet realised—the sterner fact of Masonic Curtain Lectures. Indeed those fair sisters of ours, whom we have known so well, and greeted so often in the days of past Masonic sociality, always were, at least they so seemed to us, the meekest and the cheeriest of feminine emanations, the last persons in the world to interfere with the early lodge meetings, or late returning husbands. And yet here we have before us from a most orthodox and respectable contemporary, the "Philadelphia Keystone," the following indubitable record of a Masonic Curtain Lecture, which we give in "extenso" for the benefit of any peccant brethren of ours, whose consciences may quake when they call to mind the excuses they have sometimes made to some sweet "animæ dimidium sue" for "enforced absences," and "unavoidable engagements."

Hear then all ye wandering and offending household heads, be ye who ye may, of whatever calibre, whether ye be thick, or thin, heavy, or light, and mark, learn, and inwardly digest, this remarkable utterance of a weary, a lone, and a benighted woman! And with that chivalry peculiar to our order, vow that, never again that angelic being, who calls you her "adored Thomas Henry" shall ever have occasion to complain of late hours, of such woeful backsliding into the ways of bachelorhood, of such a callous desertion of your "cares and penates," while your "household gods are lying shivered on the hearth," &c., &c.

Listen, I say, and tremble at this over-true description of those who so often keep their wives awake at nights and alone, "not wisely, but too well."

"Every night! Here it is half-past one o'clock! It's a wonder you come home at all! What—do—you—think—a woman is made for? I do believe if a robber was to come and carry me off you would not care one cent. What is it you say? 'City Council business must be attended to?' How do I know you go to the City Council? Does the City Council meet e-v-e-r-y night? They don't meet but once in—New York. But I suppose Bowling Green is a more important place. Oh, yes—out e-v-e-r-y night. Twelve o'clock. One o'clock—two o'clock.

Here I stay with the children, all alone—lying awake half the night waiting for you. Couldn't come home any sooner? Of course you couldn't if you didn't want to. But I know something; you think I don't, but I do. I wish I didn't. Where were you Monday night? Tell me that. The Marshal told me that the City Council didn't meet that night. Now what have you got to say? 'Couldn't get a quorum.' Well, if you couldn't, why didn't you come home? Out e-v-e-r-y night—hunting—for—a—quorum. But you wouldn't hunt me in this way if I was missing. Where were you Thursday night and Friday night? There was a show in town wasn't there? Do you always put on your best vest and clean shirt to go to the Council? What did you buy that bottle of hair oil for and hide it? 'Oil for a whetstone?' So you think I didn't see you in the other room, brushing and greasing your hair, and looking in the glass at your pretty self? 'A man ought to be decent?' He ought, ought he? Yes, indeed, a decent man ought to be, and a decent man will stay at home with his wife sometimes and not go out e-v-e-r-y night. How comes it that the City Council didn't meet but twice a month last year? 'Trying to work it out of debt!' Yes, that's probable—very; laughing and joking, and smoking and swapping lies will work a debt off, won't it? Now—I—want—to—know—how—much—longer—you—are—going—to—keep—this—night—business? Yes, I want to know? Out every night? City Council, Freemasons, Red Men, Odd Fellows, shows, hair oil—and it's brush and brush, until you've nearly worn out the brush, and your head, too."

Can anything be more affecting? But to proceed with these anguish-laden complaints of a lone and sorrowing female. "What is it you say? 'It helps our business to keep up your social relations!' Ah, indeed. You've got relations here at home, sir. They need keeping up some, I think. What did you say about 'catching it' the other night at a euchre party? 'Fellers, it's 12 o'clock, but let's play a while longer; we won't catch it any worse when we get home.' A pretty speech for a decent man! 'Catch it!' 'Catch it!' Well, I intend you shall catch it—a little. What's that you say? 'If I wouldn't fret you so, you would stay at home more!' Well sir, do you stay at home a few nights and try it.

Perhaps the fretting would stop. Out every night because I fret so. What's that sir? 'You know ladies who ain't always scolding their husbands! You do, do you? How came you to know them? What business had you to know whether other women fret or not? That's always the way. You men think all the other women are saints but your wives.

"Oh yes—saints, s-a-i-n-t-s. I'll have you to know, sir, that there isn't a woman in this town that's any more of a saint than I am. I know them all, a heap better than you do. You see the honey and sugar side of them, and they—only—see—the—honey—and—sugar—side—of—you. Now, sir, I just want you to know that if you don't stay at home more than you do, I'll leave these children to get burnt up, and I'll go out e-v-e-r-y night. When a poor woman gets desperate, why, sir, she is desperate—that's all."

Comment seems to us needless, remarks superfluous? Who does not feel for an affectionate and suffering wife, thus pouring out the intense sorrows of her bosom? And in these days of calm self-confession and personal explanation, this unfolding of the gushing sensations of our ardent psychology is very awakening indeed, and I feel convinced, that, we who are Freemasons will, one and all, at once see that whatever may be woman's rights, here are undoubtedly woman's wrongs. Not being married ourselves we can afford to give good advice to our married brethren, and to them we most respectfully dedicate to day this touching picture of a silently enduring, sorrowfully suffering wife. If there are any infatuated married men of mature or youthful age in the Craft, who will persist night after night in leaving a sister in her lonely home the wife of their heart and affection, if there are those who feel still a weakness, for the fraternal chant or the friendly greeting, or the cup that cheers but don't inebriate, or for the mild Havannah; let them rouse themselves to their duty as men, as husbands, and as Britons, and henceforth never leave their wives alone, night after night, till the early hours proclaim the new-born day. No, but let them return early home, and retail to their fond and expectant charmers, Jones's last speech and Bowler's last song, and Trotter's last joke, and they are certain to hear from the lips of a grateful woman,

what must be so consoling to themselves to know and to feel, "Well, I do declare, there is something in Freemasonry after all!"

A BACHELOR FREEMASON.

OLD WARRANTED LODGES:

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

It is a curious study to trace the old lodges, and but few can accomplish it thoroughly from the scarcity of details, and the scarcity of the "Engraved Lists" and other records of the whereabouts and circumstances of the lodges early in the eighteenth century. The earliest warranted lodge dates from the year 1721, all previous lodges, if constituted before this period, and subsequent to A.D. 1717 being extinct.

There are still two, out of the four which formed the first grand lodge, in existence, and apparently more firmly established than ever.

Of these "time immemorial" lodges we forbear to say anything now, although their history is full of interest to all Masonic students. Our present intention is to present a transcript to our readers of an old list of lodges working in the year 1730.

The oldest one we know of *in print*, is that attached to the book of Constitutions 1723, and which consisted of XX lodges (say A.D. 1721.) The one we append is of the year 1730, and numbers sixty seven. We have not met with any list of regular lodges between 1721 and the forgoing, until very recently we did not know of any before 1733, *in which year* the one preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, was written, and was the property of Brother Richard Rawlinson, LL.D. and F.R.S.

Full particulars of the latter is contained in the "Freemasons' Monthly Magazine" for February 1855. The number therein recorded was 116, or in other words, an increase of lodges amounting to about *sixty* per cent in three years!

The next list we have includes all the lodges warranted to April 20th 1737, the last being numbered 160, thus showing an increase of about one hundred and fifty per cent in seven years. We hope to prepare an exact list of all the lodges in

existence at the "Union" of 1813, distinguishing each by its number under its former Grand Lodge, also the numbers as altered in 1832 and 1863. We conclude our present rapid sketch by directing the especial attention of the Brethren to an admirable article in No. 1 of the "Masonic Magazine," entitled "The present position of English Freemasonry."

A LIST OF REGULAR LODGES ACCORDING TO THEIR SENIORITY AND CONSTITUTION.

- 1 King's Arms in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1st & 3rd Monday in every month. Constituted 1691.
- 2 Rose and Buffle against Furnival's Inn in Holborn, 1st Wednesday. 1712.
- 3 Horn Tavern at Westminster, 3rd Friday.
- 4 Swan at Hamstead, 1st and 3rd Saturday. Jan. 17th, 1720.
- 5 Three Swans in the Poultry, 2nd Wednesday, July 11th, 1721.
- 6 Tom's Coffee House in Clare Street, near Clare Market, 2nd and 4th Tuesday. Jan. 19th, 1721
- 7 Rummer in Queen Street, Cheapside, 2nd and 4th Thursday. January 28th, 1722.
- 8 Devil Tavern at Temple Bar, 2nd Tuesday. April 25th, 1722.
- 9 One Tun in Noble Street, 1st and 3rd Wednesday May, 1722.
- 10 Lion and Shield in Brewer Street, last Thursday, November 25th, 1722.
- 11, Queen's Head in Kirval's-Acre, 1st and 3rd Wednesday. February 27th, 1722-3.
- 12 Three Tuns in Swithin's Alley, 1st Tuesday. March 27th, 1723.
- 13 Anchor in Dutchy-lane, 2nd Friday and last Monday. March 28th, 1723.
- 14 Queen's Head in Great Queen-street, 1st and 3rd Monday. March 30th, 1723.
- 15 Bull-Head in Southwark, 2nd Monday. April 1st 1723.
- 16 Red Lion in Tottenham-court Road, 3rd Monday, April 3rd, 1723.
- 17 Buffle and Garter in Bloomsbury, 1st and 3rd Thursday. 1723.
- 18 Crown and Cushion on Ludgate Hill, 1st Wednesday. May 6th, 1723.
- 19 Green Dragon on Snow Hill, 1st & 3rd Monday 1723.
- 20 Dolphin in Tower Street, 3rd Wednesday. June 12th, 1723.
- 21 Nag's Head in Prince's Street, Drury Lane, 2nd and last Thursday. August 4th, 1723.
- 22 Ship on Fish-sreet Hill, 1st Friday. September 11th, 1723.
- 23 Half Moon on Cheapside, 1st and 3rd Tuesday. September 18th, 1723.
- 24 Crown, without Cripple-gate, 2nd and 4th Friday.
- 25 Mitre at Greenwich, last Saturday. December 24th, 1723.
- 26 King's Arms in the Strand, 4th Tuesday. November 25th, 1724.
- 27 Crown and Sceptre in St. Martin's Lane, 2nd and last Monday. March 27th, 1724.
- 28 Queen's Head in the City of Bath, last Thursday.
- 29 Queen's Head in the City of Norwich.

- 30 Swan in the City of Chichester, 3rd Friday.
- 31 Py'd Bull in Northgate Street, in the City of Chester.
- 32 Castle and Falcon in Watergate Street, in the City of Chester, 1st Tuesday.
- 33 Nag's Head in Camarthen, in South Wales.
- 34 East India Arms at Gosport in Hampshire, 2nd Thursday at 3 o'clock.
- 35 Angel at Congleton, in Cheshire.
- 36 Three Tuns in Wood Street, 1st and 3rd Thursday. July, 1724.
- 37 Swan at Tottenham High Cross, 2nd and 4th Saturday. January 22nd, 1725.
- 38 Swan at Rummer in Finch Lane, 2nd and last Wednesday. February, 1725.
- 39 Paul's Head in Ludgate Street, 2nd and 4th Monday. April, 1725.
- 40 Vine in Holborn, 1st Monday. May 10th, 1725.
- 41 Henry VIII's Head in St. Andrew Street, near the Seven Dials, 4th Monday.
- 42 Rose at Mary-le bone, 1st Monday in Winter, and 1st and 3rd in Summer. May 25th 1725.
- 43 Swan in Grafton Street, St. Ann's, Soho, 1st and last Wednesday. September, 1725.
- 44 White Hart in Without, Bishopsgate Street, 1st Tuesday. January 19th, 1726.
- 45 Mount's Coffee House in Grosvenor Street, near Hanover Square, 1st Wednesday. Jan. 12th, 1727.
- 46 Three Crowns in Stoke Newington, 1st Saturday, August 9th, 1727.
- 47 King's Head at Salford, near Manchester.
- 48 Castle in Holborn, 2nd and last Wednesday. January 31st, 1727-8.
- 49 Three Flower-de-luces in St. Bernard Street, in Madrid. 1st Sunday.
- 50 Woolpack in Warwick, 1st and 3rd Friday. April 22nd, 1728.
- 51 Bishopsgate Coffee House, 1st and 3rd Wednesday. 1728.
- 52 Rose and Crown in Greek Street, Soho, 1st and 3rd Friday. 1728.
- 53 White Lion at Richmond, 1st and 3rd Saturday at 12 at noon.
- 54 Crown and Anchor in Short's Gardens, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
- 55 Queen Elizabeth's Head in Pitfield Street, in Hoxton, 1st and 3rd Monday.
- 56 Crown in the Corn Market in Oxford, every Thursday. August 8th, 1729.
- 57 Three Tuns in Scarborough, 1st Wednesday. August 27th, 1729.
- 58 Three Tuns at Billingsgate, 2nd and 4th Thursday. January 22nd, 1730.
- 59 King's Arms in, Caelton Street, 1st and 3rd Friday. January 24th, 1730.
- 60 Prince William at Charing Cross, 2nd and 4th Monday. February 26th, 1730.
- 62 Bear in Butcher's Row, 1st and 3rd Friday. March 6th, 1730.
- 63 St. Rook's Hill, near Chichester in Sussex, once a year, every Tuesday in Easter week. In the reign of Julius Caesar.
- 64 Red Lion in the City of Canterbury, 1st and 3rd Tuesday. April 3rd, 1730.
- 65 Dick's Coffee House in Gravel Street, in Hatton Garden, last Thursday. April 16th, 1730.
- 66 Golden Spikes at Hamstead, 2nd and 4th Saturday. April 28th, 1730.
- 67 King's Head in Fleet Street, 2nd & 4th Friday. May 22nd, 1730.

As we have copied the foregoing from a printed list of 1730, which was not an *authorized* publication, the dates of constitution ascribed to Nos. 1 and 2 must be received as an approximation only, no particulars being obtainable of the origin of either lodge. Some of the other dates are also doubtful.

The following will exhibit at a glance, the few of the 67 in existence in 1730, which have continued their meetings down to the year 1874, (viz. 15) and the changes which have been made in their respective numbers.

	1863.	1832.	1813.	1792.	1750.	1730.
Antiquity, London	2	2	2	1	1	1
Royal Somerset, do.	4	4	4	2	2	3
Friendship, do.	6	6	6	3	3	4
British, do.	8	8	8	4	4	6
Westmnstr. & K.S. do.	10	10	10	5	5	7
Fortitude, do.	12	12	12	6	*8	*11
Tuscan, do.	14	14	14	7	*7	*10
Royal Alpha, do.	16	16	16	8	*6	*8
Old Dundee, do.	18	18	18	9	9	9
R. Kent of Antiquity,						
Chatham	20	20	20	10	10	13
Emulation, London	21	21	22	12	13	19
Globe, do.	23	23	25	14	16	23
Castle L. of H., do.	26	27	29	18	22	37
Old King's Arms, do.	30	33	36	21	25	42
St Alban's, do.	32	35	38	22	26	45

* Sic, apparently.

HALF-CROWNS AND FLORINS.

To the Editor of The Times.

Sir,—I learn from your columns that the Deputy-Master of the Mint invites information as to the respective merits of florins and half crowns.

As an employer disbursing each day a very considerable amount of wages, I most earnestly deprecate the withdrawal from circulation of the half-crown.

If this useful coin be withdrawn I shall require for the daily payment of wages a far larger number of sixpenny bits than I am now ever able to obtain.

But even if the number of sixpenny bits in circulation were increased to the fullest extent, I should still infinitely prefer the use, wherever practicable, of the half-crown, as being more rapidly counted in bulk, and more readily handled by the chilly fingers of pay clerks and the horny hands of labourers than corresponding amounts in florins and sixpenny pieces.

In fact, for every half-crown withdrawn from circulation public convenience will necessitate the issue of a sixpenny bit, and the question therefore appears to be not between the half-crown and the florin so much as between the sixpenny bit and the half crown.

Yours obediently,
A. C. S.

Southwark, Jan. 3.

THE Rev. Isaac Taylor claims to have discovered the key to the Etruscan language, and, in a paper read before the Philological Society, has given some account of his researches. The language, he believes is of the Tatar, or Finnish, or Altaic family, and the theory of its grammar and orthography which he has formed agrees marvellously with known facts.

LEARNING TOWARDS EACH OTHER.

[The following lines were written for, and first recited at, the Festival following the dedication of the Crawford Statue of Washington, at Richmond, in 1858. The thoughts embodied in them are derived from the Book of Ecclesiastes iv. 9-12; "Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to lift him up. Again, if two lie together, then they have heat; but how can one be warm alone? And if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him; and a threefold cord is not quickly broken." The lesson inculcated in the concluding stanza cannot be too strongly enforced:]

The jolts of life are many
As we dash along the track;
The ways are rough and rugged
And our bones they sorely rack;
We're tossed about,
Both in and out,
We make a mighty pother;
Far less would be
Our pains, if we
Would lean towards each other.

Behold that loving couple,
Just mated for their life
What care they for the jolting
The happy man and wife?
The cars may jump,
Their heads may bump,
And jostle one another,
They only smile
And try the while
To lean towards each other.

Woe to the luckless pilgrim
Who journeys all alone;
Well said the wise King Solomon,
"Tis better two than one!"
For where the ground's
Most rugged found,
And great the pain and pother,
He cannot break
The sorest shake
By leaning on another.

There's not one in ten thousand
Of all the cares we mourn,
But what, if 'twas divided,
Might easily be borne;
If we'd but learn
When fortunes turn
To share them with a brother,
We'd prove how good
Our Brotherhood
By leaning towards each other.

—Philadelphia Keystone.

A CURIOUS PAMPHLET.

The following curious and interesting little pamphlet seems to be generally unknown to my brethren, and so I venture to reprint it, for their information in the pages of the Magazine. It has apparently escaped the notice of Dr. Oliver, and seems to have been unknown to Kloss.

A. F. A. WOODFORD.

THOUGHTS ON MASONRY
AND
THE ADMISSION OF PERSONS
INTO THAT FRATERNITY.

BY M. CONCANEN JUN.

"It is a Science, that employs in its Theory the
"noblest Faculties of the Soul, and exerts in its
"Practice the Cardinal Virtues of the Heart."

LONDON: Printed for the AUTHOR;

And may be had of Br. PARSLEY, Bookseller,
Surrey Side Black-Friars Bridge.

[DEDICATION.]

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE PRINCE
OF WALES.

Your Royal Highness's rank may claim respect and reverence from a people, but your private virtues have procured you a more valuable and affectionate distinction, in the hearts of mankind.—It is the usual business of dedicators to illustrate virtues by gross adulation and flattery, and to beg permission to apply that, which though it may be a balm to coxcombic vanity, is obnoxious to true greatness and virtue.

The humbleness of my station will not, I flatter myself, preclude me from addressing your Highness as a Brother; a term I use in conformity to the masonic institution, though not without consideration of that great humility and respect, due from a Subject of England to a Prince.

Your Highness has been pleased to sanction with your approbation the principles of Masonry, and every act that may tend to strengthen the union of BROTHERLY LOVE, RELIEF, and TRUTH, will, I flatter myself, be regarded with your attention.

My hope from your Highness is approbation, which will be of greater value to

me, than any patronage I could possess—
If my addressing an attempt of this nature
to your Highness, should need an apology,
I shall be fatally defective in that respect;
but as a good intention will be of estimation
with your Highness, that, and a
sincere regard for you, and your illustrious
family, must be the only advocates for

Your Royal Highness's Servant,
With the most dutiful
Respect and Regard,
M. CONCANEN, Jun.

No. 22, Castle-street, Southwark.

THOUGHTS ON MASONRY.

If a well intended effort for increasing
the honour of a science which has been
sanctioned by the approbation of ages,
and which has lost nothing in its reputa-
tion by the effect of time, can be acceptable
to the Brethren, the author flatters himself
his present address will be received with
that candour, which distinguishes the Craft,
and that benevolence of opinion, which
Masonry has ever embraced as its darling
attribute.

The reader need not be told, that his
search will be fruitless, should he expect to
find any written instructions, or explana-
tions to aid him in his progress in masonry,
or in the knowledge of those emblematical
beauties, to which he must be introduced
by the steady assistance of time, and a
faithful application of his own diligence:
if he is a mason, he knows that such com-
munications are not contained in books,
if he is not a mason, this early information
will prevent an unsuccessful pursuit.

The principles of masonry are generally
known, and the purity of their institution
renders them a popular theme.

Charity cannot diffuse its divine and
universal rays in secret, nor can the tongue
of gratitude desist from praising that fund
which relieves the necessitous.

It is to these principles I would call the
attention of the brethren I presume to
address; I would call them to their re-
collection in their fullest, most secret, and
most extensive sense; and hope, ere I
proceed, the brethren in this place will
attend in their minds to every part of
those doctrines, by the observance of which,
and their application, masonry is enthroned
in its true and unequivocal dignity.

I have not the desire, and should think
it an unbecoming arrogance, were I so in-
clined, to set up for an instructor to those,
who, by being well skilled in the
mysteries of masonry, are so much my
superiors: I consider myself as FREE to
give my opinion, and that the brethren
will ACCEPT it as a token of my zeal,
for the establishment of duties, which
should be imprinted on the mind, by some-
thing more than words.

The most rational and best concerted
institutions will become contemptible,
when prostituted to purposes which, in the
remotest degree, tend to subvert the basis
of perfection, upon which they wish to
establish their foundation.

I profess, in my present attempt, to ani-
madvert on the very negligent mode of
receiving persons into the fraternity, and
to offer my thoughts on a subject, which
is every mason's concern, and the reform-
ation of which I trust, is seated near the
heart of the greater part of the brethren.

In doing what I consider my duty, I
shall study truth more than elegance, and
I trust what I need in masonic knowledge,
will be so far recompensed by my zeal to
extirpate avarice and folly, that I shall
not meet with censure for any assertion,
however bold, while I have truth for my
conductor, and that an honest indignation
will be pardoned, when it springs from the
sincerity of the heart.

My reflections on this subject I shall
apply chiefly to the middle order of men;
because from my situation in life it is
with them my intercourse has been most
habitual, and the greater number of
masons, as well as the community in
general, being of this description, renders
such an address more applicable.

I do not in this place forget that equality
which every honest man may boast, and
which we so beautifully illustrate by our
professional maxims, the order and con-
nexion of human transactions rendering
distinction necessary; in that sense I
apply myself according to a system of
national propriety.

Masonry is a science, the contemplation
of which must give extreme delight to
the benevolent mind, and whatever opinion
we may have formed in point of religion,
the universality of its humane and liberal
doctrines, engages the breast of genuine
compassion in its behalf: Charity is a

distinction that scorns to confine itself to rules fettered by bigotry and superstition; among masons, liberality takes her by the hand, and necessity needs no other claim than its own eloquence to engage her in its cause: on every good man the same effect is visible; but masons are select, they have become so for the wisest and most amiable purposes; to maintain their own honour, is but to adhere to their own principles, they cannot be amended; but weakened as they are by the introduction of men of every description, contrary to its pure system, and its rights and privileges regarded with indolence and inattention, it becomes necessary the brethren should be reminded of that duty which is required at their hands, and that circumspection needful and proper, as well in their proposition of candidates, as in the indiscriminate mode of admission too universally adopted.

The subject on which I am engaged will not permit me the use of many arguments, from which conclusions might be drawn to the satisfaction of every reader; but among masons, I hope what I have to offer will not fail to be properly applied; under this restraint I shall endeavour to make myself generally understood, not doubting but my objections will be felt where they are properly applicable. I ought to hope that the objects I have in view to hold up as subjects of disapprobation, and to offer to the consideration of the brethren for reformation, will not be mistaken as personal attacks, or remarks individually pointed; the spirit by which I am actuated forbids me so despicable an act, and the opinion I form of a true mason cherishes my hope, that the known liberality of that character will secure me from any imputation I am not entitled to.

The world has been taught to believe, and masons ought to know, that none but men whose recommendations are unexceptionable, whose propositions are regular, and who come from the free and untutored impulse of their own inclinations, are proper to be made masons, and that none are fit objects of association in masonic meetings, but those whose maturity and judgement are likely to render them valuable ornaments: by judgement, I would not be understood to preclude every man whose abilities are not distinguished

by eminence, as zeal and attention may make ample amends, but the frequent mode and motive of men's becoming masons, being totally repugnant to the principles on which masonry fixes its foundation, occasions the present enquiry.

Persons who have any connexions among masons, are very naturally invited to the institution, and to partake of those mysteries, with which, when unfolded, I have never known any one displeased; but the invitation is very frequently accompanied with golden promises of profit to the candidate, and interest, rather than inclination, leads him to the lodge; for one of the first questions he asks, when he is invited to become a brother, is, of what service the institution will be to him; in answer to which, he is promised every assistance in his business, if he is a tradesman, and an order for the commodity he deals in is first applied as an earnest of his success: Is this consistent with the duties of masonry? on the contrary, is it not a violation of every principle on which it is founded, and opposite to the very spirit and intention of initiating a brother? His character in life, his opinion on the duties of morality, ought to be examined and weighed, and then worth should stamp his title to so noble a destination: solicitation on his part should gain him admittance, for though it may be true that masonry unites the most seeming discordant ideas, yet it cannot conciliate to our minds the profligate or the atheist.

It is true that an extent of connexion, and a worthy object, secure to him favours in his concerns in life; but as TRUTH is not only a most valuable accomplishment, but a virtue immediately pointed at in every duty of the fraternity, why it should be risked for the adding a member from a mistaken motive, I have not yet learned.

The equality of masons levels all distinctions; let us therefore, ere we lay the foundation of that equality, examine well the pretensions of the candidate; let us rather make it an interest to become a mason, than make interest, or form entreaties, to receive strangers.

Shall it be said, that we who are fellows to kings, and brothers to princes or beggars, when made masons, receive beggars in principle, to enlarge a connexion, to encrease our number? numbers are not the basis upon which masonry has es-

tablished its virtues: in its dawn, its numbers were few, and merit was the passport to those secrets, which violence and fraud would have extorted; numbers brought disgrace on what the wisdom of him, who first regulated our mysteries, strove to confine.

The good of masonry, and the increase of its fund, founded upon and applied to such noble purposes, is the only reason that can be urged for the zealous attachment some brethren, who are in other respects worthy members, shew, to increase by any means, the society of free masons: the reasoning is false, were our numbers less, they would want less relief; were the interests to become a mason more difficult, they would be more respectable.

Reasoning and argument may do much to establish a contrary opinion to mine, but truth is its foundation; we must either trifle with the most disinterested and noble principles of our order, or dispense with their existence; must either destroy the fountain from which it springs, or poison the stream that should nourish us in truth and honour.

Have I a friend whom I regard, and wish to be nearer allied to me, I would most cordially invite him to partake with me those truths which masonry reveals; I would tempt him by an anticipation of a happy and unmolested intercourse with worthy and illustrious characters; I would if I thought him deserving, do all that ought to be done, to induce him to become a brother; he who does more, deceives himself, and disgraces the craft: tis thus, that which is in itself replete with the sublimest doctrines, is degenerated into a miserable traffic for knaves, and a plaything for fools: in this assertion I affront not the brotherhood, as he who deserves either of the above distinctions is not a mason.

Our first and most excellent Grand Master, neither manifested the WISDOM, the STRENGTH, nor the BEAUTY of his works, by the number of the masons he chose to employ; he made emulation the passport to preferment, and a virtuous skill the only title to be rewarded with further mysteries.

It would not be PRUDENCE in us to introduce indiscriminately into masonry, every one who solicits, nor would it be JUSTICE, either to the craft or the candidate, to initiate an object whom we know to be

unfit for it.—Ought we not then to have FORTITUDE enough to resist the temptation of a paltry fee, which though it enables us to be more liberal in our contributions to the cause of humanity, yet must lessen us in our own esteem? since the very act is a violation of the justice we owe to the constitution: I would though reluctantly, embrace a partial evil for the general good, but such an evil is subversive of the comforts, and dangerous to the constitution of masonry.

Can that TEMPERANCE which we should endeavour to acquire, warrant such an act? should it not rather teach us to husband our present possessions, than grasp at those, which though they appear bright, will not in the end be attended with equal prosperity? Must these virtuous accomplishments exist but in words? Are they but the paintings of morality? if they are so, let us haste to convert them into substance by an honourable attachment to the duties they inculcate.

No necessity of a private lodge, no motive of mistaken respect for the accommodation of an individual, can palliate the dispensing with a single formality which our excellent constitution has established, rules, the observance of which, upon the fullest deliberation, has been deemed indispensably necessary.

There is an article in the book of constitutions, which positively forbids the making a mason, without due enquiry into his character; from which there is a reference to a note that I presume must have escaped the attention of masters, or I know not how they will excuse the non-observance of so useful a lesson, and which I shall here intrude upon the reader by introducing, before I take the liberty of giving my opinion on the intention of the discretion invested in the master.

“It is to be lamented that the indulgence subjoined to this wholesome injunction should weaken the regard seriously due to it; for as no man will build a house upon a bog or a quicksand, a man of suspicious integrity will be found equally unfit to sustain the character of a true mason: and if some corresponding regard to worldly circumstances were included, it would operate more for the welfare and credit of the society. There is no violation of truth in affirming, that, in London especially, propositions for initiation into

masonry, are often too easily, if not eagerly received, on the bare general recommendation of the proposer, and payment of the customary fees. But if character and circumstances were cautiously weighed, in the qualification of candidates, though the society might not be quite so numerous, the members of it would in proportion be more respectable, both as men and as masons. Charity is a leading feature in the masonic character; we deem ourselves bound to assist a distressed brother to the utmost of our power: but surely this humane obligation does not extend to receiving men among us, whose imprudence and precarious circumstances obviously tend to reduce them to be objects of charity. Nothing is more common than for giddy young men just entering into life, to join the society with the mere sinister view of extending their connexions: such men dissipate their time, money, and attention, in running about from one lodge to another, where they rather aim to distinguish themselves in the licentious character of jolly companions, than in the more discreet one of steady good masons; and finally close their masonic career, by loading the stable in the committee room with petitions for charity! The number of these applications reduces our benefactions to such scanty portions, that instead of being of effectual service, in extricating men from the occasional difficulties of life, they seldom amount to more than the instant supply of pressing necessities, without reaching the cause of those necessities: whereas were the brethren more select, fewer distresses would come before them, those which did come would be more deserving of relief, and might obtain it from a more liberal hand.

"Once more; the fraternity of masons being every where distinguished by their kind reception and friendly assistance of strange brethren on journies, or on their arrival to settle among them, gives rise to another abuse, teeming with evil effects. A man on the point of removing to a distant country, recollects that the certificate of being a mason, will be a convenient general letter of recommendation. He accordingly gets himself proposed through a second, third, or fourth hand, and must be hurried through all the degrees in one evening, because he is to set off early the next morning. Thus, by trusting to

a vague recommendation, a lodge prostitutes the institution for a paltry fee; vests an utter stranger with a character he knows nothing of, and furnishes him with a credential, empowering him, should he be basely disposed, to abuse the generous confidence of the brethren wherever he goes, to the injury of worthy men who may afterwards travel the same road. Such hasty compliances with interested views ought not therefore to be heedlessly countenanced.

"These are remarks which naturally occur, which experience justifies, and which, as they are too general to give particular offence, can apply to no one who is not conscious that his own conduct, or that of his lodge, is censurable under them. The settled fund for the support of every lodge ought to be sufficiently liberal for the purpose, without resting on contingent advantages that may warp the judgements of the members."

The very liberal and generous principles of masonry, have occasioned discretionary deviations from their laws, and that discretion is vested in the master of the lodge who may have occasion to use it: this constitutes that freedom of which we boast, and should therefore be sparingly resorted to; for it is not because a master has power to pass a new member through three degrees in one night, that he should do so without a reason, and console himself as to its propriety, because he is invested with that power. As a mason he should answer it to his own conscience; as a man he should recollect it is a violation of common sense, because none are supposed to be raised to a third degree, till by servitude and application they have attained a knowledge and skill in the first and second, which they receive together by reason of the intimate connexion that subsists between them; and here it may not be impertinent to observe, that if no one was raised to a third degree till he was somewhat acquainted with the duties of masonry, it would be a very laudable sacrifice to propriety, and excite an emulation by which the craft would be benefited.

(To be continued.)

MS. MASONIC CONSTITUTIONS
(OR CHARGES) No. 5.

THE "ALNWICK MS." (MS. R., HUGHAN'S
CATALOGUE) A.D. 1701.

[Transcribed from the original by Bro. W. J.
Hughan, P.M., &c.]

THE MASONS' CONSTITUTIONS.

Draw near unto me, ye unlearned, and dwell in the house of learning.—*Ecclesiasticus*, Cap. li. ver. 23.

In the hand of the Craftsmen shall the word be commended.—*Ecclesiasticus*, Cap. ix. ver. 17.

The might of the Father of Heaven with the Wisdom of his Glorious Son, through the Grace and Goodness of the Holy Ghost, Three Persons in one Godhead, be with us att our beginning and give us Grace soe to governe us here in oe Liveing, Thatt we may come to his Bliss thatt never shall have ending. Amen.

Good Brethren and Fellowes oe Purpose, is to tell you how and in whatt manner this craft of masonry was Begun and afterwards how it was Founded by Worthy Emperours and Princes and many other worppll men, and also to them that be here, we will declare them. The Charge thatt doth belong to every true Mason is to keep in good Faith, and if you take good head thereto it is well worthy to be kept, for a worthy Craft and a Curious Science; For there is Seaven Liberall Sciences of the which itt is one of them, and the names of the Seven Sciences be these—The first is Gramme and thatt teacheth a man to speak Truely; and to write Truely: The Second is Rhetoricke and that teacheth a man to speak fair and in subtil terms. The Third is Logick thatt teacheth to Discern Trueth from falshood. The Fourth is Arithmaticke thatt teacheth to Reckon and nnumber all manner of numbes. The Fifth is called Geometry and it teacheth a man to meet and measure the Earth, and other things; of which Science is Masonry. The Sixth is Musick that teacheth the Craft of Songs, Organs and Harpe and Trumpett. The Seaventh is called Astronomy that teacheth a man to know the course of the Sunne moon and Starrs; These be the seaven Liberall Sciences which be all founded by that one science that is called Geometrie; For Geometrie teacheth a man mett and measure, Ponderation, and Weight of all manner of things on Earth,

and there is noe man thatt worketh any craft but he worketh by some mett or measure, and noe man buyeth or selleth butt by some measure or weight, and all this Geometrie; And Craftsmen and Marchtts finde noe other of the seaven sciences, and Especially Plowmen, and Tillers of all manner of Graine, both corne, seeds, Vines, Plants, Setters of all other fruite, For neither Gramme nor Astronomy, nor none of all these can finde a man one measure or mett, without Geometrie, Wherfor I think the Science of Geometrie is to be accounted above any of the Seaven Sciences.

Cap. 4th How this worthy Science
Ver. 19th was first begunne, I shall tell.

Before Noah's Flood, there was a man called Lameck as it is written in the 4th Chap. of Gen.; and this Lameck had two wives. The one was called Adah, and the other Zillah; By the first wife Adah he gott two sons, the one called Jaball, and the other Juball, and by the other wife Zillah he got a Son and called Tuball Cain. Daughter, and the four children and Naamah found the beginning of all Crafts in the world. This Jaball was the elder Son, and he found the Craft of Geometrie, and he parted flocks, as of Sheep and Lambs in the fields, and first wrought Houses of Stone and Tree, as it is noted in the Chape aforesaid, and his Brother Juball found the craft of Musick, of Songs, Organs and Harp.

Tuball Cain The Third Brother found out Smith's craft to work Iron and steel, and their sister, Naamah found out the art of Weaving; These children did know that God would take Vengeance for Sinne, Either by fire or water, wherfor they wrote these Sciences which they had found in Two Pillars of stone, thatt they might be found after the Flood.

The one stone was called Marbell—cannot burn with fire, and the other was called Laturus, that cannot drown in the Water:

Our intent is to tell you truely, and in whatt manner these stones were found that the science was written on.

Gens 10th,
Ver 8th.

The Great Hermemes thatt alias Nimrod, was Son unto Cush, which was Son unto Shem, which was Son unto Noah; This same Hermemes was afterwards called Hermes the Father of Wisdom, he found one of the Two Pillars of Stones,

and found the Science written thereupon, and he taught to other men; And att the makeing of the Tower of Babylon, there was the Craft off Masonry first found, and made much of; And the King of Babylon who was called Nimbroth was a Mason himselfe and loved well the craft, and is soe reported of by Mastes of the Stories; And when the City of Ninevy and other Citties of the East should be BUILT Nimbroth the King of Babylon sent thither Sixty Masons att the desire of the King of Ninevey his cosen, and when they went forth he gave them a Charge on this manne (viz):

Nimbroth's Charge. Lord truly for his payment, and thatt they should be true one to another, and that they should Live truly together soe he might have Worship for sending them to him, and other charges he gave ym. Moreover when Abraham and Sarah his wife went intoe Egypt, and there taught the seaven Liberrall Sciences to the Egyptians, and he had a worthy Schole called Euclide, and he learned right well, and was Maste of all the Seaven Liberrall Sciences. And it befell in his days thatt the Lords and State of the Realm had soe many Sons, thatt they had begotten, some by their Wives, and some by other Ladyes of thatt Realme; For that Land is whole layd and a replenished Generation, and they had nott Liveing competent for their children, wherfor they made much sorrow. And the King of thatt Land Assembled a great Councill at a Parliamt to know they might maintain their children, and they could finde no good way, soe they caused a cry to be made throughout the Realm, if there were any man thatt could inform him, thatt he should come unto him, and he should be well rewarded for his Travell, and should hold himselfe well pleased.

After this cry was made, came this worthy Clark Euclide and said to the King and all his Greatt Lords—If you will give me yoe children to govern and teach them honestly as Gentlemen should be taught under condition thatt you will grant them and me a Commission thatt I may have Power to rule them honestly, as thatt Science ought to be ruled, and the King with his Councill granted them anon and sealed them that Commission, and the worthy Docte took to him the Lord's sons and taught them the Science of Geometrie in practice for to work in stones all manne of work thatt

belonged to building of Castles, all manne of Courts, Temples and Churches with all other Buildings, and he gave them a Charge in this manne.

Euclides First that they should be Charges in true unto the King—and to the Egypt. Lord they served, and thatt they should live well together, and be true one to another, and thatt they should call one another Fellow, and nott servant nor his knave, nor other foul names; and that they should truly serve for their payment to their Lord thatt they serve; and thatt they should ordain the wisest of them to be Maste of the said Lord's work, and neither for Love great Lineage nor Liveing nor Riches to sett any other thatt had little cunning for to be Maister of the Lord's work, whereby the Lord should be ill served, and they ashamed; and thatt they should call the Governor of the work Maste of the work while they wrought with him, and many other charges which were too long to tell.

And to all the Charges he made them swear thatt great Oath thatt men used att thatt time to swear, and ordered for them Reasonable paymt that they might live by work honestly; and alsoe that they come and assemble themselves together, thatt they might have Councill in their Crafte, how they might worke best to serve their Lord for his profit and worship, and thus was the craft of Geometrie grounded there; and thatt they correct themselves if they had trespassed, and that worthy Maste Euclide gave it the name of Geometrie, and it is called Masonry throughout all the land ever since. Long after the children of Israell were come intoe the land of Bless; and it is now amongst us called the country of Jerusalem. King David began the Temple of Jerusalem, which with them is called *Templum Domini*; And the same King David loved Masons very well and cherished them, and gave them good payment: And he gave them the charge and mannes as he had it out of Egypt given by Euclide, and other charges thatt you shall hear afterwards.

And after the decease of King David, Solomon thatt was Son to David performed 1st Ks. C. 5. out the Temple thatt his V. 15 16. father had begun, and sent after Masons of diverse Lands, and gathered them together, soe thatt they had fourseore Thousand Workers of Stone. And they were named Masons, and three Thousand

of them which were ordained to be Masters and Governors of this work.

And there was a King of another Region that men called Hiram, and he loved well King Solomon, and gave him Timber for his work: and he had a son that was named Ajuon, and he was Master of Geometrie, and he was chief Master of all his Masons and Masters of all his Graveing and Carving works, and of all other Manne of Masonry thatt belonged to the Temple, and this is Witnessed in the Bible in Libro Regum prio Cap. 5th. And this same Solomon confirmed both charges and mannes which his Father had given to Masons, and after this manne was thatt worthy Craft of Masonry confirmed in the country of Jerusalem and many other Kingdoms. Glorious craftsmen walking intoe diverse countrys, some because of Learning more craft, and some to teach their craft, and soe it befell that there was a curious mason named Naminus Græcus thatt had been att the makeing of Solomon's Temple, and came into France, and he taught the craft of masonry to the men of France. And soe there was one of the Royal Lyne of France that was called Charles Martiall, and was a man that loved well such a craft, and drew to him this Naminus Græcus abovesaid, and learned of him the craft and took upon him the charges, and afterwards by the Grace of God was elected King of France. And when he was in his stall he took to him many Masons and made Masons there that were none, and set them on work, and gave them both charges and manners which he had learned of other Masons and confirmed them a Charter from year to year to hold their Assembly, and cherished them much, and thus came the craft into France.

England all this time stood void of any charge of Masonry, untill the time of St. Alban, and in his time, the King of England thatt was a Pagan and he walled a Town that is now called St. Albons, and in thatt St. Albons was a worthy Knight which was chief steward to the King and Governe of the Realm, and alsoe of making of the Town Walls and he loved Masons well, and cherished them, and he made their paymt right good standing pay, as the Realm did require, for he gave them every week, Three shillings six pence, their double wages befor thatt time, throughout all the Land a Mason took butt a penny ye day and meat until the time that St. Albons

amended it, and gave them a charte of the King and his Councill, and gave it the name of Assembly, and thereatt he was himselfe and made Masons and gave them a charge as you shall hear afterwards.

(To be continued.)

A POINT OF MASONIC HISTORY.

We have a great many discussions now-a-days, about questions of Masonic archeological interest, ranging back sometimes through several centuries; but I propose to call attention to-day to a much later date, and to a fact in our annals, about which *a priori*, we might have thought there could not be much great difficulty, and certainly not any discrepancy among our Masonic histoians.

The date 1715, is familiar to us all, as the era of what is often and commonly called the "Masonic Revival," and to which some brethren would also apparently limit the real antiquity of our Order, though most unwisely in my opinion.

Well, even about this memorable date, several discrepancies exist in our Masonic historians, and practically the proper date in all probability should be 1716 or 1717.

Smith in his Freemasons' Pocket Companion, 1736, gives us no account whatever of the Revival, though he adopts Anderson's history of the Order, in the Constitutions of 1723; and says, that at the date of his publication, 1736, "the number of Lodges" had "prodigiously increased within these few years in Great Britain and Ireland."

Anderson in his 1723 edition, says nothing of the Revival, but in his edition of 1738, gives us for the first time a history of that transaction. According to him in 1716, four lodges met at the Apple Tree, "constituted themselves a Grand Lodge," "revived the Quarterly Communication of the Officers of Lodges called the Grand Lodge," and "resolved to hold the annual assembly and feast, and then to choose a Grand Master from among themselves."

And we are told, that, "accordingly on St. John the Baptist's day, in the third year of King George, A.D. 1717, the assembly and feast of the Free and Accepted Masons were held at the "Goose and Gridiron" and Mr. Anthony Sayer was elected by a majority of hands, Grand Master of Masons.

Such was in 1738 Anderson's history of the Revival which is repeated in Gutick's Edition of the Constitutions 1767, and in Northouck's Edition of the Constitution of 1784.

Preston's first edition of the "Illustrations of Masonry," appeared in 1772, in which, however, he does not give us any historical detail whatever of the Revival. His second edition appeared in 1775, and in that edition, he then records the Revival. I give his words *in extenso* partly on account of their somewhat peculiar vagueness, and partly for the purpose of comparison with Anderson's statement on which they are evidently based as he admits himself, in the ninth edition 1796, page 239.

"On the accession of George the First," (that was as we know in 1714, as he entered London, September 20th, 1774), "the lodges resolved to cement under a new Grand Master, to be annually elected as in former times, to revive the communications and festival of the Society, to regulate the ancient usages and customs of the Fraternity, and to such modes only as might correspond with the practice of the Members of which the lodges were now principally composed." This statement of Preston is in itself somewhat vague, and might be *prima facie* understood to be a meeting of the Order in 1714, or 1715, in anything which appears to the contrary. Indeed the opening clause of the sentence seems to allude to the contemporary date of 1714. But then Preston goes on to say "Accordingly on the festival of St. John the Baptist, in 1717, a General Assembly of the Fraternity was convened. Four lodges attended in form and a Grand Lodge was constituted, the oldest Mason

present being in the chair, the brethren proceeded to elect a Grand Master for the ensuing year, when the choice fell upon Anthony Sayer, Gent., who was declared duly elected."

So far the accounts of Anderson and Preston seem mainly to agree, but in his eighth edition which is the next I have seen, though probably also in one or more of the immediate editions, Preston varies considerably his original account, and gives us that fuller record which is to be found in all the subsequent editions of his valuable work.

For he there talks of a preliminary meeting at the Apple Tree, in February 1717, as precedent in the same year, to the election of Anthony Sayer as G.M., St John's Day, 1717. Thus he apparently gives up Anderson's statement of the meeting in 1716, and limits the Revival to 1717. The author of "*Multa Paucis*," whose work alike anonymous and undated, form internal evidence, was published not later than 1767, tells us a completely different story. Let us hear his words :

"The Masters and Wardens of six lodges assembled at the Apple Tree on St. John's Day, 1716 (and after the oldest Master Mason, who was also the Master of a Lodge, had taken the chair), they constituted themselves a Grand Lodge "*pro tempore*" and revived their Quarterly Communication, and their Annual Feast."

The author of "*Multa Paucis*" then goes on to record in almost "*hipsissimis verbis*" with Anderson and Preston, the meeting in 1717 at the Goose and Gridiron, and the election of Anthony Sayer as Grand Master. Thus we see, that while he agrees with Anderson as to 1716, being the date of the preliminary meeting and concurs with both Anderson and Preston as to the election of Anthony Sayer in 1717, he entirely disagrees with them both as to the number of lodges represented, which he asserts to be *six* instead of *four*. Now the question is, which of these accounts is a correct one? In what

year did the Freemasons first assemble, was it 1715, or 1716, or 1717?

And how many lodges were represented or congregated? And when we remember that we are now dealing with the principal date of our speculative organisation, it only serves to show how important is accuracy in small details as in larger matters, and how careful we should be always to give ourselves or hand on to others, a perfectly correct and reliable account of transactions in which we take a part, or of matters in which we feel a personal interest. And this little difficulty at so late a period, as regards a point of Masonic History serves to convince us how many are the difficulties attendant on the annals and chronology of earlier periods, and how much allowance we should always make for unavoidable errata and inevitable discrepancies.

A MASONIC STUDENT.

THE LATE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—The granite sarcophagus presented by the Queen to the Empress of the French, as a receptacle for the remains of the late Emperor, has arrived at Chislehurst from Aberdeen and been placed in the mortuary chapel. The designs for the new building are by Mr. H. Clutton, and the builders are Messrs. Brass and Co. It is similar in appearance to the mausoleum of the Duchess of Kent, and somewhat resembles that of the Prince Consort at Frogmore. It is entirely of masonry, externally of Bath stone, lined with stone brought from France. The carving is very elaborate and handsome, especially the capitals of the pillars, and the roof is groined and arched with much elegance, the design of the whole edifice being Gothic. The little chapel has a carved altar and canopy, and at the opposite end is a private doorway for the Empress. Above the door is a rose window, and there are three other lights on the south side. These are temporarily filled with plain glass, but the windows are all to be stained, and an artist who has recently completed the windows of the Emperor's Church at St. Cloud has been to Chislehurst with designs. The sarcophagus will stand on a tessellated pavement in the centre of the new building, and will be approached from the interior of the church by two steps through a double bay divided by columns of jasper. This approach being always open, the tomb will always remain in view of the congregation.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.—The Emperor of Austria has conferred the Order of Knighthood of the Iron Crown on Mr. E. Bowra, Commissioner of Imperial Customs at Canton, and Mr. Charles Haanen, Commissioner of Imperial Customs at Tientsin, members of the Chinese Commission at the Vienna Exhibition.

Reviews.

The History of Freemasonry, by J. G. Findel. Second revised edition; with a Preface by D. Murray Lyon. London, George Kenning.

There is nothing "new under the sun," as one of the wisest of mere mortals said long ago, and each succeeding age only exemplifies the truth of his ancient adage. The discoveries and improvements of modern science, have been in almost every instance anti-dated in the cruder efforts of earlier enquiry, and there is very little indeed, except what belongs to the development of apparently undiscovered force, and not even always in that, which may not be traced to some former thinker, or some antecedent type, even long ages ago. And this is true we think even still more remarkably in literature. The thoughts and opinions of the day, the gems of poetry in fancy or history, and the like lie hid, more or less, in the great storehouse of the faded past. Like the seeker in one of the fairy tales of our youth, we have only to go far enough and deep enough, and we are pretty certain to be able to find the hid treasure. And though to some minds no doubt is given in the good providence of God, alike originality of idea, and originality of expression, yet when you have taken away all that the genius of bye-gone years has illumined, and all that the power of intellect has irradiated in the past, as a general rule, what remains is, but the thoughts of yesterday filtered through the sands of to-day.

Even as regards Freemasonry and the writings of Freemasons, the same truth holds good. It is perfectly correct, no doubt, to say, that these later years have witnessed a great increase of Masonic criticism, and a distinct recognition of the need of Masonic enquiry which are mainly owing to our distinguished German brethren at the close of the last and at the commencement of the present century. Long before our English mind had accustomed itself to the idea of any Masonic criticism at all, our German brethren were pushing forward their enquiries into the subject matter of true Masonic history, with an honesty of purpose and a singleness of aim, which cannot be ever too sincerely acknowledged or too warmly commended.

Indeed, it may be further said, that until the German Masonical criticism arose,

students of Masonic history found neither the materials nor the means of scientific study, of its history, its archaeology or its traditions. For many years until quite lately without any few exceptions, and even now with comparatively a limited number of students, the older histories of Anderson, and Preston, and Laurie, and Oliver are accepted as the text books of Masonic history and enquiry.

About twenty years ago there arose in this country among a very small band of enthusiastic Masons, a desire to see the history of Freemasonry treated entirely on the principles of critical consideration and literary truth. They thought that too much credit was given to dates, and statements, and "excerpts," and "fragmenta" which seemed to them of somewhat dubious authority. The dates given in all Masonic books seemed to them marked by suspicion, and certainly abounding in anachronisms. The facts asserted and the persons named did not exactly tally with the known facts and persons of authentic history. While some of the evidences so often quoted seemed to bear externally and internally the tokens of grave unsatisfactoriness, and in one or two especial instances appeared too clearly to be the "fraus pia" of some zealous but most mistaken brother.

Such a view necessarily was not a popular view then, and it is not a popular view now. As a general rule the "quieta non movere" is the foremost view of the historical student, as it is of some contented corporation, or of the political optimist.

And no doubt a good deal may be said for it, and the same great authority, who gave us our adage at the beginning of this review, was quite right in a general way when he advised his son not to "meddle with those that are given to change." But historic truth, like water, will always find its level, and thus in Masonic enquiry the genius of critical treatment and scientific study, seems to be as it were snapping in-sunder the ligatures with which carelessness or indifference have bound it down to routine tradition, and to be emancipating herself from the swaddling clothes, of a too easy acquiescence in long credited associations, a far too uncritical acceptance of our older annals.

But yet here, also, comes in again that formal law of all historical research, which we lately alluded to. The most modern

view of our true Masonic history is, after all only that of Anderson and Preston, certainly, and to some extent of Laurie and Oliver, though reproduced to-day in the brighter colours and newer garniture of this nineteenth century.

The modern and critical view of our history is, that, it is to be traced back to the operative guilds. Well such is really the contention alike of Anderson and Preston, substantially, and Anderson's much blamed history of 1723, is but the legend of the guilds put into English prose. No doubt it is true, that Anderson gravely asserts as a fact in history, much that can be after all only looked upon as a traditional legend which percolating through many ages and many minds, with much of unavoidable error and none of *μθος* attaching to it, confronts our colder and critical gaze to-day. And what Anderson reproduced somewhat expanded in 1738, and Noorthouck again treated more diffusively in 1784, Preston in his later editions altered and reduced to a deliberate system of history, appending several documents and illustrative authorities. Where Anderson drew his main authority from is not so far decisively ascertained, he seems to have used more than one Constitution, and one which so far has escaped research, but which was in all probability the original of that one which forms the basis of the so-called York Constitution originally published by Krause.

Anderson may have seen and probably did what is now generally termed Matthew Cooke's MS., though whether he was acquainted with the Masonic MS. Poem seems a little doubtful. Preston studied carefully the Antiquity Constitution, and alludes to others, and probably saw one or more of these in the Grand Lodge archives. He had also "excerpts" from sources which are now hidden from us, and gave in general a correct account of a Latin MS. in Christ Church Library, the Register of Wm. Molash, though he curiously enough gives a wrong name and makes an uncritical use of the MS. All that it does prove and that is a good deal, is, that a lodge of which the names are given, was attached to the monastery at Canterbury. Preston's view is clearly that Freemasonry is only the perpetuation of the old guilds. Laurie partly accepts it, and partly disavows it, and Oliver having in his earlier histories clearly

leant to it, got himself involved in the difficult question of the aneient mysteries, and latterly seemed even inclined to accept the High Grade theory.

But a school of German critics had arisen who by an investigation and study of old documents, came to the conclusion that the Locke MS., was not to be depended upon, that the York Constitution as an original document "per se," was doubtful, but that, there was a clear connexion between Speculative Freemasonry and Operative Freemasonry of old, and that the guilds were but the continuation of the Roman Building Colleges, and probably of older handiwork Con-fraternities.

Bro. Findel appeared some twelve years ago in this country on a mission of investigation. For some time the "York Constitution" had been a subject of much controversy and careful criticism. Krause and a school upheld its authenticity, but others doubted of its genuineness on various grounds. And we are not wrong in saying, that many German writers, perhaps the majority of the present day reject it. In this we think they are also in error. Whether Krause really believed it to be an original document, is, we confess, a little doubtful to us, and we are rather inclined to think that he puts it forth as Preston put forth other documents, without critically asserting his belief in their actual authority.

Soon after Bro. Findel's return into Germany he published his very valuable work "The History of Freemasonry" and followed up the German issue with an English edition; and we believe his work has been translated into several languages. The edition we are now considering is a second English edition, which had the great advantage of Bro. D. M. Lyon's able superintendence and editorship in its English dress. There can be no doubt but, that so far, Bro. Findel's work is the most complete work on Freemasonry which has yet appeared, and that he deserves the greatest credit for his careful and accurate treatment of all evidence on the subject, and for his honest desire after truth. Brother Findel gives up in the view he has so clearly and consistently put forth our early Masonic history, the older theory of the Roman Colleges, &c., and limits the origin of Freemasonry to about the twelfth cen-

tury, and as then arising from the operative Masons and specially the "Steinmetzen" and "Bauhütten" of Germany.

Bro. Findel gives us a good deal of evidence on this head, and one thing is clear from his work, that the German Freemasons were at a very early period organized into lodges with a Master over them, and with outward regulations and inner ceremonies peculiar to the Craft. Bro. Findel rejects all the views which have been from time to time put forward of a Templar or a Rosicrucian origin. Whether or no Bro. Findel's theory of the date of the rise of Freemasonry be correct matters very little, we do not ourselves profess to accept it, but this we can fairly say, of Bro. Findel's work, it is marked from first to last by the most remarkable tokens of industry, ability and care, of patient research, and of skilful criticism. We know of no work which so clearly sets before us our amount of knowledge up to the present time on the great question of Masonic archaeology, and there can be little doubt that what Preston's work is to English Freemasonry Bro. Findel's work is to cosmopolitan Freemasonry. Indeed no student in Masonry can now dispense with it, and it is a perfect storehouse both of Masonic evidence and Masonic illustrations. We earnestly recommend all the lodges in this country to obtain a copy for the lodge library, before the work is bought up for America; and we believe that no Mason will rise from the perusal of its pages without a higher idea both of the historical truth and intrinsic value of Freemasonry, and of fraternal regard and recognition to the latest and not the least well-informed or effective of our Masonic Historians.

The present century has produced no such equal in authority and usefulness to the great work of our Bro. Findel, and we wish him and it in all of fraternal sympathy and kindly intent, many earnest readers, and more grateful students.

W.

DAILY NEWSPAPERS.—According to the *Printer's Register* there are now published in Great Britain and Ireland 131 daily newspapers, distributed as follows:—London, 24; Provinces, 72; Scotland, 13; Ireland 18; Wales, 2; Channel Islands, 2. The January number of this publication gives a complete list and full particulars.

THE NEW MASONIC HALL AT PHILADELPHIA.

Oration by Past Grand Master R. W. Bro.

R. A. Lamberton, Concluded.

It is needless to follow on the history of the Grand Lodge, as then constituted, and of which Franklin, in 1794, again became the G. M., by appointment of R. W. Thomas Oxnard, who had been commissioned by Lord John Ward, G.M., of England, as Provisional G. M. of North America, for after many years of prosperity, it gradually ceased to exist, leaving this Grand Lodge the sole and sovereign authority in Pennsylvania.

On the 20th of June, 1764, by a Grand Warrant under the hands of the Right Hon. Thos. Erskine, Earl of Kelly, Viscount Fenton, &c., Grand Master, and the other Grand Officers, and under the Seal of the Grand Lodge of England, R. W. William Ball was appointed Grand Master, and others, officers of a Provincial Grand Lodge, to be held at Philadelphia for the Province of Pennsylvania, granting to them and to their successors to do and perform all and every act which could usually be done and performed by other Grand Lodges. This was the third warrant which had been issued for our Provincial Grand Lodge. The first was of the date of July 15th, 1761, and, as we learn from a letter of Lawrence Dermott, then Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of England, "was delivered to the Grand Officers in the presence of Joseph Read (of the Lodge No. 2), who was the person that made application for it," and was said to have been lost on its way here,—the ship and warrant having been taken by the French. The second warrant was delivered to the Senior Grand Warden, and was also mislaid or lost. Under the Warrant of 1764, the Provincial Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania was duly organised, and, by virtue of the powers thus conferred, it not only established lodges, granting warrants or

dispensations, for the purpose, in Pennsylvania, but also in Delaware, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, Georgia, Hayti, the Seventeenth Regiment of the British Army the First Pennsylvania Regiment of Artillery, the North Carolina and Maryland Regiments, the New Jersey Brigade, and the Pennsylvania Line in the Continental Army.

During the occupation of Philadelphia by the British Army, we have no account of the transactions of the Grand Lodge. But after the evacuation of the city, a procession "in the Masonic form" was ordered by the Grand Master on Monday, the 28th December, 1778, to meet at "the College and go to Christ Church, where a sermon will be preached by a Rev. Brother and a collection made, to be laid out in the purchase of wood and other necessities for the relief of the poor at this inclement season." Nearly three hundred of the Brethren assembled. Among them was "His Excellency our illustrious Brother George Washington, Esquire, supported by the Grand Master and his Deputy." The sermon was preached by Brother Wm. Smith, D.D., from the text, "As free and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God." 1 Peter ii., 16. The collection amounted to four hundred pounds. After Divine service "the Brethren departed to their respective Lodges, where they dined together with their usual harmony and sociability.

So much did he who afterwards so deservedly won the title of the "Father of his Country" command the confidence and admiration of his Brethren, that in 1780 resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Grand Lodge recommending the formation of a general Grand Lodge on this continent, and him to be its Grand Master.

The War of the Revolution had ended; the colonies had established, by seven years of bravery and suffering, the declaration made in this city by that immortal Congress of which so many of our

Brethren were members, that "these United Colonies are and of right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved." The treaty of peace had been signed at Paris. In the same month of September, 1786, in which the Commissioners from the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Virginia, met at Annapolis, and recommended the holding of the Convention in Philadelphia on the Second Monday of May, 1787, "to take into consideration the situation of the United States; to devise such further provisions as shall appear to them necessary to render the Constitution of the Federal Government adequate to the exigencies of the Union," which resulted in the formation of the Constitution of the United States, decisive steps were taken by our provisional Grand Lodge to cease dependency in any manner on the Grand Lodge of England.

On the 25th September, 1786, R. W. Wm. Adcock, G.M., and the other Grand Officers, together with the officers and representatives of a number of regular lodges under the jurisdiction, "duly appointed and specially authorised, as also by and with the advise and consent of several other lodges, by their letters expressed, at a Grand Quarterly Communication held in the Grand Lodge room in the city of Philadelphia, after mature and serious deliberation, unanimously resolved, "that it is improper that the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania should remain any longer under the authority of any foreign Grand Lodge," and closed the Provincial Grand Lodge for ever; and immediately thereupon, in the room of the late Provincial Grand Lodge, according to the powers and authorities entrusted to them, formed themselves into a grand convention of Masons, to deliberate on the proper methods of forming a Grand

Lodge totally independent from all foreign jurisdiction, and adopted by a unanimous vote, "that the lodges under the jurisdiction of the Provincial Grand Lodge should, and they did form themselves into a Grand Lodge, to be called 'The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania and Masonic jurisdiction thereunto belonging,' to be held in the city of Philadelphia."

The peculiarity of this title, unchanged until this day, has sometimes provoked comment. As a Grand Lodge, it possessed all the powers inherent in and appertaining to other like Masonic organizations. Among these was the right to establish lodges in territories not subordinate to or under the immediate jurisdiction of a Grand Lodge formed and existing within that territory. From what has already been stated, there were a number of lodges under its jurisdiction at that time, located outside of Pennsylvania, and by virtue of its Masonic power, conceded and recognized. It afterwards granted warrants, not only within our State, but also to lodges in Trinidad, St. Domingo, Louisiana, Cuba, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, South America, Mexico, and to the United States' Army, St. Clair's Expedition. Many of these lodges subsequently became subordinate to other Masonic jurisdictions and ceased to be under the authority of this Grand Lodge. This will account for many of the vacancies in the numbers of our lodges—fifty-five warrants having been granted outside of Pennsylvania and eight to army lodges. On our register on No. 1 appears, for this was the number of the Provincial Grand Lodge.

At the first communication of the Grand Lodge, 25th of September, 1786, a committee was appointed to write a letter to the Grand Lodge of England, taking a formal leave of them. The reply to his letter appears on the minutes of our Grand Lodge, of December 3, 1792, and consisted of a resolution of fraternal recognition and intercourse, and an address congratulatory,

in which this passage occurs: "Having perused your book of Constitutions, we reflect with pleasure that the Grand Lodge of England has given birth to a Grand Lodge in the Western World, whose strict adherence to the ancient and immutable landmarks of our Order reflects honor on its original founders." * * * We conceive that in constituting your Grand Lodge we necessarily communicated to it the same independent sovereign Masonic authority within your jurisdiction, which we ourselves possessed within ours, amenable to no superior jurisdiction under heaven, and subject only to the immutable landmarks of the Order,—all Grand Lodges in Masonry being necessarily free, independent and equipollent within their respective jurisdictions, which consequently excluded the idea of subjection to any foreign authority or the establishment of an *imperium in imperio*. It having, however, pleased the Almighty Architect of the Universe to erect the Province of Pennsylvania into a sovereign State, we coincide with you in opinion that it became expedient to remove those doubts which either had or might be entertained by the uninformed upon that point by declaring in the most explicit manner the independence of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, the full and ample authority of which, limited only by the unchangeable landmarks of the system, as it cannot be increased, so neither can it ever be diminished by political changes or revolution."

General Washington was inaugurated President of the United States on the 30th April, 1789, in the city of New York, the oath of office being administered to him by Chancellor Robert R. Livingstone, then Grand Master of New York. After his inauguration our Grand Lodge presented an address to him, to which he sent a fraternal reply.

His second term was drawing to a close; he had announced his purpose to retire to

private life. On the 5th December, 1796, at an Extra Grand Communication, a committee was appointed to "form an address to be presented on the ensuing Feast of St. John, December 27th, to the Great Master Workman, our illustrious Brother Washington, on the occasion of his intended retirement from public labours." The address, as reported, was adopted and presented. It began with these words:—

"Most Respected Sir and Brother—Having announced your intention to retire from public labour to that refreshment, to which your pre-eminent services for nearly half a century have so justly entitled you. Permit the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania at this last Feast of our Evangelic Master, St. John, on which we can hope for an immediate communication with you, to join the grateful voice of our country in acknowledging that you have carried forth the principles of the lodge into every walk of your life by your constant labours for the prosperity of that country, by your unremitting endeavours to promote order, union and brotherly affection amongst us, and lastly, by the vows of your farewell address to your brethren and fellow-citizens."

It elicited the following reply:

"Fellow-citizens and Brothers of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania—I have received your address with all the feelings of brotherly affection, mingled with those sentiments for the society which it was calculated to excite.

"To have been in any degree an instrument in the hands of Providence to promote order and union, and erect upon a solid foundation the true principles of government, is only to have shared, with many others, in a labour the result of which, let us hope, will prove through all ages a sanctuary for brothers, and a lodge for the virtues.

"Permit me to reciprocate your prayers for my temporal happiness, and to supplicate that we may all meet hereafter in that

eternal temple, whose builder is the Great Architect of the Universe."

On the 14th of December, 1799, our great Brother departed this life. On the 26th of December, 1799, the Grand Lodge was convened, to take part by invitation of Congress, in the procession to his memory. To the Grand Lodge, on that day, R.W. Grand Master Jonathan Bayard Smith made an appropriate address. In its course, he said, "the Masons of Pennsylvania deplore that their Friend, their Brother, their Father, is gone. In our archives are found flattering evidences of his reciprocated esteem and approbation of our Order, as relating more especially to those two chiefest concerns of man—religion and government. The public have seen him gracing and dignifying our processions by his attendance. We have been made almoners and dispensers of his charitable beneficence. But, my brethren, this pleasing intercourse is suspended. * * * The Masons of Pennsylvania have exulted that the name of Washington stood enrolled on the list of brethren, and they will cherish the remembrance of his virtues and his services as a rich legacy for their emulous example."

When the corner stone of our hall on Chestnut-street was laid, on the 21st of November, 1853, and when the completed structure was dedicated, on the 26th of September, 1855, it was confidently anticipated that the building would besufficiently commodious to answer the purposes of the craft for very many years. It was the largest hall which had ever been erected for Masonic uses. Unfortunately for its permanent enjoyment by the fraternity the first floor was devoted wholly to store-rooms. Discomforts and inconveniences were ere long realised. The rooms provided for the Grand Lodge and her subordinates were insufficient in number and too straitened in size. At last the restlessness and dissatisfaction engendered by these causes resulted in the adoption of a resolution on the 4th of Sep-

tember, 1865, for the appointment of "a committee to take into consideration the propriety of purchasing a lot suitable for the erection of a hall commensurate with the wants of the Fraternity." On the 27th of December, 1866, the committee, through their chairman, P. G. M. Henry M. Phillips, made their final report, recommending the purchase of this site. On the 4th of February, 1867, the purchase was reported as completed. On the 27th of December, 1867, the committee reported the adoption of a plan, which was approved by the Grand Lodge, subject to such modifications in minor details and arrangements as might be necessary in construction.

On the 24th of June, 1868, in the presence of nearly ten thousand of our brethren, including many from other jurisdictions, with the same gavel used by President Washington at the laying of the corner-stone of the Federal Capitol, our then R. W. Grand Master, Brother Richard Vaux, laid the corner-stone of this Temple. Bro. P. G. M. Phillips having resigned his chairmanship of the Building Committee, you, R. W. Grand Master, were appointed in his stead, and from that day of your appointment, all who have watched the progress of the work can bear testimony to your zeal and ability. You have been ably seconded by Brother Henry J. White, the chairman of the Sub-committee on Plans and Estimates, and by your trusty co-workers, Brother Adams, Brittain, Brown, Kingston, Loudenslager and Slack, with the R. W. Deputy Grand Master and Senior and Junior Grand Wardens. The Superintendents, first, Brother Bolt, and now, Brother Bard, have justified their selection. Of the Architect, Brother James H. Windrim, whose genius and skill have produced this masterpiece of art, we can write, as was written in St. Paul's of Sir Christopher Wren, the renowned architect of that stately fane, "*Si monumentum quaeris circumspice*,"

And now by impressive and meaningful ceremony, for all time this Temple is consecrated and set apart to Masonic uses and purposes. Within these walls, whilst our Fraternity lives and the imperishable granite endures, from age to age will the principles we profess be taught and exemplified, our mysteries be preserved and transmitted, and our rites be practised. Here no stone of offence will be laid in the pathway of any mortal. Hither will the father lead his son, and the son his son, that they may become of the same great Brotherhood, and share in the godly heritage that has descended through a long line of free and noble progenitors.

This Temple is dedicated to that pure system of morality which is taught by symbols, enjoined by precept and vow, and which leads to the contemplations of sublime truths and to the practice of every virtue. In its own way, by ritual, emblem, symbol, charge and lecture, Freemasonry teaches, exhorts, commands. It inculcates charity in thought, word and deed. It has the ear listening to the voice of wisdom, need and confidence; the tongue silent to slander, but prompt with gentle words for the sorrowing, and quick to the defence of him who is maligned; the breast faithful to trust; the hand open to the relief of the necessitous, the widow and the fatherless; and the feet swift and noiseless in the hour of danger or distress to bring succour to him who knows and uses its languages. In whatsoever land it is found it recognizes the supremacy of the law and exacts respect to the civil magistrate. It is republican in its choice of rulers, yields to them ready obedience, and makes worth and merit the qualifications for its offices. Its lodges are the very home of order. It never brawls upon the street, participates in politics, attaches itself to sect, or fomented strife or division in the Church. It teaches that this life is not the "be all and the end all," but that the soul is deathless, its in-

fancy here, as in a school training for a life wherein, untrammelled by earthly fetters, its highest and purest aspirations shall be realised. It tells us that this body doomed to corruption shall, through the power of the Master, the Mighty One, come forth from the grave to resurrection and put on incorruption. It does not usurp the place, the offices or the Functions of the Church, nor presume to come between the soul and its Creator, but it claims to be an auxiliary to that true and inspired religion which leads men to Him who taketh away all sin—in this, humble and walking afar off it may be, but nevertheless an auxiliary.

Among whatever people it exists, Freemasonry has for its first great light their most sacred "Book of the Law." In this and in all other Christian lands that light is the Bible. This Book of books, it lays upon the altar in every lodge. Reverently does the Freemason bow before this inspired volume. We are not unmindful of its priceless value. It has spoken its words of cheer to the pioneer in primeval forests, and has gone to farthest lands with its message of peace and good-will. It gave courage and consolation to the martyrs when the Coliseum rang with the roar of the wild beast and the cruel shouts of the populace.

The word which has lighted to their rest countless saints and confessors, which has spoken comfort to the captive, peace and pardon to the penitent, condemnation to the wrong-doer, wrath to the hypocrite, and joy unspeakable and full of glory to the humble and pure in heart, is the same which is honoured by the Royal Craft, the Word of the Lord which endureth forever.

It is clear, then, that we have no resting place far the "stupid atheist. In the most ancient of our charges extant, the first injunction to the newly-initiated candidate is "Be true to God." In the earliest times Freemasonry uttered no un-

certain sound as to this duty, and later long before it ceased to be operative and became speculative, whilst it spoke of the knowledge cognizable by the five senses, and defined the seven liberal arts and sciences grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy, it continued to point to the One Almighty Architect of the Universe, and charged "Be true to God." In this, it is the same to-day as of old. If the profound mathematician in the quiet of his study, can by cunning calculations of planetary perturbations find in the far-off ether a world unseen to the unassisted eye of man, and bid the astronomer so to direct his telescope that Neptune is discovered, Freemasonry looks still higher, to Him who fashioned that remote orb, imposed his laws upon it, appointed its course and sent it circling around the centre of our system. If the geometrician speaks to us of the point, the line, the superficies and the solid, of measures, miles and magnitudes, Freemasonry commands that we look up to Him "who laid the corner-stone of the Earth, who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, meted out heaven with a span, weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance." If the astronomer tells of periods and eclipses, names the stars and their dimensions, makes a chart of the worlds in the trackless heavens, Freemasonry points to Him who answered out of the whirlwind, "Knowest thou the ordinances of Heaven? Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season, or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?"

Then we may well use the language of the preface to the old Constitutions: "If anything could have escaped the censures of this litigious age, if the most inoffensive set of men in the world could be free from satyr and sarcasm, one would have thought the ancient and noble society of Freemasons should have been the men. What have

they not to recommend them to the world, and gain the favour and protection of wise and honest men?" And yet against them, with their creed of truth and their spirit of universal benevolence, the rack of the Inquisition has been used, kings have pronounced their edicts and pontiffs have issued their bulls. They have been hunted to caves, driven to exile and doomed to death. But the ancient Fraternity, whose life is measured by the centuries, which has witnessed the rise and fall of empires, ever trusting in Him who is omnipotent, has withstood persecution and outlived tyranny. Prejudice has been its enemy, time its friend, justifier and avenger. In Freemasonry there dwells no demon for exorcism to bind, but it is animated by a free vital, beneficent spirit which will impel it forward until the fulness of time, when wrong shall be "forever on the scaffold," and right "forever on the throne."

Therefore Brethren, walking worthy of this vocation to which we have been called, we can to the shafts of uninformed bigotry oppose the shield of indifference and be silent when maligned. The illustrious lives of thousands of the living will be the champion of our Fraternity, and the noble examples of our honoured dead be its vindicator. our roll is resplendent with names that are immortal, at whose mention calumny speaks with bated breath, but there is one before which all others pale and malice is hushed: it is WASHINGTON.

OUR LOST PET.

She went what time the birds of passage sought
The sunny South, her first and only love;
A short and pleasant loan, who only brought
Joy to our hearts awhile, then soared above.
A star dropped where nought star-like long may be—
Fair as a day old flow'et washed in dew,
With eyes so clear, we fancied we could see
Her soul—the angel in her—shining through.
Departed hath she, like the first light snow
Quick melted in the early Winter sun;
And all of her we evermore may know
Is, that a marvellous sight hath come and gone.
For now, left lonely as we are again,
Our only darling, gone beyond recall,
Is unto us a vision in the brain,
A dream within the heart, and that is all.

ON THE
OPERATIVE APPLICATIONS OF
THE WORKING
TOOLS OF CRAFT MASONRY.

BY J. DANIEL MOORE, M.D., F.L.S. 30°.

*Past Grand Sword Bearer of England.
Being the substance of a Lecture delivered at the
Rowley Lodge, No. 1051. Lancaster,
6th October, 1873.*

There are few points which more particularly arrest the attention of the Neophyte on his initiation into our Order than the connection which appears to exist between operative and speculative Masonry, as evidenced in our clothing and appointments, as well as in our various ceremonial. This is most conspicuously to be observed in the presentation of the working tools of the several degrees.

In Freemasonry we acknowledge three working tools for each degree, thus carrying out the great doctrine of triads so much insisted upon by that great light of Freemasonry, Rev. Dr. Oliver, whose numerous works form a living memento of that erudite follower of our Craft. There being three degrees in Freemasonry we consequently have nine working tools, the number nine being one of the most important of the mystic numbers.

Before directing your attention to the working tools specially I may at the outset remind you of the fact, that there is one amongst those appertaining to the second degree which stands pre-eminently before the others, inasmuch as it forms the badge of the Master's Office, and is repeatedly considered and employed in our secrets and mysteries. I allude to the square which may from its very nature, position, and importance, be considered appertain to every degree.

Let us now for a few minutes notice the progress of the work of operative Masonry, starting with the rough Ashlar, rough and unhewn as when brought from the quarry, and trace it through the hands of the E.A.P. until it becomes wrought into due form and fit for

the hands of the more expert Craftsmen. We may suppose at the outset that the Entered Apprentice has already been provided by the Master with a tracing-board, whereon had been depicted the necessary plans and designs for the guidance and instruction of the workmen, shewing both the form and dimensions of the intended blocks into which the mass of stone should be fashioned. This being the case the first point which claims his attention is that he should take such measurement of the block of material as to ascertain which of the building stones required may be best formed from it, and for this purpose the first of the working tools presented to him is required, viz.: the 24in. gauge, which we are informed is to measure our work.

This first step having been taken, the next operation of the Entered Apprentice will be to transform by manual labour the rough block of Ashlar into a semblance of that laid down in his plans, and for this purpose the common gavel is called into active service. The term gavel I may incidentally mention, according to Mackay is supposed to be derived from its resemblance to the *gabel* or *gable* end of a house, this word again is derived from the German *gipfel*, a summit or peak, the idea of a pointed extremity being common to all. The instrument itself consists of a hammer having an iron head, one extremity of which is sharpened into a wedge-shaped or cutting surface, while the other is square, thus forming an instrument well adapted for the purpose for which it is required, viz.: to remove all superfluous knobs and excrescences. Here also we see the application of the square, that instrument being required in the formation of the sides and angles of the block to assist in bringing rude matter into due form.

The block of rough material having been wrought into the rude semblance of that depicted on the tracing Board of the master, is now required to be finished in such a manner as to present the appearance of what is known in

Craft Masonry as a polished, instead of a rough ashlar, and the E.A.P. is entrusted with another implement for that purpose, viz.: the chisel which we are told is to further smooth and prepare the stone and render it fit for the hands of the expert Craftsmen.

This brings us forward to the second degree, in which it is our duty to trace the prepared blocks of material until they have been duly placed in their respective positions in the intended building, and the Craftsmen in order to thoroughly carry out this indication is entrusted with a triad of working tools which have in their application great resemblance to each other. I refer to those tools which are specially distinguished in our craft as holding an important position as moveable jewels of the lodge, viz.: the square, level, and plumb rule. Without dwelling at length upon any of these tools specially, we can see at once what would be the result if their teaching were disregarded, apart from the awkward and inartistic appearance of a building whose angles were out of square, and irregular, whose facade and courses of stone were not placed with due relation to the horizontal, and whose pillars, pilasters, doorways and windows were out of the perpendicular, it must be evident that the safety of the structure itself would be considerably endangered. Hence their operative applications, the square to try and adjust all rectangular corners of buildings, the level to lay levels and prove horizontals, and the plum rule to try and to adjust all uprights whilst fixing on their proper bases.

We are taught that Freemasonry is a progressive science, so we now arrive at the third degree, or that of a Master Mason, this highly important position, as I pointed out in a former lecture was formerly a very exclusive one, the term *Master Mason* in past times evidently referred solely to the office position of master of a lodge, for in the earlier editions of the Book of Constitutions the term, M.M. is never employed except when the Lodge Master is clearly indi-

cated. The master being placed above all others, to him appertains the high office not only of drawing plans and designs, the better to enable the workman to carry on the intended building with regularity and precision, but also of attending to other important matters in connection with the site and position which it is designed to occupy. For this purpose he is provided with the appropriate instruments; the skirret, wherewith to mark out the ground for the foundation of the intended structure; the pencil in order that he as a skilful artist, may delineate the building in a draught or plan, for the guidance and instruction of the workman, and the compasses which would enable him to ascertain and determine the limits and proportions of its several parts.

In thus passing in brief review the operative applications of the working tools of Craft Masonry, we are led to enquire what are the relative positions occupied by the several degrees of Freemasonry as compared with the positions occupied by those employed in the actual business of the erection of buildings, and in so doing we find that the working tools of the E.A.P. evidently point to the preparation of the stone, those of the F.C. to their proper adjustment in the building, and those of the M.M. to the duty of providing suitable plans and designs, and selecting the most advantageous site and position for the building about to be erected. Or in other words the degree of *Entered Apprentice* corresponds with the position of an operative *Stone Mason*, the *Fellow Craft* with that of the actual *Builder*, and the *Master Mason* with that of the *Architect* or designer of the whole.

THE POPULATION OF FRANCE.—In an article in the *Débats* upon the prospects of the new year, M. Leroy Beaulieu remarks upon the decrease in the population of France. By the Census of 1866 it was shown that the Empire, as then constituted, possessed 38,067,094 inhabitants. Of these 1,597,238 belonged to Alsace-Lorraine, now ceded to Germany. The population of France within its present limits was therefore, in 1866, 36,469,856, while in 1872 the number had fallen to 36,102,921, or a decrease of 366,935.

THE GREAT CELTIC DEITIES STILL EXISTING IN GREAT BRITAIN.

(From the *Brighton Herald*, 1st November, 1873.)

We learn from the *Bradford Observer* that in consequence of the new views expressed by Mr. Phené, in a paper read by him before the Royal Institute of British Architects in London, respecting the great British sculptures, especially that on the Duke of Devonshire's estate in Sussex, the Secretary of the Sussex Archaeological Society, the Rev. W. de Saint Croix, M.A., Vicar of Glynde, in Sussex, is organising plans for the restoration of this enormous figure, probably the *largest effigy of the human form in the world*, and that a subscription fund has been commenced, headed by the Duke of Devonshire, and of which the Rev. de Saint Croix is Treasurer. The object being to create a general, rather than a local interest, in this great national monument, subscriptions of 2s. 6d. are solicited in preference to larger sums. Mr. Phené lately visited the "giant," and turned the first sod in the process of restoration. In England, as well as Scotland, Mr. Phené has now traced out enormous deities of the ancient pagan religion of this island.

(From the *Bradford Observer*, October 11th, 1873.)

At the recent meeting of the British Association, a subject was brought forward which would, at first sight, appear less attractive to the inhabitants of this locality than it really was. The title of the paper might not have seemed one of general interest, and those who thought otherwise might not have been present, a difficulty being experienced by some, on entering the Church Institute, in finding out the whereabouts of the different departments. The paper was fairly reported in our own columns, and those of our contemporaries, as to the theory it enunciated; but some of the details are facts of great interest, and with these our limited space would not then permit us to deal. The beautiful monument of bygone times, which forms so striking a feature in the attractions of our neighbourhood—Bolton Abbey, is the property of one of the largest proprietors in the kingdom, and particularly in this Riding. To those who admire that historical

relic, and know also the large-heartedness of its owner, no small part of the interest in the subject we are about to mention exists in the fact that the great pre-historic monument in the south of Britain is under the same ownership. Apart from this, the subject is one of even national importance to those who look back to pre-historic times with the interest which really attaches to the doings of the early occupiers of our island home.

All of us are acquainted with the enormous representations of the human figure in the sculptures of Egypt, which some of those of Greece are said to have equalled. Recent investigators, such as Mr. Squier, of New York, have informed us of the giant sculptures in the cities of Central America. Mr. Layard has unearthed the immense man-headed bulls of Nineveh, the mysteries respecting which are perhaps about to be unravelled by the relics recently brought by Mr. George Smith from Mesopotamia, in the form of inscriptions impressed in clay and incised in stone tablets, which are now being cleansed and deciphered in the British Museum; where also may be found part of the freight of Her Majesty's ship "Topaze," being one of the great human effigies of Easter Island. All these were amongst the examples upon which Mr. Phené, *F.S.A.*, based the theory of his paper, "An Age of Colossi." But the feature of immediate interest to the inhabitants of Britain is his assertion that we have still examples of colossal figures wrought by the Celts, which unite this island with the age or the class of people who laboured at producing gigantic emblems in the four quarters of the globe; but, as he showed, within a defined area, or rather zone. The largest of these, perhaps we may say the largest representation of the human figure ever executed in the world, is on the estate of the Duke of Devonshire, in Sussex, and a few miles inland from Eastbourne; and as operations upon it are now in hand, instituted by the Rev. W. de St. Croix, vicar of Glynde, as secretary to the Sussex Archaeological Society, we propose to give some particulars respecting it, as we concur with Dr. Beddoe, the president of the Anthropological Section, in thinking this part of the subject brought forward by Mr. Phené well worthy attention. The enormous figure is 240 feet high, and there is one at Cerne Abbas, in Dorsetshire, 180 feet high, both of which have till lately

been loosely attributed to the monks of the middle ages, simply because the oldest traditions of those localities give no indication of the date of their formation, coupled with the fact of their being in the vicinity of ancient monkish residences; and those who gave it as their opinion that they were antecedent to mediæval times, and of Celtic origin, only attempted to support such opinions by conjecture. In a paper lately read before the Royal Institute of British Architects, in London, Mr. Phené showed reasons against their origin being monkish, as well as in favour of their being Celtic creations; and in consequence of this paper, the Sussex Archaeological Society, with the approbation of the Duke of Devonshire, who headed the list of subscribers, determined to take measures to avert the obliteration by time of the outline of the "Wilmington Giant." Mr. Phené has pointed out that this vast representation is not only in the attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes, but that its proportions are just double those of that statue; that it is unlike any other representation, either in barbarous or classical device, except an almost exact delineation on one of the ancient Gnostic gems; and that, while the last figure is accompanied by solar and lunar emblems, both the carving at Cerne Abbas, and also that at Wilmington, have, in their vicinity, British earthworks of a lunar form. The descriptions by Cæsar and Strabo of the Celtic deity to which human sacrifices were offered, refer to a gigantic effigy of the human figure, which Mr. Phené argues could not have been as has been supposed, a great wicker idol, but rather an idol in that form, and surrounded by a palisade, or (*contextu*) "interwoven" barrier, and that in such area the wild beasts and cattle mentioned by Strabo were placed with human victims. The Sussex figure has moreover two staves, as indications of travelling, and Cæsar refers to a Celtic deity as a god of journeying, of which many images or representations then existed.

The fact that a number of curious bronze celts, and ancient cinerary urns filled with bones, have been found in the vicinity of this figure, which is incised in the chalk cliff, on the range of downs connected with Beachy Head, gives support to the idea of its Celtic origin. A further corroboration exists in the adjoining heights being occupied by British tumuli. But apart from

such evidences, one of the great points on which Mr. Phené rests for these figures not having been made by the monks is, that they are not such as Christian men of a religious calling would have made, they being nude, and otherwise totally unlike early Christians' art, while that they are very ancient works is unquestionable. Those who have suggested their mediæval origin have imagined the one at Wilmington to represent a religious devotee, or pilgrim, but it need hardly be observed that this only increases the improbability. That early Christian art should descend to such representations is a proposition without example, while that it should so represent a devotee is impossible; whereas it is just what would be expected in the cruelty of a religion which tolerated human sacrifice. If, as Dr. Beddoe suggested, the explanation given in this paper may probably be the correct one, it solves a difficulty over which more than one antiquary has stumbled, as we find the historian of our own town, Mr. John James, *F.S.A.*, getting over the improbability of great wicker idols by suggesting that the victims were put into "large wicker baskets, and thrown into the fire."

Those who have the restoration in hand desire to excite a general, and not a local interest in this great monument of the past, and for that reason wish for a widely-spread subscription of *half-a-crown*, rather than large amounts from individuals. The Vicar of Glynde, Sussex, is appointed treasurer. Operations have commenced, and the first sod was turned by Mr. Phené just before the meeting of the British Association, but work has been suspended for a time to give an opportunity to any who may be interested in this relic of antiquity to see it in its present condition.

MARITIME DISASTERS.—The Committee of Management of the *Bureau Veritas* has just published the list of maritime disasters, reported during the month of November, 1873, concerning all flags. The list gives the following statistics:—Sailing vessels totally lost, 217—viz., 83 English, 25 German, 24 French, 19 Norwegian, 15 Italian, 11 Dutch, 11 Danish, 7 American, 7 Greek, 5 Russian, 3 Swedish, 1 Spanish, 1 Portuguese, 1 Austrian, 1 Turkish, 1 Guatemala, 1 Nicaraguan, and 1 Belgian. In this total number are included three sailing vessels reported missing. Steamers totally lost 21, viz.—11 English, 5 German, 1 American, 1 Spanish, 1 French 1 Republica Argentina, and 1 Turkish.

Monthly Odds and Ends.

A MODEL REVIEW—"THE BROKEN LUTE."

—We observe in the papers the efforts of a young poet, who has addressed some lines "To My Broken Lute." He observes:

"Gone is the sweetness that lay in thy strings,
I shall play thee no more my beautiful lute.
Hushed is thy voice, which in my memory sings,
Thy accents are silent and inaudible, mute."

We do not profess to know much about lutes, but it seems to us that a lute which is silent, inaudible and mute must be one of the very quietest kind of lutes. We can imagine nothing that would be less likely to make a noise under any circumstances; and this we regard as extremely fortunate, for if the poet thrummed no better music out of the catgut than he jerks out of his immortal soul when he sings on paper, he must have been sufficiently a nuisance in his neighbourhood to depreciate the surrounding property at least 33 per cent. We suppose, however, he will save up now and try to buy a new lute. We advise him not to. From the estimate of his gifts which we have been able to make, we should judge that he would shine brightest as a performer on the accordeon. We would have suggested cymbals, but it requires brains to play them properly.

GEORGE Colman, in his "Random Records," tells a comical story of a parcel of school-boys in the time of James the I. of England, who smoked to excess: "This, of course, was concealed, as much as one can conceal a smell, from the dominie, till, one luckless evening, when the imps were all huddled together round the fire of their dormitory, involving each other in vapours of their own creation, lo! in burst the master, and stood in awful dignity before them. 'How now? quoth the dominie to the first lad: 'how dare you be smoking tobacco?' 'Sir,' said the boy, 'I'm subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain. 'And you?—and you?—and you?' inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn. One had a raging tooth, another the colic, the third a cough, the fourth—in short, they all had something. Now, sirrah, bellowed the doctor to the last boy, 'what do you smoke for? Alas! all the excuses were exhausted, when the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe after a farewell whiff, and looking very gravely in the dominie's face, said in a whining, hypocritical tone, 'Sir, I smoke for corns!'"

At a juvenile party a young gentleman, about seven years old, kept himself from the rest of the company. The lady of the house called to him, "Come and play and dance, my dear. Choose one of those pretty girls for your wife."—"Not likely!" cried the young cynic. "No wife for me! do you think I want to be worried out of my life like poor papa?"

Bear civility—A hug.

Hush—Money—Nurse's wages.

The feature of our age—Cheek.

What is the most becoming dress for the earth?—The skirt of a wood.

Inscription for a Foundling Hospital—"Thus far and no farther."

Few persons, probably as a rule, sleep so soundly, or enjoy so much undisturbed repose, as night watchmen.

Portland, Maine, has a "Widow's Wood Society"—but who ever heard of a widow who wouldn't?

A tourist, who was asked in what part of Switzerland he felt the heat most, replied, "When I was going to Berne."

The Creston (Iowa) *Journal* recommends people who advertise on fences to mix a little spelling in along with their paint.

Somebody has written a work entitled "Useful hints for Ugly Girls," and the New York "Commercial Advertiser" declares that the book has the smallest circulation of any literary production in the United States.

A joyous damsel rushed into a citizen's arms at Savannah, exclaiming, "O, you are my long lost brother!" She soon discovered her mistake, and rushed off in a confused manner, accompanied by her long lost brother's pocket book.

TWADDLE AND NONSENCE.—There's generally a great amount of twaddle and nonsense whenever a man like Agassiz dies. Agassiz gave his life to science, and his was the ambition to enlarge his own knowledge and that of his fellow-men. He had no time to make money. So far this is all correct. But when bemoaning that the rest of the world do not follow in his footsteps they talk nonsense. How long could we live if every man in the community were to give up his whole time to science? A writer in the *Times* of Saturday says: "To some extent wives and mothers are responsible for no little of our too general disinclination for a steady and persevering pursuit of high intellectual aims." Yes, the women actually require food and raiment, and look to husbands, sons, and brothers to procure it for them. Butchers, bakers, shoemakers, tailors, and other vile mechanicals have something to do with our not giving our lives to the steady pursuit of "high intellectual aims." They are so vulgar-minded that they want pay for the articles they furnish. Now we fail, notwithstanding all this fine talk of elegant writers, to comprehend why it is nobler to hunt fossils and classify vertebræ than to furnish men with work, or to do necessary and honourable work oneself. The man who does most for his fellows is he who opens up new avenues of labor to him, who provides him with means to house and feed, clothe and educate his family. The most learned discussions won't fill empty bellies, and the most elegant essays can't convince us that it is a higher exercise of wisdom to reconstruct a mammoth than it is to feed a town.

AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE
"GERMAN MASONIC SONG,"

In the Masonic Magazine of October, 1873.

By T. BURDETT YEOMAN, 18°.

SOLO.

Shut from the world, a blissful hour,
A time of peace, a time of power,
To hear our Rites at eventide,
Our mind imbued with reason's pride;
A semblance of the Spirit's bride.

REFRAIN.

So shut we out the world of cares,
By labour freed from gilded snares.

SOLO.

By earnest work, the building rear,
And thus adorn our Order here.
Each brother from such labor draws
The sterling value of our Laws;
Through toiling in this holy cause

REFRAIN.

Thus cheerfully we work and bring
New honours for our mystic ring.

SOLO.

So fervent friendship constant grows,
No changing features ever knows,
For virtue's higher life is taught,
In union's holy bond we're caught;
Our Craftic worth cannot be bought.

REFRAIN.

For friendship constantly remains,
No changement knows but honour gains.

SOLO.

Now brethren grasp each other's hand,
In jewelled prudence's strength we stand.
Let our Masonic obligation,
A witness be throughout the nation,
For moral good by your creation.

REFRAIN.

With joy we'll grasp each other's hand
And prove ourselves a prudent band.

MASONIC SONG.

(From the French.)

In this charming retreat
All invites us to pleasure,
The soul from grief freed
May wander at leisure;
So the gods in the fable
O'er affairs did not pine,
When they had on the table
Ambrosial wine.

Who would life truly see,
Who would evil defy,
On Masonry free
Let him calmly rely.
Of nature the child,
Disdainful of self,
He'll draw nourishment mild
And preserve his soul's health.

With unanimous voice,
As our hearts all combine,
We will gladly rejoice
O'er the fire so divine.
But decorum shall reign,
Good order abound;
Ne'er for silence in vain
The gavel shall sound.

By disputes we'er estranged
About honour and pride,
In true Brotherhood ranged,
We'll stand side by side.
To Masonry free
Then a bumper we'll raise,
All honour to thee
Thou art worthy of praise.

Crewkerne,

W. D.

December, 1873.

BRO. F. Mastral of Lodge "La Clemente Amitie" of Paris, on his arrival in Bombay, visited Lodge "Cyrus," and was most cordially received. "The work before the Lodge was the third Degree, which was rendered in so solemn and impressive a manner by W. Bros. Pherozshah Rustomjee and Sorabjee Fromurze, that Bro. Mastral expressed himself in the most glowing terms, stating, that, he never anticipated such a surprise; for in all the lodges that he attended in France and elsewhere, he had never witnessed the third Degree worked with such splendid effect, and more so by Parsee brethren.—*Masonic Herald, Calcutta.*

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THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 9.—VOL. I.

MARCH, 1874.

PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

WE have very little to report on Masonry at home or abroad.

THERE has been a most numerous meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of West Yorkshire, under its most distinguished chief, the Marquess of Ripon, K.G., our excellent G.M. Like all West Yorkshire Meetings, the gathering was characterized by much Masonic earnestness and heartiness.

A NEW lodge has been opened and consecrated at Penistone, West Yorkshire, called the Wharnclyffe Lodge, No. 1462, on January 17th, of which Bro. Wm. Smith, P.M. 139, Huddersfield, is the first W.M., and of which Lord Wharnclyffe is the Senior Warden.

A NEW Chapter has been duly opened—"The St. Marylebone Chapter," No. 1305, in connection with the St. Marylebone Lodge, by M. E. Comp John Hervey, Grand Scribe E, of this chapter; G. Foxall, A. J. Codner, and I. J. Pope, are, respectively, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Principals.

WE also have an interesting account of the opening of a new Masonic Hall at Timaru, New Zealand, of which the foundation stone was laid April 14th, 1873, by Bro. G. H. Wildie, W.M., and that the building has been completed in eight months, without a hitch or accident of any kind. The account of the Hall, architecturally, is very good, and we congratulate the Masons of Timaru, in having so successfully achieved so praiseworthy an undertaking. The ceremonies of the day of opening seem to have been most completely per-

formed, in the presence of a large number of brethren, by acting District G.M. Bro. Thompson, assisted by his proper officers.

THE first anniversary meeting of one of our great Masonic Charities has taken place, namely: that of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, on Wednesday 28th, under the presidency of Lord Waveney. The gathering was large and zealous in the good cause of charity, and all seems to have passed off most pleasantly and enjoyably. Bro. Terry announced, at the close of the meeting, the large sum of £5,063 11s., with 13 lists yet to come in. This is a very good beginning of our Masonic Charitable efforts for 1874.

THERE is very little other news to record. The Irish Constitutions are still "sub-lime," but we hope, before long, to report a satisfactory result by the deliberations of the Irish Grand Lodge.

THE Archbishop of Malines has thought well to ex-communicate all the Freemasons, high or humble, in Belgium, but, we hope that the Belgian people are far too practical, and sensible, to mind any such childish proceeding. Happily, for human progress and civilization, the days of anathemas and interdicts are over. They were never defensible on any true ground of christian ethics, and, now-a-days, they are simply ridiculous. Meanwhile, Freemasonry is flourishing universally, and "extending her stakes" on every side; may she go on her peaceful course, avoiding idle questions and foolish pretensions, intent on her simple and truer duty of kindness and goodwill, and benevolence to all.

THE EDITOR.

February 4th, 1874.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

Though we do not profess to chronicle any events in the Magazine, except those purely Masonic, as loyal Freemasons, and Freemasons are, and always have been pre-eminently loyal citizens of our great free monarchy, and united to the members of our Royal family by close Masonic ties as well, we think it well just to note "en passant," this most interesting event to all loyal Englishmen.

Our sailor prince, as some like to call him, has quite recently been married to the only daughter of the Emperor of Russia—the Grande Duchesse Marie—and the nuptial ceremony has received the blessing both of the Greek Church, and of the Church of England. Most of our readers have probably read the long and gorgeous accounts alike, of the Religious and State ceremonies, and of the national rejoicings in both countries, with which the "Times" delighted its many readers, and therefore we need not further allude to them. We will only say this, that we trust, as we feel sure, that this marriage of affection will result not only to the lasting felicity of the august couple, but to the increased happiness of the Royal Family, and the friendly union of two great nations.

The ancient feuds are all forgotten now, the struggles of war passed away, and henceforth let us trust that happier and more gentle influences will bind both Russia and England in the fraternal harmony of peace and good will. Sure we are, that, when his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh and his accomplished Bride land upon our shores, a great national welcome awaits them of hearty sympathy, interest and affectionate regard.

In this act of loyal and patriotic duty, Freemasons will not we feel assured be behind hand or wanting; and we believe we express the unanimous feelings of our always loyal Craft,

when we offer our heartfelt aspirations, that, all happiness may attend the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duchess, and that prosperous gales may speed them happily on in their life voyage of loving union and heart affection.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE OF RUSSIA, JANUARY 23RD, 1874.

The Rite is all but over in that far land,
Before that foreign shrine we see them kneel,
Two loving hearts, all fondly side by side;
Both in their happy youth. A gallant
sailor he,
And she, they say, as gentle as she's good.
But soon from all that gorgeous ceremony,
From mystic symbols and that beauteous
fane,
And grey-haired prelates in their bright
array,
That courtly group, but that most happy
Family,
They wend their way in that august pro-
cession,
To where in simple form, yet tranquil grace,
The cherished ritual of our English Church
Is read in all of earnest eloquence.

At last they are One, One henceforth in this
world,
One in all heart affection, all true love,
All gentle sympathies and intellectual aims;
And in the even tenour of their onward
life,
All happy, trusting, and serene,
May all of good attend them.
May earthly happiness indeed be their's,
In all its fullest measure.
And with them grow as years succeed to
years,
Those gentler hopes which blossom in our
spring
And bear for us a full luxuriant blossom,
In the ripe moments of our after life.

May theirs be peace and joy unbroken,
And may they find in their own happy
home,
The brightest hours of this earthly scene.

A. F. A. W.

BISHOP HOPKINS AS A MASON.

It is not probably very generally known to our readers that the late Rt. Rev. John H. Hopkins, LL.D., the distinguished and learned Episcopal Bishop of Vermont, like the late bishops Griswold, Randall, and many others of the leading prelates of the Episcopal Church in this country as well as in the older protestant countries of Europe, was, during life, a member of the Masonic Fraternity, and contributed of his large ability and influence to the promotion of its welfare and prosperity. It is indeed a significant and interesting fact in the history of Masonry, that from the earliest days of Christianity, it has found among the clergy of this denomination, a larger proportion of friends and advocates, than among those of any other of the numerous religious sects into which the primitive Church has been cut up and separated. This may perhaps be accounted for in some measure, by the striking similarity which the forms and ritualistic ceremonies of Masonry bear to a similar association which is known to have existed among the Christian fathers in the early days of the Church. It has been claimed, with a reasonable show of authority, by many of our best and erudite Masonic scholars, that the first Christians and founders of the Church were themselves Freemasons, — using the term in the sense in which it is applied to the Essenian Associations of that period, and of which St. John is supposed to have been a member. That they had among them a "*secret society*" bearing a strong resemblance to Masonry — if it were not actually Masonry in its ethical and higher form — is a fact well known to biblical scholars and readers of general history. Clement, the follow-laborer of St. Paul and St. Peter, tells us that persons initiated into this society, were required to be "irreproachable and well reported; of a sound mind and body, having no blemish or defect, neither maimed nor mutilated;" and Minucius Felix, who wrote a

learned and eloquent defence of the Christian religion, which Dr. Lardner thinks was published about A. D. 210, also tells us that "the Christians know one another by secret signs, and love one another almost before they are acquainted." Tertullian, who wrote in the second century, after repelling the accusations brought against the society by the Gentiles, says "because they know little or nothing of our principles they despise and condemn them, and endeavour to blacken that virtue and goodness which are so conspicuous in us, with imagined vices and iniquities; whereas, it would be more just to judge of our *secret* actions by those that appear, than to condemn what is evidently good and praiseworthy upon suspicion of private faults."

We have here a description of a secret society among the early Christians, so remarkably striking in its analogies to the Masonic society of the present day, as to warrant a strong belief that they were, at the time referred to, one and the same. But however the fact may be, these analogies, even if the relation be denied, may perhaps, as before suggested, in some measure account for the greater degree of kindly feeling and sympathy with which the clergy of the Episcopal Church, as compared with other evangelical denominations, have ever regarded the Masonic Society. There are of course exceptions, and we have no desire to conceal the fact that there are Episcopalians, and some holding high official relations in that Church, who are opposed to Freemasonry on purely religious grounds; but the number is comparatively small, and so greatly overbalanced by those who are friendly, as to restrain them in any open manifestation of opposition to it.

Bishop Hopkins, the subject of this notice, was born in Dublin, Ireland, January 30th, 1792, and died at Rock Port, Vermont, January 9th, 1868. He came to America with his parents in 1800, and having received a classical education, commenced the study of

Law, but soon relinquishing his purpose in this respect, he entered a counting-house in Philadelphia, where he remained about a year, and while there assisted Wilson, the ornithologist, in the preparation of the plates of the first four volumes of his great work. In 1817 he resumed his professional studies, and was admitted to the bar in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, taking a high stand in his profession. In 1823, he again gave up his law pursuits, entered the ministry, and in the following year was ordained Rector of Trinity Church in that city. A new Church edifice being soon required for the accommodation of his increasing society, he became its architect, studying Gothic architecture for the purpose. His labors here were attended with so much success, and his popularity as a preacher had become so well established and widely known, that in 1831 he received and accepted a call to Trinity Church, Boston, as assistant minister. A theological seminary was at the same time established in the diocese of Massachusetts, in which he was appointed to the professorship of systematic divinity. In October, 1832, having resigned his place in the seminary for the purpose, he was consecrated the first Bishop of Vermont, and at the same time accepted the Rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Burlington. He, however, resigned this latter appointment in 1856, that he might devote himself more unrestrainedly to the work of his Diocese, and the building up at Burlington, of the "Vermont Episcopal Institute."

He was distinguished for his great versatility of talent, learning and extensive reading, and contributed largely by his pen to the literature of the Church. Besides pamphlets, sermons and addresses, he published a series of essays and works of more comprehensive interest, among which were "Christianity Vindicated;" "The Primitive Church compared with the Protestant Episcopal Church of the present day;" "Essay on Gothic Archi-

itecture;" "The Church of Rome in her Primitive Purity, compared with the Church of the present day, (1837);" "Twelve Canzonets," words and music; "Causes, Principles and Results of the British Reformation;" "The American Citizen—his Rights and Duties;" "Church History in verse (1867);" which we think was the last he published. He took a prominent part in the famous Pan-Anglican synod at Lambeth, and received from the Oxford University one of its highest honorary degrees,—a compliment paid to but few American scholars.

He entered Freemasonry in the first year of his residence at Pittsburgh, and the first public act was at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Episcopal Church there, on which occasion he delivered the address. It was the first time that so much pomp and ceremony had marked the laying of any corner-stone in Western Pennsylvania; and the Address opened with a keen and unanswerable vindication of the use of a gorgeous ceremonial in the worship of God. Its being "uncommon" and "of no use to the building itself," he proved to be no objection. In regard to any such ceremony, he says: "Before we object to its introduction amongst ourselves, let us first ask, Can it do any harm? and if, to say the least of it, it is innocent, it may be as well, and certainly as charitable, to let it pass without any unfriendly observations." The real use of it all is, he says, "to show the interest which we feel in the subject of it, or, in other words, to express the emotions which ought to attend the establishment of everything connected with religion."

His son, the Rev. J. H. Hopkins, of Plattsburgh, N. Y., who has recently written an interesting biography of the Bishop, tells us that he ever cherished a sincere regard for Masonry, and could not see, as some others pretend to do, "that it was in any way opposed to Christianity." By its recognition of the Bible, and by reason of the many

remains of the original working system, he regarded it as a worthy and estimable benevolent society, which implicitly required its members to become full and positive Christians, not to say Churchmen. And in after years he often said, that since the *Romanists* and some of the Protestant denominations had both run amuck at the Freemasons, *the true policy of the Church was to meet them with open arms.* So deeply was he interested in the Order, that he not only delivered an address, which was printed, but he also began a poem entitled "Freemasonry,"—the longest and most elaborate work that he ever wrote in verse. The object of it was to illustrate, in a tale of varied and striking incident, the beneficent workings of the order, *its close affiliation with pure and true religion, and its incompatibility with Romanism.* The hold which this theme had obtained upon him may be inferred from the fact that this poem was completed many long years after he had ceased all practical connection with the Order. His kindly feeling continued strongly during his whole life.

Such is the testimony which one of the ablest Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America bore, while living, to the purity and usefulness of Freemasonry as practised within his own diocese, and by the worshippers of his own Church. We lay it before our readers as a complete and sufficient answer to the accusations and slanders of the clerical fanatics at the West, who are doing their utmost to organize a religious opposition to it.

The poem above referred to, consists of seventeen cantos, and would make, if printed, about two hundred and fifty pages. We are told that it is an interesting story, with the necessary changes and action in the plot to give it life and animation, and would probably prove remunerative if published in a style worthy of its merits.—*Boston*

Freemasons' Monthly.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

"The loved and lost!" Why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our outward road,
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God Himself their Lord, their Judge and King.

And this we call a loss! Oh, selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! Oh, we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow,
Why we in patience wait the morrow,
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Ay, look upon this dreary, desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who with his treasure strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on;
Was it not joy, when every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well,
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then, pitying, spake, "Give Me the little lad;
In strength renewed and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer, selfishly and wrong—
"Nay, but the woes I feel he, too, must share!"
Or, rather bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise. Death has made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sigh or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the songs where they broke off the strain
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

—*New York Dispatch.*

FUNERAL LODGES IN SCOTLAND HALF-A-CENTURY AGO.

By D. MURRAY LYON, P.M. & P.Z.

The ceremony of funeral lodges at Scotland half a century ago differed in some respects from that which is now observed by the Craft. The lodge having been opened in the third degree, deputations from sister lodges were received, the brethren (the lodge being still on *labour*) were served with bread and wine, and the presiding officer proposed certain toasts, which were followed by appropriate music by a band of instrumentalists, who also played accompaniments to the anthems that were sung. At an early part of the proceedings the master, sometimes the chaplain, pronounced the funeral oration, in which he eulogised the subject of it, reminded the brethren of their Masonic, social, and religious duties, and urged the necessity for a preparedness for death. On the termination of the more solemn services of the recommunication, the brethren were called to *refreshment*, and the lodge being reduced to the first degree, to afford the master an opportunity of paying his respects to the visitors, harmony common to ordinary occasions was engaged in. An excerpt from the minute of a communication in honour of a Past Master of the Lodge of Edinburgh may possess some interest to the present generation of Craftsmen :—

“Edinburgh, St. Mary’s Chapel Lodge, May 27, 1813 . . . The following are a few of the toasts which were proposed from the Chair, and drank with that solemnity due to the occasion :—‘The Holy Lodge of St. John.’ (Honours by three.) ‘Light to those who sit in darkness.’ (Honours by three.) ‘The King and the Craft.’ (Honours by three times three—band playing ‘God Save the King.’) ‘May the Brother that feels for the distresses of others never shed tears for his own.’ (Tune, ‘I’m wearin’ awa’ Jean.’) The R.W.M.

then proposed, after a short eulogium on the merits of the late Past Master, ‘The Memory of the deceased as a man, as a christian, and as a Mason.’ (Dead March, by the band.) Toast: ‘May the virtues of our deceased brother live in the recollection of and be exemplified in the practice of his friends and the Craft, but may his infirmities be buried with him.’ [The Chaplain here pronounced an oration, eulogistic of the deceased.] Toasts: ‘Our worthy Chaplain, and may his flock always receive his pious instructions with the same satisfaction as we have done.’ ‘While we live in the prospect of approaching death, may we never treat with indifference the duties of life.’ ‘At what time soever our dissolution arrives, may we meet death disarmed of its sting, and the grave divested of its terrors.’ ‘When we stand on the brink of eternity and behold her immeasurable prospect opening up before us, may we be able to look back with pleasure upon a well spent life.’ Anthem :—

“‘When the last trumpet’s awful voice
This rending earth will shake,
And opening graves shall yield their charge
And dust to life awake;
Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life,
Immortal in the skies.’

“Toasts: ‘When the last trumpet’s awful voice shall rend Nature, may all present meet parents, children, and friends in the mansions of peace.’ ‘May we be often employed in numbering our days, and employing our minds to the acquisition of wisdom.’ Anthem :

“‘O happy is the man who hears instruction’s
warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes his early
only choice,
For she hath treasures greater far than east
or west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are than all
their stores of gold.”

“Toasts: ‘May virtue ever direct our actions with respect to ourselves, justice to those with whom we deal, mercy, love, and charity to all mankind.’ ‘May the con

versation of the brethren be such that youth may therein find instruction, women modesty, the aged respect, and all men civility.'"

With a vote of thanks to the Chaplain for his "pathetic exhortation," the funereal solemnities terminated.

ROOKSTONE PRIORY.

(From *Keystone*.)

CHAPTER I.

The daylight was gone and the gloaming coming on; the gloaming of an early February afternoon, which had been dull, gray, and cheerless. Rookstone Priory, buried deep among the lurking shadows, was looking as lonely as it was wont to do; a lonely, silent, leaf-grown old country mansion, with not a sound or echo breaking the stillness which reigned about it.

The park: green, undulating, and expansive; by which it was surrounded was densely, darkly wooded, the tall spreading shrubs and moss trunked trees growing so near to the house itself that the rooms inside were far more gloomy than the architect of Rookstone could ever have meant them to be. Nevertheless it was a dear, peaceful old place, in spite of its rather melancholy appearance; and the owner thereof was very fond of it, boasting sometimes, with justifiable pride, that Rookstone Priory, since the days of England's maiden queen, had ever been the possession of a loyal and honourable Forrester. The Priory had been a gift from capricious Elizabeth to a certain knight of her court, a young favourite, Marmion Forrester, who in distinguishing himself had pleased her Majesty at one of the royal tournaments, and from that time forth a Forrester of Rookstone had always been the master of the leaf-grown gabled Priory, the chief charm of which lay in its utter peaceful solitude and indescribable air of ancient nobility which seemed to prevail in every low-ceiled room and silent paneled corridor of the rambling old house.

Yet not always had it been so still; not always had silence reigned therein. Sorrow or trouble will cast a shadow over the brightest domain in the land. Only of

late years had the timber spread unchecked; only of late years had the cloud of desolation and sadness hovered over the roof of Rookstone Priory. Still its inmates were not unhappy; for it does not follow that one toiling under the stroke of a bitter misfortune should be for ever weeping and wailing. In time the heaviest burthen grows lighter.

Six o'clock on this February afternoon, or rather early evening, and the first dressing bell was ringing out from the cupola half-hidden by the clustering ivy. The dinner hour was seven.

Enter the library. Commodious and comfortable was the Rookstone library; a comfortable room, and thoroughly homelike. Half way up the walls went the stout oak panelling, the other half being papered with a warm flock paper, of a dark crimson colour, with a sparse sprinkling of gold. At the farther end was one large deep long window, across which, to exclude all draught, a sweeping crimson curtain was closely drawn. Three sides of the room were lined with bookshelves, the odour of the Russian leather binding of the books mingling in soft fragrance with the wood-fire scented atmosphere. In the middle of the floor was a luxurious Turkey carpet, on all sides of which, and dancing in the firelight, peeped forth the bright gleaming polish of slippery oaken boards.

By the fireside sat a white haired lady, reclining in the easiest of low easy chairs, and fast asleep. Evidently she had not heard the dressing-bell.

In age she was about sixty, or perhaps a little over, with a pleasing and fair though not by any means handsome countenance, and a world of tender goodliness about the corners of her placid mouth. She had, too a clear, bright complexion that was strikingly beautiful in so old a lady, and hands the shape and whiteness of which a much younger woman might have envied.

This white-haired old lady was Mrs. Lorrimore, aunt and lady house-keeper to the owner of Rookstone Priory. She was the widow of the younger brother of Lowndes Forrester's father. Lowndes Forrester was the lord of Rookstone, and, save for the presence of Mrs. Lorrimore, he lived there alone.

Mrs. Lorrimore slept on, and the book on her rather capacious lap dropped unheeded with a bump to the floor. A

quarter-past six chimed from a little clock on the mantelpiece. The library door opened, and a gentleman entered cautiously. He came forward slowly towards the table, and felt for the moderator lamp; having found it, he turned up the light brightly, the sudden glare and his footsteps awaking Mrs. Lorrimore with a start. Opening her eyes gradually, she stared in mild, dazed wonderment.

"Why, Lowndes, is that you?" she said. "How you startled me, to be sure. What is the time, my dear? I've not been to sleep, you know."

Mrs. Lorrimore was one of those easy-going, pleasant-tongued old bodies to whom "my dear" comes as natural as the air they breathe. This dropping off to sleep at all hours in the day was a well-known failing of hers; but she would never own it.

"Oh, no, you have not been to sleep," answered Lowndes Forrester, laughing quietly, "it is a quarter-past six, aunt Jem, and time for you to see about dressing." He came and stood in front of her. "Have you forgotten Miss West?" he added.

Standing in the full rays of the lamp and the firelight, Mr. Forrester's tall figure was very clearly defined. There was a slight stoop in the broad stalwart shoulders that made him appear older than he actually was, and the shining of the crisp dark hair, waving from the temples of his wide white forehead, also favoured the idea that his years were more than they were; there were lines, too, above the strongly marked brows which told of the furrows that care will sometimes make. Like nearly all the Forresters of Rookstone, his features were strictly aquiline; and the clear-cut mouth and firm square chin were entirely covered by the long soft beard. Perfect, almost, as was the face of Lowndes Forrester, at a first glance one saw that something yet was sadly wanting in it—that something was not as it should be in the expression of the dark and dark-lashed eyes, the eyes that were sometimes open and sometimes tightly shut as if in the direst pain. Yes, he looked older than he really was; yet had scarcely attained his one-and-thirtieth year.

To Mrs. Lorrimore—or, as Lowndes always called her, "aunt Jem," which was an ugly abbreviation for the name of *Jemima*—there was nobody in the world

so good, handsome, or noble, as the master of Rookstone Priory. She had lived there ever since his mother had died, six-and-twenty years before. She loved him now as though he were her own son. And when death came to Lowndes' father, she still lived on at Rookstone as housekeeper to her nephew.

Often and often did Mrs. Lorrimore wonder if Lowndes would ever marry. He himself declared that he never would, and tender-hearted aunt Jem would cry to herself when she heard him speak so in his bitterness. She knew too well why he said that he could never ask a woman to be his wife.

As usual, the moment that aunt Jem saw Lowndes standing near her, her countenance brightened. She took off her spectacles and began rubbing them with her pocket-handkerchief.

"I really have not been to sleep," she said again, looking up at Lowndes with her pleasant loving eyes.

"Oh no!" he returned good-humouredly. "Have you forgotten—"

"Miss West?" interrupted aunt Jem. "No, my dear, I've not forgotten her. I suppose she will soon be here."

"The carriage has gone already."

"Has it? Well then I must make haste;" and Mrs. Lorrimore rose from her cosy seat by the fireside rather reluctantly, and moved towards the door. Then she stopped short, and, turning, spoke to Lowndes Forrester, who had not moved from his position by the fireplace.

"Lowndes, dear boy," said aunt Jem, with a tinge of anxiety in her voice, "are you quite sure you don't mind her coming?"

"I was just wondering what she would be like," returned he smiling.

"Yes, but, Lowndes, are you sure you do not repent having given me leave to have her here at Rookstone? I could have got on very well alone, you know. Although," added aunt Jem, with a dolorous shake of her head, "I am getting an old woman now, and am not so active as I was once."

"Oh no! I was only thinking how dull she would be, and wondering, if a lively sort of a girl, how in the world she would manage to live her life in this quiet old house of ours. We, you see, are used to it, aunt Jem."

"She can go away again if she doesn't like it," said Mrs. Lorrimore, who thought quaint old Rookstone the dearest spot on earth; "but then I think she will. Poor child, when I engaged her in London last week, she seemed glad enough at the idea of coming to the country. Such a sweet face, Lowndes; such a sweet sad face!"

"Has she?" answered Mr. Forrester, in a low, pained voice.

"Yes, dear boy," said aunt Jem, gently, seeing the shadow on Lowndes' brow, and knowing the reason of its being there; "and you will like her manner. It is as sweet and irresistible as her beautiful face. She is a perfect lady, and we must treat her as one."

"Yes, of course," returned Mr. Forrester, gravely. "And did you tell her; did you make her understand that, owing to my misfortune, society at Rookstone is a thing unknown?"

"My dear, I told her everything that was necessary."

"And she was willing to come?"

"More than willing to come."

"Well, aunt Jem," Mr. Forrester observed, smiling his rare sunny smile, and the cloud vanishing, "I wish you and your young companion joy with all my heart. Don't let her die of *ennui* if you can help it."

"There is no fear," replied Mrs. Lorrimore, as she opened the door to depart. "Alice West will know when she is well off. You are not dressed, either, Lowndes. I don't see why you should have hurried me so."

"I only want ten minutes," laughed he. "You, aunt Jem, are always so long. I strongly suspect that you devote part of the dressing-time to 'forty winks.' Is it not so—eh?"

Mrs. Lorrimore laughed too.

"You are very impudent, Lowndes," she said, as she closed the library door, and, crossing the hall, went up the wide staircase to her rooms.

Left alone, Lowndes Forrester fell into a reverie, leaning against the marble of the mantelpiece, and resting his head upon his hand.

"It will be a great change to have a stranger at Rookstone Priory," he said to himself. "Alice West—a pretty name. But what a life, poor girl—shut up in this sober old house, alone with aunt Jem and

me! I can hardly realize that a visitor—a stranger—a companion for Aunt Jem, is coming to live at Rookstone. It is quite an event in the quiet annals of our existence; and it will certainly be a treat for Aunt Jem to have some one, young and bright and beautiful, about her after all these years of quietude and my dull companionship. Moreover, she is, as she says herself, getting old. It's time that she had somebody youthful to help and cheer her. Shall I live, I wonder, to be as old as Aunt Jem? It will be a long time to wait," he almost cried, "for release—and I have borne it nine dreadful years already. I have tried not to complain or murmur, but it is very hard to be so terribly helpless and unlike other men. Oh, Alec, I hope I have forgiven you!"

A footstep crossed the hall, a gentle tap came at the door. It roused Lowndes Forrester from his gloomy meditations. "Come in," he cried.

A gray-headed man, who had known Lowndes Forrester from his earliest boyhood, made his appearance. His name was John Barnes, head-butler, or house-steward, as he styled himself, in the household at the Priory.

"I was waiting for you to ring, Mr. Lowndes, sir," said John, respectfully, "It is nigh upon seven o'clock, and I thought perhaps you had forgotten the time. Will you go to your room, sir?"

"I was just thinking about it, John," said his master.

So the old servant came forward, and held out his arm. The master of Rookstone took it, and together they moved slowly from the library. Carefully John Barnes led Mr. Forrester across the hall, carefully he piloted him up the broad shallow staircase, half way down the wide dusky corridor, and safely to the haven of the warm lighted dressing-room. Ever since the trouble which had fallen upon Lowndes, marring and darkening his life and manhood, John Barnes had appointed himself Mr. Forrester's special attendant. If any one else assisted or attended to the master whom he loved and served so well, the faithful old retainer was more than jealous and angry. No sooner had Lowndes and his guide reached the dressing-room, which was built partly over the stone portico of the Priory, and commanded a view of the shady moss-banked avenue leading up to

the house, then the sound of approaching wheels was heard in the darkness without.

"Hark?" said Mr. Forrester. "What is that, John?"

"The carriage, sir, returning from the station with Miss West."

Lowndes heard the rustle of a silken gown sweeping past in the corridor outside his door. Mrs. Lorrimore had gone down stairs to receive her young companion. Mr. Forrester, hastening his toilet in the room above the portico, could plainly distinguish the tones of aunt Jem's pleasant, cordial voice, as she bade Miss West welcome to Rookstone Priory.

"Poor child," murmured Lowndes, compassionately, "she will be buried alive here! I wonder what she is like."

And for the second time that evening the shadow stole over his face. Ten minutes later the last dinner-bell rang out from the cupola, echoing over the woods and breaking the solemn stillness.

(To be continued.)

THE PILLAR OF BEAUTY.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful!

By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer's hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home!

Let the pure and the fair and the graceful there
In the loveliest lustre come;
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about the earth its germs
Of nature and of art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful

In the temples of our God—
The God who starreth th' uplifted sky,
And flower'd the trampled sod:
When he built a temple for himself,
And a home for his priestly race,
He reared each arch in symmetry
And curv'd each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful

In the depths of the human soul;
They bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll.
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and the pure about this path
In Paradise shall bloom.

—Keystone.

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF LIFE.

Poets have sung and philosophers have moralized, and many worthy folks have complained, perhaps somewhat prosily, of the disappointments of life, and no doubt the well-known words of a good man of old, have often been echoed from saddened human voices, in the long history of the world, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Indeed, even the most light-hearted of our readers will, we think, be ready and willing to confess that the whole experience of life is at the best but disappointing, and that the chant of the dead generations of mankind has ever been on the whole a mournful one. For though it is no doubt true, that, happiness and disappointment seem ever to flow from a mingled chalice now, and though it is undeniably the fact, that, there is ever at work a counterbalancing and compensatory process in the great machinery of this complex existence of ours, whereby evil is always overshadowed - so to say, by good, yet on the whole I fear there is more of shade than sunshine on the great highway of this world of ours.

Now I do not think, that, this is a subject ever sufficiently realized by ourselves to-day, as we form part of the giddy and noisy, thronging crowd, pushing on so impatiently in the ardent struggle, or if we do realize it for a moment, we are always hoping that to-morrow will be finer for us than to-day; and above all, that the years yet to be will come laden to us with the favouring breezes of contentment, comfort and repose. Now, I will not say that this is altogether a delusion, because you will not believe me, if I do say so, but I will try and exemplify what I mean, by a few familiar and forcible illustrations. Great then, I repeat, are the disappointments of life. Our school or college chum, for instance, whom we liked so highly and trusted so entirely, how greatly has he disappointed the hopes and expectations of buoyant

youth. We were Pylades and Orestes we were always together, we shared the same "sock" we played in the same eleven, we rowed in the same boat, we agreed in everything, we had the same likes and dislikes, the same political opinion, the same Brittanic prejudices. But how is it now ?

Life has passed on, we have found that we do not agree on many points, to say nothing of the politics of the hour, or the religious controversies of the season, and we especially divide about Ellen Dansey, and so we meet each other carelessly in the "Forum," or greet each other distantly at the "Reunion," and think and talk of each other with much of cold constraint.

We, indeed, console ourselves by saying that ours are necessarily different ways of life now, different habits of thought, differing tastes and sympathies and aims. But yet, alas ! how disappointing it is to witness such a blight gather over the glowing friendship of earlier and happier years. Or that fair cousin of ours with whom we had such cheery romps, and walks, and rides in "life's young morn," such scamperings overhedges, and ditches, and rural stiles. Well we had an intense sympathetic feeling between us, which the cold world could not, and would not understand, and of which our prudent parents so entirely disapproved. How odd it is, that we met that once merry lass with the dishevelled hair, and those eyes of hers with the long lashes, that depth of gaze and sentiment, poetry and pathos, in all her looks and motion, a stout, fat, good natured, motherly, elderly woman the other day, with a daughter just coming out, and a son who has volunteered for the Ashantee War. How disappointing is this realization of a passed primeval dream.

Or again, there is that old neighbour and crony of ours, whom we have known so intimately for so many long and happy years, "good old Jorum," as he was called at school, at college, and still is termed by many admiring mates. How often have we stretched our legs

under his hospitable mahogany, and he under ours, for we have been fast friends through life. Nothing about him that we did not and do not think admirable, nay, deeply respect ; whether it was his Cook, or his Champagne, his old Port or his hand at whist. And what pleasant bachelor days were ours, and what a comfortable bachelor's house was his. And there, he's gone and married a most charming person indeed, very young, very pretty, very clever, very decided, and who does not very properly, as her dear mother says, "mean to allow any more bachelor ways, for my Louisa Jane has been better brought up." And our good old friend looks on us when we meet, which is seldom now, with a rueful face, as much as to say, "Behold, old boy, my infatuation, be warned and wiser than poor old Jorum."

And then the wife of our bosom, our own admired and adored Emily, she who when we married was the gentlest of beings, the most sympathetic of turtle doves, whose only wish, as she bleated continually in our entranced ears, was to please her dear Ernest Sigismund. There she is—we hear her voice at this very moment, though at a considerable distance, we can swear to it under any circumstances, we know it immediately ; there's no mistaking it—that elevated key-note, and that shrillest of all bronchial utterances. What good lungs that woman has, and bless her too, what a very decided will and way of her own ! And so we might go on in this way, through the various lots of us all, and depict the many disappointments which await us all.

Is not public life, for instance, full of disappointment, nay for the matter of that, is not private life too ? Yes, indeed must be our answer, for many are the petty cares and childish inanities, the "*petites miseres de la vie humaine*," which cast a shade of dejection on many a honest heart of us all, and throw a colouring of disappointment over the outer Broadway of society, and the inner "*régime*" of the family circle. Now do not suppose that I wish to be

set down as a grumbler, or as a disappointed man, a "Peter grievous," because I say all this. No, I wish simply to give some good and honest advice to others, founded on some little personal and practical experience.

The writer of that excellent little work, "*L'Art de se tranquilliser dans tous les Evénemens de la vie Humaine*," tells us amongst much other sound advice to seek always to rise above adverse circumstances, and to meet the disappointments of life, many though they be, with calmness and constancy of mind and will. And so I, who am now passing gradually far across the tumultuous sea of life to-day, would say to all who may at times regret the disappointments of life, the passing away of faded dreams, of hopes, or ambition, or happiness, let none of these things move you or depress you, but pass on confidently and lovingly through your life-long voyage. You will see land at last, you will reach port safely, if only you steer a right course, if only your observations are to be depended upon, if only your reckoning is correct. Therefore never let any disappointments affect you too much, or above all, too long.

You may deplore, as all have to do, the breaking down of some fairy building, the crumbling away of some clever castle in the air, the overthrow of some cherished plan, but do not forget that the disappointments of life are meant to teach us all sobriety, and moderation, and wisdom, and resignation, and self-knowledge, and self-control.

Never, therefore, brood over the disappointments of yesterday, or the griefs of to-day; but learn to take life as it comes to you, and meet alike its difficulties and disappointments in a calm, and cheerful, and trusting, and courageous spirit. Like one of old, I think I may say to all who peruse these humble words of mine to-day, by way of parting exhortation,

"O Socii pejoraeque passi,
Nil desperandum,
Cras ingens iterabimur aequor."

A MASONIC PHILOSOPHER.

A CURIOUS PAMPHLET.

The following curious and interesting little pamphlet seems to be generally unknown to my brethren, and so I venture to reprint it, for their information in the pages of the Magazine. It has apparently escaped the notice of Dr. Oliver, and seems to have been unknown to Kloss.

A. F. A. WOODFORD.

THOUGHTS ON MASONRY.

(Continued from page 252.)

Cases have happened, and may occur, where it may become needful to dispense with these rules, such cases the proper exercise of discretion will point out, but it is needful to observe, that discretion is not the free exercise of the will from any motive that cannot produce a reason for its action. If you infringe the law by virtue of the power delegated, that power will require the cause why it is so done; that cause must be consistent with the duties done from the master to the brotherhood; if it is done to oblige an individual, this may be called polite accommodation, but not masonic propriety; in short, any motive that has not the good of the craft in view, is caprice, and not discretion. It is the duty of a mason to argue LOGICALLY; his skill in defining this science will not recommend him more than the exercise of it for the good of the craft.

Masonry is founded upon a model of the most exact proportion in all its parts, and so material is the connexion of the chain by which it is supported, that the false arrangement of a single link will throw the whole into confusion. Order, regularity, and exact proportion, are material to its operative powers, and these requisites are equally necessary to produce a well regulated rule of action in an art, where the principles of the man are the only ingredients from which the mason can be formed. If music enquires into the nature of concords and discords, so may it in masonry be applied scientifically; for as by the former nothing can charm the ear of taste, but the coinciding powers of corresponding harmony, so in the latter nothing can conciliate the principles by which we are united, but a regular,

unanimous, and universal observance of the real duties of masonry.

To describe the attributes of masonic excellence, I have chosen a passage from the late Mr. Justice Blackstone, it is what I call an elevated and refined opinion of the English laws, and perhaps not improperly applied to the subject in its purity.—To masonry it is particularly applicable, if by degeneracy and negligence it is not too soon rendered rather a compliment than a tribute of justice: "It is the science which employs in its theory the noblest faculties of the soul, and exerts in its practise the cardinal virtues of the heart."

It was in this language the author thought proper to address the vice chancellor and gentlemen of the university, of which he had the honour of being a member, to impress them with a becoming opinion of the dignity of the study, upon which they were about to enter; from such an example I wish to impress, not only on the students, but the professors of the masonic art, with a proper idea of the importance of their trust.—Interest! sordid interest! and the base perversion of its purposes, have sufficiently lessened the dignity of the former; the latter will be poisoned by the same destructive weed, if it is suffered to take root.

The earth is continually labouring for our support, but according to the husbandry, so will be its produce; to it we shall in due time be consigned, leaving only of our freedom traces in remembrance of our conduct, and the brighter they appear the more illustrious will be our memory.

If we do that which is lawful and right, it will require a minuter attention than we usually pay in matters of much less moment than masonry, and if this attention is required from us as men, in our common and less important concerns, masonry requires still farther of us; by the former we are at liberty to exercise our free will; and for our errors answerable to Providence; by the latter we take upon us a profession, the derivating from, or trifling with which, renders us in a more serious degree, accountable for our actions. We ought therefore to consider, that no motive of policy will excuse us in the application of divine precepts to sordid purposes, when so many subjects of diversion may be found, without poisoning divinity and morality with

subtle arts, to evade our own institutions. We shall never by such conduct be brought to those ethereal mansions, which were not formed by hands, nor must we seek thus to trifle with that eternal truth, by which we shall never be deceived.

In the conduct of this subject, I use every freedom that my feelings teach me becomes a mason; I would, however, keep myself so circumscribed within the CIRCLE of propriety, as to avoid any error by which offence might be taken. I am not in the habit of giving cause of displeasure to men, however I differ from them in opinion, and am too sincerely attached to masons to have such an intent; here my purpose carries with it its motive, and I hope by the friendly reception of the brethren, their application will render it fit to strengthen the interest, and cement the friendship of an institution which has every qualification regularly can boast for its support, and only stands in need of real prudence and circumspection for its conductors.

Thus far I have endeavoured to treat the subject in a stile as explanatory as the nature of it will permit me, and I trust it will be as perfectly understood by the fraternity, to whom alone it is addressed: my inducement to the act was the very shameful negligences I have seen in lodges, but I do not feel myself warranted in relating any particular case to illustrate my observation. In every lodge I have been admitted to, I consider myself the confident of its conduct, however I might have been inclined to condemn it, I must not violate my own sincerity to expose the weakness of others; it is my wish to support a goodly fabric, to which should I be in any sort instrumental, my reward would result from my own feelings.

The many excellent qualities that unite in forming the accomplished mason, on some occasions, insensibly draws us into a system of politeness, rather than strict propriety, and hence it may be inferred arises a conduct which is very incautious, and sometimes extremely indiscreet, with respect to visitors; vouchers that they are masons are oftener received, than proofs arising from their abilities, that they are deserving such a rank, and infamous apostacy has attempted to qualify a stranger to pass upon an ungarded lodge.

Here I hardly know how to dress my language in a garb suitable to the attention of a true mason, and I must either extinguish the rays of truth, or openly declare, however unseemly such a declaration may be, that inattention frequently arises from a desire to render the list of visitors more numerous, and to increase the bill of a publican or tavern keeper, whose ideas are capable of no expansion, but that which is produced by the intoxication of the senses, and the profit produced by nocturnal revels, which though they may be suitable enough on some occasions, by having been long sanctioned by custom, proceed wholly from appetite, and are no attendants on masonic meetings; masons are to enjoy refreshment the temperature of that refreshment gives pleasure to the craft, and profit to the master. I fancy I shall not escape sarcasm for this sort of rigid doctrine, but let it be considered that my particular application is to what are called working lodges.

Upon this foundation I maintain my principles, that masonry and excess are terms of such material distinction, that no reasoning can reconcile their union upon the basis of propriety, and those who attempt to effect so unnatural a purpose, are a disgrace to the fraternity. To lodges of ease, who chuse to dispense with the constant duties which should regularly be attended to, I am content they should enjoy the interim which passes between their opening and their closing, with that jocularly which would become men in any other place; but let uniformity prevail, nor utter that with your lips which the conduct of the evening shall violate: as much caution should be used among our associates in masonry, as ought to be attended to with those about to be introduced into the art, and was the first more critically attended to, we should not invest so many with the title of brother, and so soon be ashamed of our kindred. Men who really mean to link themselves together by an indissoluble tie of sincere affection and desire to promote the interest, and rejoice at the welfare of each other, will I am certain, be very cautious in forming their connexions, and establishing their friendships; and as common civility, as well as established formality, will not permit us to reject the company of a brother who duly proves himself so, by correcting the

abuse I at first allude to, we shall be the less likely to be intruded upon by one whose visit may be disagreeable. Should a visitor, when called upon to prove his title to the name of brother, answer, "It is long since I was made a mason, and I really am at a loss," I would reject him, as his regard must be very slender indeed for a brotherhood, who cannot produce one family token of his relationship, or recollect a single ornament in the family mansion of his ancestors; but so liberal are some of us in admitting doubtful claims, that the true principles which ought ever, and can only give a proper distinction to the craft, are forgotten in favour of a mistaken civility to strangers.—Policy, the local exigence of the lodge, or any other fancied necessity, cannot apologize for a breach of decorum among masons; uniformity, regularity, and exact propriety, unite their efforts in our happy distinction, and were our numbers reduced so that but seven existed upon the whole globe, the union can only be compleat by the sacred observance of our principles,

There is a custom prevails in many lodges, and by some is established as a bye or extra law, that if any person under the description of a visitor, shall become doubtful on his examination, rather than his visit shall be rejected, the doubt shall be purged by the administration of certain ceremonies, by which his present suspicious appearance shall be done away, and his future integrity be secured: how does this accord with any one principle upon which masonry is founded? or how does it operate to establish truth, integrity, or virtue?—Will the man who is mean enough to intrude himself upon the serious meeting of the fraternity as a brother, being only a base pretender, become more worthy by the application of any ceremonial we can adopt? No. He who has so far set at nought the principles of honour as to attempt so gross an imposition, is but a worthless object, and reformation has but little to hope for in his amendment. I must here expect to meet many objections on the ground of its being rude and uncharacteristic, either too scrupulously to doubt the integrity, or hastily reject the good intention of a visitor, and again must I repeat my former observation on this subject. The general good requires a strict observance

of rigid discipline; by a regard to proper conduct, those who have the welfare of masonry in view will quickly qualify themselves to overcome a difficulty, so easily to be surmounted.

The sensible and prudent will admire the policy that secures his sacred rights; the heedless trifler may frown, but his frown will be as little regarded, as his approbation will be valuable.—There are some existing instances of our ill placed confidence particularly applicable to my purpose, and which, could I address myself to the brethren alone, would have their weight in addition to the arguments I have endeavoured to submit to their consideration: I have already said as much as is necessary to the well informed mason, and as much as I can with propriety commit to public inspection, on such a subject; but there is one impropriety exists, and in the metropolis more particularly of which it is my duty to take notice, because though the intent may be good, it certainly carries with it so puerile and insignificant an appearance, that it tends rather to bring the craft into a contempt, from which its venerable antiquity will hardly be able to raise it, than to inspire the world with those sentiments to which it is truly entitled: I mean cards of invitation to masonic duties, which publish not only to masons but to the world, such duties, under the ridiculous title of *a school of instructions*. Surely I need not alledge the imprudence of this plan, or reason upon what is so obviously objectionable, especially considering the freedom with which these cards are circulated: would it not be more judicious, and more applicable, to substitute the words, *a masonic meeting*?

A little recollection will furnish the brethren with many reasons which ought to exist in their own breasts, for the observance of these seeming trifles; and if there be any who have not yet accustomed themselves to this mental kind of argument, let me invite them to a banquet perfectly masonic, and assure them, that the mind can enjoy no treat so delicious as that of reasoning with itself on the propriety of the various operations of human life.

I shall now conclude a task, which, though it may be ill executed, is well meant; with a wish springing from one

of our best sentiments, That however the gait of mankind, or the immorality of the times, may damp the principles of honour and virtue, they may still be found resident in the breast of a mason, there seated unmingled with those little mercenary arts which shake the stately edifice of generosity, they may not fail to enliven those moments which all must arrive at, and which, illumined by a serene tranquility, will well repay us for the most rigid observance and faithful discharge of the various duties of humanity.

FINIS.

TRUE COURAGE.

Those who are in the habit of declaring, every month or so, that this is the age of selfishness, will find it difficult to reconcile their opinions with the actions of the men and women who, not long ago, left comfortable homes and pleasant associations to do battle with the yellow fever and tend its victims in Shreveport and Memphis. These volunteers would have incurred no penalty had they failed to go. No one would have questioned their benevolence or their courage, and, more than all, no one would have occasion to fear and pray for their safety. In spite of considerations of this kind they gathered contributions for the sufferers, and boldly entered the most infectious districts of the plague-stricken cities. The first to engage in this work came from the ranks of the Howard Association of New Orleans. When the announcement was made by telegraph from Shreveport that trade was paralyzed, the "river-falling," and connection with the outside world cut off, the Howard Association responded with an alacrity worthy of all praise. From the 7th of September, to the present time the members, from the president downward, have laboured with an earnestness that increased in proportion to the increase of the epidemic. It is certainly an honour to the South to have such a society. The Brotherhood of Telegraphers can pride itself on having produced some heroes, but we doubt if any were as worthy of the name as those noble fellows who fell, instrument in hand, at Shreveport. Mr. B. T. M. Jackson and Mr. Rae, the former an operator and the latter the Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Office, died at their posts, as did also Mr. Alfred Saville, the successor of Mr. Jackson. Mr. H. C. Davis, an operator of New Orleans, immediately volunteered to fill the gap made void by poor Saville's death, and Mr. William Bernard, an operator of Cincinnati, went forward with eagerness to

bear him company. These two brave men have since, by order of Mr. President Orton, forwarded, free of cost, all despatches relating to the sufferers. Telegraph companies have often given us cause to be displeased with them, but this act of one of their number compensates for many defects. It is but right to say that operators went from Louisville and other cities whose names have not so far been published, although they are as highly to be commended as Messrs. Davis and Bernard. The Sisters of Charity engaged in the work with their accustomed unselfishness. Three have already died—Sister Mary Joseph, formerly superioress of St. Agnes Academy, and Sisters Magdalen and Maria, of La Salette Academy. Clergymen of all denominations have practised in Shreveport and Memphis what they preached elsewhere. The Episcopalian, the Baptist, the Methodist, the Unitarian, Universalist, Congregationalist, and Roman Catholic met on one common ground, and united in one common work—the work of humanity. All differences of opinion were for the time being forgotten. The Rev. W. E. Paxton was prostrated with the disease in the midst of his labours, as were also the Rev. Dr. Carmichael and the Rev. Messrs. Leo and O'Shea. Among those who died of it were the Rev. Messrs. Biles, O'Brien, Gand, Leysont, Gorgand, M'Cloud, and Quemerais. The editor of the *Shreveport Times*, we are glad to say for the sake of journalism, likewise proved himself to be a hero. The *Southern Telegram* suspended publication on the seventh day after the President of the Board of Trade had telegraphed to New Orleans that business was paralyzed and communication with the outside world cut off. The *Shreveport Times* held on, notwithstanding the loss of Mr. C. W. Lewis, its business manager, all its advertisers, had at least two-thirds, if not more, of its readers. Some days its only news was the death record. The editor clung to his pen and his office, and still survives. The *Shreveport Times* has a claim on Shreveport that should long be remembered to its credit. Mayor Johnson, of Memphis, performed his duty with exceptional bravery. From the outbreak of the fever until he was seized with it he worked in the most energetic manner. We trust he may survive to be publicly thanked by his grateful fellow-citizens. Mr. Vincent Collyer, of the Young Men's Christian Association, who recently left this city for Memphis, has also shown exceptional courage. Now we come to the doctors of medicine. Although the period of epidemic is popularly supposed to be their harvest-time, it would be unjust to deny them a large share of praise for their work at Shreveport and Memphis. Most of them, without any hope of pecuniary reward, have put their shoulders to the work like heroes. Drs. Willetts, J. A. Richardson,

Wise, T. P. Hotchkiss, John Smith, and Mrs. Dr. Coleman were seized with the disease and all died, with the exception of Dr. Willetts.
—*New York Times*.

ODE ON THE DUKE OF LEINSTER.

[At an influential meeting of North of Ireland Freemasons, lately held in the arch-Episcopal city of Armagh, for the purpose of launching a movement for the building of a Masonic Hall in the province, an ode was rendered by the musical brethren, which had been written by one of them, and set to music by Bro. Marks, Mus. Bac. P. G. O. The following are the words of the ode. They convey sentiments relative to the Grand Master which will strike a chord of sympathy in every Masonic heart wherever the name of the Duke of Leinster is known, and that is in every Masonic Lodge in the universe.]

The grand old lights of Masonry
Still guide us on our way—
Though rugged be the path we tread,
And gloomy be our day;
So still we hail with welcome shout
That good old charter cry,
And drink to Leinster's honoured name,
With glass uplifted high.

For we are all true Masons,
Good Masons every one;
Gathered here for pleasure,
When our work is done.

Here's to our good Grand Master—long may he live.
For many a year he still has been
Our sure and trusty friend—
For many a year we wish him spared,
Our ancient Craft to tend;
With him we'll work in "peace" and "love,"
In "harmony" be blended;
And sorrow deep shall fill our breasts
Whene'er his days are ended.
For we are, &c.

As Masons, then, we proudly claim
The Duke as "one of ours"—
Long may he lead a happy life
'Mid Carton's lovely flowers;
And when Acacia branch is reared,
Where cold his ashes lie,
May he have joined that Lodge above
Where brethren never die.
For we are, &c.

Masonry inspires its members with the most exalted ideas of God, and leads to the exercise of the most pure and sublime piety.

THE MASONIC CHARITIES.

[By Bro. Watson's kind permission we are permitted to print for the information of the brethren of our Order, his most lucid and effective statement, with respect to those excellent institutions. No words of ours are required to urge its careful perusal and we trust, that, it will have the effect our able and benevolent brother intended, by its careful preparation. ED.]

MASONIC CHARITIES.

A Paper read by Bro. HENRY WATSON, S.W., 1886, on Wednesday, 22nd October, at the Saint Hugh Lodge, No. 1386; and on Monday, 10th November, 1873, at the Witham Lodge, No. 297; in the Masonic Hall, Lincoln, in support of the Charity Appeal to the Province by W. Bro. SUGLIFE, P.M., P.S.P.G.W., the elected Charity Steward; also, in the interest of the three great Charities of the Order, and in proof of their economical and efficient management.

Although we have, individually, been instructed in the three great and abiding principles of Freemasonry—"Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth"—yet the extent of the existing practical manifestations of these great principles is not fully known to all, more especially not to the newly initiated into our order. Should those who are uninitiated into our mysteries, and who presume to form an estimate of the Craft, ask, where our proof of these professed principles is? can we not consistently and truthfully answer by stating, that our real defence and the truest ornament and representation of our principles are to be found in our Charities, which, with profession and practice, linked hand-in-hand, distribute extensive and habitual relief to the reduced and indigent of our brethren and their families, giving them the means of subsistence and comfort in old age, educating the orphan and the sons and the daughters of our deceased or helpless brethren, so that they may be enabled to enter upon the great scene of this world's warfare and this world's duties. Such, indeed, is a faithful illustration of our great

principles, and I now, in accordance with your wishes, proceed to give a concise statement of the three great Charities in connection with the Craft.

The first established was—

THE ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR GIRLS.

It was founded March 25th, 1788, for the purpose of educating, clothing, and maintaining the orphan daughters of our brethren, or of those whose reduced means prevented them affording their children a suitable education.

Its first local habitation was in 1793, in a school erected near the obelisk, St. George-in-the-Fields. In 1851, the lease having expired, the School was removed to a site of three acres of Freehold Land, on the high ground of Battersea Rise, adjoining Wandsworth Common, where it has since continued to increase in efficiency and utility year by year.

The Receipts for the first year amounted to 664 guineas; the amount realized at the 1873 Festival was £7500, being £2000 over any preceding year.

From its foundation up to the present time 987 girls have been received into the Institution, and it has now 109 scholars. The wings of the main building are being extended to provide additional dining-hall, school-room, and dormitory accommodation, and will be completed by January next, when 21 additional girls, who have already been duly approved or elected, will be received. The total numbers in the Institute will then be 130; and received from the commencement, 1008.

The Funded Property of the Girls' School is represented by the following Amounts:—

Invested in Government 3 per cent.	
Consols on General Account	£28,000
Invested in Government 3 per cent.	
Consols on Building Sustentation and Improvement Fund Account ..	1,950
Cost of Freehold Land and Institute Buildings, all of which are paid for	30,062
Total	£60,012

The 1872 Statement of General Accounts shews:—

RECEIPTS.

	£.	s.	d.
Balance in hand from 1871	2,690	7	11
Deposit of 1871 withdrawn from the Bank	3,000	0	0
Dividends on Government Stock ...	840	0	0
Donations, Subscriptions, &c. ...	5 871	16	4
	<u>£12,402</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
New Building Account	4,872	5	0
London Office Expenses for the Year: Secretary's, Clerk's, and Collector's Salaries; Stationery, Advertisements, Rents, Rates, Election Expenses, &c.	870	9	9
Institute Expenses for the year Matron's, Governesses', Teachers', and Chaplain's Salaries	421	10	0
Household and Gardener's do.	108	5	0
Maintenance Expenses	2,790	16	5
	<u>4,191</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>2</u>

Bills contracted to Christmas last, on account of the present year's expenses, the school year terminating Sept. 30, 1872	1,200	18	6
	<u>10,264</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>8</u>
Balance in hand	<u>£2,137</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>7</u>

The salaries of the Secretary, Clerk, and Collector are $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the gross receipts.

The present Secretary is paid by a fixed salary, the commission system being abolished, which will result in a benefit to the Institution of say £200 per annum in the present and future years, and would reduce the above calculation on the 1872 gross receipts from $9\frac{1}{2}$ to $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The London Office Rent, Rates, Stationery, Advertisement, Election, and other expenses are $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the gross receipts.

The average cost per head of the girls in the Institution for the past year is £37 16s., including all expenses.

The second established was—

THE ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION
FOR BOYS.

It was founded 3rd July, 1798, under the name of The Institution for Clothing and Educating the sons of deceased and indigent Freemasons. In 1868, its name was changed to its present designation, "The Royal Masonic Institution for Boys." In 1811, there were 48 boys clothed and educated, which number slowly increased to 65 in 1831, and to 70 in 1851. These boys were, at the option of their parents, sent to schools situated near to their residences, which arrangement was considered most defective in itself and insufficient as an educational effort, therefore in 1856, a house and 10 acres of freehold land were purchased, for £3,800, at Wood Green; in 1857, the building having been altered, was opened as a school, when 25 boys were admitted to receive the benefit of a complete education, and the comforts of a home, the remaining boys being placed in other schools as heretofore.

In 1862, owing to the defects of the old building, and the increasing demands for admission, it was determined to build an entirely New School on the same site, and in 1865, the present school was opened, for the reception of 80 boys, and it has since been enlarged, so that in 1872, there were within its walls 144 boys, which, with two educated out of the school, made a total of 146 then in the enjoyment of the benefits of this Charity.

Early in the present year the Committee, in consequence of the great number of applicants (69 applying in April last year, of which number only 19 could be admitted) determined to increase the dormitory accommodation by an outlay of £2,500, so as to enable them to receive 28 more, and make the total number 174 boys; 14 were to be elected in October last year, and 14

in April this year. The election has already taken place, and it is with satisfaction we heard that our Lincolnshire candidate was amongst the successful ones. There were 49 applicants, 16 were elected in consequence of 2 death vacancies, hence 33 are left out in the cold.

Up to the present time 1221 boys have been admitted to the benefits of the Institution, and 16 more will be admitted in January next, when the total number will be 1237.

The cost of the buildings, which are constructed so that they can be adapted to receive 200 boys at a comparatively inconsiderable outlay for additional dormitory accommodation only, was, with the lodges and freehold on 31st December, 1870, £47,116 6s. 4d. The whole of which sum, with the exception of £4,000 part of a loan from the bankers, has been paid by the munificent charity of the Brethren.

The 1872 Statement of General Account shows:—

RECEIPTS.		£	s.	d.
Balance in hand from 1871	...	916	14	5
Donations, Subscriptions, &c.	...	7,894	15	2
Purchased Admissions, Presentations, &c.	...	1,952	17	0
		£10,764	6	7
EXPENDITURE		£	s.	d.
Paid to Bankers in reduction of Loan of £6,000	...	2,000	0	0
Paid to Sustentation and Improvement Fund	...	1,100	0	0
Purchase of Land	...	284	9	11
London Office expenses: Secretary's, Clerks', and Collector's Salaries; Stationery, Rent, Rates, Election Expenses, &c.	...	830	16	2
Establishment, Wood Green.				
Salaries of Masters, Doctor, Chaplain, &c.	...	847	0	0
" Household, Lodge, and Garden	...	235	12	9
Provisions	...	1,439	13	10
Clothing	...	986	19	5
Household	...	901	11	3
		5,341	13	5

Extraordinary Expenses		
Interest to Bankers on Loan Advances, &c.	...	187 18 10
Secretary's Annual Grant, Travelling Expenses, Collector's Commission, University Fees, Summer Fete, &c.	...	411 11 10
Gratuities and Grants to Boys on leaving the Institution	...	119 0 0
Votes of Thanks to Stewards for 1869, 70, 71, and 72	...	39 0 0
		757 10 8
		£9,483 14 0
Balance in hand		£1,280 12 7

The Salaries of Secretary, Clerks, and Collector, are 7 per cent., and the London Office Expenses, Rent, Stationery, &c., 4 per cent. on gross receipts.

The yearly cost per head of boys, as given in the School Report for 1872, is as follows:—

	Total Cost.			Per Boy		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
School Salaries	847	0	0	7	3	6½
" Wages	285	12	9	2	8	5
Provisions	1,489	13	10	12	12	6
Farm and Garden Expenses	3	2	0	0	0	6½
Clothing	986	19	5	8	7	3½
Coals, Gas and Water	389	4	1	3	5	11½
School Stationery and Books	60	2	11	0	10	2½
Rates and Taxes	163	15	11	1	7	9
Petty Expenditure, Wood Green	78	6	0	0	13	3½
Educating of Boys out of Establishment	21	1	11	0	3	6½
Incidental Expenses	65	1	0	0	11	0½
Furniture, Linen, &c.	120	17	5	1	0	6
	£4,510	17	3	£38	4	6½
General Office Expenses	830	16	2	7	0	9½
Total as per "Ordinary Expenditure"	£5,341	13	5	£45	5	4½

To this add the division per head of extraordinary expenses not included in the above amount, viz: £411 11s. 10d., in order to show the total gross expenses, and the entire cost of working the Charity ... 3 9 10
Also 3½ per cent. on the Buildings and Freehold, as a rental charge ... 14 0 0

Which makes a total, per boy, of ... £62 15 2

Having thus arrived at the maximum cost per head, I now, in order to enable a comparison to be made with the amount any one of us would have to pay at a private or a public school for a boy from ten until he was sixteen years of age, deduct the following, namely:—

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
For extraordinary expenses	3	9	10	62	15	0
Office expenses	...	7	0	10		
Clothing	...	8	7	4		
Stationery and Books	...	0	12	3		
Drawing Materials	...	0	2	6		
Hair Cutting, Brushes, &c.	...	0	3	3		
Medical	...	0	11	5		
Chaplain's Salary	...	0	13	7		
				21	1	0
which leaves				£41	14	2

for a sound commercial education, with the addition of French, drawing, music, and drill; and in the upper division classics and advanced mathematics.

Even this sum of £41 14s. 2d. may be further reduced when we take into consideration that it is customary in schools to have about twelve weeks' holiday per annum, whilst in these Charities the children have the option of staying the whole year at the school, which will necessarily increase the item of maintenance by, say one-fifth, and, for comparison, this one-fifth should be deducted from the above amount.

The calculation of interest as rent of schools, &c., averages £14 per head. This is a large item, and, I would ask, can we find a private or public school where the rent approaches anything like that sum, so, for comparison, this should be reduced. With reference, however, to this amount, I would state that it includes infirmary, gymnasium, farm and out-buildings, drainage, laying out and formation of grounds, roads, &c., in fact, the re-construction of the estate.

The annual expenditure per head of the Boys' School is, necessarily, greater than that of the Girls' School, because a much more expensive educational staff is required, and the boys, unlike

the girls, do not reduce the clothing and household expenditure by their individual assistance.

The Boys' School stands *alone* in the Charities in *not* having any funded amount to fall back upon; such a fund is essentially requisite, for, should, at any *future* time, the receipts be less than the expenditure, there will be no reserve to meet the deficiency.

The third established was—

THE ROYAL MASONIC BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION FOR AGED FREEMASONS AND WIDOWS OF FREEMASONS.

It was founded at a Grand Lodge, held on the 2nd March, 1842, and was established for granting annuities to males only. The annuities then granted were—

From 60 to 70 years of age	...	£10 to £20.
" 70 to 75	...	£15 to £20.
" 75 and upwards	...	£20 to £30.

In 1867 this scale was abolished; a uniform payment was made to the men of £26, which has been increased this year to £36.

In 1849 the Widows' Fund was established, and annuities similar to the above scale were granted, but in 1867 this was altered to one of £25 per annum, and increased this year to £28.

At the first festival, in 1847, the amount realized was £819 16s. 0d., with 40 stewards, while in 1873, with 185 stewards, the large sum of £6866 16s. 0d., was received, being £3,000 more than was received at any preceding festival.

In 1842 there were 15 male annuitants, there are now 115; each year showing a gradual increase.

The number of female annuitants elected in 1849, was only five; there are now 82 widows on the fund, and 11 receiving half their late husband's annuity.

The Asylum at Croydon contains apartments for 33 annuitants, who enjoy the privileges of the house in addition to the annuity, and, through the liberality of the Grand Lodge, they are also

provided with coals during the winter months.

The total number of annuitants in both funds is at present 197, besides 11 widows on half allowance. Owing to the increase of the annuities, an additional annual expense of £1,150 on the Male Fund, and £246 on the Widows' Fund, is involved, which, last year, precluded the Committee from augmenting the number of recipients, but it is hoped that in this and in future years an increase will be made.

The MALE FUND has £23,700 invested in Government Stocks.

	£.	s.	d.
The Accounts for the past year show the permanent Income, including Dividends on the above Government Stocks and Annual Grants from Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter, to be	1,299	15	0
Donations and Subscriptions for the year	3,891	9	3
Balance in hand, 31st March, 1872	1,727	15	1
	£6,918	19	4

<i>Disbursements.</i>			
Annuities	2,800	10	0
Asylum Rates, Taxes, and Maintenance	163	3	8
Salaries to Secretary, Collector, and Messenger	371	6	2
Office Expenses, Stationery, &c., Election Expenses, &c.	150	4	8
Purchase of £250 Stock	232	3	9
	3,717	8	3
Balance in hand	£3,201	11	1

The Salaries are bare 7 per cent., and the London Office Expenses, Rent, Stationery, &c., are 3 per cent. on gross receipts.

Of the above balance, £1,150 is condemned by the increased annuities of the present year.

The FEMALE FUND has £14,200 invested in Government Stocks.

	£	s.	d.
The Accounts for the past year show the Permanent Income, including Dividend on the above Stocks and Annual Grants from Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter, to be	764	15	0
Subscriptions and Donations for the year	2,760	6	0
Balance in hand March, 1872	1,001	6	10

<i>Disbursements.</i>			
Annuity	£1,979	10	0
Salaries to Secretary, Collector, and Messenger	£328	0	2
Office Expenses, Stationery, Election Expenses, &c.	145	16	6
	473	16	8
Asylum Rates, &c.	90	3	6
Funeral Expenses	11	2	0
Purchase of £250 Stock	232	3	9
	£2,786	15	11
Balance in hand	£1,739	11	11

The Salaries are $9\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., and the London Office Expenses, Rent, Stationery, &c., are 4 per cent. on the gross receipts.

Of the above balance, £246 is condemned, by the increased annuities of the present year.

The present Secretary is paid by a fixed income, so that in future the payments made to him will be less than under the old system of salary and commission, and considerably reduce the above percentage.

The percentage of the official, collecting and election expenses, consisting of Secretaries, Clerks, and Collectors Salaries, London Rents, Rates, Taxes, Stationery, and all other payments incidental to the working of the General Office of each of these Charities, stands thus for the past year as regards their respective gross receipts—

Girls' School	13%
Boys' "	11%
Aged Male	10%
" Female	13½%

The percentage in the present and future years of the Girls' School and the Aged Male and Female Charities, will be reduced by about 3 per cent., in consequence of the present Secretaries being appointed at a *fixed* salary *without* commission.

One of the acknowledged best worked public Charities is the Asylum for Idiots, and its expenses are, as compared with ours, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. ; but in its case the printing, and other work is done by the inmates, were it not so the percentage would be greater.

The Commercial Travellers' School shews a percentage of 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and this is considered a closely worked and economical charity ; both these Charities are exceptional cases. I could name many other cases where 20, 30, and even 50 per cent. of the gross receipts are swallowed up in working expenses.

As it is usual to give at least 5 per cent. for the mere collection of rents, and paying, in addition thereto, all charges for books, papers, travelling and other expenses. I consider that the above rates speak most favourably for the economical working of our Charities, and fully substantiate my remarks made at the last Lodge.

Having thus given a concise history and particulars of each of the three great Charities of our Order, I now proceed to show you the amount required annually to enable the beneficent work to be carried on as heretofore, and, in doing so, I would remind you that these sums do not allow or admit of any extension or expansion of the Charities, *hence they are the minimum and not the maximum amounts* required. And shall we in this age of progression and advancement, "rest and be thankful?" I think not, Brethren, for, whilst we have the will and the means, let each of us individually feel that the great work of the Craft is our work, and try to swell this majestic ornament of the Order by making the Receipts of each year exceed that of the preceding one.

The estimated requirements for the present year are—

For the Girls' School	£5,800
" Boys' "	6,800
" Aged Males	4,824
" " Females	3,080

£20,504

Add for Building extensions in progress—	
For the Girls' School	2,100
" Boys' "	2,500
" " " Balance of Banker's Loan to be repaid	4,000

£29,104

Seeing there are 1366 of the 1463 Lodges on Grand Lodge Books in active operation, the amount to be realised makes a divisional sum of £21 6s. 2d., for each Lodge, and such fact shows clearly the necessity for holding Annual Festivals for these Charities, for it is by such means the bulk of the donations are secured.

The Freehold Land Properties and Funded Stocks of these three Charities represent the following grand sums, namely—

Girls' School, say	£60,012
Boys' " "	47,000
Aged Males " "	23,700
" Females " "	14,200
Asylum at Croydon for Aged Males and Females	5,000

£149,912

A truly noble sum, raised entirely by the munificence of the Brotherhood, in excess of the yearly maintenance and expenses of these three Charities.

In conclusion, let me add that there are other Benevolent Funds belonging to the Craft, notably the Grand, Provincial Grand and Private Lodges, which swell the amount of our Charities and illustrate the true teaching of our good old Order. The Grand Lodge alone, from its Benevolent Fund, gave away last year £2,858.

Finally, let us hope our Charities may yearly expand and long endure, and that each one of us may retain the position to enable us to practice with sympathy and good-will that brightest of jewels—CHARITY.

MS. MASONIC CONSTITUTIONS
(OR CHARGES) No. 5.

THE "ALNWICK MS." (MS. R., HUGHAN'S
CATALOGUE) A.D. 1701.

[Transcribed from the original by Bro. W. J.
Hughan, P.M., &c.]

THE MASONS' CONSTITUTIONS.

(Continued from page 255).

Right soon after the deccase of St. Albon there came great Warrs intoe England of Divers nations soe thatt good rule of Masonry was destroyed unto the time of King Athelstone thatt was a worthy King in England, who brought the Land intoe great rest and peace, and builded many great works of Abbeys, Castles, and many other buildings, and he loved Masons well. And he had a Sonn that was named Edwine; and he loved Masons more then his Fathe did, for he was full of Practice in Geometrie wherefor he drew him to common Masons to learn of them their Craft and after for the love he had to Masons and to the Craft he was made Mason himself, and he gott of his Father the King a Charte and Commission to hold every year an Assembly wherefor he would within the Realm, and to correct within themselves faultes and Trespasses thatt were done within the Craft, And he held an Assembly att **Dork**, and there he made Masons, and gave them charges and taught them the manne of Masons, and commanded that Rule to be holden for ever hereafter: and to them he gave the Charte and commission to keep and make ordinances thatt should be observed from King to King when this Assembly was gathered together he made a cry that all Masons both young and old thatt had any knowledge or understanding of the charges thatt were made in this Land, or in any other Land thatt they should shew them forth; and there was found some in Greek, some in English, some in French, and some in othe Languages; and the Intent thereof was found and commanded thatt it should be read and told when any Mason was made, and to give him his Charge, and from that Day untill this present time Masons have been kept in thatt form and order; as well as men might govern it. And furthermore at diverse Assemblies there hath been putt and added certaine charges more and more

by the best of advice from Maste and Fellows.

Then shall one of the most ancient of them all hold a Book that he or they may lay his or their hand or hands upon the said book, and these precepts following ought then to be Read.

Every man thatt is a Mason take heed right well of this charge. If you find yoeself guilty of any of these, thatt you amend you again, and especially yee thatt are to be charged: Take heed thatt you may keep this charge for it is a great Perill for a man to forswear himself on a Book

Edwine's The First charge is Thatt you Charge. shall be a True man to God and his holy Church and thatt you use noe heresy nor error to your understanding, or to desert discreet or wise men's Teaching, Alsoe you shall be a true Liege man to the King without Treason or falshood, and thatt you shall know noe Treason, but thatt you mend it and you may, or else warne the King or his Council thereof: Alsoe you shall be true one to another (that is to say) to every Maste and Fellow of the Craft of Masonry thatt be Masons allowed. Thatt you would do to them, as you would they should doe to you. Alsoe thatt every Mason keep true Councill of Lodge of Chambe, and all other Councill, that ought to be kept by way of Masonry:

Alsoe thatt noe man shall be Thief, nor Thieff's see soe far as you shall know. Alsoe thatt you shall be true to yoe Lord and Maste thatt you serve, and truly to see his Profit and Advantage. Alsoe thatt you shall call Masons yoe Fellows and Brethren; and by noe other Foul Name, nor you shall nott take yoe Fellows wife in Villany, or desire ungodly his daughte or his servant to his villany, Alsoe you shall pay truly for yoe Table and meat and drinke where you go to Board, and alsoe thatt you doe noe Villany in thatt house whereby the craft should be slandered, These be the charges in Generall that a Mason should hold both Mastes and Fellows.

Rehearse I will now other charges singular for Masters and Fellows. First that noe Maste shall take any work of a Lord, or any other work butt thatt he know himself able and cunning to performe the same, soe thatt the craft have noe disworship, but thatt the Lord may be well

and truly served; Also that noe Maste take any work, but that he take it reasonably, soe thatt the Lord may be truly served with his own goods, and the Maste to live honestly, and pay his Fellows truly their pay as the manne of the craft doth require; Alsoe thatt noe Maste or Fellows subplant others of these works (thatt is to say) if he had taken a worke or stand Maste of a Lord's work; you shall nott putt him out, if he be able and cunning of craft to end the work; Alsoe thatt noe Maste or Fellows take noe Apprentice to be allowed his Apprentice butt for seaven yeares, And thatt Apprentice be able of his Birth and Limbs as he ought to be. Alsoe that noe Maste or Fellows take noe allowance to be made without the assent of his Fellows, and thatt att the least Five or Six. And that he thatt shall be made Mason be able over all Sciences—(thatt is to say) that he be free born, and of good Kindred, and noe Bondman, and thatt he have his right Limbs, as he ought to have: Alsoe thatt noe Maste putt noe Lord's work to task, thatt was wont to goe to Journey.

Alsoe thatt every Maste shall give to his Fellows, butt as he may deserve, soe thatt he be not deceived by false worke. Alsoe thatt noe Fellow slander one falsly behinde his back to make him loose his good name or his worldly goods.

Alsoe that noe Fellow wth in the Lodge nor without misanswer another neither ungodly or irreverently without reasonable cause. Alsoe thatt mason preffer his Elder and put him to worshipp. Alsoe thatt noe Mason should play att Hazard or any othe unlawfull game whereby they may be slandered: Alsoe that noe mason be a common rebell in leachery to make the craft to be slandered and thatt noe Fellow goe intoe the Town in the Night time, where is a Lodge of Fellows, without a Fellow thatt may bear him witnesse thatt he was in an honest place: Alsoe thatt every mason and Fellow come to the Assembly if it be within Fifty miles about him; if he have reasonable warning and stand there att the award of Maste and Fellows: Also thatt every Maste and Fellow if they have Trespassed one to another shall stand the award of Maste and Fellows to make them accord if they may; and if they may not accord, then to goe to Common Law; Alsoe thatt noe

masons make moulds, Square or Rule to any Rough Layers, Alsoe thatt noe Mason sett any Layer within a Lodge or without to Hew or mould stones with noe mould of his own makeing—Alsoe thatt every mason shall cherish and receive strange Fellows, when they come over the country and sett them on work as the manne is (thatt is to say) if they have mould stones in place, he shall sett him a fortnight att the least on work, and give him his hyre: And if there be noe Stones for him to work, he shall refresh him with money, to bring him to the next Lodge. And alsoe you and every mason shall serve truly the workers, and truly make an end of your work, be it Task or Journey; if you have your pay, as you ought to have.

These Charges thatt we have reckoned, and all other thatt belongeth toe Masonry you shall truly keep and well observe, so helpe you God and Holydoome; and this Book, to the uttermost of your Power.

FINIS.

Gra: Loquitur: Lo: vera docet: Rhe: verba solorat: Mu: canit. Ar: Numerat: Ge: Ponderat

Ast: capit Astra.

THE FADED SHAWL.

By H. ASHLAND KEAN.

A threadbare, dingy thing at best,
Soil'd and torn and fray'd;
I take it gently from the shelf,
Where kindly fingers laid,
Ah! years ago, the relic quaint,
And with a sigh recall,
The dear old face which smiled on me
Above this faded shawl.

The wrinkled face, so mildly sweet,
And yet so grandly wise;
The thin, pale lips, so tremulous,
The meek and tender eyes;
The loving voice, whose gentle tones
Stilled many a childish brawl,
And the tender arms that nestled me
Upon the faded shawl.

I live again my boyhood's days,
I drift across the years,
And am the dreaming lad whose life
Was half sunshine, and half tears;
Thrice hallowed memories, tearful, sweet,
God bless them, each and all!
And bless the dear old shoulders
That wore the faded shawl!

Reviews.

The History of Masonry, from the building of the House of the Lord, and its progress throughout the civilized world, down to the present time, by J. W. S. Mitchell, M.D., S.G.M., Missouri. Published by the Author, Griffin, U.S.

Nothing is more remarkable in the progress of Freemasonry, than that intellectual movement which began in Germany, and carried on in England, is now receiving such fostering encouragement and support in the United States of America. It was not very long ago that it was our privilege to review a very interesting volume, by Bro. Steinbrenner, which, belonging to the Masonic critical school, was characterized in our humble opinion by most praiseworthy evidences of accurate investigation and dispassionate enquiry. Based no doubt mainly on Bro. J. Findel's more elaborate work, it yet reflected no little credit on Bro. Steinbrenner, for the simple, yet effective and original dress, as regards his statement of facts and evidence, in which he submitted it to the studious and lenient consideration of the Craft.

In the views which Bro. Steinbrenner put forward we mainly agree, and think that, in the operative character originally of Freemasonry, we find the true solution of our history in the past, and up to the present hour. Bro. Mitchell's elaborate history of 740 octavo pages is based on an entirely different foundation. This goodly volume—goodly in size and appearance, is devoted for somewhat more than half of it to the history of Masonry generally; the remaining portion contains the history of Masonry mainly in America. We propose, however, on the present occasion, only to deal with that portion of the book which relates to Freemasonry generally. We have said before, that Bro. Mitchell's history rests upon a basis different to that, on which Bro. Steinbrenner builds up his Masonic historical superstructure. Bro. Mitchell assumes the connection of Freemasons with the building of King Solomon's Temple, as an undoubted, nay, an historical fact, relying, no doubt, on the uniform legends and traditions of our Order to this effect. And though this view is not so fashionable just now as it used to be, though on the

sterner sifting of legends and myths, and the connecting ratiocination of cause and effect, many now would take a much more matter of fact view of our history, and discard what they consider as purely legendary or sentimental, yet, we think it right to say, that we do not see why both explanations may not be true.

The fact that speculative Masonry is the successor of the guilds of working Masons may be true, but that, by no means, shuts out the older theory, that, the mediæval guilds are the continuation of the Roman guilds, and that all the early building colleges, and sodalities, were bound together by one common tie of outward marks and organization, and by an inner secrecy of ritual and recognition. The Tyrians, the Egyptians, the Etruscans, were the great builders of antiquity; all their arts and sciences, and colleges and corporations, passed on to Greece and Rome, and we think it right to say that, as there is no *a priori* reason, evidently, why our old tradition on this head should not be true, all subsequent evidence seems to point to a community of aim and brotherhood among the early building fraternities of the world, whatever be their special name or actual country. Hence then, our brother Mitchell's view is, that, we may date back Freemasonry to the building of the Temple at Jerusalem, and that it subsequently flourished as an operative fraternity under high and distinguished patronage. Bro. Mitchell assumes we note without question, the Masonic legend of the York assembly under Edwin, the meeting at Canterbury under Archbishop Chicheley, and the existence and authenticity of the Locke MS.

With regard to the assembly under Edwin, we fear that cannot be any longer upheld historically. The tradition is either a perversion of an historical event, namely, the advent of Edwin or Eadwin, King of Northumbria, to York, and his baptism there, and the building of a stone church by Masons who came from Rome,—or it is an allusion, to the probable fact that Athelstan gave a charter to the operative Masons, among other guilds, to whom he is also said to have granted a charter. In the Masonic Poem there are, no doubt, some lines which seem to refer to what was said at the meeting in the "Syte," and Dr. Oliver may be correct, after all, that we

have in that Poem a record of some of the old resolutions at that assembly. That the "Syte" alluded to by the Poem, and Matthew Cooke's MS., is meant to be York, we think may fairly be assumed, though it is noteworthy that the actual mention of York as the Syte, so far, does not date from earlier than the 16th century. The tradition, however, of Freemasonry, is so unwavering and uniform on the subject, that we do not in any way, we think, lay ourselves open to the charge of uncritical acceptance of tradition, if we express our belief, that York was the place of the general assembly for the most part, at any rate, of the north of England, and that an assembly was really held there in the time of Athelstan. With regard to the lodge under Archbishop Chicheley, in King Henry VIII's time, no evidence of such a fact is so far known to be in existence. There is evidence of a lodge being attached to the Christ Church Convent, Canterbury, in Wm. Molash's time, the members of which received "Livery," or "Murrey Cloth," annually from the Convent. Chicheley's name, curiously enough, stands at the top of the page as "Armiger," and receiving the same "Livery." The names of the Master, "Magister," two Wardens, "Guardiani," eight Masters, Magistri, and five apprentices, apprenticii are given. The lodge is called "Le Loge Lothomorum." And, lastly, with reference to the Locke MS. it is not now generally accepted. If it does exist in MS., that MS. is very late, and the original story of it was, that it came from a pamphlet printed at Frankfort, which pamphlet has never yet been found. Its first appearance was in the Gentleman's Magazine, the language of the document itself is very suspicious, and seems to be unreal. The archaisms are unnatural, and do not even represent the age to which they are said to belong. And lastly, Mr. Locke's letter is not now accepted as genuine. We think that, if Bro. Mitchell's work reaches a 2nd edition, he should allude to the doubtfulness of these documents and statements, as from nothing has Masonry more suffered, than a too hasty acceptance of the statements of other writers, and a quiet handing on of the same without the slightest critical study, to later generations.

Wm. Preston's history, admirable as it is, is not altogether free from these blemishes,

and some of his statements, as to the age of certain documents, have not yet been verified by later researches. Take, for instance, the record said to have been made in the time of Edward IV. That short notice seems to be mainly taken from "Guillim," and, probably, refers to the simple fact that, a grant of arms was made by Clarenceux, King of Arms in the 4th year of the reign of King Edward IV, to the Mason's Company in London. But here we must stop to day. We feel bound to add, in conclusion, that the work reflects the greatest credit on our able Bro. Mitchell, that the style is clear and forcible, and that, we have no doubt, this last addition to our historical authorities will find many readers—especially in America, where so much of the work refers, to the actual history of American Freemasonry. That such a work should be published at all, is, in our opinion, a very healthy sign of the present Masonic age.

Irish Freemason's Calendar and Directory.

We are glad to receive and to peruse this useful Directory of the Irish Craft. We have often thought, that, it is a great pity we do not know more of our Irish Brethren, and of the proceedings of the Irish Grand Lodge than we do; but we trust, that, there is a better time coming.

The "getting up" of the "Irish Masonic Calendar and Pocket Book" is very creditable to all concerned, and it deserves the support of all original and affiliated members of the Irish Grand Lodge.

Jahr Buch für Freimaurer.—Bro. C. Von Dalen.

This useful little book, edited by our well-known Prussian brother, C. Von Dalen, and published by Bro. J. Findel, is a very useful epitome of German Freemasonry, in that it sets before us the various governing bodies, and also the various lodges and their Masters in Germany. It gives also an account of the "Verein Deutscher Freimaurer," with its active and Honorary members, as well as a list of Masonic worthies and brethren past away, and an interesting reference to Masonic literature.

As a little Pocket Book, an "aide-memoire" day by day on Masonic matters, this useful and unpretending publication must be most valuable; and we are glad to have been privileged, both to receive it and to read it

carefully through, which we have done with sincere gratification.

Loomis's Musical and Masonic Journal is published at Newhaven, Conn, U.S., and is certainly a very interesting publication. It is not the first time that music and Masonry have gone hand-in-hand, and, just at this time, our brethren seem to be paying great attention to Masonic melody.

Indeed, it is a remarkable fact in our history how many old Masonic tunes exist; and we would venture to suggest to the editor of *Loomis's Journal*, the propriety of printing from time to time purely Masonic music. We can commend the musical portion especially of the "*Journal*" to those fair sisters of ours who rejoice our ears with the sounds of harmonious cadence, or the magical manipulation of chord and note.

Church Sermons by Eminent Clergymen.
—Reeves, Son & Co.

Though we do not profess to review "*Sermons*" in the *Magazine*, as we have nothing to do with theological questions, no more than with political, we think that we may fairly commend these two volumes to the notice of our readers. Well printed, and the productions of some of the ablest preachers of the Church of England, they deserve, both, to be carefully read, and calmly thought over. The publication reflects all credit on those who brought it out; and we trust that it may be favoured with the "*popularis aura*" of support and approval.

The Rationale of Freemasonry. An Oration by the Rev. Daniel Ace R. Spencer, P.G.C., Lincolnshire.

We have read this able little "*brochure*" with much pleasure. It expresses clearly, and forcibly alike, the views of the writer, and the teaching of Freemasonry. Indeed, the "*Rationale of Freemasonry*," as the writer would say, or if he does not say it, as "*Artagnan*" says, in the *Trois Monsquetaires*, "*he ought to have said it*," leaves no further grounds, indeed, for the unreasoning cavils and complaints of uninformed opponents.

We commend this little "*Oration*" to the perusal of our brethren in Masonry.

The Story of Aristieus and his Bees, by R. M. Millington.—Longman & Co.

This, though not a Masonic work, commends itself to all educated Freemasons, as it is, indeed, a true rendering, in blank verse, of the fourth *Georgie* of Virgil. The translation is easy and natural, and does full justice to the original, and it has given us great pleasure to read over the well-known utterance of the Mantuan bard, clothed in such expressive and well-chosen words. Indeed, one is taken back, through a long array of years, to an old school, and old teachers, to the "*junior-fifth up at books*," to pleasant memories of kindly teaching, of old familiar faces, and to subdued associations of the "*Prefect of school*," and of classical apple twigs.

How time does pass. It is but yesterday, as it were, we were repeating in sonorous cadence, full of youth, fire and hope,

"Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilisoti:
Carmina qui lusi parthorum audaxque juvenia,
Tityre, te patula cecini sub tegmine fagi,"

and here we are, old, and cold, and worn, to-day, stooping and grey-haired, with all the symptoms of, nevertheless, let us hope, a "*blanda senectus*."

W.

THE HEART-CURE.

A LIFE SKETCH.

Arthur Latour, at the age of four-and-twenty, was about as low-spirited and discontented as a man could be; and yet his fair-weather friends accounted him the "*most fortunate dog in existence*." He had only himself in the wide world to care for, and his store of material wealth was more than he could ever fairly spend. He had been an only child, and his parents had died when he was a boy at school, leaving him a fortune of hundreds of thousands. The guardian appointed to care for the heir and for the property had been faithful, and at the age of one-and-twenty the youth, fresh from college, stepped into the life of manhood and into full possession of more than half a million of dollars. Those who had known with what honor Arthur graduated at college predicted for him a useful and manful life; but he had sadly disappointed them. He had not been seriously dissipated, nor had he been criminally reckless in any direction. He had sought

pleasure in the glare and glitter of fashionable society—he had given himself to the work of gathering joy from the fleeting hours of trivial amusement—and in the end he had become heart-sick and melancholy, with no new joy at hand, and with an utter disrelish for the old ones.

Only three years of this bewildering, enervating life, and we find Arthur Latour completely miserable and dejected—not physically prostrate, but mentally broken. He sat in his sumptuously furnished apartment of a private hotel where he had taken up his head-quarters—sat in dressing-robe and slippers—thrown back in a great rolling chair with his head resting upon his hand. He had a handsome face, and the broad, full brow, with its crown of clustering nut-brown curls, was indicative of more than common intellect. His frame was not robust, but it was manly, and of faultless proportions. As he sat thus a rap sounded upon his door, and he bade the applicant enter.

“Well, well, my boy,—how do you find yourself to-day?”

It was a cheerful voice, mellow and hearty, and a new light and warmth seemed to pervade the room as its owner entered. He was a portly, pleasant-faced man, with the silvering of three score years upon his head, and the stamp of a broad experience in look and bearing. It was Doctor Samuel Tapely. He had been the family physician in the older years—he had been Arthur’s guardian during his minority—and he had ministered to the needs of the youth since, when called upon.

“My dear Doctor,” said Arthur, raising himself to an upright posture with an effort, “I’m glad you’ve come. I am growing worse.”

“What is the matter now, my boy?”

“The same as before, only more of it. You told me, two days ago, that you would find a new tonic that would give new tone to my depleted system. Have you found it?”

Dr. Tapely sat down, and regarded his patient awhile in silence. When he spoke there was seriousness in his look, but the voice was kindly and cheerful.

“My dear boy, I have been on the lookout since I saw you last, and I think I have found an application which will be of benefit to you.”

“Have you brought it with you?”

“No—you must go with me and receive it at head-quarters.”

“Goodness, mercy, Doctor! You would not take me to a hospital!”

“Bless your soul! no. I would take you to a friend. Will you trust yourself in my hands?”

“Is it far away?”

“No—not so far as I wish it was.”

“You are a riddle, Doctor.”

“There is a riddle in your life, my boy, which I propose to solve if I can. Come—will you go with me?”

“Do you really think I shall gain help?”

“If I did not I would not ask you to go.”

“Is the carriage waiting?”

“I want you to walk, Arthur. The air is pure and bracing, and the exercise will do you good. Come—if you wish me to help you, you must place yourself wholly for the present, at my direction. Will you go with me?”

This last was spoken with a firmness and decision which indicated pretty plainly to one who knew him, that Dr. Sam. Tapely desired no more argument.

“Yes, yes,” said Arthur, slowly arising from his chair—“I will go with you. It can but kill me; and I might as well die as live, if I must live at this poor suffering rate.”

It was a bright, cool October day, and Arthur’s first emotion, upon emerging into the open air on foot, was of fear and trembling; but with cheerful conversation the doctor brought him out of the shuddering slough, and after a time the youth’s blood began to circulate more freely and he breathed more easily.

“Where in the world are you going, Doctor?”

They had turned down from Broadway, and were entering upon that slum where once was Collect Pond.

“To find a friend, Arthur. Be not alarmed. Surely you should feel safe with me.”

“But this place,—O, it is awful! Where are we?”

“This is what is called ‘The Five Points.’ Were you never here before?”

“Never.”

“Then you have missed a great study.—Here,—step carefully.”

“But—Doctor,—you are not going in here?”

"Yes. Don't be alarmed. Follow me. I promise you that all shall be well."

It was through a narrow, dark, dirty alley, up a flight of rickety outside steps, in by a broken doorway, then up dangerous stairs, then through a gloomy, reeking passage, and finally they had entered a square chamber, with blackened walls and ceiling, in which was one bed upon a bed frame, another bed upon the floor, and a small charcoal furnace in the narrow fireplace. There were two or three stools, and two old boxes which might serve as seats.

The light struggled in through a window, half the panes of which were of paper, and revealed upon the higher bed a man wasted almost unto death with consumption; by the side of the bed a woman sitting; and upon one of the boxes two children, a boy and a girl.

For a time Arthur Latour was like one paralyzed. It was to him as a pest-house, and he felt as one might feel who had suddenly trodden upon a deadly serpent.

"Well, well," broke in the doctor's cherry voice, "how is it to-day?"

"Ah, good sir, dear kind friend, the end is nigh." It was the woman who answered.

"A better end than I can know in life," whispered the man upon the bed. The whisper was hoarse and hollow; and the effort produced a spasmodic cough.

The doctor approached the bed and the woman made way for him.

"You are not gaining strength are you, Eben?"

"No, Doctor. I can't deceive myself any more, I know I am dying. But who came with you? Didn't I see another?"

Meantime the woman had met the doctor's companion, and at this moment had recognized him.

"Arthur Latour," she exclaimed in glad surprise. "God bless you, sir, for coming to us in such an hour!"

Arthur beheld a woman yet young and comely, though pale and hollow-eyed, and poorly clad; and when she had spoken he recognized her. He remembered in his college days, a young man who had built boats for the students, and who had piloted them in their fishing voyages upon the coast. That man was Eben Burroughs. And he remembered Eben's wife, Sarah, then fair-faced and buoyant, who had in those other days, entertained him often at

her frugal board when a day's sport had kept him at the river. And he remembered how kind the boatman and his wife had always been to him, and how many times they had done their best to please him.

And one thing Arthur Latour remembered. He remembered a golden-haired, violet-eyed, sunny-faced maiden, a relative of Sarah's, whom he had met at the boatman's cot, and who had shined upon his path like a star that gleams with heavenly influence.

And this woman was Sarah Burroughs, and the man upon the bed was her husband. The children he remembered, one as a prattling urchin, and the other as an infant in its mother's arms.

"Arthur Latour!" echoed the sick man, making an attempt to raise himself upon his elbow.

"In mercy's name," cried Arthur, when he could find speech, "what's all this? Mrs. Burroughs! Eben! O, my soul! what does it mean?"

"My friends," said Dr. Tapely, "Arthur didn't know whom he was to meet when I brought him here. This is the first knowledge he has had of your misfortune."

"In heaven's name," pleaded Arthur, grasping the woman by the hand, all his manliness of heart and soul coming to the surface and showing itself in word and look, "how has this come to pass? Why do I find you thus?"

He sat down upon one of the stools, and Sarah Burroughs told him the story. Her husband had received an offer which had induced him to come to the great city. In time, the party for whom he worked failed, and at about the same time his own health broke down. Since then they had struggled on. Eben had sank gradually and surely beneath the fell disease, and they had been reduced by degrees unto their present condition.

"And only yesterday," said Dr. Tapely, "I found them. I thought, Arthur, you would blame me if I did not give you a share in this work."

There was a strange meaning in the expression of this last sentence, and only Arthur understood it. He understood it fully, and accepted it gracefully. His heart was in healthy tune now, and its throbbings were strong and true. He knew exactly why the doctor had brought him, and he accepted the situation.

"Take heart," he said, holding again the woman's hand. "I will do all for you that can be done."

And he spoke cheering words to Eben; and he went away, promising to come again on the morrow.

On the morrow Arthur Latour visited the place without the doctor, and on this occasion he ventured to speak of Ellen Wilton, the sunny-faced maiden whom he had met at their cot in the happier times.

"My sweet cousin, bless her!" returned Mrs. Burroughs. "She does not know of this. I have not dared to write. I would not bring her here, and I would not beg of her father."

Arthur provided every comfort possible; but there could be no earthly help for Eben Burroughs. In a few short days he sank into the sleep that knows no earthly waking; and when the mortal remains had been borne to rest in the old village churchyard by the river, Arthur removed the widow and her two children to a comfortable house in a respectable portion of the city.

And then Sarah Burroughs wrote to her cousin Ellen, and asked her to come and see her. And Ellen came, a bright, buoyant, happy girl, large-hearted and lovely, and her presence was like sunshine in the shadowed home.

And Arthur met her there; and when she knew what he had done for her kindred she blessed him in her heart, and blessed him in word.

Only a month had passed from the day on which Dr. Tapely found Arthur Latour dying of inanition, and yet what a change had been wrought. Under the influence of this blessed labor for the suffering ones his heart had regained its pristine strength and vigor, and the world looked once more bright and promising. He needed but one thing more to insure his happiness for the coming time; and one evening he stated his need to Ellen Wilton.

"It is for you to say," he concluded, "whether my heart-cure shall be complete, and my life be joyous from this time forth." And she rested her head upon his shoulder, and spoke to him the word of promise.—*Exchange.*

Masonry's laws are *reason and equity*; its principles, *benevolence and love*; and its religion, *purity and truth*. Its intention is *peace on earth*, and its disposition, *good will towards men*.

Our Archaeological Corner.

THE SEVEN MASONIC LOCALITIES OF THE HOLY LAND.

I. TYRE.—Out of Tyre, which was then the queen of the world in commerce and the arts, went forth Hiram, the Pillar of Strength, and that other Hiram, the Artificer, the Pillar of Beauty. To Tyre were sent King Solomon's messages, with their notification of the royal purpose to build a temple, and soliciting cedars and workmen for the undertaking. Tyre was the capital of the Phœnician Empire, known and felt in every part of the civilized world. Therefore Tyre is, beyond controversy, entitled to the first rank as a *Masonic locality*.

II. GEBAL.—Out of Gebal, then the school of the most renowned artificers, and the seat of the most widely-extended Masonic mysteries of the ancient world, went a band of skilled artists, styled "The Gibbites, or Stone squarers," whose fidelity, experience, skill, and all artistic acquirements, are commemorated in Masonic traditions, particularly in those of the Past Master, the Select Master, etc., as well as in many a structure, whose ruins yet excite astonishment and awe. Therefore Gebal is justly entitled to the name of *Masonic locality*.

III. MOUNT LEBANON.—Out of these noble heights went the precious cedars used in the construction of the Temple; materials whose costliness and durability are commemorated in many a Masonic legend. Therefore Lebanon is justly entitled a *Masonic locality*.

IV. MASONIC BAY (near Beyrout).—Out of this beautiful crescent, carved from the roots of Mount Lebanon by the Working Tools of the Grand Artificer himself, went the rafts of cedar beams prepared in the heights above, and freighted for Joppa, for the mighty erection at Jerusalem, This was the chief timber depot of all this region, and justly merits the title of *Masonic locality*.

V. JOPPA.—Through this ancient port, as the place of transit, went all the supplies of materials and of workmen needed in the immortal structure going up some thirty miles to the eastward. In all Masonic traditions Joppa is emphatically a *Masonic locality*.

VI. THE CLAY-GROUNDS.—From the Clay-grounds between Succoth and Zeredathah went all the holy vessels and the brazen pillars J. and B. For here the foundries were established in which they were cast. This, therefore, is a *Masonic locality*.

VII. JERUSALEM.—It needs no proof that Jerusalem is a *Masonic locality*.

—*Light in Masonry.*

KING PRIAM'S TREASURE.

The *Builder* says:—"Dr. Schliemann was on the point of giving up his excavations, and of quitting the Troad, perhaps for ever, when a lucky prod of the pickaxe revealed treasures as welcome as they were unexpected. In a small quadrangular space were found lying vases and other objects in metal, all bearing marks of fire, and sometimes even soldered together by the fierce heat. The quadrangular space had once contained a wooden box, which had been so completely burnt up as not to leave a trace behind. This glorious find consisted of vases of gold and silver, head-dresses, earrings and bracelets of gold, and copper weapons of war. . . . With this treasure was found a large copper key bearing a close resemblance to the key of a modern strong box. There are fragments of swords and implements of war, fourteen axes, seven double-edged daggers, and thirteen copper lances. Next follow a silver disk and two small silver vases, which the discoverer calls magnificent in their workmanship. There are also a silver goblet and three large silver vases, which all possess the peculiarity of being rounded at the base, and therefore could not be stood upon the table. Next follow six large blades of an alloy of gold and silver, and well wrought with the hammer. A similar mixture of gold and silver occurs in a small goblet seventy grammes in weight, provided likewise with a stand so shaped that the goblet could not rest upon it without being reversed. The gem of the collection is the *depas amphikypellon*—the drinking-goblet to which we have already referred. It weighs 600 grammes, and is all of pure gold. The treasure likewise contains a globe-shaped bottle weighing 403 grammes, and a goblet weighing 226 grammes, both of pure gold. Then there is a copper plate to which is fastened a silver vase by the

effect of intense heat; as well as a copper vase, kettle, and shield. Outside the box or rather the quadrangular space it is supposed once to have occupied, a helmet, a silver vase, and a goblet were picked up. The discoverer conjectures that the helmet belonged to the person who had deposited the box, and who was endeavouring to escape the conflagration. Dr. Schliemann has just now given to the public a most interesting account of his three years' exploration. The treasures, disinterred from a site upon which the explorer insists Troy once stood, are second in importance to none of a similar kind. Mr. Gladstone, who was favoured with a view of the photographs previously to publication, has expressed an opinion as to the exceeding importance of the collection to the archaeologist, the philologist, and, indeed, to every lover of the *Iliad*." The *Athenæum* says:—"Through the courtesy of Sir John Lubbock we have seen a letter from Mr. Calvert, in which he mentions the discovery in the Troad of a number of golden objects similar to those found by Dr. Schliemann. 'The relics consist of bars, earrings, head-pieces, &c., weighing from 100 to 200 ounces.' Mr. Calvert considers there is no doubt of the genuineness of the discovery."

WATCHWORDS OF LIFE.

Hope,
While there's a hand to strike!
Dare,
While you've a young heart brave!
Toil,
While you've a task unwrought!
Trust,
That there's a God to save!
Learn,
That there's a work for each!
Feel,
That there's strength in God!
Know,
That there's a crown reserved!
Wait,
Though 'neath cloud and rod!
Love,
When there's a foe that wrongs!
Help,
When there's a brother's need!
Watch,
When there's a tempter near!
Pray,
Both in word and deed!

—*Michigan Freemason.*

To be guided by *temperance* in our personal habits; to have *fortitude* to resist temptations and to check improper desires; to let *prudence* be the ruler of our actions, and *justice* instruct us to render to every one his due—is one of the moral lessons of Freemasonry,

Questions and Answers.

Q. 1.—What is the real difference between P.M.'s of the lodge, and Past Masters in the lodge? [A P.M.]

A.—A P.M. of the lodge is one who has passed the chair, actually; that is, presided for twelve months over the lodge, actually, by lawful election. A P.M. in the lodge is one who has joined the lodge, as a subscribing member, being already a P.M. in another lodge. He is eligible to the W.M.'s chair, is entitled to all the privileges of a P.M., but there may be some legal doubt whether he can *preside* over the lodge until he has been duly installed W.M. of the lodge [Ed.]

Q. 2.—What is a Hiram? [N.N.]

A.—A Hiram is an old name sometimes given to the gavel of the W.M.

[Ed.]

Monthly Odds and Ends.

BY MAX ADELER.

THE LIGHTNING-ROD MAN'S MISTAKE.—Up in Blossburg, the other day, a lightning-rod man drove up in front of a handsome edifice standing in the midst of trees and shrubs, and spoke to Mr. Summers, who was sitting on the steps in front. He accosted Summers, as the owner of the residence, and said:

"I see you have no lightning-rods on this house."

"No," said Summers.

"Are you going to put any on?"

"Well, I hadn't thought of it," replied Summers.

"You ought to. A tall building like this is very much exposed. I'd like to run you up one of my rods; twisted steel, glass fenders, nickel-plated tips, everything complete. May I put one up to show you? I'll do the job cheap."

"Certainly you may if you want to. I haven't the slightest objection," said Summers.

During the next half hour, the man had his ladders up, and his assistants at work, and at the end of that time the job was done. He called Summers out into the yard to admire it. He said to Summers:

"Now, that is all well enough, but if it was *my* house, I'd have another rod put on the other side. There is nothing like being protected thoroughly."

"That's true," said Summers; "it would be better."

"I'll put up another—shall I?" asked the man.

"Why, of course, if you think it's best," said Summers.

Accordingly the man went to work again, and soon had the rod in its place.

"That's a first-rate job," he said to Summers, as they both stood eyeing it. "I like such a man as you are. Big-hearted, liberal, not afraid to put a dollar down for a good thing. There's some pleasure in dealin' with you. I like you so much that I'd put a couple more rods on that house, one on the north end, and one on the south, for almost nothin'."

"It would make things safer, I suppose," said Summers.

"Certainly it would. I'd better do it, hadn't I—hey?"

"Just as you think proper," said Summers. So the man ran up two more rods, and then he came down, and said to Summers:

"There—that's done. Now let's settle up."

"Do what?"

"Why, the job's finished, and now I'll take my money."

"You don't expect me to pay you, I hope?"

"Of course I do. Didn't you tell me to put those rods on your house?"

"My house?" shouted Summers. "Thunder and lightning! I never ordered you to put those rods up. It would have been ridiculous. Why, man, this is the court-house, and I'm here waiting for the court to assemble. I'm on the jury. You seemed to be anxious to rush out your rods, and as it was none of my business, I let you go on. Pay for it! Come, now that's pretty good."

The Blossburg people say that the manner in which that lightning-rod man tore around town, and swore, was fearful. But when he got his rods off the court-house, he left permanently. He don't fancy the place.

THE PATENT OFFICE.—We are glad to perceive that the state of the Patent Office is attracting public attention. A deputation has waited upon the Lord Chancellor, to urge that something should be done for the Patent Museum, which ought never to have been separated from the Patent Office; and the members of the Society of Arts have been discussing how the large incomes received from patents may be best applied to the advancement of science. One useful mode of employing some of the annual surplus of £80,000 would be to prepare a general index to the patents. This has long been talked of, and has been retarded, we are told, first by the uncertainty as to what Parliament would do respecting the Patent Laws; and, secondly, because the late Master of the Rolls never attended the meetings of the Commissioners, and the Attorney-General was opposed to it. Now that the principal officials are changed, the index will probably be put into hand at once. The new annual indexes are a hindrance, instead of a help to investigation; and the partial classified indexes, however carefully compiled, can never supply the want of a complete index to every patent in the office.—*Athenæum*.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

THE Quarterly Communication has passed away, and the Marquess of Ripon has been re-elected unanimously, G.M. of our English Craft, for the happiness and well-being of our entire Order. All English Freemasons hail with gladness this re-election of their most excellent chief. M.W. Bro. Tomkins has also been unanimously re-elected Grand Treasurer. Beyond this, there is not much to note, except the judiciary case of a lodge, which will be decided at the next Quarterly Communication, so as it is still "sub judice" we hold our tongue.

THE anniversary meeting of the Boys' School took place March 11th, under the distinguished presidency of our most excellent Grand Master, who made, as always, a most efficient chairman, when the large sum of £7,004 7s. was received, of which £2,881 14s. came from London, and £4,122 13s. from the Provinces. All honour to our Craft, and great credit we think is also due to the untiring labours of Bro. F. Binckes, the zealous secretary of the Boys' School. The numerous "band of brothers," who acted as "Stewards," deserve all praise and approbation.

WE have to record the consecration of the Henley Lodge, No. 1472, at North Woolwich, on the 20th February, by V.W. Bro. John Hervey, G.S.; of No. 1473, at Bootle, West Lancashire, amid a large concourse of brethren.

LORD Skelmersdale, the popular P.G.M. of W. Lancashire, has been installed

M.E.Z. of the Bridson Chapter, No. 613 Southport.

THE Supreme Grand Chapter of Scotland has held its quarterly meeting March 4th, and elected its office bearers for the year. Sir M. R. S. Stewart, Bart, is first Grand Principal; Samuel Somerville, Deputy Grand Principal; Lord Kellie, second Grand Principal; and the Hon. and Rev. A. C. B. Hamilton, third Grand Principal. The Earl of Rosslyn is Past Grand Principal.

A good deal of controversy has been carried on in the "Freemason" about the Masonic Charities; we feel certain that the weak point at present is our lodge support of the Charities. All the funds are now raised by a few zealous brethren, and a few earnest lodges; a large majority both of lodges and members do not subscribe at all. The way to interest the brethren is, we feel sure, to make all the lodges subscribers, and to form Charity Committees in each Province on the model of the successful W. Yorkshire Charity Committee.

THE Foreign news abroad is not important, except that the Bishop of Perambuco, who amused himself by excommunicating the Freemasons of his Province, infringed in so doing the laws of the country, and has been tried in the court, and sentenced to four years imprisonment.

It is, however, very gratifying to see how the principles of Freemasonry are spreading, and how the Order is extending its boundaries. So long as it faithfully adheres to our great teaching all will be well.

THE EDITOR.

ANCIENT MASONIC LODGES, No. 3.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

It has been considered by some friends of late, who have expressed their views as to the origin of Freemasonry that the *speculative* element was never wholly a feature of the Craft until the "Revival" period of the second decade of the last century (A.D. 1716-7), that in fact wherever and whenever Brethren were found to congregate in lodges their meetings were mainly or generally held for operative Masonic purposes. To establish or test the validity of such a position all the early records of lodges should be examined, and we are of the opinion that when such is done *carefully and thoroughly* it will be found that there is no warrant for such a belief undoubtedly, as our learned brother Findel, the able Masonic historian has observed the "Revival" of 1716-7 was the means of introducing Grand Lodges and Grand Masters, and the various "degrees" known as Craft Masonry, but even then, the Masonic student well versed in the subject will perceive that however much the esoteric customs had been supplemented by additional "mysteries," the original system must have in some way been preserved in the midst of that which was new and original, to account for the recognition and acceptance of old Masons who joined the modern organizations, and for the reception of old lodges by the newly-formed Grand Lodges, as also for the fact of the *transition period* being rarely if ever referred to in the minutes of lodges assembling before, at the time, and subsequent to the creation of Grand Lodges, some lodges of which never joined these outgrowths of the speculative element, though they never refused the admission of visitors who came properly prepared and passed their examination. In the "Masonic Magazine" for October, 1873, and January, 1874, we have afforded an insight into the *operative* assemblies of

Masons, we now desire to allude to the wholly *speculative* character of some of the lodges prior to the "Revival," so as to prove such speculative proclivities *preceded*, not *succeeded* the institution of the first Grand Lodge in the world, at London, A.D. 1717. Respecting this important question Brother the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford and ourselves have paid especial attention, in order to discover every old record or MS. of value, and we could not possibly have a more competent or earnest colleague than our earnest brother. Bro. R. Sanderson, Prov. G. Sec. Peebles and Selkirk, some little time since drew attention to some "Old Lodge Records" which we think of great importance. It appears that the Minute-Book of the "Haughfoot Lodge" Scotland, so graphically described by Bro. Sanderson, commences at page 11, and is dated Dec. 22, 1702, when the portion preserved reads as follows " . . . of entrie as the apprentices did, leaving out (the common judge) they then whisper the word as before, and the Master Mason grips his hand in the ordinary way." For particulars as to the early use of the "Mason-word" we suggest a perusal of the grand work by Bro. D. Murray Lyon, (History of the Lodge of Edinburgh), and as to "secrets" other than the word, the "grip" mentioned in the foregoing, as also the Harleian MS., No. 2054, British Museum ("Hughan's Old Charges" p. 9., also "Unpublished Records of the Craft," p. 46., will afford suggestions as to what additional mysteries were promulgated by our ancient brethren; there are also printed allusions to such secrets in the seventeenth and early in the eighteenth centuries. The valuable History of Freemasonry by Bro. Findel may be advantageously consulted as to various early references to Freemasonry prior to the last century, besides which this excellent work contains more information respecting the character and progress of the Craft, while mainly operative, than any other book ex-

cepting Lyon's grand work. The Minutes of 22nd Dec., 1702, read as follows : "Haughfoot, the same day Sir James Scott of Gala, Thomas Scott his brother, David Murray, Philip Hough, James Pringle in Haughfoot, Robert Laurie, Stow Townhead and John Pringle (Wright) gave in petitions each for themselves earnestly desiring to be admitted into the society of Masons and Fellow Crafts, which their desire being maturely considered was accordingly agreed to and granted, and they each of them by themselves were duly and orderly admitted apprentice and Fellow Craft, and there was imposed the sums following to be paid into the box which they accordingly each himself promised to pay viz. (one seven pounds, another *three pounds*, and the remainder one pound each "*Scots*.")

"Thereafter the meeting resolved with one voice that there should be one yearly meeting of those concerned in this Lodge at Haughfoot, in all time coming upon St. John's Day."

On 27th Dec. 1705, the Laird of Torsonce was styled "Presses" (or Master) and not a minute can be found which refers to operative Masonry, so that the "*bread and butter*" theory which professes to account for the meeting of Masons prior to 1717, and which denies the existence of purely speculative Masons, before the "Revival" is to say the least untenable and opposed to facts.

The annual meetings being held on St. John's Day simply showed the preference of the members to be considered under the patronage of that Saint, other lodges preferred Saint Michael, others Saint Thomas, and some apparently fared as well without the aid of any Saints. Any five of their number were allowed to "admit qualified persons to the society of apprentice or Fellow Craft" (Dec. 27th, 1707).

There is not an allusion to the three degrees from first to last, so that for a period of sixty-one years (from 1702 to 1763), the members kept faithful to their

old traditions and customs, and never joined the Grand Lodge. The fact of these Minutes and other old Lodge Minutes being all silent as to "*Three Degrees*" has led Brothers Findel, Lyon, Dr. Mackay, and myself to consider such distinctions, *divisions*, and *separate* degrees were the work of the "Revivalists," although our most distinguished scholar, Brother the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford thinks otherwise. To our readers we simply say that Bro. Woodford's opinions are entitled to great consideration, *for few if any* have done more to advance the study of Masonic Archaeology, and no one takes more pains to verify his conclusions, still the labour of the remaining brethren we have mentioned have been thorough and equally as conscientious, and we are bound to state that so far, the weight of evidence, is in favour of the majority in number. We know not what may yet be brought to light for it is only within the last ten years that Masonic History has been fairly successful as far as the discovery and examination of old MSS. and Records of Lodges are concerned—so we must be patient and not assume the matter in dispute to be finally settled—meantime let us, as we have in the past, aid one another to our utmost in tracing various memorials of early Craft Masonry of which we have as yet but stray allusions, and so long as we are content to be guided by the evidence forthcoming we cannot be far wrong. In conclusion, and to save the time that a lengthy notice of the minutes of the Haughfoot Lodge would occupy, we present to our readers the valuable summary prepared by Bro. Sander-son from an actual examination he made of them in 1870, (*Freemason's Magazine*, August 20th, 1870.)

"As far as my humble opinion goes, I am still inclined to think that the old lodge at Haughfoot and Galashiels has stronger claims to the speculative than the operative theories. In support of which I adduce the following reasons.

"1st.—It was not composed of operative Masons chiefly, but candidates from all ranks, trades, &c., were admitted, and the brethren of note in the district, gentlemen of title and property, were generally elected to the offices, such as they were, in the lodge; the first mentioned Master Mason is John Hoppringle, of ytilk, the then Laird of Torsconce.

"2nd.—Although it had *not* a formula and ritual of three degrees, yet it had a formula and certain workings, embracing Apprentice and Fellow Craft; also a word and grip which the Masonic Mason gave to candidates at their admission, and the manner of admission was by petition as in the present day.

"3rd.—The fees, fines, &c., exigible from the brethren were used for the purpose of Masonic benevolence, which duty we find exercised as far as funds would allow, and when the *box* required strengthening, voluntary contributions, levies, &c., were the means adopted to increase the funds. It was not an operative sick or benefit society, such as find mentioned in old guild or Craft Minutes.

"4th.—The annual meetings were evidently conducted with all order, propriety and soberness. From the general time of the old records we can infer that there was little if any of the boisterous hilarity, convivialism, or apron washings of the eighteenth century. We find the brethren not unfrequently holding their annual meeting and festival at Haughfoot and afterwards holding meetings at Galashiels for initiations and other business.

"5th.—The meetings of the Lodge were usually once a year, upon St. John's Day, as in speculative lodges now, also business meetings were held during the year as occasion demanded.

"6th.—The ancient brethren maintained the dignity of the Craft, and punished with Masonic censure and fines, any violation of the same; and

"7th.—We find that neither the 1717, nor the 1736 periods made any difference in the order and working of the lodge. Such continued the same till 1759 and 1763, when we find wardens, stewards, and an officer added to other office-bearers; no reason is assigned in the minutes for this change, but it would simply be to promote uniformity with other lodges then existing. I regret that the records stop at this date, 1763."

UN SOUVENIR DU PASSE.

Old Time is fading from us all
Mid careworn hours to-day,
The shadows on us sadly fall
As life speeds fast away,
And from each gay or busy scene
'Midst happiness or tears,
There comes a thought of what has been,
A "Souvenir" of past years.

It seems but yesterday, good sooth,
That full of festive glee,
In all of honesty and truth
A genial company,
Was gathered in yon fair array,
In the Sunshine's brightest gleam,
And watch'd the hours pass away,
Like a very pleasant dream!

Alas! some voices now are still
So welcome then to hear;
Alas! of human good and ill
The leaves all dark and sere
Have fallen on our onward way,
Since that old faded time,
Those hours would not with us stay
In this misty cloudy clime.

No, one by one, those hours have sped
From us all alike in turn,
Tho' often now by memory led
We for them fondly yearn;
The voice seems speaking to our heart
Whose truth we all could tell,
Alas! how often time does part,
The friends who love so well.

Yet still fond fancy conjures up
A vision of the past,
The gracious smile, the classic brow,
The faith so fond and fast;
We jest now as we once could jest,
With hearts devoid of care,
We laugh as once 'mid peace and rest
When all was bright and fair.

The echoes seem to come again
If from a distant spot,
Where we are gathering again
The true "Forget-me-not,"
And there floats before our aching sight
A picture rare and true,
Which in its colours clear and bright
Gladdens our dazed view.

But as we muse and as we write,
We hear those chiming bells,
Which seem to talk of coming night.
Of partings and farewells;
And so our thoughts all pensive stray
In memory's magic power,
To the gathering of an ancient day,
To an forgotten hour.

Oh pleasant vision of "lang syne,"
Oh warm hearts now no more,
How brightly then our sun did shine
In that careless time of yore;
But now the colours seem to fade
Fast from the scene away,
Too fair it was, too bright too last
That "Souvenir du Passé."

A.F.A.W.

ROOKSTONE PRIORY.

(From *Keystone*.)

CHAPTER II.

"This is my nephew, Mr. Forrester, Miss West," said aunt Jem, as Lowndes joined her and her companion in the Rookstone Priory drawing-room—a low spacious apartment with a huge fire and many windows.

Mr. Forrester, judging by their voices that the ladies were near the fire, crossed over to them at once. He held out his hand.

"How do you do, Miss West?" he said kindly, his speech and manner free from all stiff conventional formality. "You are very welcome."

He felt a soft little hand timidly place itself in the palm of his own, and heard a sweet voice murmur, in scarcely audible tones—

"You are all so kind to me, I do not know how to thank you."

"For what?" cried aunt Jem lightly, who had caught the words. Don't be foolish, my dear. Let us go in to dinner; you must be both tired and hungry after your cold tedious journey from town."

Miss West hesitated. She was not dressed; and Lowndes and Mrs. Lorrimore were. Moreover, she was feeling uncomfortably shy, and would have liked to be alone on this her first evening at the Priory. She could hardly understand why Mrs. Lorrimore and Mr. Forrester should treat her, the companion, as though she were at Rookstone as a guest of the family. She did not know—she had yet to find out—the depth and goodness of aunt Jem's heart, and the nobleness and soul-bravery of blind Lowndes Forrester.

"I am not dressed," stammered Alice, "if you will excuse me, please."

"Nonsense, child," answered Mrs. Lorrimore, whose aim was to make the girl feel thoroughly at home; "come along. Lowndes, will you give your arm to Miss West?"

"And you take the other, aunt Jem," said he, gaily. "Now, Miss West."

So the three went into the dining-room; and under the subtle influence of Mrs. Lorrimore's motherly kindness and Mr.

Forrester's clever, earnest conversation Alice's timidity soon began to fade like mists before the sunshine, and the conviction that she was among friends who were wonderfully good, gradually to dawn upon her. By degrees she became less shy and more at her ease, this orphan girl who was cast upon the world's highway to win as best she could, the necessary daily bread. How very, very kind they were, she thought, gratefully, and how happy she might be at Rookstone Priory, if only she could succeed in pleasing Mrs. Lorrimore, and fulfilling conscientiously her duties as that lady's companion! Dinner and dessert over, aunt Jem and Miss West went back to the drawing-room. Lowndes was not long before he followed them. He found Mrs. Lorrimore dozing by the fire, and Miss West reading aloud at a little round table by her side. He sat down opposite aunt Jem—who, for a wonder, had not heard his careful, uncertain entrance—and spoke softly, for fear of waking her.

"Why do you read to night, Miss West?" he asked. "You must be tired."

Miss West's timidity was all gone now; her shyness had all vanished.

"No, thank you," answered she, raising her beautiful pitying eyes that Lowndes Forrester could not see; "I am rested completely."

The master of Rookstone lay back in his chair; the cloud was coming over his face again. Somehow this night he was feeling his utter helplessness more than ever. Aunt Jem snored gently; Miss West turned to her book, to shut it up, now that she had read Mrs. Lorrimore into the land of dreams.

"She is fast asleep, Miss West," said Mr. Forrester, still in the same undertone. "Let us talk; don't read any more."

"Very well," said she, with a smile, bright and amused.

And then he drew her on to speak of herself—of her life before she had met with Mrs. Lorrimore's advertisement in the *Times* newspaper, and the subsequent interview which resulted from the answering of the same. She told him how hard her young life had been in the large London boarding-school where she had lived nearly as long as she could remember, first as a pupil placed there by an uncle who could ill afford the terms demanded, and then at last as a pupil-teacher, paying

nothing, but receiving instruction in return for otherwise unremunerated service.

"My uncle," she said, simply and truthfully, "is very poor, and the only relation that I know in the world. He is very clever, although so poor. He was my dear papa's only brother; and when he died—papa, I mean—he left me to the care of Uncle Richard, who ever since has been just as good as a father to me. I don't remember my mother—she died years ago. I only know that she, when quite a girl, married my father—her father's curate—and in consequence was never forgiven by her friends and relatives for doing what they, in their anger, considered disgraceful. I believe she might have married a rich man—I think he was a baronet—had she so cared; hence her friends' displeasure. But Uncle Richard has made it all up to me. My holidays were always spent with him and his wife, who is a sad invalid! It was he who gave me the money and my things to come to Rookstone with. Without my uncle, my life would indeed have been a blank. It makes my heart ache to think of him—so clever, and yet so poor."

All this, and much more, did Alice West artlessly tell Lowndes Forrester, as she sat with him by the fire, in the light of waxen tapers, Aunt Jem, in her arm chair opposite, snoring gently at intervals. Never could he have imagined, Lowndes thought to himself, a girl so unaffected and winsome.

"I am sure she must be beautiful," mused he. "Would she, I wonder, think me impertinent were I to—Miss West," he said, suddenly, "will you grant me a favour?"

She looked surprised. "A favour, Mr. Forrester? Certainly, if I can."

"You can, if you will."

"May I ask you what it is?" inquired she.

"I want you to kneel before me on the hearth-rug. I should like——"

"To kneel before you on the hearth-rug?" she repeated, in undisguised amazement.

"Hush!" said Lowndes, lowering his voice and smiling at the girl's puzzled tones. "You will wake Mrs. Lorrimore. I do not wish you to do that."

"I am very sorry," Miss West answered, with a little contrite laugh; "but you astonished me, Mr. Forrester."

"I am blind," said Lowndes, gently.

She understood him then; she came and knelt down at his feet. Lifting her face, she waited to see what he would do. As she had guessed, he passed his hands slowly over her features—passed them over with a strange soft eagerness. He took them off with a sigh.

"You are beautiful," he said.

She rose from her knees, and went back to her seat; the earnest, truthful compliment brought the blood to her cheeks. She bent her head low, forgetting for the moment that he could not see her blushes.

"And now I am going to question you. Will you answer me?"

"Yes."

"Your features are straight," said Lowndes; "your forehead low and wide?" Alice nodded. "Why don't you say whether I am right or wrong?" asked Lowndes. She had forgotten that those dark eyes opposite were sightless.

"Yes, yes," she answered, hurriedly, while a vast pity was filling her breast, and a choking sensation in her throat sent a quick rush of tears to her own beautiful eyes; "you are right."

Mr. Forrester looked pleased.

"Your face is oval," he went on—"oval and very fair."

"Yes."

"And now," said he, "you must tell me the rest, and then I shall know exactly what you are like. You are not tall?"

"No; I am five feet and two inches."

"Your eyes are large, I know. Are they gray, blue or black?"

"No," laughed she, softly. "I think you would call them violet."

"And your hair waves, and you wear it low on your forehead?"

"Yes," she said; "and the colour of it is the colour of the outside of a nut—at least, so the girls used to tell me at school. Can you imagine what I am like, Mr. Forrester?"

"I know exactly what you are like," he replied, with his simple earnestness; "as I told you just now, you are very beautiful."

The entrance of a servant bearing the tea-urn put an end to this rather novel *tete a tete*, the homely musical clatter of

the teacups and saucers awakening Mrs. Lorrimore from her after dinner nap.

"Well, my dears," said she, eyeing Lowndes and Miss West with one lid open the other partially closed, "how have you been getting along? I've heard you talking—I've not been to sleep you know."

Which assertion was "as old as the hills." Lowndes had heard it hundreds of times before; Aunt Jem was very like the landlord of Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," who

Protested that he had not slept,
But only shut his eyes and kept
His ears attentive to each word.

"We have been getting along capitally," Lowndes answered. "Have we not, Miss West? Ready for your tea, Aunt Jem?"

"Whenever you are, dear boy," said Aunt Jem.

"Shall I make it, Mrs. Lorrimore?" Alice asked eagerly, moving towards the table which the servant had wheeled close to the fire.

"If you please, my dear," answered the old lady, who seemed delighted at the idea of having the task of tea-making taken out of her hands altogether.

So Alice West made tea, and waited on Mrs. Lorrimore and the blind master of Rookstone Priory, with a sweet watchful guardian-like air that made her more charming than ever in the eyes of that lady, to whom so gentle an attendance was as welcome as it was new.

"I have certainly got a treasure," was Aunt Jem's mental comment, as she sipped her strong tea, and nibbled her carefully buttered muffin, and, with her toes on the polished and steel-glittering fender, watched Alice's white hands flitting busily to and fro among the delicate old-fashioned tea-things; "Yes, I have certainly got a treasure. How bright she will make this silent old house, and how pleasant it will be for dear Lowndes and me, to have her always with us!"

When the clock in the hall had chimed the half hour after ten, John Barnes came in to lead his master up to bed. It was his custom always so to do.

As Lowndes Forrester left the room, leaning on old John's arm, looking so manly yet so touchingly helpless. Alice West's beautiful pitying eyes followed him till the door closed upon him.

"Oh, Mrs. Lorrimore," she cried, almost

excitedly, when she and Aunt Jem were alone, "how patient he is under so heavy an affliction! How bravely he bears it!"

"You mean Lowndes, my dear? Yes, he does. He has borne it now for nine weary years," sighed Mrs. Lorrimore.

"And is he always led about like that?" asked Alice.

"Only up and down stairs, my dear," said Aunt Jem, shaking her head sadly; "out of doors, out in the park and gardens, he manages to go alone. He seldom ventures beyond them though. Since his misfortune he has had an aversion to what he calls the 'outer world,' that is to say, beyond the boundaries of Rookstone Park."

"Did he become blind naturally?" asked Alice, hesitatingly.

"My dear, no," Mrs. Lorrimore replied, in a manner that forbade further questioning. "And now, my child, I think it is quite time that you were in bed and asleep, for you have had a long journey and must be tired. Good night, my dear, and Heaven bless you."

When Alice found herself in the pretty, elegant, and, to her, luxurious bedchamber which kind Mrs. Lorrimore had had prepared for her, she fell on her knees and prayed fervently that she might show herself worthy of the great goodness which Heaven had lavished upon her, in guiding her footsteps to Rookstone Priory.

"I wonder—oh, I wonder," she cried to herself, as she laid her head upon the soft down pillow, "If Uncle Richard could give him his sight again! He is so clever, poor Uncle Richard. When I know Mr. Forrester better, I will tell him of Uncle Richard's wonderful skill, and will be bold enough to ask him to—Who knows," she broke off, "but that I may have been sent to Rookstone Priory for some good purpose? Oh, if it might only be so!"

All that night the dreams of Alice West were haunted by a dark, sad bearded face with sightless eyes and a patient voice, and towards the morning she thought that the owner thereof was kneeling at her feet beseeching her to restore the beautiful gift of which an unkind Fate had cruelly deprived him. She dreamed that, stooping over him, she lightly touched with her lips those eyes that could not see, and that immediately they were opened, and he saw

like other men ; that, in the fulness of his joy at the miracle which she had wrought, he caught her to his breast and covered her blushing face with his grateful passionate kisses, asking her at the same time to accept, as a reward, the true love and devotion of the rest of his life.

(*To be Continued.*)

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

On Bro. the Rt. Worshipful George M. Randall, Bishop of Colorado, delivered before the Grand Lodge of Masons in Denver, October 1st, 1873.

Behold, Most Worshipful Grand Master, the Wisdom, Strength and Beauty which support, establish and adorn the Masonic institution,—which lights its burning tapers and sets up its jewels, alike in every age, and in every land,—whose Grand Lodges sit in all the Capitals of the earth, as well as beside the silent and solemn mountains of this lonely land.

The greetings of congregated Masons from every nation come up to our mountain gates, with the ancient Masonic salutation, "Health, Union and Peace," and the presence of the Patriarchs, Kings, philosophers and artists, who have borne the gavel and worn symbols of our Craft among all nations since the world was young, seems with us still, as we meet on the steps of prudence to join in the words of wisdom and the salutations of truth.

This day an occasion of no small significance calls us together. A Grand Lodge, assembled to maintain the order and dignity of the Ancient Craft, is called from its labours—lays aside its working tools, and putting on the symbols of its mourning, and of its hope and faith in the life immortal, goes out from its tesselled floor to bear the greater and lesser lights, with reverent step in the funeral march of a brother, whose Masonic home lies almost three thousand miles away. At the same time one whose station is half way between, is called to give feeble utterance in part, to the sentiments which move all hearts assembled and engaged in this fraternal task.

By the request of the Grand Master, which in such a case can be to me nothing less than a command, I stand in your

presence, Masters, Wardens, and Brothers, to speak in memory of a departed brother, whose voice and smile, now lost to earth, were lately welcomed by you all with the highest gratification,—one who was at once an object of your affection, respect, and admiration. Of your affectionate regard because of his benevolent sentiments and brotherly sympathy in all your wishes, hopes, and designs : of respect, for the unblemished purity of his life, and a sterling character so long maintained before the world, and which presented so bright an example to society, and brought such honour to our institution; and of admiration for the noble aspirations, untiring energy, comprehensive knowledge, and marked ability displayed by him on every occasion in behalf of his fellow men.

That your Grand Lodge, composed of so many Masons eminent by experience and Masonic knowledge, has seen fit on mature deliberation, to act as it has done on this occasion, may be deemed sufficient proof of the esteem in which our illustrious brother was held among the Masons of the wide-spread Territory represented in this body. Yet no one can doubt, who reflects upon the character of the deceased, the conspicuous part he so long acted upon a widely extended field of public usefulness ; the influence he exerted in the building up of Colorado materially, intellectually, and morally, and his earnest and steadfast devotion to Masonry in all its orders and operations, even to the day of his death, that the action of this Grand Lodge is fully justified, as being in accordance with the usages of the Craft, and reflects honour upon the motives and sentiments which actuate its members.

In this land where strangers from all parts of the world have so lately assembled to form a community, it is not convenient to learn the private history and circumstances of any. From this cause, and having come from a State very distant from that of the R. W. Brother Randall, I am prevented from laying before you the facts of his Masonic history, as should and would be done in the land of his nativity, among those who have walked by his side in all the paths of his varied and useful career.

It has been generally known in this community, that in the Lodge, as well as in the Church of his choice, he had long

ago risen to the highest honours which each could bestow, and it was apparent to all that he could not not be enlisted in the cause of any association or organization secular or ecclesiastical, without shortly being conspicuous among his fellows, whether superiority should depend on learning, intelligence, eloquence, executive ability, or the magnanimous qualities which attract the sympathies and rivet the affectionate regard of the human mind. But it has not been generally known, that next to the religious faith to which he had consecrated his life and all his powers, he held in chief regard and veneration the grand principles of Ancient Craft Masonry, and lost no opportunity of joining in the labours of the Lodge in any capacity, however humble or laborious, if he could thereby contribute to the great and glorious work of rebuilding the temple, and house of the Lord, or make further discoveries for the benefit of the Craft.

Those of our brethren, however, who have been most closely engaged in building up our institution in Colorado, have had continued and abundant proofs of his sincere and active interest in the advancement of our cause, and they well know that on every occasion when called upon, he has exerted himself to the utmost to aid in the work, devoting the influence of his character as well as the resources of his accomplished intellect, to the cause for which the Grand Lodge to-day assembles.

Of the particulars of his Masonic life, I have been able during the few hours since I was called to this duty to learn but little, compared with what might have been ascertained if time had permitted, and access to his books and papers had been possible. Beyond the general fact that he was, and is deemed an illustrious Mason, in a jurisdiction which can boast of pre-eminence in the number and character of its Masonic scholars; that he had been elevated to the Grand East in the most renowned Grand Lodge in the Western hemisphere, and had served with honour to himself and profit to the Craft, I have been able to glean from the few materials accessible; that his services as a Masonic Orator have been in continual requisition in the cities of Massachusetts and adjoining States, upon occasions of the highest interest to the Craft, and that he acquitted

himself to the great honour of the institution and gratification of the brethren.

I find in the published proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts so late as the year 1871, at the grand banquet of the Grand Lodge on the 40th anniversary of the Declaration of the Masons of Boston, among the illustrious brethren whose names appear, the Grand Master M. W. S. D. Nickerson introduced our illustrious brother Randall, saying among other things: "His Masonic brethren have conferred upon him another title, only second to that which he bears in the Church. They have distinguished him by the title of Right Worshipful. Brethren, I give you the health of our Senior Past Grand Master, Rt. Worshipful and Rt. Reverend George M. Randall, Bishop of Colorado." After this introduction follows the address of P. G. M. Randall, which only needs to be read in order to show how nobly our illustrious brother represented the dignity of the Craft of Colorado in that far off seat of Masonic intelligence and worth.

Again I find in the published proceedings of the semi-centennial banquet, given by St. Andrew's Lodge in honour of the fifty years membership therein of the illustrious Bro. Charles W. Moore, a letter from Bishop Randall, Past Chaplain of that Lodge, which shows that at that time, (Oct. 10th, 1872) the pen of Bro. Randall was inspired with the same zeal and regard for the institution which had so often before found expression in the masterly eloquence of his tongue. I also learned from the lips of one particularly entitled to speak from actual and intimate knowledge, that to the day of his death his thoughts and affections were with the Craft. So well was this deep interest recognized by the Masons of New England, that when the Grand Masonic procession, with the President of the United States, himself a Mason, at its head, passed through the streets of Boston at the celebration of the Cap Stone of the great Masonic Temple, the procession halted before the home of Bro. Randall—he being absent, and his estimable wife, ever devoted to our cause, having displayed his Masonic badge at the window in honour of the occasion,—and going in, the brethren took his little grandson, who bore the same name, and carried him to the President's carriage, who

kissed him and then seated the child beside him, when the procession passed on.

From such incidents, though but a very few out of the great number which I doubt not could be verified, did opportunity permit, may be sufficiently seen the relation which our illustrious brother held to the body of the Craft in his native State.

Nor has he been wanting in name and fame as a man of letters. In theologic lore he has shown such proficiency that works of his pen have not only reached a very remarkable circulation in this country, but in fact have been reprinted across the ocean, in the very seat of English literature—in a land whose history teems with the names of illustrious divines of his own faith and Church, since the days of the Crusades.

But we of Colorado have a special right to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of this lamented brother, from the great influence he exerted by his example, and the results of his unconquerable energy in promoting the welfare of this rising Territory. He was continually building up the waste places of the land, and aiding and strengthening the hands of all who were labouring for the cause of education, refinement, morality, and religion. Thus he founded colleges, schools, and churches, and not only in this Territory, but those that were a thousand miles apart in the neighbouring Territories which formed a part of his extensive diocese. Where he could, he built a college. If this could not be done at present he founded a school. Where he could, he established a church; if this could not be, he set on foot a mission. By his exertions and influence he secured means abroad, which he brought here to establish valuable institutions and adorn the wilderness with the useful works of art, as if in him dwelt the spirit of our ancient Craft, whose mission it was in the olden time to fill the earth with temples, churches and halls of learning, whose foundation stones were laid by Grand Masters, and whose cope stones bore the marks of renowned craftsmen. In the erection of these structures he was carrying on the operative work of Masonry itself, while the benevolent purposes he was accomplishing are one with the sublime objects our institution strives to promote, and for which we assemble here to-day.

Therefore, let all agree that the Grand Lodge of Colorado has done well in signal-

izing their esteem for brethren of such a character, whether they be Jew or Gentile, devoted to one religious faith, or to another, so that they act from the sublime impulse of love to God and humanity, and labour for the amelioration of our race. For, in the contemplation of Masonry, all alike are brothers, the children of one Divine parent, whose mercy is not strained, but cometh down as the rain and dew, as the starlight and the sunbeam upon all, to nourish, and beautify, and bless.

When the lamp of life with him was burning low, as the dying taper by a sacred shrine, and the fluttering pulse grew feebler, and fainter, in the presence of the loving angel of death, the companion of his bosom read from the Holy Writings that psalm of the wonderful singer of Israel, whose golden words can never perish among men or angels,—“How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Jehovah of hosts!” and the dying man of God put forth his quivering hands upon the heads of those most dear to him kneeling by his side, and uttered this benediction:

“May the blessing of God the Father, the love of the Son, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all, amen.”

These were the last words on earth of the Rt. Worshipful George M. Randall. Let them dwell in our memories as the last gift of a beloved friend, and ring in the chambers of each heart as the music of a higher and better life, lulling the selfish desires and passions of our natures to charity, and harmony, and peace.

Well has it been written, “The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walks of life—quite on the verge of heaven.”

Well has it been said, “Death is the test of life, all else is vain.”

Well may we now say, there is nothing good but charity, there is nothing mighty but truth, there is nothing great but God.

And so we have bent above his bier, and have borne him with our hands on the way to the ever-grasping sepulchre, with the badge of sorrow upon the left arm, the symbol of affection, sympathy and grief; with the evergreen cassia on the breast, that speaks of the Mason's hope,—the music of instruments in wailing semi-tones that gave forth imperfectly and feebly the yearning and mournful language of our hearts. The solemn step and reverent

mien spoke the acknowledgement of our human souls that the will of God is accomplished, "so mote it be." We left his mortal form in darkness, and coldness, and loneliness, and returned in sadness to the place of our assembly. But our hearts remained with the crumbling form, murmuring, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

It was well! For in that funeral march we saw that which is waiting for each of us, for whom first we knew not; and this terrible reflection flamed up before our souls—this is the end of earth; to-morrow, that is, sooner or later, but certainly to-morrow, be it soon or late, this shall be done for us. Death is the end of all. But the heart will not be subjugated by this gloomy, this doleful sentence.

It will not say farewell, brother, and forever, but grasping at the half-hidden, half-demonstrated truth, which forces itself upon the inner consciousness, it whispers as to one who yet can hear the secret voice of the soul—called by our ancient Grand Master the "voice of stillness"—farewell, brother, we *shall* meet again. Go on the way the Master sends thee; the higher degrees of life are beyond the door which is ever open but closely tiled. Go on, as thy trust is in God, follow thy conductor and fear no evil, for the tree of life is beyond the flaming sword.

Go on to join the innumerable host, the grand Masonic procession of all time, which ever presses towards the mystic door; to the veil which Mercy throws before the senses, and to the real life.

The Masters of the great Masonic secret have passed before. Their march is regal, for crowns and sceptures have they borne—sacerdotal, for the mitre and the ephod they did wear, and the "Urim vae thummim" blazed along their line—holy, for the voice of prophecy lived upon their lips. From the days of the pillars of Seth until now has been their solemn march. We cannot hail them on their inevitable way, we cannot look within the marvellous veil which shuts them in with its invisible folds. We cannot catch glimpse or whisper of the awful ministrations which welcome each or all from the world of matter to the world of substance; from the things which perish to the things which are real. We can only note where they have passed, sporting on the sunny

uplands of pleasure, or camping with weeping sorrows in doleful vales—the high hill and low valleys of the mortal land, where they shared the mystic bread and wine of Melchizedek, rested by the Patriarch's tent, or slumbered by the rock and ladder of Beth El. We see them pass between the fire and cloud of Yemen's land, and the glimpse of white, and blue, and purple, and scarlet banners shows across the misty plains. The lion, the ox, the man, and the eagle, fragments of their cherubic heraldry, lie scattered in the dust of Nineveh's, and Egypt's unrecorded ages. By the fire and smoke of Sinai are their tents; they bear the cap-stones of all temples, and the sound of their gavel, picks and trowels rise from the quarrying grounds of all art, the secret vaults of all science, and the walls and turrets of every fabric of philosophy and law.

Then farewell, all ye brothers who have passed this way before us. Yet a little while of task and journey, and we too must heed the Warden's call of the sixth hour, lay aside our working tools, and follow, if we be worthy to stand upon the centre, to the assembly of the just.

In that Sublime Lodge whose length, and breadth, and height are equal; whose jewels are Love, and whose lights are Truth, in all their order, unchanging and eternal, we believe you stand. In that beatified land where the inhabitants shall not say I am sick, but the light of the sun of righteousness forever arises with healing on his wings, we believe you dwell. This is the secret you bore in your mystic ark, still inscribed beneath the sacred arch of our sanctum sanctorum, within the square of Charity and the triangle of Truth.

Masters, Wardens, and Brothers, what is the conclusion of the whole matter? Has not our Ancient Grand Master made answer for all time? Fear God and keep his Commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. — *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine.*

Freemasons are the associated friends of humanity; their sacred union embraces in its philanthropy the amities of the gospel; and that charity in its kindest exercise and largest extent is her distinguishing characteristic.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Though I am getting an oldish boy, I have still a "wee bit" of sentiment left in this withered and worn anatomy of mine, and I do not resemble, certainly that most interesting man, who when he was asked by a confiding female "where his feelings were?" replied as confidingly, "in my pocket." No, like Mr. Tracy Tupman, of ever-verdant memory and sentimental tendencies, I still have a weak point, if you like, about me, and that is St. Valentine's Day. Yes, St. Valentine's Day is to me, always, a "tender pint," as Mr. Samuel Weller would put it; and that, I think, is something in these "poco curante days," when, as a young lady said once in my hearing, "the young men evidently think more of "Sherry and Bitters," and "B. and S.," than they do of us poor little creatures." The speaker was, however, well able to take care of herself, as most of our girls happily are for themselves at the present hour, and when her "Strephon" does turn up, I would recommend him to mind his P's and Q's, or she will certainly want to know "the reason why!" And so this last Valentine's Day, as it seemed to me quite useless, and indeed hopeless, for one whose locks were grey, and whose knees were neuralgic, (that is the proper word), and who had long out-lived the time and the mates, "Sub Regno Bonæ Linaræ," to affect to be sentimental, or to indite a Valentine to,

Some Laura Amelia,
Who no one e'er saw or may see,
Some youthful Jemima or Celia,
Some developed Anna Marie,

I thought I would go back to my Valentines of the past, and be once more young, hopeful, believing, and happy!

What creatures of delusion we all are! Well, it is a pleasant thing to write a Valentine, or to send one. Not that your own Sophia cares much for "Cupid's Dart," or the "Lonely Heart," not she, she prefers a sharp gallop with the T.P.C., but she likes you, her own dear "Peter," not to forget her sweet

self. I don't myself, believe, as a general rule, that some young ladies think much of Valentines at all, and I fully expect that many a British matron who reads these lines will say, grandly, "Henry Triptolemus never sent me a Valentine. No, he was far too proper, and I am, I hope, above such customs, which I believe are still practised in some classes of society." Well, my dear madam, let Valentines be as you think, a vulgar, or as the Germans would say, a "Gemein" custom; why should not Billy write to Sally, or Jacky to Molly, or Philander to Dinah? I can't help thinking that some good may come out of a Valentine, and that many an honest boy, and many a true-hearted girl, severed through long weary months, may be revived by the genial message of St. Valentine's Day. I am free to confess, that none of my Valentines ever did me any good at all. There is that beautiful one I sent to Artimisia, she turned up her nose at it, and is married, happily, to Diamonds, Down Street and Dirt. Nor did I fare better with Melionora. She is, as everybody well knows, the happy partner of the hopes and expectations of that rising man, Sir Theophilus Stokes, M.P., and is blessed with a numerous progeny of chubby little Stokes's. Nor did my touching Valentine avail with sentimental Laura, who has been contented with an old country house, and a very good position in the county. Nor did my well-chosen missive take even with that poetic being, Cassandra, who I saw driving a smart pair of cobs, most charmingly and decisively, the other day. No, I cannot feel that Valentines have done me any good, but then my young friend Anthony, for whose especial benefit I write these pathetic lines, they may do you!

So Anthony, do not feel ashamed that you sent that beautiful Valentine, with a little house, and a little nest, and two billing wood-peckers, to Pamela—who can tell what effect it may have had on her "obderrate buzzum?" We are living, Anthony, my young and

hopeful friend, in an age of much want of faith and loyalty; but may you prove yourself what Diana Harford says she is "waiting for" — "a man!" Have nothing to do with the young "Small-tork's" of the day, or those enlightened youths who sneer at everything except "Absinthe," and "Nips," in which they greatly indulge, and apparently believe, —if they believe anything at all—and above all, do not be ashamed of it if you really are in love with a "suitable female." Our ancestors kept up Valentine's Day, the great mass of our honest English folk keep it still; and, believing as I do, that say what we will, and write as we may, we ought to be very proud of our old English "lot," and of our insular if antiquated ways, I am glad to express, even in the failing and tottering hours of old age, my unaltered sympathy with the hopes and fears, and genial fun, and kindly associations, which flow to many a youthful heart from St. Valentine's well-observed anniversary.

CLEBS.

LOVE IN SWEDEN.—Courtship and marriage in Sweden are peculiar institutions. Du Chaillu says:

"I saw one match made. He met her at the gate, poked his finger in her ribs, and said:

"I want to get married; don't you?"

"Oh, I don't know. Go away."

"Yes, you do. Let's get married."

"Well, ask papa."

"No; never mind him. We'll get married anyhow."

"And he went around telling everybody he saw:

"I'm going to marry that girl."

"The preparations continued during the three weeks required by law to have the banns published in the churches. Fishes were caught, stores for the feast laid in, beer brewed, and whisky purchased. Wedding jollifications are indulged in for a week. This couple were married. They went from the church to the house, and the bridesmaids locked the bride in the room. The groom knocked at the door.

"How much will you give to come in?"

"Two cows and five dollars."

"That's not enough."

"Three cows and ten dollars."

"Oh, you are rich. You must give more than that."

"Five cows and twenty-five dollars was the final offer, which was accepted."

ON CHANGE TOUJOURS ICI.

I grieve to think how all is chang'd
Since we were plucking glad May-flow'rs,
My thoughts have often backwards ranged
To other days and olden hours;
But now, alas! have fled apace
Those pleasant moments free from care,
The merry laugh, the winning grace,
The loving presence blithe and fair.

How things and persons change to-day;
How Times' spell leaves its token here,
How all we cherish fleets away,
How vanishes all we hold most dear;
And as the onward march of age
In failing strength and dimmer sight,
Proclaims to all the closing page,
How oft have we to bid "Good Night,"

To the sweet twilight hours of eve,
To the sun's fading roseate ray,
Which gilds the memories which grieve
With the halo of a brighter day.
Ah yes! how one by one in turn
The hopes which move, the dreams which bless
Quit us, to make us only yearn
For their dear forms in nothingness.

For vain is all the strife of years,
Vainer the diary of our life,
Vain are our smiles and vain our tears,
Vainest our friendship and our strife;
For all we have, and all we seek,
The pride, the pomp we love so well,
We find both vanishing and weak,
A dream to dream, a tale to tell.

If some warm fancies still belong
To this poor mortal state below,
If Providence may oft prolong
Our lot 'mid scenes of joy or woe;
Alas! how valueless to keep,
Alas! how impotent to save,
Are all those treasures we so weep
From the destroyer and the grave.

No, change alas! is still the lot
Of mortals here as journeying on,
They greet the things which bless them not,
The idols they've set their hearts upon;
Gone in a moment, swiftly past,
Are all the joys we count the best,
No happiness on earth can last,
Nor man below find perfect rest.

Yet one day in a happier meeting
Where change is now no longer known,
When ours shall be a glad some greeting
Of those we softly call "our own,"
Nothing shall alter old affection,
Nothing shall chill the trusting heart,
No shadow cast its dark reflexion
On those who've met no more to part.

A.F.A.W.

Gleanings from Old Documents.

BY THE EDITOR.

It has been long known, that many interesting details with regard to the Operative Masons of this country, are to be found in the "Fabric Rolls" and chapter accounts of our various cathedrals, and old monasteries, and royal buildings, and very many are still lying in damp and darkness altogether unknown and unheard of, among Exchequer Rolls and the like. I have long been of opinion that the true history of our Order is to be found in the records of the old Operative Guilds, and, therefore, with many more I hailed the appearance of such works, as the "Fabric Rolls of York Minster" edited by my learned friend Canon Raine for the Surtees Society, and the Memorials of Westminster Abbey, published by that eminent architect, Sir Gilbert Scott.

Both these writers are not Masons, so even the "profane" will be ready to attend to their evidence on the subject. Having accidentally had my attention called to an ancient Expense Roll, of the building of the Collegiate Chapel of St. Stephens, (the old House of Commons,) in a somewhat scarce pamphlet published in 1834, I have thought it well to give an extract from it to-day, and if it interests the brethren, I will give other extracts from it, from time to time.

The royal palace at Westminster was built by William Rufus and also that magnificent Hall, which still remains a monument of the grandeur and architecture of that early period. Near the great hall in the palace at Westminster, the chapel was begun, it is said by the early chroniclers, by King Stephen, and dedicated by him to the honour of St. Stephen, the Proto-Martyr. It is, however, asserted that King Edward the First rebuilt the chapel after he had rebuilt the Abbey Church of Westminster in 1285, and the works of the new chapel began in 1292, and continued for more than two years. An account of the expense of these operations is preserved in rolls of weekly payments, remaining in the Exchequer. These various rolls contain the articles purchased within the week and the daily payments to each workman of every denomination. The first roll is

thus entitled "*Primus Rotulus de operationibus primo factis pro Capellâ beati Stephani in Palatio Westmonasterii.*"

This is in 1292, and we have in this roll the several articles bought stated, and then follow the payments to workmen.

Some of these old operatives received 5d. per day, some 3½d., some 3d., some 2½d. and some 2d. The Magister Cementarius or Master Mason is Master Michael of Canterbury, who receives from the treasurer (*le tresorier*), the money to pay the workmen, "*per manus Magistri Michaelis de Cantuariensis cementar.*" His wages are not stated, but as we find a few years later that Magister Thomas at the same building received 6s. a week, we may fairly assume that to be the amount. And if we remember, that we must consider the value of money as increased at least fifteen times since then, a very little calculation will serve to shew, that the Master Mason and Masons, were well paid, as the lowest amount of wages, was according to our money 2s. 6d. a day, and with we know many "vails" or presents. The Master Mason would receive at the rate of £4 10s. a week, and his garment of fur.

Let us go back to the Roll of the first week, "*Prima Septimana pro opere Capelle Westmonaster; 28th die Mensis aprilis Anno regni Regis Edwardi filii, Regis Henrici Vicesimo; i. e. (A.D. 1292).*"

Some of the entries are very interesting. "*De Ricardo le cupere, pro 50 Ting de Quereu empt at 1 Loggiam inde faciend, adopus Magistri Michaelis et eorum cementar scilicet, 0. 15s 0.* Our old brethren worked apparently in a wooden (oak) lodge. It would almost seem as if a lodging house was also provided for the Masons, as another item is to the effect—"*Walter Tateroun pro 6 c, di, 1, quart arundinis empt pro cooperatarum hostiarii Magister Michaelis et eorum cementar in parte pro centena 12d. 0. 6. 9.*"

The hostelry or lodging house was tiled with reeds. Robert le Hacker the carpenter—(what a good name for a carpenter,)—receives for 4 days 5d. a day. So does Allan de Clutisdale, (probably a canny Scotchman from Clydesdale).

The following Masons received 3d. a day: Hugo Byldchhof, evidently a foreigner, Richard Bledelawe, Walter Tortar, Walter of Woodstock, Godfrey of Henryle, John of Compton, Thomas of Wodelond, Rich-

and Fayrweder, probably Fairweather, (a very good name indeed for a Mason,) and Walter Cook. Then come thirty-four Masons who work for four working days a week and received 2d. a day. I give the names because many interesting facts and considerations arise out of the same. I have anglicized them as far as possible :

William le Ferour,	Henry de Steventon,
Henry Costard,	William Drinkpeny,
Walter le Waller,	Alexr. of Westminster,
John of Wilton,	Richard Squyrel,
Richard le Thirgner,	William of Chiding-
Adam of Colewyk,	fold,
Stephen Att-felde,	Jak Ardinge, (clearly
Nicholas Welland,	Jack Hardinge.)
Walseman,	William Ardinge,
John le Grom,	Thomas Wonder,
Robert Sterling,	John de Stanstede,
William Gilchawe,	Philip Edlyman,
John de Beverly,	John Balemound,
Walter le Heldere,	Robert de Upplio,
John Lowe,	Thomas de Oakham,
John le Gardiner,	Stephen de Fulham,
Adam de Biflete,	William Joseph,
Robert le Fand,	Richard le Gardiner.

In addition to these names we have also given, Gregory le Tresour, paid for two days only 3d. a day, and Simon of Woodhull, 2½d. a day. Ralph, the painter (Pistori) 5d. per day for two days work, and Richard Lucas and Wymarek, both apparently painters, the same amount for the same time. Master Walter the painter receives 12d. a day, and as he receives 7s. for the week, it would almost seem as if he worked on the Sunday, whereas our good old Master Mason remembered "the Sabbath day to keep it holy." But it may be what is called a "wage of contract," or weekly wage, that is 12d. reckoned per day, whether he works or not, and if he was a foreigner that would probably be the case.

The Roll concludes with a payment to Hugoni Chrico (Hugo the clerk or clergyman) for writing this weekly roll, or pay-list, namely 1s. 6d. The wages in all amount to £2 that is £30 of our money, the things bought to £13 3s. 5d., about £195 of our money, in all £225 as the weekly amount according to the comparative value of money now and then.

I will give other extracts if such a matter interests the brethren, and the readers of the Magazine, but here I must stop for to-day.

THE MASON'S ORPHAN DAUGHTER.

A MYSTIC STORY.—BY JEFFERSON.

"Who will put what God hath given,
To the wisest, noblest use?
Who will clothe the homeless orphan,
Fill with oil the widow's cruse?
And like him of old Samaria
Help the stranger in his need,
Reckless of his name or nation,
Reckless of his father's creed?

Call the roll."—[Bolton.]

In a late visitation which we made to one of the Orphan Homes of this State, we found among the interesting groups of fatherless inmates of the institution, a sweet-faced little girl of some eleven summers, whose mild blue eye and simple, womanly manners at once attracted our attention, and kindled within our heart, as is somewhat natural in such cases, an inquisitive desire to know something of her history.

The wonderful, attractive power which some persons possess, and which is often found even in the eye and contour and manners of the young, seems to wear the mystic blandishment of some weird land. There is an unearthly beauty in the personnel, and wand power of immediate influence in the individual spirit which but few can resist. It comes over us like a divinity, and fastens our admiration as with the tethers of an irresistible affinity.

It was this sort of a soul-subjugation, which came over us when we looked into the eyes and apparent angel character of this little orphan girl as she sat among the rest, as if she were but a common lamb of the fold, with the helpless and innocent consciousness that she was only an orphan child, homeless and friendless, and without a single bright star to illuminate her unknown future.

To us her condition seemed a sad one—without father or mother, brother or sister, and alone in the world with no guardian power over her save that of the sympathy of public charity.

When the songs and prayers of the evening were over, and the orphan family had retired to their respective chambers for the night, we began our questioning with the kind-hearted matron, who herself is the relief of a Masonic brother whom we once

knew, and who in her present position is doubtless the right woman in the right place.

"What is the history," we asked, "of this little blue-eyed girl who sat here to our right this evening during devotional services?"

"O, that is Annie Torry, one of my favourite pets. Isn't she an interesting child?" the Matron asked.

"Indeed she is, but where is she from?" we inquired.

"Her little short life story," responded the good woman, "is full of interest, and I might add even of romance, too, for she is an English born child, and here in this city lost both her father and mother within a year. She had two little brothers, but they are since dead, and Annie is now the only one left of the entire family."

"She is indeed a fair and beautiful child," we replied, "and her very soul seems to speak through the soft and mild beamings of her eyes."

"Does she seem happy here?" we inquired.

"Why, yes, this is her native disposition. It seems to be natural with her to be easily pleased, no matter what turns up."

"Do you know anything of her parentage, further than that she is of English birth?" we asked.

"Why, yes," she replied; "I have heard that her father was a Master Mason and came to this country to better his fortune as a machinist, and for some time worked in this city. But poor man, he and his wife both died within a year after coming to the country. Their possessions were small, and by the time they had passed through their sickness and death, there was nothing but their three children left behind."

With a sympathy of soul for the poor little orphan daughter that was even painful, we bid the good Matron adieu for the evening, with a promise of attending the Sabbath services the next day in the institution.

We could but think when lying down for the night how melancholy and hopeless is the prospective destiny of the tens of thousands of orphan children which are to be found scattered over our country. We thought, devoutly too, of the "All-seeing eye," and wondered if there was not an especial assurance given to all such, in

that old Jewish inspiration, "When thy father and mother forsake thee, then will the Lord take thee up." Surely if God pities the poor, there must be some special hope for the helpless orphan in the divine compassion. Life's relationships are often sad at the best, for men and women are weak and frail, and too frequently are wanting in education and intelligence as well as in self-government, and even with their children around them they are often far from being happy. They fail to recognise the richest gifts of heaven, and draw closer upon themselves the sorrows of life when they should only be drinking of its most pleasurable realities.

The next day in the Chapel of the Orphan's Home we again met the Mason's orphan daughter. She was dressed in her plain Sunday suit of buff calico with a neat little ruffle of the same colour round her neck, which was partially hid by the beautiful clusters of auburn curls which hung down her back.

The children all looked well and appeared to be happy, and we joined with them in their Sabbath School services with much more than the ordinary interest. Little Annie sat near us, and we had a fair opportunity of noticing her intelligent readiness in answering questions, and when the school closed by permission of the Matron we held a long and interesting conversation with her in regard to what she knew of her history.

"Do you remember, Annie," we asked her, "you father and mother?"

"O, yes, sir," said she, "as well as if they had only died yesterday."

"What do you remember of England, your native country?" we inquired.

"Why, sir, I remember Manchester, the place where I was born. My grandfather and grandmother and Uncle James live there, and I often think," said she, with an air of observable sadness, "if my dear parents had remained there we might all have been living yet."

"You have no relatives in this country, Annie?" we asked.

"Not one," she answered promptly.

"Would you like to go back to England?" we inquired.

"Indeed I would," she affirmed.

"Well, then, why don't you write to your relatives to send for you? Wouldn't they do it?"

"Yes sir, I think they would," she quickly responded.

"Do you know, Annie," we asked her with some delicacy, "whether your father was a Mason?"

"No sir," she responded, "he was a machinist."

We could but smile at her simplicity, and explained, by asking "if he was what they call a Freemason?"

"I think he was something of that sort," she responded with a laugh, "for I have in my little trunk upstairs a purple apron which has a good many things on it which I don't know anything about. I found it in one of our drawers after mother died and as I thought it was very pretty I have kept it every since."

I asked her if she would please go and get it, and let me look at it.

She flew up stairs at once, like a little bird, and in a few moments returned and spread out on my lap a very well preserved Master Mason's apron.

"Was this your father's, Annie?" we inquired.

"I presume it was," said she, "though I don't know what he did with it. I have often taken it out and looked at it, and thought it was something that belonged to the machinists."

"No, Annie," we assured her, "this is what they term the apron of a Master Mason, and we presume your father held this relation to the Craft in England."

"It may be, but I don't know," said she, "for I was only eight years old when we left England, and I never saw it until after my mother's death, when I was nine years old."

"And you have kept it ever since?"

"Yes sir, for since Joseph and Fleming died, this is nearly all I have left of anything that belonged to our family."

That Masonic apron was a relic worthy of her tenderest regards, for it gave to others whom she knew not, an interest in her which perhaps nothing else in her possession would or could have done, for she was soon made known to several as the Mason's orphan daughter, and with the little light which she could give, a correspondence was opened up by Brother Gentry, of Terre Haute, with Annie's friends in Manchester, England, and the probabilities now are that ere the new year of 1874 dawn upon us, she will be under the genial

roof of her grandparents in the land of her birth, where it is fondly hoped that the loneliness of her orphanage will be forgotten in the loving smiles and tender caresses of her own blood kin.

"Thus found alone on bleak and foreign shore,
An orphan child is carried home once more."

Masonic Advocate.

IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker
When he spoils his neighbour's fame,
If we would but help the erring,
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we?
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrongs that might be righted—
If we would but see the way?
Ah, the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride,
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen, ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed
Earth would be, if we'd thus try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each other's sigh,
Thus to walk on duty's pathway
To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still, we shrink from souls appealing,
With a timid "if we could;"
But a God, who judgeth all things,
Knows the truth is, "if we would."

St. Louis Freemason.

THE MASONIC PRESS.—The brightest feature in the character of the Masonry of this generation, is found in the fact that the Masonic press, like the sun at high twelve, is shedding its vertical beams directly into the brain and bosom of the Order, and inspiring it with a purity of light and vitality never before enjoyed by the Ancient Craft. May it shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

EARLY HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY IN AMERICA.

By BRO. JACOB NORTON.

[We publish the following paper from Bro. Jacob Norton, on the principle that, we open our pages to all bona fide Masonic communications. We do not presume to express any opinion as to the matter in dispute, and shall be truly glad to receive any communication on the subject which our able Bro. C. MacCalla may think well to send us - premising that, the "Magazine" is not intended to be the medium of personal controversy. We feel, moreover, that Bro. MacCalla is well able to take care of himself. EDITOR.]

The subject at the head of this paper, is interesting not only to American Masons who are desirous of seeing errors confuted, and of learning truth, but also to Masonic students on your side of the Atlantic. It has been my fate to stir up many questions, and to bring into doubt many points, which had hitherto been received as unquestionable facts. The investigation has in a measure been forced upon me. In 1869, P.G.M. Dr. Winslow Lewis offered me for inspection a box of old MSS. When I pleaded want of time to examine them, Bro. Lewis said: "Take them and keep them as long as you like. I know you will get something out of them." When I showed some of those MSS. to Bro. Gardner, then G.M. of Massachusetts, and asked him at the same time to permit me to examine the original record of 1733, for I had then seen only a transcript of the book, Bro. G. ordered the then G.S. to fetch the old record from the late Bro. C. W. Moore's house (in whose custody it was kept) to the Masonic Temple, giving me at the same time full permission to use it, without any restriction about publishing whatever I might please. During the investigation of that intricate subject, I confess that I have sometimes drawn erroneous inferences. But Bro. Gardner will hear me out, that whenever I discovered such an error, I made the fact known to him at once. And although I have freely criticised Bro. Gardner's writings, and pointed out his errors, yet we have never ceased to be friendly to this day.

The same degree of respect and kindness has also invariably been shown to me by Bro. Gardner's successor, Bro. S.D. Nickerson, the present G.M., and also by Bro. Titus, the G.S. Neither of these gentlemen have ever refused any facility it was in their power to afford me. Several articles of mine upon the subject appeared in the *Freemason*, the *American Freemason*, and the last, viz., "Origin of Freemasonry in Nova Scotia," appeared in the October No. of this Journal. But, nevertheless, there are still some American writers who not only continue to repeat the old story without any *if*, or *but*, but will still indulge in making additions to Masonic history, which cannot be supported even by a shadow of tradition.

In the January No. of the *Masonic Magazine*, page 210, Bro. MacCalla, of Philadelphia, furnished an article headed, "Statistical Account of Freemasonry in America," in which he said, "I propose to give in the present brief article a hurried, yet accurate account of the origin, progress, and present position of Freemasonry in the U.S. of America. Tradition and imagination will be carefully disregarded, and facts only will be cited. The time has gone by when intelligent Craftsmen will receive any statement as true merely because it flatters their pride. The truth has come to be considered the highest praise."

After such frank acknowledgment of the past errors of our professional Masonic writers, and such a promise not to do the like again, I was led fully to expect something faultless from the pen of our American brother. The very next paragraph following the above, which I shall here analyze and comment upon, shows, however, that our brother has not succeeded in entirely emancipating himself from the old Masonic fashion of adding to Masonic history from imagination. And now for the paragraph. Bro. MacCalla says:—

1st. "The city of Boston, Massachusetts, is the mother of Masonry in

America." Now, I know, that Price established a G.L. in Boston, in 1733, and in 1768, he wrote to the authorities of the G.L. of England that he was the founder of Masonry in America. There is a newspaper still in existence in Philadelphia of the year 1732 showing that there was a Masonic Lodge there at the time it was printed, consequently, Boston cannot be called the mother of Masonry in America, nor was Price the founder.

2nd. "Exactly at what date the earliest Lodge was established there (in Boston) is not known, just as it is not positively known when the first Lodge was established in Philadelphia. The earliest records are all lost beyond recovery, so that we have to rest satisfied to take up the chain of evidence as near its commencement as we can find it."

Will Bro. MacCalla inform us whence he derived the information that a Lodge existed in Boston previous to the year 1733, and that its records are all lost beyond recovery? He may not know when the first Lodge in Philadelphia was established, but I never heard of a pre-1733 Lodge, or of its lost records. Brother MacCalla's beginning the history of Massachusetts's Masonry with a pre-1733 Lodge, etc., reminds me of a Hibernian acquaintance who showed me an extract in a paper from an old book, giving an account of the first settlers in Ireland before the deluge, who were all destroyed by the flood; and when he asked for my opinion, I told him, "that that may all be true, but I did not believe it."

3rd. "We know, however, that a Provincial Grand Lodge was established in Massachusetts in the year 1733, by virtue of a charter granted April 30th, of the same year, by Anthony, Lord Viscount Montague, Grand Master of England."

The petition of the members of "the first Lodge," addressed to Henry Price, in 1733, shows clearly that Price's commission, whatever it was, was dated

April 13th, 1732. Viscount Montague was not installed until April 19th of that year, so that the deputation was really dated six days before Montague was elected and installed. This blunder was evidently discovered by Price ere the deputation was recorded, and so when recording the MS., the word "thirteenth" was changed into "thirtieth." This theory I advanced in my review of Bro. W. S. Gardners's address, (see *Freemason*, August 10, 1872, page 483.) Now, when a discrepancy was discovered in the Massachusetts's record by the late C. W. Moore—no matter whether it was in the spelling of a name, or some puzzling date—Bro. Moore was very apt to jump just at the wrong conclusion; and when he once jumped, there was no moving him afterwards. Such was the case with his naming the English G.M. of 1733 as Viscount Montacute instead of Montague; and such also was the case in his persisting to print the date of Price's deputation April 30th instead of 13th.

Our Bro. MacCalla was evidently a firm believer in Bro. Moore's dictum, and has therefore fallen into the error with regard to the above-named date.

4th. "The warrant appointing Henry Price G.M. of North America, with power to constitute Provincial Grand Lodges in Massachusetts and elsewhere upon the Continent of America."

Not so Bro. MacCalla. The Montague deputation, if even it was genuine, confined the jurisdiction of Price to New England and its territories only.

5th. "St. John's G.L. was established in Massachusetts July 30, 1733, and from this G.L. the earliest Lodges in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, North Carolina, South Carolina, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Connecticut owed their origin."

The Massachusetts record contains a letter addressed, in 1754, to the G.M. of England, praying for the appointment of Gridley as G.M. of that Province, to which is appended the following list of

Lodges claimed to have originated from the Boston G.L. :—

1734 ...	Philadelphia,
1735 ...	New Hampshire.
" ...	South Carolina.
1738 ...	Antigua and
" ...	Annapolis, Nova Scotia.
1746 ...	Newfoundland.
1749 ...	Rhode Island.
1750 ...	Halifax, Nova Scotia.
" ...	Annapolis, Maryland.

with three other Lodges in Connecticut.

Bro. Moore, in a Table of Lodges appended to the Massachusetts Constitution of 1857, gives the following dates :—

June 24, 1734 ...	Pennsylvania.
" 1734 ...	Portsmouth, New Hampshire.
Dec. 27, 1735 ...	Charleston, South Carolina.
" 1738 ...	Antigua.
" 1740 ...	Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Dec. 24, 1746 ...	Newfoundland.
" 1750 ...	"Royal" Annapolis, Nova Scotia.
Aug. 12, 1750 ...	Annapolis, Maryland.

There is no doubt that the New England Lodges derived their authority from Boston. The Portsmouth Lodge, however, is incorrectly dated in both lists. The Boston record of June 24, 1735, says, "About this time" (it always begins with *about this time*) "the Portsmouth Masons petitioned for a Lodge, and Mr. — appointed their Master." But the record date is also incorrect, as the petition of the Portsmouth brethren, a *fac simile* of which is appended to Bro. Gardner's address on Henry Price, is dated Feb. 5, 1736, *new style*. The Lodge however remained unchartered until 1738, when Tomlinson granted the charter. This fact may be found in Lyman Spaulding's early history of Masonry in New Hampshire; and it was further confirmed, both verbally and in writing, by Bro. Christie, P.G.M. of New Hampshire, and a resident of Portsmouth, the record of that Lodge began in 1738, and mentions the presence of G.M. Tomlinson at that meeting.

The way this Portsmouth Lodge is alluded to in the record with, "and

Mr. — appointed their Master," and assigning the date of its origin nearly eight months before the date of the petition, would by itself prove the record bogus. But why Price himself did not grant the charter I cannot tell.

"Royal," the name appended by Bro. Moore to the Annapolis Nova Scotia Lodge, was one of Bro. Moore's inventions. But as I have given a full history of the origin of Masonry in Nova Scotia in the October Number, I must here merely call attention to the difference of the dates in the above lists, together with the date in the record of the Nova Scotia Lodges.

About South Carolina. Under date, Dec. 27, 1735, the Boston record says: "About this time, sundry brethren going to S.C., met with some Masons in Charleston, who thereupon went to work, from which spring Masonry in these parts." This, if true, shows that there were then Masons in Charleston, and certainly does not intimate that they obtained a charter from Price. About four years ago Bro. Bruns, who succeeded Bro. Mackey as G.S. of South Carolina, and who has since then been G.M. of that State, assured me in Boston, that no old records exist in his archives, and added, if any such records existed, Bro. Mackey must have carried them off when he was defeated in the election of G.S. There is, therefore, not a shadow of proof that South Carolina is indebted to Price for its origin of Masonry.

With regard to Antigua, the record of Dec. 27, 1738, says: "This year our R.W.G.M. Mr. Tomlinson, went to England *via* Antigua, where finding some old Boston Masons [how old?], went to work and made the Governor and sundry gentlemen of distinction Masons; whereby from our Lodge sprung Masonry in the West Indies." Now, as Tomlinson's deputation confined its jurisdiction to New England, he had no right to make Masons in the West Indies, and he certainly could not charter a Lodge there, and the

record does not pretend that he did give a charter, yet we see that the Boston authorities of 1754 claimed Antigua as their Lodge. And now I will give all I know about Newfoundland. Under date of Dec. 9, 1746, the record says: "At the petition of sundry brethren, reciting their first Master, the Lodge in Maryland is dated 1750. Whether that Lodge was the earliest established in Maryland I know not, but I am certain that Bro. MacCalla has not a particle of evidence about Virginia or New Jersey being indebted for their earliest Lodges to Boston; Virginia, indeed, never had a Lodge from Boston, and New Jersey did not have a Boston one up to 1754 at least. The truth is, the little clique who engineered the then G.L. at Boston, which G.L. seldom mustered more than a dozen or fifteen members, and of which clique Price was undoubtedly the moving spirit; these brethren were not over scrupulous in their assertions. I do not, however, mean to insinuate that Messrs. Price and Co. were worse than many of their successors both in Boston and other parts of America, but I merely mean to show that no credit should be attached to their records.

6th. "The first Historical Lodge in the State of Pennsylvania was opened in 1734, under a warrant from the Prov. G.L. of Massachusetts, Dr. Benj. Franklin being its W. Master."

We do not know that either; and if our Philadelphia brother could prove it, I would guarantee him an American public reception in Boston, with at least five hundred Masons to shake hands with him. The fact is, Franklin left Boston in 1723, and he afterwards visited Boston every tenth year, except the latter part of his life when he was engaged in foreign missions; he was, therefore, in Boston in 1733. The Boston record, under date June 24th, 1736, says: "About this time our W. Bro. Franklin, from Philadelphia, became acquainted with our R.W.G.M., Mr. Price, who further instructed him in the Royal Art, and said Benj. Franklin,

on his return to Philadelphia, called the brethren there together, who petitioned our R.W.G.M. for a constitution to hold a lodge, and our R.W.G.M., having this year received orders from the G.L. of England to establish Masonry in all North America, did send a deputation to Philadelphia appointing the R.W. Franklin first Master, which is the beginning of Masonry there."

The above extract implies, that Price received the extension of his jurisdiction, and granted to Franklin the constitution ere the date of June 24th, 1734. The following extract from Franklin's letter shows, however, that he did not ask for a deputation until November 28th, 1734. Franklin, under the above date, wrote to Price's G.S.

"We have seen in the Boston prints an article of news from London, importing that at a Grand Lodge held there in August last, Mr. Price's deputation and powers were extended over all North America." This, Franklin laid before the lodge; then, the letter goes on, asking Price to "confirm the brethren of Pennsylvania in the privileges they at present enjoy, of holding annually their G.L., choosing officers, etc." "And said: G.M. of Pennsylvania only yielding his chair to the G.M. of America." In addition to this, Franklin demanded that the charter of Price shall be accompanied with a copy of Price's first deputation, and also, "of the instrument by which it appears to have been enlarged, . . . witnessed by your Wardens and signed by your Secretary," and this letter was signed, "B. Franklin, G.M."

This letter certainly proves that Price was not the founder of Masonry in Philadelphia, that not only a lodge existed there in 1734, but there was also there, a Grand Lodge in full blast, with a G.M. "privileges," etc. It also demonstrates that either Franklin never saw Price's deputation when he was in Boston, or that had some cause to doubt Price's pretensions, and, therefore, required vouchers of the Wardens and Secretary. But there is another fact

connected with this letter, viz: There was no Grand Lodge held in London in the month of August, 1734. Nor was a G.L. held there during that year.

To sum up with regard to Philadelphia. I know that Franklin made Price's acquaintance in Boston in 1733. I also know that Franklin printed Anderson's Constitution in 1734, and that Price disposed of some copies of that work for Franklin. And last I know, that Franklin asked Price for a deputation, accompanied, however, by the conditions, that Price should furnish vouchers to the authenticity of his own alleged authority. But I do not know that Price ever complied with the required conditions, and if he did, whether they were satisfactory to Franklin, and whether Franklin ever accepted such a deputation from Price. These are precisely the points that I want Bro. MacCalla to clear up. Has he a shadow of evidence to prove them?

Boston, U.S., January 23rd, 1874.

2

DOWN INTO THE DUST.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the
heather,
Pierced to the heart: words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man and man only makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow-soldier down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time eftsoun will tumble
All of us together like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

Reviews.

The Freemason's Liber Musicus. Edited by Bro. Dr. Wm. Spark.—Metzler & Co.

We have been favoured with the sight and perusal of Bro. Dr. Spark's goodly sized and admirably elaborated "*Liber Musicus*."

Not being professional musicians ourselves, we are unable naturally to enter into the artistic merits of his selection; but we have long since advocated the introduction of music into our ceremonies, and therefore we hail our well-known brother's very handsome book, not only as a step in the right direction, but as a genuine endeavour on his part to advance the becoming arrangement and the solemn development of our admirableritual, and of our impressive ceremonial. Such a book could not have been produced without much sacrifice of time, and labour, and care, and brains, and money; and we, therefore, wish our brother all proper support from the Craft, and trust that he may be alike remunerated by the liberal patronage of his brethren, and the self-consciousness that he has honestly laboured, at much of personal cost, to add the pleasantness of sweet sounds, and the elevating influence of the poetry of music, in short, to the otherwise somewhat prosaic (not to say prosy,) routine of our Masonic Lodge Meetings and routine ceremonies.

The Millennium. An Epic Poem. By Edward Francis Hughes, Melbourne.

We opened the book in awe, and we put it down in despair; 10,000 lines mainly on that remarkable and recondite subject, are too much, really and truly, for any mental organization or personal psychology. Not that the verse is weak, or that the sentiments are unworthy of so mysterious a proposition. On the contrary, much of the poetry is very good indeed, and seems to tell us that the true spirit of poesy is abiding with the Author. But, then, what can anyone say to affect us deeply on a question which is most disputable, more than questionable, and stands in the midst of the veriest "debatable ground" of past and present religious controversy?

The writer evidently believes what he says, and is carried away by his own enthusiasm, to depict in flowery lines

(blank verse, by the way,) the dawn of a better and brighter day on this heavy and suffering world of ours. There are passages of considerable force and beauty in the long continued rolls of his poetic lucubration through ten books, but we fear that, to use a cautious word just now, the poem is hardly "realistic" enough for a large class of readers.

Still we gladly welcome this "waif" sent to our shores from the far Antipodes, although we are not "Millennarians," and find 10,000 lines rather a tough morsel to digest and to review. We admire always the efforts of poetic genius, and consider them "a good thing" for the world and for society.

Ireland Ur of the Chaldees. By Anna Wilkes. Trübner and Co.

We confess to have been greatly startled by this suggestion of the fair writer! In fact, we felt at once that we were like Paddy, when his mistress introduced to his notice some one of those happy little machines for domestic use, whether for churning in the dairy, or for cleaning knives in the pantry, unknown in that good country of potatoes and buttermilk. "Bedad," says he, scratching his head, "Madam, it's mighty strange, and it bothers me completely."

After all our exploration of the "Orient Clime," after the diggings of Mr. Layard, and the labours of Sir H. Rawlinson, to be told that Ireland is Ur of the Chaldees, and that this is to be proved by a well-printed book of 207 close pages, is enough to take away one's breath. But when we see how ethnology and philology, and more than one other "ology" is pressed very skilfully into Miss Wilkes's service (it may be by the power of attraction), to support her theories, and enforce her arguments, one can only shake one's head, and rub one's eyes, like the dreamer awakened out of his long and fairy sleep.

We regret to say that we cannot concur, on any single ground, with the fair expositrix of ancient names and geographical arrangements. There is a great deal of very loose and weak, and therefore mischievous philology afloat at the present day, and we fear that Miss Wilkes has been lured by the Will-o'-Wisp of fancied similarity and derivation, by a vivid imagination, and a considerable "copia verborum," to propound what is in sober honesty

utterly untenable, and we feel we must say, puerile. The effect of her explanation would be, to reduce the Bible from an undoubted record of events, the correctness of which record modern discoveries have most wonderfully demonstrated to the utter discomfiture of the sceptical school, to a mere collection of mythical rhapsodies; and we cannot for one moment accept either Miss Wilkes's views, or even her skilful manipulation of historical facts and geographical divisions, and philological derivations, by which she seeks to give consistency to her very deftly raised, but very fragile "castle in the air." Ur of the Chaldees, wherever exactly that spot may be, is far away from the Irish Channel; and the "Green Isle," the "Terne" of old Minstrel song, is still as ever, and ever will remain, in herself and by herself, simply "Ireland;" "ould Ireland," if you like. No one who has seen her green hills, and laughed with her warm-hearted people, but will always wish her well, but to make her anything else but Ireland would be "wrong if possible, and if possible wrong." Paddy would probably stare, if he was told that his country was Ur of the Chaldees, and not Ireland, and though a lady is always treated very civilly in Ireland, he would be a very bold man who would take away the "old name" of their country from the Irish people.

The Treasury of Languages. A Rudimentary Dictionary of Universal Philology. —Hall and Co.

We have been much pleased with this simple and unpretending but very useful little work. The science of Philology has been making vast strides amongst us these last few years, and since the publication of Cardinal Wiseman's admirable work, the "Connection of science with revealed religion," many steps have been taken in advance. It seems that there are, with root languages, and derived languages, and "patois" languages, and corrupted languages with languages proper, and sub-divisions or dialects of the same, little short of 3,000 known forms in the world. Of course many of these are practically dead languages, but they have to be considered in a treatise on Philology. It seems impossible to lay down any correct estimate of the speaking languages of the world, not only so—as opinions may differ on the

subject, but even questions arise as to the exact relation, that some dialects bear to a common derivation, and even to each other. Will it, however, startle our readers to be told that among the million millions of inhabitants of this great earth of ours, there certainly are not less than 2,000 variations of language. The idea is in itself a very large one, and leads the mind of the thoughtful to much of serious consideration. But there is great pleasure, it appears, to us, very much of fascination in the study of Philology, though we must be on our guard against much of this mis-directed imagination, and unsound views on a very different and intricate subject, which would almost seem to be gaining ground amongst us. We would, however, recommend this little useful work, most carefully compiled, cordially and sincerely, to the notice of our readers, as a very convenient compendium on the subject, far too vast in itself for the individual memory.

We have perused two little Provincial Calendars with much interest. The one is Masonic Meetings for East Lancashire; the other is the Masonic Calendar for Warwickshire and Staffordshire. The Masonic Calendar for Warwickshire and Staffordshire is particularly well got up, and is a very useful little pocket companion.

W.

Our Archaeological Corner.

THE LION AS A MASONIC SYMBOL.

A. G. MACKEY.

The lion was the symbol of strength and sovereignty in the human-headed figure of the Nimrod gateway and in the other Babylonish remains. In Egypt it was worshipped at the city of Leontopolis as typical of Doru, the Egyptian Hercules. Plutarch says that the Egyptians ornamented their temples with gaping lions' mouths, because the Nile began to rise when the sun was in the constellation Leo. Among the Talmudists there was a tradition of the lion which has been introduced into the higher degrees of Masonry.

But in the symbolism of Ancient Craft Masonry where the lion is introduced, as in the third degree, in connection with the "lion of the tribe of Judah," he becomes

simply a symbol of the resurrection, thus restoring the symbology of the mediæval ages, which was founded on a legend that the lion's whelp was born dead and only brought to life by the roaring of its sire. Philip de Thaurin, in his *Bestiary*, written in the twelfth century, gives the legend, which has thus been translated by Mr. Wright from the original old Norman French:

"Know that the lioness if she brings forth a dead cub, she holds her cub and the lion arrives; he goes about and cries, till it revives on the third day. * * * * Know that the lioness signifies St. Mary, and the lion Christ, who gave himself to death for the people; three days he lay in the earth to gain our souls. * * * * By the cry of the lion we understand the power of God, by which Christ was restored to life and robbed hell."

The connection of Solomon, as the chief of the tribe of Judah, with the lion, which was the achievement of that tribe, has caused the expression to be referred in the third degree to him who brought life and immortality to light. The old Christian interpretation of the Masonic symbols here prevails, and in Ancient Craft Masonry all allusions to the lion, as the *lion's paw*, the *lion's grip*, etc., refer to the doctrine of the resurrection taught by him who is known as "the lion of the tribe of Judah." The expression is borrowed from Apocalypse, (v. 5.) "Behold, the lion which is of the tribe of Judah, the root of David, hath prevailed to open the book and to loose the seven seals thereof." We have seen that the lion was a mediæval symbol of the resurrection, the idea being founded on a legend. The poets of that age were fond of referring to this legendary symbol in connection with the scriptural idea of the "tribe of Judah." Thus Adam de St. Victor, in his poem *De Resurrectione Domini*, says:

"Sic de Juda leo fortis,
Fractis portis direxerat
Die surgit tertia,
Rugiente voce Patris."

i.e.

Thus the strong lion of Judah,
The gates of cruel death being broken
Arose on the third day,
At the loud sounding voice of the Father.

WORSHIPFUL AS A TITLE.

Originally the word "to worship" meant to pay that honour and reference which is

due to one who is worthy. Thus, where our authorised version translates Matthew, (xix. 19,) "Honour thy father and thy mother." Wycliffe says, "Worship thi fadir and thi madir." And in the marriage service of the Episcopal Church the expression is still retained, "with my body I thee worship," that is honour or reverence thee. Hence, the still common use in England of the words *worshipful* and *right worshipful*, as titles of honour applied to municipal and judicial officers. Thus the mayors of small towns and justices of the peace are styled "Worshipful," while the mayors of large cities, as London, are called "Right Worshipful." The usage was adopted and retained in Masonry. The word *worship*, or its derivations, is not met with in any of the old manuscripts. In the manner of constituting a new Lodge adopted in 1722, and published by Anderson in 1723, the word "worship" is applied as a title to the Grand Master. In the seventeenth century the guilds of London began to call themselves "worshipful," as "the Worshipful Company of Grocers," etc., and it is likely that the lodges, at the revival, and perhaps a few years before, adopted the same style.

The *America*, a daily journal of Bogota, in a recent issue publishes letter of Don Joaquin Alvez da Costa, in which he states that his slaves while working upon the plantation of Porto Alto, Parahyba district Peru, have discovered a monumental stone, erected by a small colony of Phœnicians who had wandered thither from their native country in the ninth or tenth year of the reign of Hiram, a monarch contemporary with Solomon and who flourished about ten centuries before the Christian era. The monolith bears an inscription of eight lines, written in clear Phœnician characters, without punctuation marks or any visible separation of the words. This has been imperfectly deciphered, but enough has been made out to learn that a party of Canaanites left the port of Aziongaber (Boy-Akaba) and navigated about the coast of Egypt for twelve moons (one year,) but were drawn by currents off their course and eventually carried to the present site of Guayaquil, Peru. The stone gives the names of these unfortunate travellers, both male and female, and probably further investigations will shed more light on the records they have left.

Correspondence.

[It has been thought advisable to open a correspondence column in the Magazine,—though we do not profess to be responsible either for the words or the opinions of our Correspondents. In this particular case, to which the subjoined letter refers, there seems to be a little heat on both sides which we trust the true fraternal spirit of Freemasonry will soon allay.—THE EDITOR.]

THE GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND AND ITS MEMBERSHIP.

(To the Editor of the Masonic Magazine.)

SIR AND BROTHER,—As one deeply interested in whatever concerns the honour, the prosperity, and the reputation of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, I claim permission to contradict most emphatically the unfounded imputations, and to challenge the reckless and offensive assertions contained in a paper in the January number of your Magazine, reflecting upon that august body and its members. There would be little occasion to do this if the accusations in question, did not reach some whose want of information upon the subject might place them in danger of being misled by giving them credence. I shall not therefore intrude at any great length upon your valuable space, nor attempt to controvert the whole of the grave aspersions which your contributor distributes so lavishly.

I. With respect to the GRAND LODGE it is asserted (1) that it is in a state of "degradation," and under the "domination" of an "artful and unscrupulous clique," which has "degraded" it; (2) that it is not unfrequently "packed" for "party purposes" and personal ends; (3) that "scandals have abounded in its history which have in some instances driven away brethren who were an honour to the brotherhood"; (4) that "the meetings have been sometimes even scenes of brawling and riotous contention" with "shoutings, howlings, and all kinds of offensive noises"; (5) that "to pack it men have been chosen from the lowest ranks of society"; and (6) that its proxy system (by which part of its membership is provided) has been made the means of perpetrating some of the most discreditable, not to say unmasonic, transactions and abuses that could be conceived.

II. The MEMBERS of the Grand Lodge are misrepresented in similar terms"; (1) as "generally" unfitted "to command respect"; (2) as not "esteemed" ever amongst "their brethren"; (3) as not possessing Masonic "knowledge"; (4) as entitled to be "suspected" of "meanness," "underhand dealing," and "jobbery for private ends"; (5) as guilty of giving and receiving bribes; (6) as "breaking the rules of Masonic brotherliness and gentlemanly propriety in their meetings"; (7) as being, "very many, ill-

educated, uncultivated men, of no social position"; (8) as being, "not a few, men who ought never to have been initiated in any Lodge at all"; (9) as being "ready to support by their votes those who are willing to pay for them their Grand Lodge fees, to entertain them now and then with a good supper, or to treat them to their perfect content with toddy"; and (10) as carrying elections of Office-Bearers and passing resolutions "by the votes of men mustered beforehand in a tavern, and coming to the Grand Lodge not for the purpose of deliberating but of voting—not to consult the interests of the Craft but those of their liberal entertainers"—with other crimes equally reprehensible, and "too numerous to mention."

III. The charges which are made both directly and by inference against the Proxy System of representation in the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and against those who have the honour of holding Proxy Commissions as members thereof, are as vague, uncharitable, and libellous as the above, and equally destitute of foundation in fact. This "Proxy System" may be peculiar to Scotland, but being coeval with the institution of the Grand Lodge, it possesses both a constitutional and traditional existence and has, perhaps more than any other cause, contributed to the prosperity of Freemasonry in Scotland, by keeping up a lively interest in Grand Lodge affairs throughout the Craft. Besides it has to be mentioned, that, in every Charter or Warrant granted by the Grand Lodge, it is made incumbent upon those receiving it to appoint proxy representatives, in the event of the actual Master and Wardens for the time not finding it convenient to attend the Communications of Grand Lodge in Edinburgh, thus constituting the much abused "system," an *essential privilege* and an *alienable right* of every subordinate Lodge, so long and so far as its adoption may be deemed necessary. In the article to which exception is taken, this system is asserted to have been abused in numerous instances; but any argument that could reasonably be used against it as liable to abuse, may with equal force be used to condemn the regulations under which all Office-Bearers are, or possibly could be appointed.

In conclusion, permit me to relieve the feelings of any who may have been distressed by reading the sensational exodus from the Grand Lodge of Scotland, foreshadowed in your contributor's paper, by informing them that the meeting on the 2nd current passed off with the utmost harmony and decorum; so that "an Old Past Master's" prophetic attempts, if less unbecoming than his denunciatory utterances, seem to be equally erratic in their conception, and as a consequence equally unreliable. I remain, &c.,

AN OLD PROXY MASTER.

Glasgow, 9th February, 1874.

THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE.

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

We meet upon the LEVEL and we part upon the SQUARE:

What words of precious meaning these words Masonic are!

Come, let us contemplate them, they are worthy of a thought;

In the very walls of Masonry the sentiment is wrought.

We meet upon the LEVEL, though from every station come,

The rich man from his palace, the poor man from his home;

For the *rich* must leave his wealth and state outside the Mason's door,

And the *poor* will find his best respect upon the Checkered Floor.

We act upon the PLUM—'tis the order of our Guide—

We walk upright in virtue's way and lean to neither side;

Th' All-Seeing Eye that reads our hearts doth bear us witness true.

That we still try to honour God, and give each man his due.

We part upon the SQUARE, for the world must have its due;

We mingle with the multitude, a faithful Band and true;

But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,

And we long upon the LEVEL, to renew the happy scene.

There's a world where all are equal—we are hurrying towards it fast;

We shall meet upon the LEVEL there, when the gates of death are past;

We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be there,

To try the blocks we offer with his own unerring SQUARE.

We shall meet upon the LEVEL there, but never thence depart:

There's a Mansion—'tis all ready for each trusting, faithful heart;

There's a Mansion and a Welcome, and a multitude is there

Who have met upon the LEVEL and been tried upon the SQUARE.

Let us meet upon the Level, then, while labouring patient here;

Let us meet and let us labour, though the labour be severe;

Already in the Western Sky the signs bid us prepare

To gather up our Working Tools and part upon the SQUARE.

Hands round, ye faithful Brotherhood, the bright fraternal chain,

We part upon the SQUARE below, to meet in heaven again!

What words of precious meaning these words Masonic are—

We meet upon the LEVEL, and we part upon the SQUARE!

THE MUSICAL RITUAL.

By T. W. TEW. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, P.P.S.
G.W. of W.Y.; P.M., No. 910; P.Z., No. 495.

The Editor was complimentary enough, in the issue of "The Freemason" for Saturday, the 12th April, 1873, to insert a letter from a Past Master of a small Provincial Lodge, containing some observations on a contemplated Masonic work shortly expected to issue from the pen of that eminent Musician and Organist, Bro. Dr. William Spark, of Leeds.

This note called the attention of the brethren to the necessity for some fixed but classical standard of music to be recognized by the Craft, and to the efforts of Dr. Spark to introduce in one standard work suitable music applicable to all our various Masonic Orders and gatherings of the brethren in their respective lodges. It was with much gratification I read in the "Evening Mail," the "Morning Post," &c., an announcement of the completion of Dr. Spark's long-promised present to the Craft, "The Freemason's Liber Musicus." Immediately I availed myself of the intimation, and have now in my possession a copy of this work. The Saint Oswald's Lodge, No. 910, Pontefract, also possess a copy which its members appreciate as a gem of Art. Permit me, therefore, to submit to your consideration one more letter with a few critical remarks on some of the details of this truly valuable book,—remarks which, as I am a profound admirer of classical music, and at the same time anxious to reform this neglected branch of Masonry in this country, and desirous to introduce every possible improvement into the ritual of Masonic ceremonies, rites and festive gatherings, especially by the universal adoption of appropriate songs and melodies so long and so much needed into English Lodges, may, I hope, be not altogether unacceptable to the majority of your readers, but, to the contrary, many may be glad to embrace this opportunity of having,

without research, a few of the beauties of the Liber Musicus pointed out for them.

The volume before me—bound in blue—is a collection of Traditional, Foreign, and English Vocal and Instrumental selections from the best Masters, as well as original compositions, by Dr. Spark; for the first, second, and third degrees in Freemasonry. It comprises, besides, Masonic Anthems, Marches, Duets, Programmes, Toasts, Songs, Trios, Choruses and Funeral Odes, as well as intermediate music between the recognised degrees. The whole arranged for Voices, the Organ, the Piano-forte, or the Harmonium.

There is a magnificent collection of instrumental and vocal melodies worthy of the intelligence of the Craft, and which in number, choiceness, and variety, is qualified for a place besides the greater works in the library of the Masonic Lodge, the scholar or the private gentleman. The book is brought out by Metzler and Co., and published by Bro. Geo. Keuning, in the highest style of their Art. It is printed from large engraved music plates, and forms a noble volume of nearly "two hundred and twenty pages."

Bro. Dr. Sparks' account of his work in the preface is almost too modest a one. "The motives which have induced me to bring to a close the "Freemason's Liber Musicus" have been a sincere love of high admiration for the brethren of the Mystic Tie, with an earnest desire to produce a truly practical work worthy of the estimation of the Masonic Brethren." Nobly indeed has the author performed his arduous task, and it merits both at home and abroad the favour of every Masonic Lodge, and its intrinsic beauties alone entitle it to be zealously appreciated by every brother throughout the world. On examining carefully into this volume I find it contains both vocal and instrumental selections. Take the latter Music first. Let me point out the two marches on the first and second

pages. They are to be played when the brethren enter their lodges. These marches are taken from the "Zauberflöte"—simple but beautiful harmonies by the immortal Mozart. But if I am correctly informed, *Brother Mozart*. This "Zauberflöte" was written when Masonry was under the ban of the then Emperor and the Priests of Austrian Germany. Mozart, with his marvellous and sublime musical inspiration at this critical period of Austrian Masonry, stepped as it were forward, and encouraged and animated his brethren of the Craft with this wonderful composition written expressly for the purpose; they thoroughly understood to revive their flagging interest to persevere in the maintenance of their Ancient ceremonies, forms and ritual.

In the "Liber Musicus," under the portion appropriated to "Master Mason and Raising Ceremonies," *Zauberflöte* is once more chosen by Dr. Spark in a selection to be performed before the prayer for the candidate is uttered as being most properly suitable. This time it is the celebrated song by the Ancient High Priest, "Saxastzo."

"Within this holy dwelling,
No hate can e'er be known,
Here love with power impelling,
Doth make the heart its throne."

And, finally, when the spirit of a brother Mason has left its earthly tabernacle, and winged its flight to the everlasting Grand Lodge above, there is, again, by this wonderful genius, but true and excellent Mason, *Bro. Mozart*, one of his most touching and impressive Funeral Marches. This march has been arranged for the "Liber Musicus," for Organ or Piano, by *Bro. H. M. Schletterer*. Admirable and useful as is the instrumental portion of the "Liber Musicus" (and it is all within the easy compass of an ordinary performer) the vocal music is equally excellent and appropriate. Every Order in Craft Masonry, as well as in the higher branches, such as the Mark, and Royal Arch degrees; every grade is here provided with requisite music

for the sublime and effective rendering of each ceremony, and whenever music can be possibly introduced to convey to the mind impressiveness or solemnity, and to the candidate the grandeur and dignity of the obligations he is about to undertake.

Moreover, I would especially direct the attention of the brethren, with musical taste and knowledge, to the many lovely trios interspersed throughout this book. They are arranged for "Two Tenors," or "Alto, Tenor and Bass," so that whenever these three voices can be brought together in a lodge, Dr. Spark's "Liber Musicus" provides ample stores for musical treats; thus much then for the ceremonial portion of this charming volume. Perhaps you will permit me to make an observation or two further upon the Banquet Music after the more serious business of the lodge is ended. After labour comes refreshment. And there is ample provision in this volume for Festive Gatherings, Songs, Duets, Choruses exquisitely adapted for all the time-honoured Masonic toasts given on such occasions, but also for retirement in the Drawing-room, afterwards, as well as for more general or public purposes. Therefore, I see in the universality of this work every reason why it should find a place in the musical "Repertoire" of every private family in the United Kingdom.

The M.W.G.M. of England, I am informed, together with deputy P.G. Masters and other distinguished heads of the Mystic Art, have already frankly expressed their opinions that appropriate music such as is contained in the "Liber Musicus," should be sung after the Masonic toasts, and should altogether, and for ever, supersede the too open vulgar effusions so prevalent in the lodges of Provincial towns to the detriment of refined harmony. Now, with this publication, accessible to all lodges, there is no longer any excuse to lower the character of Masonic Festivities by indulging in Bar-room songs, for, in this

book, Dr. Spark has, at page 91, not only given a programme of ten toasts, but has added songs with charming accompaniments—new and old—and each one has been chosen by him with rare judgment and a sensitive taste: all of them I can heartily recommend to every brother to commit to memory. For instance, after the toast of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Past Grand Master of England to whom the "Liber Musicus" has been "dedicated by express permission," there is this song with chorus, "Long Live our Prince" :—

"Come, come my dearest brethren,
Great news I now proclaim;
Our Prince-King a Freemason,
A Mason true to fame.
And though he is a Prince-King,
A brother he's to me;
No mortals but Freemasons,
So great then can they be."
Chorus, &c.

In conclusion, let me, Dear Sir and Brother, express a fervent hope that this valuable musical contribution to Masonry—a work of much labour but of love—on which our accomplished brother has evidently bestowed much care and thought, will be thoroughly examined by every W. Master, past and present, throughout the British Isles; and that each musical brother will also in his own individual sphere of influence, do his utmost by means of the "Liber Musicus's" help to banish all the irreverent trashy and vulgar rubbish, which so often mars and detracts the sublime dignity of our beautiful rites and ceremonies. It only remains for me to state that Brother Dr. Spark has been a hard working Freemason for one and twenty years. He has frequently at times been almost "in perpetuum" P. G. Organist of Provincial Grand Lodge of W. Yorkshire; During his holiday portion of these years he has been travelling in Europe, and his musical genius has attained to not only an European but an American reputation. He has filled this time by endeavouring to

collect in his numerous journeyings, many of those rare musical gems of traditional Masonry, which now abound in his book and which have never before been allowed to escape beyond the carefully guarded and exclusive circles of the Continental Asiatic or American Lodges.

For the first time in the history of English Freemasonry since the reign of King Athelstan those priceless gems appear in the "Liber Musicus" for the benefit of the Craft, Dr. Spark has spared neither thought nor labour on this volume and it must have cost him a considerable sum of money to complete it in its present handsome form.

I hope, therefore, that the Craft at large will not be indifferent to its attractive merits and that at least "Liber Musicus" will have their co-operation for its success and their sympathetic approval and patronage.



A WARNING FROM AMERICA—AN IMPOSTOR.

Falls of Schuylkill, Feb. 23, 1874.

EDITOR KEYSTONE—Dear Sir and Brother: There is a person travelling around the country claiming to be a Mason, but who is really an impostor, of whom I desire to inform you. He was last in New York. He claims to be a member of our Lodge (Palestine No. 470), but is not, and never has been. For the information of your many readers, and the Craft in general, I will give you his description. He is about 5 feet 11½ inches in height, with dark hazel eyes, dark hair and complexion; he is injured in the inside of the left hand, it being almost paralyzed; and he has a number of false names, among which are Jas. F. Hanna, Mount Moriah Lodge, 123, Lewiston, Maryland; and J. Francis McClean, Palestine Lodge, 417, Pa. He had our number thus wrong, at first, hence his detection. His last name is James W. Jardin, Palestine Lodge, 470, Pa. On the first name he travelled through Pennsylvania; on the second through the South; and on the third through New York. The Master of our Lodge has directed me to write you this letter for publication, so that the Craft can be put on their guard, and govern themselves accordingly.

Fraternally, yours,

JOHN M. KOCH,
Sec. Palestine Lodge, No. 470, Pa.

MASONIC DRONES.

Candour compels us to make the shame-faced confession that there are by far too many drones in the great Masonic hive. A Masonic Lodge is not the appropriate theatre for the do-nothing and idler. It is emphatically a place where Masons meet to work, and to work nicely, harmoniously and smoothly. At its sessions, during its intervals of refreshment, we should sedulously, whenever opportunity offers, employ ourselves in such manner as will lead to the complete mastery of our desires and passions and our general improvement in the science. The working bees should set their heads together and devise some sure means by which to kill off the drones. If I were called upon to define a Masonic drone, I would do so somewhat after the following manner:

1. That Mason who holds his affiliation with the Craft in the form of a rumpled dimit, carefully laid away in some place where it may become the prey of rats and mice, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

2. That Mason who is so careless and improvident in the application of his time-gauge as always to have on Lodge days something on hand that is obliged to be done—that will not suffer the slightest postponement, and which, therefore, much to his asserted displeasure, prevents his attendance at Lodge sessions, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

3. That Mason who is always tardy in his appearance, and who nine times in ten knocks for admission after the Lodge has been opened and is engaged in business, thus making his want of punctuality a cause of temporary distraction or confusion, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

4. That Mason who, when called upon to fill some station or place for the time, begs to be excused, as he is a little rusty, and fears that he will make some mistake that will invite a laugh at his expense, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

5. That Mason who is always going to pay up his dues at the next meeting, but never lets the next meeting come till affectionately reminded of a certain by-law in regard to those in arrears, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

6. That Mason who, while the Lodge is engaged in work or general business, is always whispering something loud enough to be heard over the entire room, to the Brother near him; and that one also who keeps up an incessant squirting of the tobacco juice almost equal in destructive force to the "Greek fire," and which renders his immediate vicinity less cleanly than a dirty pig pen, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

7. That Mason who always forgets that he was on the committee till the report is called for, and who therefore never reports on anything without asking further time, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

8. That Mason who, generally about the time business is half gone through with, rises to explain that he lives a good ways off, or that he has a right smart headache, and would like to retire, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

9. That Mason who would have been at a Brother's funeral if he had known exactly at what hour it was coming off, or, if it hadn't looked so much like rain, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

10. That Mason who, just about the time the Lodge commences conferring a degree, eloquently announces that it is getting late, and, therefore, asks the W.M. to "cut the thing as short as possible," is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

11. That Mason who only bunglingly knows the words and tokens, and not a solitary thing of the essence and spirit of the science, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

12. Last, but not least, that Mason who will not by every possible means encourage and foster the Masonic literature, at least, of his own jurisdiction, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.—*The Keystone*.

FREEMASONRY DEFENDED.

In all the transactions of life, between man and man, there are numerous occasions when it is neither necessary nor prudent that the world should be admitted to the counsels of the parties. No private association of individuals conducts its meetings with open doors, and public bodies have reserved to themselves the right of holding secret sessions whenever, in their own opinion, the interests of the country re-

quire a concealment of their deliberations. Merchants do not expose their books to the free inspection of the community; lawyers do not detail at the corners of the streets the confidential communications of their clients; nor do physicians make the private disclosures of their patients the topic of ordinary conversation; juries determine in impenetrable privacy on the lives, the fortunes, and the reputations of their fellow citizens; and the Senate of the United States discusses the most important questions that involve the policy of the nation, in the sacred security of secret session.

Why, then, from Masonry should this necessary safeguard be withheld? Why should that practice, which in all other institutions is considered right and proper, be only deemed improper when pursued by Masons? And why of all men, should we alone be disfranchised of the universal privilege to select our own confidants, and to conduct our own business in the way and manner which, without injury to others, we deem most beneficial to ourselves?

If by the charge of secrecy our opponents would accuse us of having invented and preserved certain modes of recognition confined to ourselves, and by which one Mason may know another in the dark as well as the light, while we willingly and proudly admit the accusation, we boldly deny the criminality of the practice. If in a camp surrounded by enemies it has always been deemed advisable to establish countersigns and watchwords, whereby the weary sentinel may be enabled to distinguish the friendly visit of a comrade from the hostile incursions of a foe, by a parity of reasoning every other association has an equal right to secure its privacy and confine its advantages, whatever they may be, within its own bosom, by the adoption of any system which will sufficiently distinguish those who are its members from those who are not.

When a University grants a diploma to its graduates, it but carries out this principle, and has furnished to each pupil, in the sheet of parchment which he receives, a mode of recognition by which in after times he may be enabled to prove his connection with the same, his Alma Mater.

The mode of recognition, or what is the same thing, the proof of membership furnished by Masonry to its disciples, differs

in no respect from this, except that it is far more perfect. The diploma which our institution bestows upon its disciples is far more enduring than a roll of parchment—time can never efface the imperishable characters inscribed upon it—neither moths nor rust can corrupt it, nor thieves break through and steal it. As fair and as legible after years of possession, as it was on the day of its reception, the zealous and attentive Mason carries it with him wherever he moves, and is ready at all times and in all places to prove by his unmistakable authority his claims to the kindness and protection of his brethren.

The secrecy of our mode of recognition is its safeguard. It furnishes each member of the Craft and the whole fraternity with a security against imposition, and by readily and certainly supplying a means of detection, it prevents the unprincipled and dishonest from falsely assuming the appearance of virtuous poverty, and thus preserve with the treasury of the society its charitable funds to be more appropriately bestowed upon the destitute brother, the distressed widow, and the helpless orphan.

As the watchword would cease to be a protection to the sleeping camp, if it were publicly announced at the head of the army, instead of being confined by a wise precaution to the guard on duty, so the secret mode of recognition among Masons, if promulgated to the world, would no longer enable us to detect impositions, or to aid true brethren. In this there can be no crime, for we thus invade no man's right, but only more securely protect our own.

But it is said that Freemasons have certain traditions, and practice certain ceremonies, which we religiously preserve from the knowledge of all but the initiated. But unless it would be proved that these traditions were corrupting, or those ceremonies licentious, we know not on what basis a charge of criminality could rest. Yet more: could it even be alleged that the former were imaginary, and the latter ludicrous, they still would be simply harmless. But when we know that with the one there is connected a vast fund of historical truth and legendary lore, and that the other symbolically communicates lessons profoundly moral and religious, we best secure their integrity and purity.

Were these secrets to be indiscriminately dispersed, they would soon lose their value—becoming familiar, they would cease to be important, and that which was no man's peculiar property, would find not one to protect it from corruption, or to preserve it from oblivion. If there be any suspicion that there are mysteries which are carefully covered with the veil of secrecy, we would state, that our doors, though closed to the unworthy, are ever open at the knocks of the deserving. To the good man and true, there need be no mysteries in Masonry with which he is unacquainted. If he be offended that he does not share our confidence, we say to him, approach the vestibule of our temple, show on your part a willingness to mingle in our devotions, and we will gladly embrace you as a fellow worshipper at our altar—to you we will readily impart what we have received, and with you, will investigate all the doctrines, ceremonies and symbols, which constitute the esoteric work of Freemasonry.

But if from indifference to truth, or an indisposition to investigate, you are unwilling to seek this entrance within our walls, then we demand of you in all fairness and candour, whether you are a Blanchard, or other narrow minded, or hypocritical canting knave, or otherwise, that you will at least cease to reproach or censure us for the exclusive possession of secrets in the ownership of which you yourself have refused to participate.

The principle that governs Freemasonry in all its branches in the distribution of its charities, and the exercise of all the friendly affections, is that which was laid down by St. Paul for the government of the infant church at Galatia; "As we have opportunity, therefore let us do good to all men, especially unto those who are of the household." This sentiment of preference for one's own household, thus sanctioned by apostolic authority, is the dictate of human nature, and the words of scripture find their echo in every heart. Blood is thicker than water, and those who have established the claim of worshipping at our altar, have established the higher claim of Masonic consanguinity.—*New York Dispatch.*

Monthly Odds and Ends.

A young man who belongs to a club where euchre is the principal intellectual study, took a young lady to church the other Sunday evening, and fell into a gentle dose before the minister had reached his "thirdlys." He cannot explain exactly how it happened, but just as the reverend gentleman said something about the "last trump," the young man earnestly ejaculated, "I'll go alone!" The young lady says the next time he can "go alone," for she won't go with him.

The other day, at a concert, a gentleman having put his hat upon a chair to keep a place, returned to claim it after a short absence. The hat he found, sure enough, where it had been left, only there was a stout lady sitting on it. "Madam," said he, "you are sitting on my hat." The lady blushed a little, turned round, and said in the blandest manner. "Oh, I beg pardon! I'm sure I thought it was my husband's."

A gawkey saw, for the first time, a school-girl going through some of her gymnastic exercises for the amusement of the little ones at home. After gazing on her with looks of interest and commiseration for a while, he asked a boy near by "If that gal had fits?" "No," replied the lad contemptuously; "that's gymnastics." "Oh, 'tis they?" said the verdant; "how long has she had them?"

A waiter in a St. Louis restaurant was asked for a tooth pick by one of the patrons—he had just finished a bowl of oyster soup. "What do you want with a toothpick?" queried the waiter, who had cultivated considerable familiarity with all the customers. "I want to pick an oyster from my teeth." "Oh, no, you don't! There was only one oyster in that soup, and I ate that on my way from the kitchen!"

A young man in Indiana sues his father for loaned money, which the father claims was his own property. The father's counsel, in summing up the case of his client, remarked: "Twice has this prodigal returned to his father's house; twice has he been received with open arms; twice for him has the fatted calf been killed; and now he comes back and wants the old cow."

A little girl asked a minister, "Do you think my father will go to heaven?" "Why, yes, my child. Why do you ask?" "Well, because if he doesn't have his own way there he won't stay long, I was thinking."

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 11.—VOL. I.

MAY, 1874.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

THE great event of the intervening period since our last summary has been the initiation of his H. R. H. Prince Arthur, by his august brother H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, as P.M. of the Princes's Lodge.

ENGLISH Freemasons are always glad to welcome the presence amongst them of the members of their much loved Royal Family, and we congratulate our Royal Brother, as a working W. M., for his happy duty on the occasion, and the admirable way in which he performed the ceremony, while we especially congratulate our English Craft on the reception of so distinguished and so illustrious a candidate for the light and privileges of Freemasonry.

THE Earl of Zetland has been installed P.G.M. of the N. and E. Ridings at Yorkshire, by our Grand Master at York, Thursday, April 9th. It was a meeting worthy of the occasion, and the arrangements reflect the highest credit on P.M. Bro. Todd, and the worthy brethren of the York Lodge.

AFTER a most auspicious ceremony 400 brethren assembled from all parts of Yorkshire, to greet the nephew of their good old chief and venerated brother, the late Lord Zetland. A procession was formed to the Great Minster, which reared of old by the hands of our operative brethren, was soon filled with a brilliant assembly of our speculative brotherhood. After a most eloquent and appropriate sermon from Bro. Kemp, P.P.G.C., and a collection for the Good Samaritan Society of £48, the brethren returned to the Guildhall, which had been fitted up through the kind intervention of P.M. Bro. March, the Right Honour-

able the Lord Mayor, and afterwards adjourned to the banquet.

All seems to have been most successful and satisfactory.

Since the famous assembly under Athelstan, no more brilliant Masonic assembly has been gathered in the old and metropolitan city of York.

THERE is little else to record in English Freemasonry, except that it passes on peacefully and harmoniously the even tenour of its way.

THE Girls' School anniversary is fixed for May 13th, Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot in the chair, and we have no doubt it will prove to be a very successful gathering.

THE Mayor of Worcester, Bro. H. D. Goldingham entertained the Provincial Freemasons of Worcestershire at breakfast on the reopening of the beautiful cathedral at Worcester, April 8th.

The new Surrey Masonic Hall is now fully started, and we feel sure that when completed it will not only be most honourable to the architect and builders from what we have seen, but a credit to the Craft, and helpful to Freemasonry. We may observe that in the United States, the hall movement is making immense strides; indeed it may be a question if our Transatlantic Brethren are not already ahead of us in this respect.

This is little to note in foreign Masonic intelligence.

We may, however, observe this, that from the numerous foreign journals and serials we receive from all parts of the world (our latest is from Bucharest), Freemasonry is evidently progressing with great rapidity in all lands at the present hour. May its extension and advance be of real good and beneficence to mankind.

THE EDITOR.

THE INITIATION OF PRINCE ARTHUR INTO FREEMASONRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

As our Brethren generally may like to know something of this interesting event, we have thought it right to put it on record, for the information of Freemasons, though no official account of the proceedings has been published, or is apparently likely to be published. We think this reticence and silence, though we say it in all deference, a mistake, as it is next to an impossibility but that our ever loyal and devoted order, will be most anxious to hear of and to hail the advent of one of the Members of our Royal Family into Freemasonry.

We have taken the following account from the *Standard* newspaper of March 25th, though we do not profess to vouch Masonically for the correctness of all its details.

It is, however, undoubtedly the best that has appeared, and as such we offer it to the Brotherhood.

In the month of August, 1787, the Grand Lodge of Freemasons granted a warrant constituting the "Prince of Wales' Lodge" (No. 259). Five years afterwards his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, then Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Order, was pleased to nominate General Halse Deputy Master, and their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Clarence Wardens of the lodge. Upon his Majesty's (George IV.) accession to the Throne a memorial was presented by the lodge praying that it might be permitted to continue to enjoy the high honour of the Royal patronage. His Majesty graciously acceded to the request. Subsequently his Royal Highness the Duke of York was in due form installed into the chair by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who was then Most Worshipful Grand Master. The Duke of York filled the office of Worshipful Master with honour to the lodge until his

Royal Highness's decease. Upon this the Duke of Clarence became Master and was formally installed also by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex at a special lodge held at the Thatched House Tavern in February, 1828. In January, 1831, the Duke of Sussex, in obedience to the expressed wish of his Majesty, was installed into the chair of the lodge, which his Royal Highness filled until his death in 1843. In 1830 the Earl of Zetland was initiated in this lodge, which, as shown from the time of its constitution, has always been distinguished by its Royal and aristocratic membership. As stated, his Royal Highness William Henry Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV.; his Royal Highness Frederick Duke of York, his Royal Highness Augustus Frederick Duke of Sussex, General Sir J. Doyle, Bart., the Earl of Wigtown, the Right Hon. Earl of Mountmorris, the Earl of Zetland, the Duke of Roxburghe, George Canning, the Right Hon. Lord Hawke, the Right Hon. Chas. A. Pelham, Lord Yarborough, Sir David Pollock, Right Hon. Lord Saltoun and Abernethy, the Right Hon. the Earl of Ellesmere, the Duke of Beaufort, the Right Hon. Lord Rendlesham, and the present Earl of Yarborough were amongst other distinguished members of this lodge. The lodge, it will be seen, is 87 years old, and during that long period it has always enjoyed a *status* which it promises to maintain for generations to come. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is the perpetual master of the lodge, and last night was added to its list of members a name well known and honoured by the public at large. Prince Arthur Patrick Albert, K.G., was initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry. The ceremony, which took place at Willis's Rooms, was regarded with more than usual interest by those who witnessed it, from the fact of the initiation having been performed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in

his capacity as Master of the Lodge. Pursuant to a resolution which was unanimously passed, and approved by the Worshipful Master in January last, no member was permitted to introduce visitors upon the occasion. Indeed, it was his Royal Highness's express command that the meeting should be strictly confined to members of the lodge, with the exception of the most Worshipful Grand Master, the Deputy Grand Master, the Grand Wardens, the Grand Secretary, and the Grand Director of Ceremonies. Thus the meeting did not number more than 40 members. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Earl of Ripon, the Grand Master, arrived in lodge at six o'clock, and immediately proceeded to the business of the evening, the lodge having been previously opened by the Deputy Master Brother Grey. His Royal Highness confirmed the appointment of officers for the present year, after which Prince Arthur was introduced, and the ceremony of initiation was impressively performed by his Royal Highness the Worshipful Master, who was assisted by Deputy Master Robert Grey, Senior Warden John Gibson, Junior Warden Arthur B. Cook, Senior Deacon T. D. Bolton, the Junior Deacon, A. Rucker, &c. At the conclusion of the business his Royal Highness closed the lodge in the usual manner, and the brethren subsequently adjourned to the banquet, at which his Royal Highness the Worshipful Master presided.

THE AREA ROUND ST. PAUL'S.

The well-known cast-iron railings round St. Paul's-churchyard, having been sold by auction, are now being removed. The railing brought 34*l.* 5*s.*, or about 8*l.* per ton. It is of Sussex iron, about the last produced in that county. The sum named is for the ironwork only, not the stone parapet wall into which it was secured. This still remains the property of the Cathedral, and consists of some fine blocks of Portland, equal in quality, or nearly so, to that of which the Cathedral itself is built.

W.

THE OLD MASONIC POEM.

This version of the Masonic Poem (MS. A., Hughan's Catalogue), known better by some as the "Haliwell MS.," or the MS. Bib. Reg. 17, A 1., ff 33, in the old Royal Library, British Museum, has been modernized, as far as is practicable, by Mr. R. Sims, of the MS. Department, British Museum, for me with great care and skill. It is intended to form part eventually of a larger edition of the British MS. Constitutions, edited by Brother W. G. Hughan and myself, when we shall seek to lay before our brethren all known Constitutions up to the time of publication, every effort being made in the interim to trace any MS. of which *indicia* still exist, but which have so far eluded all research.

It seemed however well to me, to give this version of the old Poem in a modern garb, as modern, that is, as *conveniens*, to the readers of the "Masonic Magazine," in the first instance, in order to interest some of our good Brotherhood in these literary studies and efforts of ours, undertaken "*pro communi bono*," so that when the fuller and larger work appears, it may be appreciated by all Masonic students, and be considered in accordance with our aim and design, an authoritative edition, and an exhaustive account of all the "Ancient Charges" so far known. It is proposed in that more elaborate work, to give the actual old MS. version of the poem with this modernized version paginally. And as this poem is undoubtedly so far the most ancient Masonic MS. known to be in existence, and dating back, as it does unquestionably, to A.D. 1590, it must ever have the deepest interest and value for all who, like Bro. Hughan and myself, are desirous of exploring the arcana of our Masonic evidences, and unrolling carefully and completely, the long forgotten, yet ever valuable documents, which serve so strikingly to illustrate the history of the past for us, and to bring into order, and under the full rays of the light of historic truth, the "*disiecta membra*" of our Masonic legends and traditions.

Though there have been innumerable difficulties in carrying out the plan of the translation I suggested to Mr. Sims, he has admirably succeeded in his endeavour to render faithfully the old English into

modern verbiage, and yet to preserve the quaint rhythm.

I have simply made one or two alterations which seemed advisable to render the version completely consistent with our original idea and aim, but to Mr. Sims belongs the great merit of this skilful and accurate rendering of the old Masonic Chronicle.

It is just possible that this publication may lead to the search for, and discovery of other constitutions, and if so Bro. Ingham's efforts, and mine, will be amply rewarded.

A. F. A. Woodford.

Here begin the Constitutions of the art of Gemetry according to Euclid.

Whoso will both read well and look
What he may find written in old book,
Of great lords and also ladies,
That had many children together—y wisse (1)
And had no money to find them with.
Neither in town, nor field, nor frith, (2)
A counsel together they could then take
To ordain for their children's sake,
How they might best lead their life
Without great inconvenience, care and strife.
And chiefly for the multitude that was coming
Of their children after their ending,
They sent then after a great clerk
To teach them then good work,
And pray with them for our Lord's sake,
To our children some work to make,
That they might get their living thereby
Both well and honestly, full securely.
In that though good Gemetry
This honest craft of good Masonry
Was ordained and made in this manner,
Imitated by this clerk together,
At their Lord's prayers they imitated Gemetry,
And gave it the name of Masonry,
For the most honest craft of all.
These lord's children thereto did fall
To learn of him the craft of Gemetry,
The which he made full curiously;
Through father's prayers and mother's also,
This honest craft he put them to.
He that learnt best and was of honesty,
And excelled his fellows in curiosity;
If in that craft he did him pass,
He should have more worship than the "lasse." (3)
This great clerk's name was called Euclid
His name is spread full wondrous wide,
Yet this great clerk more ordained he
To him that was higher in this degree,
That he should teach the simplest of wit, (4)

(1) Y wisse—for certain.

(2) Frith—wood.

(3) Lasse—lazy.

(4) Wit—knowledge.

In that honest craft to be parfyte, (5)
And so each one should teach the other,
And love together as sister and brother.
Furthermore yet that ordained he
Master called so should he be,
So that he was most worshipped,
Then should be so ye yclepede, (6)
But Masons should never one and another call
Within the craft, among them all,
Nor subject, nor servant, my dear brother,
Though he be not so perfect as is another.
Each one shall call other fellows by "aith" (7)
For cause they come of ladies burthe, (8)
In this manner through good knowledge of
Gemetry,
Began first the craft of Masonry.
The clerk Euclid in this wise it fand (9)
The craft of Gemetry in Egyptian land,
In Egypt he taught it full wide,
In divers lands on every side.
Many years I understande,
Ere that the craft came into this land.
This craft came into England, as I you say,
In the time of good kind Athelstan his day,
He made them both hall and also bower,
And high temples of great honour,
To sport him in both day and night,
And to worship his God with all his might.
This good lord loved the craft full well,
And proposed to strengthen it every dell (10)
For divers defaults that in the Craft he fonde, (11)
He sent about into the londe, (12)
After all the Masons of the Craft
To come to him full even straight,
For to amend those defects all,
By good council if it might fall,
An assembly then he known let make
Of divers lords in their state,
Dukes, earls, and barons also
Knights, squires and many more,
And the great burghers of the city,
They were there all in their degree.
These were there each one in every way,
To ordain for their Mason's estate,
There they sought by their wit,
How they might govern it,
Fifteen articles there they sought,
And fifteen points there they wrought.

(5) Parfyte—perfect.

(6) Yclepede—named.

(7) Aith—relationship.

(8) Burthe—birth.

(9) Fand—found.

(10) Dell—part.

(11) Fonde—found.

(12) Londe—land.

(To be Continued.)

At one of the ragged schools in Ireland, a clergyman asked the question: "What is holiness?" A pupil, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said: "Plaze yer reverence, it is to be clane inside."

ROOKSTONE PRIORY.

(From *Keystone*.)

CHAPTER III.

For Alice West the days glided swiftly past during her first three months at Rookstone Priory—so swiftly that when sunny May dawned, and melted in due time into glorious, leafy June, she could hardly believe that her sojourn had been so long in the quiet old house, of the gloom of which she never seemed to be conscious. She was now thoroughly initiated into the light duties expected of her as Mrs. Lorrimore's companion, and had learned to love the kind-hearted, motherly, drowsy old lady with all the warmth of her loving girlish heart. And Alice West was very happy; she had never been so happy in her life before. Earnestly did she strive to repay, by a thousand little acts born of ever-watchful care, the manifold kindness which the blind master of Rookstone and his lovable aunt Jem showered upon her so plentifully as the days went by.

Miss West's first duty of the day was to read prayers. Her last was the same. After breakfast she read a little, worked a little, and talked a little with Mrs. Lorrimore, who dozed between whiles, and put a few stitches in a ponderous piece of woolwork raised on an equally ponderous wool-frame, representing "The Passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea," in which representation the pursued and the pursuers were uncomfortably near to one another, and the perspective of the whole was, to say the least of it, doubtful. Mrs. Lorrimore had been working at Pharaoh's upraised arm on and off for the last two years. She often expressed her wonder to Alice if the "Passage through the Red Sea" would ever fulfil its intended purpose, which was the covering of an immense fat-looking cushion of the softest order for the back of Mrs. Lorrimore's own especial arm-chair.

Alice frequently begged to be allowed to assist in the completion of Pharaoh, but aunt Jem would never hear of it.

"I began it, my dear, all by myself; I mean to finish it all myself. I think I shall manage it by-and-by."

After luncheon till the first dinner-bell rang, Alice's time was her own, to do with it as she pleased—whether to wander through the deserted garden and shady park, or to revel in the serene quiescence which hovered round the Priory.

Rookstone in the early summer was a very paradise of earthly beauty. The gardens were shady, the flowers beautiful and odorous, the grass soft, and the trees, which grew and shivered in the summer breezes near to the house, full of a whispering music which Alice, lying beneath their shade, delighted to listen to.

Oh, glorious, to-be-remembered June afternoons that Alice West idled away, unconscious and regardless of time's swift flight, amidst the grand dumb beauty of Rookstone Park! And not always alone was she. Often, ay, very often, would the blind master of Rookstone be her companion in those dreamlike rambles—dangerously happy, delicious, beautiful rambles, while the golden sun shone brightly through the interlacing branches overhead, where the birds sang joyously amongst the leaves

Their old melodious madrigal of love.

Those two, Lowndes Forrester and Alice West, were happy indeed in those halcyon June afternoons, although the world, with all its beauty, he could not see. It was such an age since he had listened to the sound of a young girl's voice with any interest; such an age, in fact, since he had listened to a youthful voice at all. Not until the advent of aunt Jem's companion had he awakened to the knowledge that the world was not so full of misery as he had taught himself to believe. In truth he had almost forgotten what the world was like. After his trouble he had withdrawn himself from all pleasure; for his life was cold, and dark, and dreary, and he and gladness henceforth must be as total strangers. So he had said; but lately his faith in his own doctrine had been strangely shaken, and gentle, lovely Alice West had become inexpressibly dear to him during the short four months of her stay at Rookstone.

Leaning on her arm, the strong helpless man would take much longer walks than he had for years been accustomed to; under her watchful and careful guidance he re-visited many well-loved nooks and

corners in the glades and fern-tangled hollows of Rookstone Park, where, except in the days of his younger manhood, his feet had never trod.

Slowly walking by the willing girl's side, trampling and crushing the moss-bedded violets under foot, and breathing the light summer air, laden with the perfume of "sweet wild hyacinths," Lowndes Forrester could not help thinking how blessed it would be to have her always by his side; to have her always as his companion; to have her for his very own: to live for her, and her only; to call her by the sacred and holy name of wife.

His wife! Ah, Heaven, he could not ask her! What would she say to him were he to pray her to tie herself to his side, for better, for worse; to swear to love, honour, and obey a sightless, useless piece of humanity, whose helplessness was as that of a little child! What would she say even to the idea of so terrible a sacrifice?

Then, too, how dangerously happy to poor blind Lowndes and to Alice were the peaceful, blue-misted golden summer evenings, when, after dinner, aunt Jem dozing as usual over the intricacies of the waves and struggling Egyptians, Alice would read to Lowndes Forrester the books that as a younger man he had delighted in most! All through his years of awful darkness those books had never been opened. Who was there at Rookstone to appreciate his favourite authors; to read aloud and go over with him the beautiful passages which he had marked in their pages? No one but aunt Jem; and she—well, she would doubtless have done her best. But then aunt Jem, poor soul, was not over fond of what she termed "deep reading, you know;" and, moreover, she possessed an extraordinary knack of confusing Tennyson hopelessly with Macaulay, Shelly with Shakspeare, Byron with Bishop Heber, and would ever persist in declaring that "Ingoldsby" was the author of *Paradise Lost*, and that the *Loves of the Angels* was a production of poor "L. E. L.'s."

But how different with Alice! With her to read to him in her low, plaintive voice, while the sun died grandly in the golden West, and aunt Jem dozed placidly over the discomfited Egyptians, the drawing room windows open, the cool fragrant air blowing in upon them, Lowndes

Forrester lived his youth over again, and his heart was full of an untold joy; he on one side of the low, deep-seated open window, and Alice West on the other, her book supported by the sill of the window, the dying splendour of the setting sun lighting up the glory of her nut-brown hair.

From the loves of Dante and Beatrice to the loves of Gabriel and Evangeline; from the musical soul-stirring "Lays of Ancient Rome" to the tender, touching beauty of "Dora" and "Enoch Arden," all were gone over. Oh, hazy summer evenings, full of the soft sweet musical cadence of a beautiful woman's voice!

Yes, it was a golden time, and it fostered and made more strong the love which had taken root in the master of Rookstone's heart.

"Oh, if I could only make her love me?" he would cry sadly to himself, "Might not the world be all gladness then?"

At last Lowndes Forrester could bear it no longer. He determined to tell Alice West that he loved her with all his heart. It all happened one day towards the end of July. The afternoon was cloudless, and not a breath of wind was stirring. The birds were singing languidly in the leafy boughs, and the flowers drooping beneath the heat of the sun. Mrs. Lorrimore, upstairs in her dressing-room, was fast asleep, lulled into a dreamless slumber by the humming of the insects outside her window.

Miss West, armed with a huge sunshade, a broad-brimmed hat, and a volume of George Eliot's *Mill of the Floss*, was ready for her accustomed stroll. She was just in the act of taking the camp-stool from a corner of the hall, when the library door opened, and Lowndes Forrester appeared on the threshold.

"Is that you, Miss West? Are you going out?" he asked.

"Not if you wish me to stay in," she answered.

"On the contrary; I should like to come with you. May I?"

"Yes," she answered.

That was all; yet if he could have seen the liquid light which filled her violet eyes! She was always happier when he was by her side, and was thankful sometimes that Lowndes could not see the

bright tell-tale blood, which would rush so madly to her cheeks at the unexpected sound of his voice or footstep. He took his hat from the peg and together they started.

He had watched and waited for this opportunity to be alone with her, and he meant to make the most of it now that he had gained it; nevertheless his heart felt very sad and heavy, as though oppressed by the shadow of a coming failure. He thought it next to impossible that she in all her bright young loveliness could ever care for him, sightless, and ten years her senior. Still there would be no harm in speaking out; no harm in telling her that he loved her fondly.

It was not long before they came to Alice's favourite spot; a shadowed nook where the trees were thickest, and a meandering brook widest; where the pure white water-lilies sailed palely on the surface, and the minnows in countless shoals floated swiftly down with the stream. This afternoon everything was very still and peaceful in the glare of the glittering sunshine.

Alice seated herself upon her camp-stool, and Lowndes threw himself on the grass at her feet. She opened her book, but not a word did she read. Never before had Lowndes been so silent, and somehow Alice felt that something out of the ordinary way was going to happen, for either weal or woe—she could not tell which. Never before had her heart fluttered so restlessly, nor the beautiful colour in her cheeks faded and then glowed again so rapidly. A silence that neither dared to break seemed to have fallen on them both.

Lowndes broke it. "Alice!" It was the first time that he had called her by her Christian name. She was not in the least surprised.

"Yes, Mr. Forrester," she said faintly.

He got up from the grass then, and, coming behind her, laid his hand gently upon her shoulder.

"Alice," he said very earnestly, and his strong voice shook, "I love you! Pity my great weakness; have pity, oh, my dear love, and be my wife!"

Her head drooped low on her breast—drooped as do the flowrets in the warmth of the too generous sun. Thankful, happy tears sprang up and trembled on her lashes.

Her bosom heaved—for he loved her! How great a happiness was hers! She did not speak; she could find no words in which to answer him; but she wanted to make him understand that it could not be; the social gulf was too cruelly wide. Yet for all that her happiness was great, and—she loved him.

"Won't you say one word to me, dear?"

Drawing in a long trembling breath, she rose from her camp-stool and stood in front of him.

"Lowndes," she whispered, dwelling with unutterable fondness on his name, and clasping her hands together with a little passionate hopeless gesture, "I do love you; love you with all my soul, but—but it cannot be."

She burst into tears. But he in his passion had caught her to his breast, and was straining her there as though he could never part with her more.

"My darling, my darling, my own love!" he cried, almost wild with joy. "You are my own now; nothing shall ever part us!"

"Let me go, Mr. Forrester," pleaded Miss West between her sobs, thinking now that she had gone too far. "You must not; indeed you must not! Please let me go."

"And you say you love me, child?"

"Yes, yes."

"Then what do you mean, my darling?"

"What would the world say?" said she, faintly, and still struggling to free herself from his winding embrace.

"The world!" he repeated, scornfully. "It has forgotten me. We parted nine years ago. I know the exact worth of its prejudice and hollow flatteries. But, with you by my side, my little darling, I will face it again. Perhaps, after all, it is not so bad. Oh, my dear love," he continued, "don't be cruel; I love you very, very dearly. Man as I am, I think it would break my heart were you to cast me off and give me no hope. I never knew until this moment how much I loved you. Say 'Yes,' Alice—say 'Yes.' No man will ever love you so dearly as I."

The temptation was great; what should she say to him? It was sweet indeed to feel his arms around her. She knew not what to do.

"It is because I am blind!" cried Lowndes, with exceeding bitterness, while

his grasp round the trembling figure loosened. "I have been a fool to forget the barrier. Merciful Heavens, I had forgotten that!"

This was enough; it roused the true woman in the heart of Alice West.

"Don't, don't," she wailed, twining her arms about his neck, and nestling her head against his breast again; "don't, Lowndes, say that! I love you all the more for—"

"Then," interrupted he, passionately, "there is nothing on earth to come between us. Will you be my wife—my own dear wife, Alice?"

From the first her resistance had been faint, and, woman-like, she wavered. The temptation was too strong, and, woman-like, she yielded.

"Yes," she murmured—a clear, soft murmur; "I will."

His kisses rained fast and thick upon the blushing, upturned face. To poor blind Lowndes Forrester the world was all beautiful then.

THE LIFE OF BRO. GEORGE OLIVER, D.D.

BY ALBERT G. MACKAY, M.D.

The Rev. George Oliver, D.D., one of the most distinguished and learned of English Masons, was descended from an ancient Scottish family of that name, some of whom came to England in the time of James I., and settled at Clipstone Park, Nottinghamshire. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Samuel Oliver, Rector of Lambley, Nottinghamshire, and Elizabeth, daughter of George Whitehead, Esq. He was born at Popplewick, November 5th, 1782, and received a liberal education at Nottingham. In 1803, when but twenty-one years of age, he was elected second master of the grammar school at Causton, Lincoln; in 1809 he was appointed to the head-mastership of King Edward's Grammar School, at Great Grimsby. In 1813, he entered holy orders in the Church of England, and was ordained a deacon. The subsequent year he was made a priest. In the spring of 1815, Bishop Tomline collated him to the living of Clee, his name being at the time placed on the Boards of

Trinity College, Cambridge, as a ten-year man, by Dr. Bayley, Sub-Dean of Lincoln and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop. In the same year he was admitted as Surrogate and a Steward of the Clerical Fund. In 1831, Bishop Kaye gave him the living of Scopwick, which he held to the time of his death. He graduated as Doctor of Divinity in 1836, being then Rector of Wolverhampton and a Prebendary of the Collegiate Church at that place, both of which positions had been presented to him by Dr. Hobart, Dean of Westminster. In 1846, the Lord Chancellor conferred on him the Rectory of South Hykeham, which vacated the incumbency of Wolverhampton. At the age of seventy-two, Dr. Oliver's physical powers began to fail, and he was obliged to confine the charge of his parishes to the care of curates, and he passed the remaining years of his life in retirement at Lincoln. In 1805, he had married Mary Ann, the youngest daughter of Thomas Beverley, Esq., by whom he left five children. He died March 3rd, 1867, at Eastgate, Lincoln.

To the literary world Dr. Oliver was well known as a laborious antiquary; and his works on ecclesiastical antiquities, during fifty years of his life, from 1811 to 1866, earned for him a high reputation. Of these works the most important were, "History and Antiquities of the Collegiate Church of Beverley," "History and Antiquities of the Collegiate Church of Wolverhampton," "History of the Conventual Church of Grimsby," "Monumental Antiquities of Grimsby," "History of the Guild of the Holy Trinity, Sleaford," "Letters on the Druidical Remains near Lincoln," "Guide to the Druidical Temple at Nottingham," and "Remains of Ancient Britons between Lincoln and Sleaford."

But it is as the most learned Mason, and the most indefatigable and copious Masonic author of his age, that Dr. Oliver principally claims our attention. He had inherited a love of Freemasonry; for his father, the Rev. Samuel Oliver, was an expert master of the work, the chaplain of his lodge, and contributed during a whole year, from 1797 to 1798, an original Masonic song to be sung on every lodge night. His son has repeatedly acknowledged his indebtedness to him for valuable

information in relation to Masonic usages.

Dr. Oliver was initiated by his father in the year 1801, in St. Peter's Lodge, in the city of Peterborough. He was at that time but nineteen years of age, and was admitted by dispensation during his minority, according to the practice then prevailing, as a Lewis, or the son of a Mason.

Under the tuition of his father, he made much progress in the rites and ceremonies then in use among the lodges. He read with great attention every Masonic book within his reach, and began to collect that store of knowledge which he afterwards used with so much advantage to the Craft.

Soon after his appointment as head master of King Edward's Grammar School at Grimsby, he established a lodge in the borough, the chair of which he occupied for fourteen years. So strenuous were his exertions for the advancement of Masonry, that in 1812 he was enabled to lay the first stone of a Masonic hall in the town where three years before there had been scarcely a Mason residing.

About this time he was exalted as a Royal Arch Mason in the Chapter attached to the Rodney Lodge at Kingston-on-Hull. In Chapters and Consistories connected with the same lodge he also received the high degrees and those of Masonic knight-hood. In 1813, he was appointed a Provincial Grand Steward, in 1816 Provincial Grand Chaplain, and in 1832 Provincial Deputy Grand Master, of the Province of Lincolnshire. These are all the official honours that he received, except that of Past Deputy Grand Master conferred as an honorary title by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. In 1840, Dr. Crucefix had undeservedly incurred the displeasure of the Grand Master, the Duke of Sussex. Dr. Oliver, between whom and Dr. Crucefix there had always been a warm personal friendship, assisted in a public demonstration of the Fraternity in honour of his friend and brother. This involved him in the odium, and caused the Provincial Grand Master of Lincolnshire, Brother Charles Tennyson D'Eyncourt, to request the resignation of Dr. Oliver as his deputy. He complied with the resignation, and after that time withdrew from all active participation in the labours of the lodge. The transaction was not con-

sidered by any means as creditable to the independence of character or sense of justice of the Provincial Grand Master, and the Craft very generally expressed their indignation of the course which he had pursued and their warm appreciation of the Masonic services of Dr. Oliver. In 1844, this appreciation was marked by the presentation of an offering of plate, which had been very generally subscribed for by the Craft throughout the kingdom.

Dr. Oliver's first contribution to the literature of Freemasonry, except a few Masonic sermons, was a work entitled "The Antiquities of Freemasonry, comprising Illustrations of the Five Grand Periods of Masonry, from the Creation of the World to the Dedication of King Solomon's Temple," which was published in 1823. His next production was a little work entitled "The Star in the East," intended to show, from the testimony of Masonic writers, the connection between Freemasonry and Religion. In 1841, he published twelve lectures on the "Signs and Symbols" of Freemasonry, in which he went into a learned detail of the history and signification of all the recognized symbols of the Order. His next important contribution to Freemasonry was "The History of Initiation, in twelve lectures, comprising a detailed account of the Rites and Ceremonies, Doctrines and Discipline, of all the Secret and Mysterious Institutions of the Ancient World," published in 1840. The professed object of the author was to show the resemblances between these ancient systems of initiation and the Masonic, and to trace them to a common origin, a theory which under some modification has been very generally accepted by Masonic scholars.

Following this was "The Theocratic Philosophy of Freemasonry," a highly interesting work, in which he discusses the speculative character of the Institution. A "History of Freemasonry from 1829 to 1840," has proved a valuable appendix to the work of Preston, an edition of which he had previously edited in the former year. His next and his most important, most interesting, and most learned production was his "Historical Landmarks and other Evidences of Freemasonry Explained." No work, with such an amount of facts in reference to the Masonic system, had ever before been published by any author. It

will for ever remain as a monument of his vast research and his extensive reading. But it would be no brief task to enumerate merely the titles of the many works which he produced for the instruction of the Craft. A few of them must suffice. These are the "Revelations of a Square," a sort of Masonic romance, detailing in a fictitious form many of the usages of the last centuries, with anecdotes of the principal Masons of that period; "The Golden Remains of the Early Masonic Writers," in five volumes, each of which contains an interesting introduction by the editor; "The Book of the Lodge," a useful manual, intended as a guide to the ceremonies of the Order; "The Symbol of Glory," intended to show the object and end of Freemasonry; "A Mirror for the Johanneite Masons," in which he discusses the question of the dedication of lodges to the two Saints John; "The Origin and Insignia of the Royal Arch Degree," a title which explains itself; "A Dictionary of Symbolic Masonry," by no means the best of his works. Almost his last contribution to Masonry was his "Institutes of Masonic Jurisprudence," a book in which he expressed views of law that did not meet with the universal concurrence of his English readers. Besides these elaborate works, Dr. Oliver was a constant contributor to the early volumes of the *London Freemasons' Quarterly Review*, and published one valuable article "On the York Constitutions" in the *American Quarterly Review of Freemasonry*.

The great error of Dr. Oliver, as a Masonic teacher was a too easy credulity, or a too great warmth of imagination, which led him to accept, without hesitation, the crude theories of previous writers, and to recognize documents and legends as unquestionably authentic, whose truthfulness subsequent researches have led most Masonic scholars to doubt or to deny. His statements, therefore, as to the origin or the history of the order, have to be received with many grains of allowance. Yet it must be acknowledged, that no writer in the English language has ever done so much to elevate the scientific character of Freemasonry.

Dr. Oliver was, in fact, the founder of what may be called the Literary School of Masonry. Bringing to the study of the

Institution an amount of archaeological learning but seldom surpassed, an inexhaustible fund of multifarious reading, and all the laborious research of a genuine scholar, he gave to Freemasonry a literary and philosophic character, which has induced many succeeding scholars to devote themselves to those studies which he had made so attractive. While his erroneous theories and his fanciful speculations will be rejected, the form and direction that he has given to Masonic speculations will remain, and to him must be accredited the enviable title of the *Father of Anglo-Saxon Masonic Literature*.

In reference to the personal character of Dr. Oliver, a contemporary journalist (*Stamford Mercury*) has said, that he was of a kind and genial disposition, charitable in the highest sense of the word, courteous, affable, self-denying and beneficent, humble, unassuming and unaffected, ever ready to oblige, easy of approach, and amiable yet firm in the right.

Dr. Oliver's theory of the system of Freemasonry may be briefly stated in these words: He believed that the Order was to be found in the earliest periods of recorded history. It was taught by Seth to his descendants, and practised by them under the name of Primitive or Pure Freemasonry. It passed over to Noah, and at the dispersion of mankind suffered a division into Pure and Spurious. The Pure Freemasonry descended through the Patriarchs to Solomon, and thence on to the present day. The Pagans, although they had slight glimmerings of the Masonic truths which had been taught by Noah, greatly corrupted them, and presented in their mysteries a system of initiation to which he gave the name of the Spurious Freemasonry of Antiquity. These views he had developed and enlarged and adorned out of the similar but less definitely-expressed teachings of Hutchinson. Like that writer, also, while freely admitting the principle of religious tolerance, he contended for the strictly Christian character of the Institution, and that too in the narrowest sectarian view; since he believed that the earliest symbols taught the dogma of the Trinity, and that Christ was meant by the Masonic reference to the Deity by the title of Grand Architect of the Universe.—*Mackey's National Freemason*.

THE NEW MORALITY, 1874.

Though Time's great glittering stream has hurried on,

And many startling hours are past and gone,
Since in another age, an abler pen
Essay'd to teach and warn his fellow men;
Tho' seasons many and tho' changes great
Have served to modify our social state,
It yet may be, that in this restless age,
In vivid colours and in friendly page,
Some Mentor still, may seek in solemn strain
The thoughts of mortals to recall again
To ancient wisdoms unpolluted store,
To true philosophy's ennobling lore,
And to the glad truths of a better day,
To turn in loving trust and faith away

From all the follies which enchain us now,
From broken promise and forgotten vow,
From idle luxury's unshamed disgrace,
From that all hopeless, that all heedless race,
In which the giddy throng so holily run,
To fall before their noontide course is done.
And if alas! to-day the pensive muse
With keen regrets, may but too surely choose
To think of other times and brighter hours,
More tranquil memories and more chasten'd powers,
Unchilled by time, to bask in summer ray,
Or linger 'mid the flowery bloom of May,
Oh who can blame her? surely it is given
To man on earth, though far from heaven riven,
And tho' surrounded by these scenes of time,
To dwell 'mid higher joys and hopes sublime,
To trudge around this state of toil and strife,
The glowing prospect of a higher life!

In the same way, when now in accents bold
Advice is tendered, or the truth is told,
Oh let not these life's denizens to-day,
From friendly warning turn in haste away,
Simply because they think they know full well,
All that the moralist or sage can tell,
And long have left their antiquated page,
For all the wisdom of this wiser age.
Oh may these words all lovingly unfold,
Truth's better message, yet for young and old,
May some brave heart, some tender gentle mind
Both food for thought and e'en for fancy find,
And learn in all the wisdom of her light,
To scorn the base and to uphold the right,
When thus in feeble words and humbler lay,
Your poets seek that Truth to tell to-day.

Yet where begin? how rash, how hard the task,
To seek with sternness to remove the mask,
Which grovelling interest or which lucre base,
Has thrown to day o'er ancient friendship face,
So that those features once so bright and fair,
Alas, no more their loving impress bear,
Which once could charm, could soften, could be-
guile,

Life's darker cares, with soft affection's smile.
Or how recall what changes life can make,
Diverging views the links of love can break,
How those who've once stood dear friends side by
side,

And sought to breast together the stormy tide
Of earthly trouble, of trials great and sore,
Part often here and part to meet no more?
Or how proclaim'd this life is "all a cheat?"

its boasted pomp, or rage, a dread deceit?
That 'mid its hours of plenty, gifts of ease,
Those hopes which lure us, and tho' e joys which
please,

Upon them all delusion's gloomy shade
Still throws its spell, on all man's heart has made
Of trust and peace, for all this side the grave
We are forbid to keep and impotent to save.

Surely some hearts can still be touch'd! of yore
They meekly listened to that tender lore,
Which told of human wrong and love divine,
Of earthly frailty and of grace benign,
Which served to throw around a sacred spell
On scenes and hours they all once loved so well,
And as their steps mov'd onwards day by day,
Seemed like a guardian friend to guide their way.
How peaceful then were all those happy years,
How few were all their doubts and all their fears,
Their sleep was innocence, their life was peace,
And joys and years seemed only to increase;
Theirs was the heart without a thought of guile,
Theirs was the merry laugh, the gladdening smile,
For then they walked as ever in God's sight,
And theirs were tranquil hopes and aspirations
bright.

Is there no Mentor nigh? no potent word
Of kindly wisdom which will now be heard
By those who swelling in tumultuous strife,
The noisy crowd of this all-hurrying life,
Go on their way, unheeding without fear,
Nor ever seek to dream that danger's near?
Oh, wondrous love of gold, what power is thine,
To lure thy votaries to some guilty shrine:
How strange it seems, that none content remain,
But risk their life itself in search of gain.
To them this world is but a fitting scene
For every gaudy gift, and glittering sheen
Of money's golden brightness, for to be sure,
The greatest curse of earth is to be poor!
Hard is, indeed, the task of mine to-day,
Harder perhaps the truth in truth to say,
And calmly bold, and yet in utterance clear
To bring conviction to some listening ear.

Mentor.

(To be continued.)

THE bridesmaids at a recent wedding in Georgia are thus described by a local paper; "It is no idle compliment to say that they are like three Graces, their faces mirroring back the purity and softness of the skies, their eyes floating in a light of dewy tenderness, or throwing radiant flashes from the inner shrines of thought, like jewel-tinted sparkles caught from broken rainbows."

A telegraph messenger boy in a Western State got his dispatches mixed, the other day, and handed a horse-jockey a telegram which read, "Can you supply our pulpit next Sabbath?" And to a well-known clergyman in town a dispatch was read. "The trot is postponed till Monday. Can't you come down and spend Sunday?"

A COOL PROPOSAL.

A young friend of mine is, as they say, in a "very bad way," and came to me the other morning with a rueful face, and an agitated manner. Though I might make some little allowance for the nervous "abond" of our youth to-day, their shaky hands, and their husky voices, on account of a preposterous allowance of Cigarettes or Cavendish, or to a too normal indulgence in "corpse revivers," and "B. and S.," yet, I saw that something above the wont had fluttered and flustered the not generally ungenial Anthony. So I said in a patriarchal manner, and a suave voice, "Anthony my son, what ails you?"

"Is it cold salmon, or curried lobster? or are you in 'Queer Street,' or, worst of all are you in love?" The gentle Anthony blushed, a fact I am glad to record, for it is not often that our youth can or do blush. Infatuated youth, at last I said, are you treading on that dangerous ground, where as some one said of old, is to be found, alike a "brevis insania," "et luctus et olor," or as another ancient writer, well puts it, "Tu levis es, et multoque tuis ventosior alis."

Mentor, he replied, "I *is*!" I confess that I was much overpowered by the announcement, but having refreshed the inward man, by a good luncheon, at which I observed that Anthony's "fervens amor" had not taken away Anthony's appetite, I asked him incontinently, who the fair being was. "Euphrosyne Brown," he replied, with a sigh, and then immediately added, "the most charming girl I have ever seen, or ever danced with." "Where did you meet her? Anthony," I asked, thinking that my young friend from the extreme volubility of his utterance, and the existability of his manner, was a "little off the nut," and I was wishful to soothe and tranquilize his perturbed spirits. "I met her the other night at Mrs. Cator's ball, was introduced to her by Tom Jones—you know Tom—and fell madly in love with her." That's the modern

phrase, it appears, the striking utterance which our young men use, though in nine cases out of ten it means not with her, but with her money—£. s. d.

"Who is she?" I again asked, struck with the young man's determined and emphatic asseverations. "Well I don't know much about her belongings," said Anthony, "except that she has a brother in a Lancer regiment, one sister married, another with her governess, and a rather queer old gal of a mother, or 'mater' as she called her. I believe she has lots of tin, and so I have made up my mind to propose to her!"

I stared at him aghast! "After—only—seeing—her—once," I replied hesitatingly and in monosyllables. "Oh dear no," he said, "I have met her twice since then, and we've got on capitally. Though I do wish she would not be so civil to a young fellow in a blonde moustache, who was talking to her the other night, something about a battery, and Lord Napier, and the Abyssinian War. I suspect that he is a gunner."

"But Anthony," I resumed in an expostulatory tone, "what do you know of her? how can you think of proposing to a person you've only seen three or four times? What can either of you really understand of each others sentiments and sympathies so as to render it likely that your journey through life (which, remember, will have to be henceforth slow and commonplace, as a luggage train with no more 'expresses' or 'specials,' my boy for you,) a happy and a peaceful progress?"

"Oh," he said with the happy indifference of youth, "we do agree about the 'Boat Race,' and 'Hunting,' and 'Dancing,' and 'Drags,' in fact everything."

"Well, all these are most important," I said, "but how about temper and tastes, and home life, and the humdrum affairs which make up our common existence."

Oh, he said, "you know, I don't think all that matters much. People marry because they like a 'party,' or

because they think the time is come, or because they want a position, or because they are 'hard up.' So I mean to propose to her, and I want you to help me to write a civil letter to that very respectable individual, her mother. I wish, however, that Euphrosyne would not be so civil to that 'gunner.'

"Anthony," I said, solemnly, "can nothing dissuade you from your rash project? You know absolutely nothing of your adored Euphrosyne, you have seen her four times at the most, and you are so little acquainted with her feelings, that you do not even know, whether she does not much prefer the youth with the blonde moustache—may not even be engaged to him now, and that your proposal is not certain to bring upon you an indignant refusal."

"Well," he said, "Mentor, in for a penny in for a pound, if you won't help me, I must indite a letter to the old gal, I mean the elderly lady, myself, though somehow or other my hand is very shaky this morning."

"Anthony, if you will not be over-persuaded by your old friend, to give up your silly undertaking, I at last replied sadly, I will help you to compose your letter, for it is just as well if you do write, that your composition should be properly spelt and in decent English, accomplishments in neither of which the youth of the present day happily excel. But remember, Anthony, I added, you have really no warrant to make such an offer to an honest girl, and it is honestly and truly on such baneful views, and such hopeless notions, that as Octave Feuillet so well says, we make to-day in our convulsed society, so many 'sots ménages et de vilains modèles.'"

"I am like Paddy, he said in reply, when he met the bull; 'Bad luck to you says he, you roaring baste. Go back I can't, so forward I must go, so take your horns out of the way, you stamping ommadown.'"

"Retreat sometime" I said, "is an act of discretion, despite Paddy." "No" says Anthony bravely, my motto is 'Forwards'

So Anthony sat down, took the pen in his hand, and I dictated to him the following charming little letter.

"Dear Madam"—he wanted to begin dear Mrs. Brown, but I said that was too familiar, and that on such an occasion as this, at any rate "*les mœurs*" should be "*observées*,"—"I trust that you will pardon the liberty I take in thus addressing you." Very neat and introductory he remarked. "I am most anxious to speak to you about a subject which is nearest to my heart and feelings at this present moment."—Anthony rather suggested "*interests*," but I thought it looked mercenary and so he waived the word. "The claims of your dear daughter Miss Euphrosyne Brown have made a deep and lasting impression on my mind."—Nothing can be better he said.

"—I trust that, from our previous acquaintance it may not be deemed presumptuous in me, if I venture to ask your most kind permission to offer to her, through you, the acceptance of my humble heart and hand."—"The old gals he said, confidently, always like the idea that it's done through them, though there never was so great a delusion. It really is first rate I could not have not done it better myself." "It certainly is," replied I, "A 1 for 'cheek' and for audacity." "The entire similarity of our tastes and opinions, the charms I have already discovered in her personal and mental qualities render it certain that our union will be a most happy one, and productive of the greatest contentment to both families."—"Ah, I like that," he said, "that has a business air. But don't," he said hurriedly, "mention anything about settlements or property, mine is a pure marriage of affection."—"Venturing therefore to hope that these my sincere and earnest addresses to your charming daughter, will receive the affectionate sanction of the best of mothers,"—first rate he exclaimed—"I feel I shall not be too far trespassing on your maternal solicitude and kindness, if I ask to be permitted to speak to

Miss Brown in person, on a subject all important to myself, and on what I can truly say my whole present and future happiness depends. — I am, Dear Madam, your most faithful, attached, and devoted Servant, Anthony Toddye."

Anthony was in ecstasies, the letter was sent off at once by a Commissionaire, who was told "there was no answer." Anthony took his leave, revived and exulting. Twenty-four hours elapsed, and in walked Anthony, melancholy Jaques and the Knight of the rueful countenance were nothing to him, and without speaking, but mixing himself some "B. and S." he handed me the following note :

"Grosvenor Place, Tuesday Evening. — Mrs. Brown presents her compliments to Mr. Anthony Toddye, and begs to return him his note. Mrs. Brown thinks there must be some mistake."

Poor Anthony ! "Ah," said Anthony, "that is not the worst. Think of my feelings, I met Euphrosyne in the Park this morning, she was laughing and talking with that odious fellow in the most confiding way, and she cut me dead."

"Poor Anthony" was all I could say. A fortnight afterwards when Anthony was breakfasting with me, in my little humble bachelor domicile, I took up the *Times*, and there I read the following announcement as gently as I could to the now resigned Anthony—"At St. George's Church, on the 10th inst., Captain Henry de Visme, R.I.A., to Euphrosyne, eldest daughter of the late Theophilus Brown, Esq." "Ah," said Anthony calmly, may they be happy. I saw such a pretty girl yesterday. Lots of tin. The old letter may do again. Better luck next time.—MENTOR."

"What's the plural of pillow?" asked a teacher the other day. "A bolster, sir," replied the rawest pupil, amongst the suppressed tittering of the whole class.

ROYAL ARCH ADDRESS.

By M.E. Companion Andrew Robeno, Jr., Acting Grand King, at the Opening of the New Masonic Hall, Philadelphia, 1873.

Most Excellent Grand High Priest and Companions : We are taught, on our first entrance into the portals of Freemasonry, "in the beginning," when that mysterious Spirit, whom we reverently call God, first moved upon the face of the waters, and light burst forth at his Almighty fiat and bathed the earth in its infolded rays, when chaos, floating in space infinite, felt for the first time the plastic hand of God, moulding, fashioning and shaping the elements into this beautiful world, Masonry was. Through all the ages, cycles and centuries that have accumulated and which so gracefully wreath and adorn her majestic brow, she presents to-day, as we assemble within this one of her palace gates, a sight magnificently beautiful, thrilling and divine. Hoary with the ages, coeval with the creation of this mighty universe, yet the jewels which adorn her are Wisdom, Strength and Beauty, bright in all their virgin purity and freshness, and sparkling in their pristine beauty and original splendour, inviting the seeker after light and the inquirer after knowledge and happiness within her virtuous gates, first and always to recognize the great brotherhood of man, ignoring bigotry, intolerance and oppression, founded upon the granite rock of truth, seeks from her silent retreat to extend the same charitable and benignant influence over all, and will, until the pendulum of time shall cease to vibrate, while life and thought and being last or immortality endures. The caputular degrees, to which as a grand body we are so closely allied is one and inseparable with Blue Masonry. They must ever go hand in hand together. The Royal Arch is the keystone of the great Masonic edifice. Without it the building is incomplete, wanting the signet of God, the adorning and symmetry of perfection. It is the keystone of the vaulted arch, spanning, in its seven-fold splendour, the mighty fabric upon which it rests, and under which lie concealed from the eye profane those precious relics so dear to the true Masonic heart.

Never, amid the mutations of time, or the vicissitudes of life, even from the glad hour when the smoke first ascended from the altar built by pious Abel, down through the vista of ages, when fire came down out of Heaven and consumed the burnt offerings and the sacrifices at the temple on Mount Moriah, never has there been a house erected to God, and completed under such auspicious omens, and indicating the Divine blessing as the one we set apart this day to His glory. The ceremonial of to-day, my Companions, is of great significance, and marks an epoch not only in the history of this Grand Chapter, but one of no ordinary character and interest to Royal Arch Masonry throughout our entire country. Most Excellent, this is the very first and only instance, so far as we know or have any record, in the entire history of our Order in which a tabernacle has been wholly set apart and solemnly dedicated and consecrated exclusively for the capitular degrees, and to this Grand Chapter belongs the honour. May we not hope the example set to-day by this Grand Chapter will be followed by our sister grand bodies? And why should it not be so? Masonry has always had her holy ground, her high hills and low vales, her splendid palaces and gorgeous temples, rich and glorious in their associations, with none to dispute their title or the right of their inheritance.

Sailing on a broad and prosperous sea, on the very crest of the wave, how well calculated to inspire and beget within us feelings of joy and pleasure and mutual congratulations over our great success as an institution. At such a time as the present would it not be well, in a few cautious words, to raise the voice of warning, and be reminded herein may lay our great danger? We cannot be too careful in times of prosperity and in hours of rejoicing, to render unto God the praise due Him, and our devout thanksgiving for His mighty acts and wonderful dealings and many blessings to us as a fraternity and people; for without his blessing "nothing is good, nothing is strong, nothing is perfect;" for He alone is good and His mercy endureth for ever. In the midst of our festivities and rejoicings let us gratefully recognize the open hand of God, who maketh rich and addeth no sorrow. Pride and idolatry are twin crimes, and so repugnant to God that the maledic-

tion of Heaven has been more than once executed upon the guilty. Let us be careful not to indulge the unholy thought which dwelt in the breast of that idolatrous king of old, who exclaimed, as he surveyed in the pride of his heart, the magnitude and magnificence of the city over which he ruled, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the Kingdom, by the might of my power and for the honour of my majesty?" And upon him, for the full blown pride of his heart, full the blight and withering curse of God. And may we not with the same degree of profit to ourselves remember, that it was at the time, in the midst and the very height of that proud city's boasted prosperity and strength. Even in that self-same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand and wrote over against the wall upon the King's palace, in mysterious characters, those ominous words that foretold her sudden and early doom, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." Let us take counsel and warning from the past, for it is full of wholesome experience, and we manifest our superior wisdom and do well to profit thereby. Let us mark with glad and grateful hearts all the way which God has so graciously brought us. But let these rejoicings be mingled with a degree of fear and trembling, lest, peradventure, among the large accretions which have gone to swell our still increasing numbers we may have been too indifferent and too neglectful in the discharge of our duties, in scanning with that jealous scrutiny as we should, those seeking admission, and, consequently, suffering to pass the threshold of our institution those who, ignoring the true design of our Order, have done so for unworthy motives and for selfish ends, and lest such an element increasing should spread its fatal poison, like the deadly npas, until our numbers become a source of weakness instead of power. Companion Royal Arch Masonry never can be strong or respected from mere numbers alone. Opposition to our Order exists throughout the land, and that, too, in an organized form, aggressive in its nature and purposes, and, however lightly esteemed and despised by some, is by no means to be disregarded much less ignored by us, so far as to make us negligent or indifferent of our duties as Masons. Men of no little influence, and, by virtue of their profession and posi-

tion, gain access to large congregations and numbers of people, and are seeking and striving with a zeal and a constancy worthy of a better cause to prejudice the public mind, and more particularly the religious community, against us, and, if possible, to subvert our Order. In a word, the old anti-Masonic element is not dead, but alive, and under the leadership of men, who have not been found worthy of receiving our privileges, or by their unworthy lives and conduct have forfeited them, are marshaling their scattered forces anew.

It is not from such a source as this, however, we need fear or apprehend any danger. Our Order can never suffer from foes that are without; it is from no assault—no! for, in this respect, “our castle’s strength will laugh a siege to scorn.” It is the slimy, unseen and wily foe, that secret enemy that we, through our own unfaithfulness to duty, have permitted to crawl in among us. The impure and unholy characters of some, I am sorry to say, that have been suffered to pass within the veils of our tabernacle, is a secret stab at the very vitals of our institution. The responsibility resting upon us in this respect is one of the most solemn and imperative nature. Neither can we rid ourselves of it by any subterfuge; it is an individual and personal one, to hand down to our successors, with untarnished purity, the same sacred truth, with hands unsullied and hearts unpolluted, even as we received them. The King’s daughter “is all glorious within,” said the Psalmist. “Behold,” said the great Teacher of men, “An Israelite in whom there is no guile.” Behold, we say, a true Mason. The solemn and deeply interesting ceremonies of to-day, in which we have participated in dedicating this tabernacle to the Most High, the One only true and living God, should imbue us all with a deeper and more solemn sense of our dependence on God, the Great Architect of the Universe, the bestower of light and life, the author and giver of all our mercies, and should further lead us to a more serious apprehension of those duties and obligations which are due him, for our unprecedented success as an institution, and which will require all our energies and His Divine aid to perform aright. As a component part of the great Masonic family, we have been engaged in setting apart and solemnly consecrating, for the

capitular degrees, this portion of the Temple; the solemn chant and the inspired prayer have gone up this day, from hearts and lips sincere, to the God of our fathers, that He would bless this house, and that His eyes might be upon it day and night, and the symbol of His presence, the Holy Dove of Peace, with her Heavenly influence, might ever dwell among us.

Therefore, laying aside all guile, envies and evil speaking, lifting up holy hands without wrath or doubting, let us learn with meekness the exalted lesson of “Holiness to the Lord.”

Let the High Priest of every Chapter upon whom the Holy Order has been conferred remember that he has been made such, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life. For He testifieth—“Thou art a priest forever, after the Order of Melchisedeck.” The ark of the Lord now securely rests beneath one of the most magnificent and gorgeous Temples in the world. This house, which we have just dedicated to His glory, is forever to be the home of the once captive exile. As we meet and assemble within these newly-consecrated walls, may it be with clean hands and a pure heart, for he alone shall ascend into the hill of the Lord and stand in His holy place.

The success of our institution is established. The very earth itself, as it whirls along its orbit, carries the universal shout around, “Esto Perpetua,” and from the distant realms of the coming future return the prolonged and repeated echo, “Be thou everlasting.”

To you, our honoured and distinguished guests from abroad, who have complimented us by your presence on this interesting and solemn occasion, on behalf of the Grand Chapter of Pennsylvania, and the Royal Arch Masons of Philadelphia, I extend our most hearty, cordial and fraternal greetings. We welcome you most sincerely to our hearts and to our homes, with the unfeigned assurance that your presence here, and in such large numbers from all parts of the land, has touched the tender chord of our hearts and deeply affected us. This marked evidence of your high regard and esteem in which you have been pleased to hold this Grand Chapter, has filled us with renewed love and affection for you, and to feel more tenderly than ever the

sacredness of the bond which unites hearts like ours. May the same fraternal spirit of brotherly love and immutable fidelity towards each other, which is the basis of our institution, be ever our inspiration while travelling the rough and rugged path of life, and may the influences spread until—

“From pole to pole its sacred laws expand,
Far as the mighty waters roll to bless remotest land.”

And when the time shall draw near for you to leave us, may the only regret of the hour be, that your stay was not longer continued, and in the lapse of years, when the angel Reaper has gathered us, one after another, to the house appointed for all living, where no mention of us more must be heard, and the dust and toil of laborious task is o’er, may the same fraternal spirit which your presence inspires in our hearts to-day, be renewed within the veil of heaven, in that land where it is one bright summer always, and sorrow and death shall come again no more. Until then,

“Almighty Jehovah
Descend now and fill
Our hearts with Thy glory,
Our hearts with good-will.
Preside at our meetings,
Assist us to find
True pleasure in teaching
Good-will to mankind.”

MODERN MEANINGS TO OLD WORDS.

Suggestion—Advice given by a servant to his employer.

Young man’s best companion—He who takes him home when he cannot take himself home.

Aristocrat—One who considers the respectability of his grandfather to be sufficient payment for his own debts.

Nuisance—The disturbance caused by your neighbour in making his fortune.

Oversight—To leave your old umbrella in a new room, and bring away a new one.

Science—To tie a canister to a dog’s tail, and observe whether he runs east or west.

Apprentice—A lad learning by experience the tyranny necessary to make him a master.

Unfortunate Man—One born with a conscience.

Abstemious Man—One who never tastes wine or spirits—at home.

Reflective turn—To have your umbrella turned inside out whilst turning a corner.

Remorse—The feelings of a pickpocket caught in the act.—*Song Journal.*

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND FREEMASONRY.—THE CHATHAM OUTRAGE.

BY BRO. CHALMERS I. PATON,
(Past Master, No. 393, England.)

We beg leave to lay before our Masonic Brethren, a few thoughts on a subject which we regard as one of great importance, and on which it is almost impossible for one to feel or to express himself too strongly, the conduct of the Rev. Michael Cuffe, Roman Catholic Chaplain to Her Majesty’s Forces at Chatham, in refusing to perform the ordinary funeral service of his Church at the funeral of Armourer Sergeant Johnstone, a Roman Catholic, on the sole ground of his having been a Freemason. The facts of the case must be fresh in the memory of our readers, and we need not further state them. But we cannot refrain referring to the fact that after Mr. Cuffe had refused to read prayers at the poor soldier’s grave, on the ground already mentioned, and another Romish priest on the ground that Mr. Cuffe was his senior, the funeral service was at last conducted by a clergyman according to the forms of the Church of England. Thus the tender mercies of Romanism are proved to be cruel; and against the dark background presented by them, Protestant charity is displayed in bright and beautiful contrast. The heartlessness of the Romish priests is all the more strikingly apparent, when it is considered what importance Romanists attach to prayers for the dead. But Mr. Cuffe has had the effrontery to allege the fact of Sergeant Johnstone having been a Freemason, as a sufficient justification for refusing to read the prayers of the church at his interment, because, he says, a Roman Catholic becoming a Freemason ceases to be a Roman Catholic; an assertion which, to many a Roman Catholic, must be an astounding one, and, if true, would infer terrible consequences to a very great number of persons both in this and

other countries. But the assertion is utterly false unless the church, which boasts itself changeless, has undergone a recent and great change. Multitudes of Roman Catholics are Freemasons—as has been the case for all the centuries of the Church's history—and have enjoyed all the privileges of the Church during their lives, have received its sacraments and its prayers, have attended their consignment to the tomb. This is a new thing which Mr Cuffe has brought before us. On what can he pretend that his assertion rests? Not on the Canon Law. We boldly challenge Mr. Cuffe, or any who may be disposed to stand up on his behalf, to produce a single sentence of the Canon Law which affords it the slightest countenance. Nor can it be vindicated by any decision of any council of the Church, unless it is to be deduced by implication from the finding of the recent pretended Œcumenical Council at Rome, which, on the 18th July, 1870, declared the Pope to be infallible in everything concerning faith and morals, and this infallibility to be a dogma of the Church, the reception of which, as of all its other dogmas, is to be held indispensable to salvation. The only authority which can be pretended for saying that a good Catholic may not be a Freemason, or that to join the Masonic body is for a member of the Church of Rome to separate himself from the Church, is that of certain Papal allocutions and encyclical letters; and to make these binding on the conscience of every member of the Church of Rome, the dogma of Papal infallibility must be brought in and urged to the very utmost. It seems, at present, to be the policy of the Pope and of his advisers, to apply this dogma wherever its application is possible, and to a great variety of subjects. Ultramontane prelates and priests, in almost every part of the world, are busy in the endeavour to bring Papal authority to bear upon all members of the Church in a way not formerly attempted, at least in recent times. But it may be

possible for them to strain it too far. They have already got into conflict with the civil powers in more countries than one, and in such fashion that either the Church or the civil power must in the end inevitably yield and leave the other decidedly victorious; whilst the triumph of the Church, if it were achieved, would be the establishment of a dominion more absolute and universal than it ever possessed even in the darkest period of the middle ages, over all affairs temporal and spiritual, in nations, in families, and in respect of the conduct of individuals. Rome has also challenged Freemasonry to conflicts, in Germany and other parts of the Continent of Europe, in the United States of America, in Brazil, and now in England. Freemasonry will be found no feeble and helpless antagonist. Freemasons will not engage in any conflict if they can avoid it, for their system is one of love and peace, but in this case they may well say it was not of their seeking. Their system is one of peace, but it is one of peace founded on charity, not of peace obtained by slavish submission. At present, it plainly appears to be the duty of every Freemason in Britain to bring all possible influence to bear upon the Government, and particularly of the Military authorities, for an inquiry into the conduct of the Rev. Mr. Cuffe, an inquiry which might be expected to lead to his removal from the office the duties of which he has refused to discharge, in that refusal asserting an arbitrary power over the conscience and the conduct of every Roman Catholic soldier.

It may be proper, also, that steps should be taken for instituting an action in the proper civil court against him, that the family of Sergeant Johnstone may obtain some compensation for the injury ruthlessly done to their feelings, and I am confident the Freemasons of Britain would gladly subscribe the requisite funds.

We would still add a few words on another point,—the reason of the hos-

tility of Rome to Freemasonry. This is easily to be found in the freedom and equality which have always prevailed amongst Freemasons, in the tendency of Freemasonry to promote a love of liberty among men, in the encouragement of a love of knowledge and a search for truth which have always been amongst its distinguishing and most admirable characteristics, in its great law of charity, and its seeking to associate together for good purposes of their common humanity, men of different religious denominations. Romanists, in their attacks on Freemasonry, falsely assert that it is irreligious, and aims at the subversion of religion. On the contrary, Freemasonry is essentially religious. It demands that every candidate, for admission into the brotherhood, shall profess his belief in the two great doctrines of the existence of God and a future state, the foundation of all religion. An Atheist, or one who does not believe in a judgment to come, is absolutely incapable of admission. Moreover, it demands that every Freemason, whatever his religious profession, shall truly maintain that profession. It utterly repudiates the idea of a hollow, heartless, and merely formal religion. It aims at the promotion of a pure morality, or, in Masonic phrase, at the conversion of the rough ashlar into smooth ashlar, ever smoother and smoother still; and it looks to religion as the very foundation of morality, the great instrument by which the rough stone is to be polished, and the temple built up. But it is tolerant to the utmost degree that is consistent with these principles, and seeks to embrace within its bonds of brotherhood men of different religious opinions. And thus it becomes the object of Rome's aversion, for Romanism is essentially intolerant, and seeks to compel all into uniformity of religion, whether their understandings are convinced or not, as persecutions, massacres, and *autos-da-fe* too abundantly shew. Rome seeks to triumph by force and compulsion; Free-

masonry secures the utmost scope for increase of knowledge and the advancement of truth. Rome is well contented with darkness, if her power can be promoted by keeping men in darkness; Freemasonry aims at the diffusion of light, Freemasonry takes the word of God for its great light, an open Bible is carried in every Masonic procession in this country, and in every other christian country the Bible is read in every Masonic meeting. Rome has never shewn any love for an open Bible, and dislikes the association of Roman Catholics with Protestants in the Masonic Lodge. The whole system of Freemasonry is one of equality among all Brethren, whilst it is one of due subordination to official authority, and of good government secured in the security of the rights of every individual. Rome is despotic and favours despotism as the mode of government most easily brought under priestly control. And, therefore, Rome dreads the influence of Freemasonry as likely to arouse men to a sense and assertion of the rights inalienably belonging to them as men, an influence proceeding from the lodge into the various relations of social and political life. But it may safely be said that, whilst Freemasonry may make men averse to despotism and unwilling to be the subjects of it, it never made any man a demagogue, nor fitted him for becoming the dupe and tool of a demagogue. It demands of all members of the Masonic Order, respect for the powers that be, and obedience of the laws of land.

How fully the best friends of established authority, and of the constitution and government of this country, in the end of last century, at a time when they were very apprehensive of secret societies of the nature of Jacobin Clubs, appears from the exemption of Masonic Lodges from the operation of parliament prohibiting secret societies, an exemption which subsists to this day. And the words of the late Earl of Derby, with reference to the Ma-

sonic body, in a speech in the House of Lords, on the 7th of June, 1869, are worthy of being quoted in this connection. "I am not a member of the body, but I believe a more loyal, peaceable, charitable, and benevolent body does not exist." And such being the verdict in favour of Freemasonry of the Parliament of Great Britain, pronounced after long and full experience of the manner in which it has been carried on, which nothing during the greater part of a century now elapsed has led the parliament even to think of changing, and which has recently been confirmed by the voice of one of the most distinguished and most respected of British Statesmen, is it to be tolerated that the liberty of Britons is to be abridged at the mere pleasure of a foreign priest? And are we to stand calmly by and see this done to any portion of our countrymen, and actually to give salaries to men who are engaged in enforcing the papal prohibition of Freemasonry, by means which are inconsistent with the very semblance of christian charity, and repugnant to the common feelings of humanity? The case is made all the worse by the fact that Romanism, although boasting so much of its unchangeableness, has not been consistent with itself in this respect, but whilst sometimes assuming an attitude of hostility to Freemasonry, has at other times been perfectly tolerant of it, has opposed it in one country and has refrained from all opposition in another. Most of the Freemasons of France are Roman Catholics, but the church does not refuse to acknowledge them as its members, nor to perform its ordinary services over their graves. In Ireland also, and even in England, many Roman Catholics are Freemasons, as well in America and elsewhere. Not a few Roman Catholic priests are members of the Masonic body, and Pope Pius IX, himself, was in his comparatively early life initiated into the order, taking the oaths usually taken by its members, however he may since—without publicly intimating the

fact—have granted to himself a dispensation from them.

We trust the lodge of which the late Sergeant Johnstone was a member, the Buckley Lodge, Chatham, will promptly take up the subject of Mr. Cuffe's conduct, and bring it under the consideration of the Grand Lodge of England, that the influence of the Grand Lodge, and thus of the Freemasons of England generally, may be exerted for the vindication of the cause of liberty and charity. What Mr. Cuffe has done may be regarded as a mere attempt to excite the alarm of Roman Catholics, but if his conduct receives no speedy and salutary check, his example may perhaps speedily be followed by some of his brethren. The Prince of Wales is Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England, and various members of the Royal Family have been in former days. Is he to be told that the order to which he belongs is proscribed to any portion of his Royal Mother's subjects? Other members of the Royal Family have, at various times during the last hundred years, been Grand Masters of the Grand Lodge of England. Is every Roman Catholic priest to be allowed to step forward and say to the members of his flock, this which the law of the country fully allows and stamps with its approbation, "I forbid to you under the authority of the Pope?" What law, then, is to be supreme in Britain,—that of Britain, or that of Rome? But if Roman Catholic priests are to assert such power, and so to take away the liberty of the members of their church, are they to be paid for doing so by the British nation?

The subject is well worthy of the attention of the government and the parliament, nor do we suppose that, except on the part of the most extreme Ultramontanes, a single voice will be lifted up in justification of the conduct of the salaried priest at Chatham, or to save him from such penalty as may be deemed his due. His deprivation of office would have a most salutary effect on others like-minded with himself.

THE MYSTIC TIE.

Read by Dr. C. T. Corliss, at the Anniversary of
Mystic Tie Lodge, No. 398, Nov. 24, 1873.

All ties by which this universe is held,
Are Mystic Ties,
The atom's to its atom bound as well
As earth to skies.

The waters in old ocean's bed are kept
By this same law,
The hills rock-ribbed and old as time have slept
In silent awe.

Of Him who holds the ocean in His hand,
The Mystic Tie,
Runs through all nature e'en to the utmost bound
Of sympathy.

The soul that tenements in mortal clay,
Was born to die,
When it has filled the measure of its day,
The Mystic Tie,

That erst had bound it to this earthly sphere
Is snapt in twain,
It reasserts its kindred to the sky
And lives again.

All ties are Mystic Ties. The human heart
Throbs with delight
When joy surrounds it, or with inward smart
When sorrows blight.

Around these altars, drawn by Mystic Ties,
We fondly meet,
Grasp the warm hand; the warmer heart that lies
Beneath, we greet.

Within this mystic realm—the widow sighs,
Her hopes and fears
Are garnered up,—And wiped from orphan's eyes
The scalding tears.

Wide as the world our Order stands confessed,
The corner-stone,
Deep laid in charity and love it rests
In every Zone.

We come not here to-night as strangers come,
This festal eve—
Brings us as kindred to a common home
Where none deceive.

We come to-night with music and with song,
Come to rehearse
Of Brotherhood and Craftsmen fresh and strong,
In measured verse.

The year has past, but leaves its types and forms,
And at its close
This Mystic Circle's still as fresh and warm
As when it rose.

The Square and Compass still the rule and guide
Of life appears.

Tried by the Plumb and Level may we bide
The coming years.

And when the Grand Master of the Lodge above
Shall summons all
To meet around the altar of His love
In that Grand Hall—

May we as Craftsmen in the Mystic Tie
Assemble there—
Tried by the Plumb and Level, part no more
Upon the Square.

PUZZLES.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

That "the world is a puzzle," is an old adage. Of all creation, man is the only creature who endeavours to solve puzzles. The intelligent child delights in solving riddles, or puzzles over some puzzling toy, or over a *rebus* in his book. The philosopher puzzles about the laws that govern nature in her various departments. The political economist puzzles over the laws of trade and the science of government. The historical critic puzzles how to eliminate truth from a mass of rubbish in which former writers buried it. And the theologian puzzles about the red dragon with seven heads in the Apocalypse. Some prove from it the destruction of the world in the year eighteen hundred and something, while others with equal reason learnedly deduce therefrom, that the last ten tribes of Israel have been transmogrified into Hottentots, American Indians, or the Anglo-Saxon race. And we as Masons have also our puzzles to solve.

Disraeli says, that eleven books are generally filled with lies, and the twelfth tries to correct the eleven. When such twelfth book appears, the adherents of the eleven—seriously known as Tories, Conservatives, Old School, Orthodox, or Ultramontane—invariably raise a clamour against the poor twelfth, and he is assailed with such adjectives as infidel, sceptic, perverter, innovator, &c. But if Disraeli's statement about *one against eleven* on ordinary subjects is correct, I think I may safely say, that in Masonry we have at least eleven multiplied by eleven who have written very absurdly to one who tries to correct their errors. And let me here point out the advantage which the child has in its endeavour to puzzle out, say, a *rebus*, over his elders in their puzzlings. The child, when it sets about its task, has nothing to unlearn, and as he is not the *twelfth* in his line of puzzling, he need not fear of being rebuked by the learned with their usual adjectives; but how is it with the man who happens to be the fortunate or unfortunate twelfth?

Let us look back at our so-called Masonic histories before Bro. Findel's history appeared in an English garb, and let us also call to mind the abuse heaped upon him

by our American writers, and even recently by English writers too; and why? because some who prided themselves with being veritable Knight Templars, or Illustrious Princes, etc., were undeceived; and others, again, felt chagrined that their learned theories about the pre-adamite Masonry were totally exploded. Hence, the very men who were always clamouring for "more lig'it," and who eagerly rushed into all manner of degrees called "Masonic" for this light, were the bitterest opponents to Bro. Findel's dissemination of a common-sense history of Freemasonry. And even my own humble efforts at puzzling also met with disfavour, not only among our American luminaries, but, I noticed, in a recent number of the "*Freemason*," that a writer over the signature of "*Nemus*," who had doubtless contributed to the Masonic press hundreds of pages filled with all manner of fallacies. Now, this *Nemus* says, he does not like Jacob Norton's writings. Well, let Bro. *Nemus* enjoy his opinion. I shall still continue to ponder over some Masonic puzzles, and this brings me to relate a solution of a puzzle, which will not only help to clear away another puzzle, but will also bring into the field some fresh puzzles.

In the October number of the Masonic Magazine, in a paper headed "Origin of Masonry in Nova Scotia," I stated, or intimated, that after I mailed my review on Bro. Gardner's address, printed in the "*Freemason*," August 10th and 17th, 1872, a puzzle came into my head (I do not know how it came there) as to who the Right Hon. Edward Cornwallis was. Henry Price claimed, in the Provincial G.L. record of Boston, that he sent a charter to Halifax previous to 1740, and the said Cornwallis was the first Master. The puzzle then came into my head about Cornwallis; when I found out that Cornwallis did not come to Nova Scotia until 1749, and that there was no Halifax in existence in Nova Scotia until that year. And as Bro. J. Fletcher Brennan happened just then (in 1872) to be on a visit at Halifax, I requested him to make inquiry in the Masonic records, or otherways, about the origin of Masonry there. But while Bro. Brennan was pursuing the desired researches, a thought came into my head, that he might as well employ his time in writing a history of Freemasonry of that Province.

On Bro. Brennan's return to Cincinnati by way of Boston, he told me that he made a most singular discovery. Since that time Bro. Brennan removed to Prince Edward's Island, where he is engaged in editing a weekly and tri-weekly paper or papers, his mind being filled with other kinds of puzzles, and so the Masonic discovery was laid aside. Within a few days, however, Bro. B. notified me that he sent the MS. of his history of Nova Scotia to the Riverside Press, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, with permission to copy therefrom his discovery, and to make the same known.

And here I must premise, by calling attention to a subject which remained a puzzle to the best informed Masonic writers until Bro. Findel managed to puzzle it out; I mean the history of the Grand Lodge of York. Anderson and Preston, especially the latter, left us in a haze; yea, more, even in the worst kind of a London fog, about the history of that Grand Lodge, and I shall never forget the impression on my mind, when I first visited a lodge in New York, in 1842, how proudly the brethren emphasized, that they were "*Ancient York Masons*." But the New Yorkers were not half as much infatuated with their notion of *Ancient York* as the Philadelphians were. There, they literally outyorked not only New York, but even old York, in the importance they attached to being *Ancient York Masons*. Well then, is it any wonder that our worthy and really esteemed Bro. Leon Hyneman, who was Masonically nurtured in such a hot-bed of ancient Yorkism; should either have forgotten the true history of York as demonstrated by the labours of Bros. Findel and Hughan; or that he should have discarded or discredited all that was written upon that subject by those distinguished brethren. Upon the question of *Ancient York*, Bro. Hyneman was decidedly an "old school" man, and he pondered over the griefs and woes of York with a feeling akin to that of the pious Israelite mourning over the destruction of Jerusalem. The Ahiman Rezon, in the estimation of Philadelphians, is even to-day regarded as an inspired work; and was not Dermott the author of that book? And did not that great inspired writer claim that he was an "*Ancient York Mason*?" And how could a true-blue Philadelphian doubt what the author of the Ahiman Rezon asserted?

When, therefore, our Bro. Hyneman, in his ponderings and puzzlings, found Anderson alluding contemptuously to the "Mother of English Masonry," "The Grand Lodge of all England," as the *old lodge at York city*, and, furthermore found that Preston, though he certainly venerated York with all the fervour of a Philadelphian, yet he stigmatised the Dermott party as schismatics, etc., we certainly cannot feel surprised that he pitched into Anderson and Preston as he did.

Preston says: "A number of dissatisfied brethren, having separated themselves from the regular lodges, held meetings in different places for the purpose of initiating persons into Masonry contrary to the laws of the G.L., these seceding brethren taking advantage of the breach which had been made in the friendly intercourse between the Grand Lodges of London and York," etc. The truth, however, was, the seceding brethren did not take advantage on account of any such interruption between those Grand Lodges, for, in the first place, there is no evidence that there ever was friendly intercourse between those Grand Lodges. And secondly, at the time of the schism, there was no G.L. in York to be offended with what the G.L. of England may have done. Bro. Preston would have written more correctly if he had stated that the discontented Masons in London took advantage of the then supposed extinction of the G.L. of York, and, thereupon, impertinently palmed themselves off as the "Ancient G.L. of York," or as its legal successor. These facts, as already remarked, were either unknown to Bro. Hyneman or were discarded by him, and hence he worked himself up into a passion with Preston, upon that part of Preston's history which just happened to be true.

But here, I suppose, my nervous Bro. Nemus is getting fidgety; I almost imagine hearing him exclaim, "What is Bro. J. N. driving at? What had the G.L. of York to do with Halifax, or Halifax with Bro. Hyneman?" But patience, patience, my good Bro. Nemus; I merely want to introduce the preambles of two charters, sent out to Halifax by the Grand Lodge of the Ancients; both charters are signed "Lau Dermott, G. Sec.," and these are respectively dated 1757 and 1768; and I will next add a few remarks which I think will satisfy even our Philadelphian brethren

that Lau Dermott was not exactly a saint. Here are the preambles side by side:—

CHARTER OF 1757.

"We the Grand Lodge of the most Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted York Masons."

CHARTER OF 1768.

"We the Grand Lodge of the most Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, according to the old Constitution granted by His Royal Highness Prince Edwin of York."

The different kind of phraseology in the above documents (as my intelligent friend Bro. Brennan remarked) would never have been noticed, or if noticed, it would have been attributed to a mere whim, if Bro. Findel had not made known that the Grand Lodge of York went to sleep from 1730, or thereabouts, to 1761. It is evident then, from the alteration in the phraseology of the above-named charters, that previous to 1761, Bro. Dermott pretended to have derived his authority from the Grand Lodge of York, but after the York G.L. resuscitated itself, he changed the language, and introduced "His Royal Highness Prince Edwin," etc.

But here I come to another puzzle. Bro. Brennan describes the seal attached to the 1757 documents to be "slightly oval," having in the upper part of the surface a square and compass, with a naked dagger in the lower part; the whole partially surrounded with the words, "Virtue and Silence;" but on the charter of 1768, a photograph of which lies before me, and a copy of it may be seen in Bro. Hervey's office at Freemason's Hall, the seal of that instrument is square, and it differs also in the inscription from those described by Bro. Brennan. Query. Did the York G.L. have a seal before 1730? and if so, did it resemble the seal of Dermott of 1757?

There is still another puzzle. But I must here premise, that in 1757 Dermott sent three documents to Halifax, viz: a Provincial Grand Master's Deputation to Erasmus James Phillips, and two charters for lodges, respectively, marked No. 2 and No. 3. All the preambles read alike, and all are headed with the name of the G.M. followed by those of the Grand Officers. Bro. Brennan thinks that the name of the G.M. is an autograph signature, but

whether it is so, or whether it was written by Dermott, there is a puzzle about it. Instead of the Grand Master's name being spelt Blessington, it is on all the three instruments spelt "Blesinton." The question here comes, did either the Irish Earl Grand Master, or the Irish Grand Secretary of the London *Yorkers*, make an Irish blunder in the spelling of the Grand Master's name? or was the Grand Lodge of the Ancients doubly blessed, with a Grand Master Blessington, and a Grand Master Blesinton?

Boston, U.S., Jan. 28th, 1874.

Reviews.

An Encyclopædia of Freemasonry and its Kindred Sciences, &c. By Albert C. G. Mackey, M.D. Moss & Co., Philadelphia. Geo. Kenning, 298, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

We live in an age of great mental energy and scientific research.

It has been said, though we know not if truly, that the multifariousness of our present studies, and the tendency to take in a wide field of general knowledge, which mark these present times, are lowering the "status" of private and particular scholarship amongst us all.

This may be so, though we confess that we do not yet ourselves believe it, and though inclined to be "*laudatores temporis acti*," we feel that "*vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*," and that whatever may have been the scholarship of the past, we have many good scholars amongst us still.

Do not let us either check any tendency to a general study and knowledge of things, either because we think that we are generalizing too much our "curriculum" of school or college education, or because we choose to propound once again that patent fallacy "that a little learning is a dangerous thing."

A little learning is better than no learning at all, just as "half a loaf is better than none."

But leaving behind us, let us hope, this exploded and vulgar prejudice, let us congratulate ourselves to-day, that, on every side of us, not only is the school-master now happily abroad, but the scholars give many and evident proofs that

they have profited greatly by the education imparted to them. It is not therefore a wonderful thing in itself, that amid this general move, intellectual Freemasonry has shared in the process of development and criticism, and study, and illumination. At the close of the last century, and at the beginning of this, some German students were zealously labouring, to throw life and vitality into the "drybones" of our well-known legends and traditions, and to enlighten the "Dryasdusts" of our good Masonic fraternity.

The labours of Anderson, and Preston, and Hutchinson had, however, sufficed for the Craft historically in this country, while Ashe and Dunkerley, and Calcott had given the keynote to our mystical and speculative teaching.

Oliver carried on this two-fold literature for our Order until a very recent period.

But the German School, which has had in truth three epochs, the early and limited school which took a mystical high grade view of matters; the abler school, which traced back Freemasonry through the Guilds to Roman Colleges, and even further, and the later School, of which J. Findel is the ablest exponent, which restricts the history of Freemasonry to that of the medieval guilds, and our present Freemasonry to the speculative development in 1717, has made great progress in Masonic criticism.

In England three Schools mainly equally have presented themselves.

The first is that now that all but extinct class of writers, who claim for Freemasonry a Templar or a Rose Croix Origin.

The second is that critical and earnest School which, with some slight modification of opinion on some minor points, agrees in this, to look on our Freemasonry to-day as the successor and product of the operative Guilds, with a special development in 1717, and which includes among its "alumni" D. M. Lyon, W. J. Hughan, A. F. A. Woodford, and formerly E. W. Shaw.

There is a third School which, however, is not numerous, which looks upon Freemasonry as the mere creation of 1717.

One remarkable feature in this movement has been the critical study of ancient documents. Some have even called it the "iconoclastic," though without any reason or warrant.

The great object all these later writers and students have set before them is truth, and a sincere desire to render their Masonic history more certain and historically accurate.

In America, too, the same movement has been going on, and amid many who have distinguished themselves in the scientific study of Masonry, not forgetting Thaddeus Harris, of old time, we can mention to-day, Macoy and Mackey, Heinemann and Rob Morris, C. W. Pearce and Steinbreuner, C. H. McCalla and Jacob Norton.

But such researches and critical studies require some aliment to nourish, just as the lamp requires oil and the fire caloric; accordingly about the fourth decade of this century, Oliver published his "Symbolical Dictionary," which though very limited and partial, and in consequence incomplete, can still be perused with advantage by the Masonic student. We hope that Bro. Spenser will reprint it before very long.

In France also, about the end of the fourth decade of the last century, Fleury published his "Dictionnaire de l'Ordre de la Felicite," which is mainly, we believe, as Oliver points out, adapted for Androgyne Masonry, but we know it only by reputation.

Pernetti in 1758, published his "Dictionnaire Hermetique," but which we can say from personal study, has nothing to do with Freemasonry, though Oliver includes his name among the Masonic writers.

In 1805 Chomel published, according to Oliver, his "Vocabulaire des Francs Macons," and Vignozzi published a translation of it in Italian in 1810, at Leghorn. So says Kloss, in his inestimable work. We have not seen either of these Vocabularies.

In 1815 appeared at Paris Thory's very important work, "Actalatomorum."

In 1818, Johann Christian Gadické published at Berlin his "Freimaurer Lexicon," still a most useful work, and in 1822 Lenning issued at Leipsic, through F. A. Brockhaus, his most admirable and exhaustive "Encyclopädie der Freimaurerei."

In 1824 Quantin published his little "Dictionnaire Maconnique" at Paris. The only pity is that it is so small.

Mackey's valuable "Lexicon of Freemasonry" next appeared, which was followed by Schletter and Ziller with an

enlarged edition of Lenning in 1863 (3 vols.), a very magnificent work, also published by Brockhaus at Leipsic. Macoy followed suit with his "General History and Cyclopædia of Masonry" in 1869, the only edition we have seen of a very meritorious work.

And now in this year of grace 1874, appears our good old friend, Albert Mackey once more, with his magnificent "Encyclopædia of Freemasonry." All honour to him for the zeal he has evinced, and the sacrifices he must have made in the good cause of Masonic literature; and all praise to him, and gratitude from many a Masonic student, for the labour he has undergone, the skill he has employed, and the learning he displays, in this his last, and most striking Masonic literary production. It is for English readers the most clear and condensed, and compact Dictionary of Freemasonry now in existence, and a cursory perusal has convinced us, how carefully Bro. Mackey has collated all his authorities, verified his quotations, and how very able are his own personal editorship and contributions from first to last, of which he speaks, we observe, in such modest terms.

Bro. Kenning is appointed, we understand, its sole agent in this country, and we recommend this most valuable work to all Masonic students, and for all lodge libraries amongst us.

It is said that there is but little opportunity for Masonic literature, and less time for Masonic study amid the daily duties and labours of this good Craft of ours, and though Bro. Mackey's Encyclopedia is somewhat expensive (38s.), we trust that it will meet with us what it most fully deserves, a fraternal patronage and a studious perusal, from all who value Masonic literature, and are anxious to advance the good cause of Masonic History and Archaeology, and scientific research in our wide-spread and benevolent Brotherhood.

WEARING THE MASONIC EMBLEMS.

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

You wear the Square! but have you got

That thing the Square denotes?

Is there, within your inmost soul,

That principle which should control

Your actions, words, and thoughts!

The Square of Virtue,—is it there,

Oh, you that wear the Masons' Square?

You wear the Compass! Do you keep
 Within that circle due,
 That's circumscribed by law divine?
Excluding hatred, envy sin,—
Including all that's true!
 The *Moral Compass* draws the line,
 And lets no evil passions in!

You wear the Trowel! have you got
 That mortar, old and pure,
 Made on the *recipe* of God,
 As given in His ancient Word,
 Indissoluble, sure?
 And do you spread, 'twixt man and man,
 That precious mortar as you can?

You wear the Oriental G!
 Ah, Brother, have a care!
 He, whose All-seeing eye surveys
 Your inmost heart, with open gaze,
 Knows well what thoughts are there!
 Let no profane irreverent word
 Go up t'insult th' avenging God!

Dear Brother! if you will display
 These emblems of our Art,
 Let the great *moral* that they teach
 Be deeply graven, each for each,
 Upon an honest heart!
 Then they will tell, to God and man,
 Freemasonry's all-perfect plan!

You wear the Cross! it signifies
 The burdens JESUS bore,
 Who, staggering, fell, and bleeding, rose
 And took to Golgotha the woes
 The world had borne before!
 The Cross,—oh, let it say, *Forgive*,
Father forgive, to all that live!

[The last stanza refers to Templary, not to Craft
 Masonry.—*Ed.*]

SYMBOL LANGUAGE.

BY R. E. R.

To all the Craft, greeting, we come with our story;
 The finest and greatest, our pride and our glory,
 Is the Book of the Law, bequeathed by the Sages
 Whose precepts are jewels adorning its pages;
 More valued and lasting than all of earth's treasures,
 Dividing our sorrows, increasing our pleasures;
 Our base and our outpost; our strength when we
 falter;
 Our friend and our teacher—the Book on the altar.

The square shapes our morals; it squares all our
 actions;

It sanctions no classes, sects, parties, or factions;
 And, capped by the compass, whose points when
 extended

Inform us what tenets with friendship are blended,
 The trio is perfect. Our faith is well founded,
 Our morals are guarded, our passions are bounded.
 The great lights—behold them—to Masons reminding
 Of lessons most sacred, of ties the most binding.

The pavement Mosaic, whose beautiful border
 Illustrates the comforts surrounding the Order,
 Is brought to our view; and this it discloses,—
 That life's chequered pathway to none is all roses;
 And further, the vision of Craftsmen who enter,
 The star of the wise men, which guarded from danger,
 Their course while in search of the Child in the
 manger.

We meet on the level, by plumb line we travel,
 The vices of life we divest with the gavel;
 The lamb skin to every true Mason allotted,
 Should be like his honour, for ever unspotted.
 And when in the sanctum our steps are directed,
 Our duties assigned us, our work all inspected,
 The trowel is given with due circumspection,
 For spreading the cement of love and affection.

The mind of the student is clear when beholding,
 Our well-beloved symbols their beauties unfolding.
 And is amply repaid, while onward he travels,
 By many a secret his labour unravels.
 Then let all good Brethren remember the token,
 And cherish for ever the truths that are spoken
 By emblems Masonic, that, section by section,
 Their conduct through life pass the Master's inspection

—*Masonic Review.*

FREEMASONRY AS A CONSERVATOR OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

BY BRO. A. G. MACKEY, M.D.

One of the most important missions that
 Masonry has been called upon to fulfil in
 the world's history is as a conservator and
 teacher of the arts and sciences. If we
 would properly appreciate the influence
 which, in this respect, has been exerted by
 the institution, we must begin by viewing
 it in its two distinct aspects as an operative
 and speculative association; for the
 influence of each has been entirely distinct,

although there is a close connection of the causes by which each has been brought into activity.

As a speculative order, Freemasonry is pre-eminently distinguished for the cultivation it has given to the science of symbolism—a science which once pervaded the ancient world, and was closely connected with all the religion and poetry of antiquity. Whatever contending opinions there may be on the subject of the historical origin of Freemasonry, no one who has attentively investigated the subject can for a moment doubt that it is indebted for its peculiar mode of inculcating its principles to the same spirit of symbolic science which gave rise to the sacred language of the Egyptian priests, and the sublime initiations of the Pagan philosophers. For all the mysteries of the ancient world, whether they were the Druidical rites of Britain or the Cobric worship of Samothrace, whether celebrated on the banks of the Ganges or the Nile, contained so much of the internal spirit and the outward form of pure and speculative Masonry, as to demonstrate the certainty of a common origin for all.

This science of symbolism, once so universally diffused as to have pervaded all these ancient religions, and even still extensively controlling, almost without our recognition, the everyday business of life, has, as a science, been only preserved in the Masonic institution; and hence to this fact are we indebted for much of the facility with which we are enabled to understand, and the certainty with which we are beginning to interpret, the esoteric philosophy of the ancients. Egypt, for instance, has been for centuries a sealed volume; but now that its pages are beginning to be unrolled by the industrious researches of modern archaeologists, none so well as a Mason can appreciate the hieroglyphic and symbolic teachings which are inscribed on its obelisks, its temples, and its sarcophagi.

Leaving out of immediate consideration the old Aryans of the Caucasus, whose language shows that they possessed a thorough symbolic spirit, but from whose very existence the veil is only beginning to be withdrawn, we may say, for all practical purposes, that it was among the ancient priesthood of the East and of Egypt, that this beautiful science of

symbolism was first invented, by which sensible objects, being presented to the eye, conveyed through its principles lessons of profound yet hidden wisdom to the neophyte. Divine truth was thus communicated by the priests, in their most impressive forms, by means of poetic images; and the philosophers, borrowing the same system, instructed their disciples by myths and allegories. But the ancient priests and the old philosophers have passed away, and their method of concealing wisdom under the veil of tropes and figures would have been irretrievably lost had not Freemasonry perpetuated the system and preserved the science, while cultivating the same hallowed objects by the same beautiful method of referring all material things to an intellectual sense; so that its most expressive definition has always been that it is a science of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.

Performing, then, its mission of preserving and perpetuating the science of symbolism, it is evident that, as a scientific institution, it must embrace within the extensive grasp of its study a vast range amid the divisions of human knowledge. The archaeology of all ancient religions, their origin, their connection with and their deviation from the true faith, as taught to Noah and the patriarchs who preceded him; the ingenious, though sometimes fanciful, cabalistic learning of the Jewish doctors; the Pythagorean science of numbers; the mystical and sublime philosophy of Plato and the other sages of Greece; and the rites and ceremonies of all the ancient world, with their just interpretation, constitute legitimate subjects of discussion and inquiry for the Masonic student. And I do not hesitate to say that the scholar who should devote himself to the perusal and study of the numerous works of Freemasonry alone, which have issued from the English, the French, and German presses, as well as from those of our own country, would, by such an intellectual discipline, acquire a more extensive and more varied mass of historical, scientific, and philosophical knowledge, than the cultivation of any other single science or department of learning could supply.

As an operative art, our institution has still more practically fulfilled its mission.

I will not refer to that remote period when our predecessors, the Dionysian artificers, were engaged in the adornment of Tyre and Sidon, and all the region of Asia Minor, with public edifices, whose splendour and magnificence now form a part of history, nor to that yet more glorious epoch, when under the superintendence of the wise King of Israel and his colleagues, the gorgeous temple of Jehovah was made to cover the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite; but passing over everything that transpired before the truly historic era of the Order, let us direct our attention to the architectural labours of the travelling Freemasons of the Middle Ages. To them has Europe been indebted for all that is beautiful or chaste, all that is massive or sublime, in the architecture of the abbeys and cathedrals that attract the traveller's eye, and arrest his admiration, as he passes from country to country, and wonders at the skill that could contrive and the labour that could accomplish, in the days of comparative barbarity, edifices whose strict conformity to every principle of architecture exhibit a condition of artistic skill very far in advance of their age, and which, even in their ruins present models of beauty, strength, and taste, which modern builders and architects are content to imitate at an inglorious distance.

When the political power of Rome had fallen beneath the incursions of its barbarian invaders, and, with its power, its elegance and refinement, had been apparently forever lost, architecture, and all the other arts and sciences which had distinguished the Augustan age of the mistress of the world, were, for a long period of intellectual sleep, abandoned or neglected. It was at this time that the Freemasons, setting forth as the labourers of the church, began first at Como, and thence elsewhere upon the continent, to introduce that revival in architectural taste which was exhibited in the religious edifices, monasteries, abbeys and cathedrals, which they alone constructed in almost every country in Europe. United in a companionship where the skill and science of each member was readily imparted to the whole society; armed with the protection of the Popes, who, from a natural feeling, encouraged the erection of churches and other sacred buildings and supported by the patronage

of the most powerful prelates, who eagerly joined in the attempt to increase the number and splendour of their houses of worship; they have left behind them the most magnificent monuments of devotion to ecclesiastical architecture, and of their success in its cultivation.

These Travelling Freemasons—for such was the designation they assumed—were not so much the restorers of the old architecture, whose vitality was gone with the race among whom it lived, but the inventors and propagators of a new school, in which, among the other striking peculiarities, we find the application, in the form and ornaments of their edifices, of that science of symbolism to which I have already referred as constituting an essential part of the system of Freemasonry.

And so, these old Masons, manfully assuming the trowel and the square, and the level, and the plumb, began, like their Tyrian and Jewish ancestors, the sacred mission of building houses for God, and teaching their dogmas for future ages to follow; and when the mission was accomplished, abandoning the operative art, they fell back upon the speculative science alone, yielding their implements and their skill in using them to the builders and architects, and transmitting to us, their descendants, their symbols, their science, and their doctrines.

And so, looking at this science of symbolism as springing up among the old founders of the Aryan race, the makers of the poetic Vedas in Asia and among the priests of Egypt, passing over to the school of Alexandria and thence to Plato and Pythagoras and the philosophy of Europe, preserved for a time by the continued societies of the Middle Ages, from which it was taken by the Gnostics and the Rosicrucians, applied to their operative art by the Stonemasons, and finally deposited in the secret archives of the Speculative Masons, where it is still preserved and continually used, we may safely say that the Freemasonry of this day is accomplishing its mission as a teacher of the arts and sciences; for in the circle of its symbolic instruction, it embraces them all. An ignorant man will be an ignorant Mason; but he who studies and understands its symbolism, its origin, its history, and its design, cannot fail to acquire a large share of the world's learning.—*National Freemason.*

A SPEECH BY MARK TWAIN.

At the dinner of the Massachusetts Press Association, on Monday, after Canon Kingsley's speech, Mark Twain was called on. He said he was not prepared to make an extempore speech and had never sung a song, so he would tell an anecdote, as follows:

"When I was crossing over from England the other day, there was a youth on board about 16 years old, whose nationality I will not expose, who occupied his entire time eating, when there was anything to eat, and thinking about the next meal between times. (Laughter.) I don't say he put his mind to it, for he didn't seem to have any mind. When sent out from the table he used to go up into the smoking cabin, and lie around there asking foolish questions. This boy never asked a question in the whole voyage that indicated the presence of knowledge of any kind whatever, and he came to be a perfect nuisance to everybody, and we tried all possible ways of crushing him and making him stop asking these questions. But, as I said, Canon Kingsley reminds me of one occasion when I came up into the smoking-room in very ill humour—not the humour a man ought to be in to listen patiently to silly questions. The question the boy began with was aggravating, because anybody knows that the first place a man goes to when he reaches London is Westminster Abbey, and the next place is Shakespeare's burial ground; and that this boy should ask me, deliberately and with such innocence about him as he had, if, when I was in London, I went to Westminster Abbey! That is enough to make a man frantic. I said, 'What was it you said?' 'When you were in London, were you at Westminster Abbey?' 'No,' I said. 'I stopped at Langham's Hotel.' (Laughter.) 'But,' he said, 'it is not a hotel.' (Laughter.) 'Well,' I said, 'what is it?' 'Why, it is a church,' I said, 'A minute ago you said it was an abbey.' 'Well,' he said, 'it is an abbey and a church too.' I said, 'I don't know about that. You appear to be getting confused in your

statement; how can it be an abbey and a church at the same time?' (Laughter.)

"Another gentleman was sitting there, whose nationality I will not mention, who said it was perfectly true that an abbey and the church were the same thing. I said I was much obliged to him (laughter), and asked him: 'Where is this place—this church; is it in London?' 'Oh yes!' he says, 'of course it is in London? You know where the Parliament buildings are?' 'Is it part of the Parliament?' 'No,' said he. 'What has Parliament got to do with it?' I asked. 'It has not got anything to do with it; the abbey is close by it.' Said I, 'Do you know how far Westminster Abbey is from Langham's Hotel, where I lived?' He said, 'I suppose you know it is some distance.' 'Five or six miles,' he said. 'But,' said I, 'didn't you suppose I knew better than to get up early in the morning and travel five or six miles to church, when there were plenty of churches all around?' He said, 'I didn't expect you to go to church.' Said I, 'What did you expect me to do?' He said, 'Look at the monuments and things; monuments of everybody that has done anything, and is dead. Their bodies are buried there.' I said, 'Do you mean to say that they actually take up the planks and bury men under the floor?' He said there was no planks there. I said, 'Do they bury them right under their seats?' He said, 'Of course they do.' Said I, 'Is that healthy?' (Laughter.) 'Well,' he said, 'I don't know whether it was healthy or not; they do it in all the churches.' I said it was a curious custom; I had never heard of anything like it. If any of my friends were in Westminster Abbey I should not want people sitting around on their tombstones.' (Laughter.) He said, 'you didn't hear the Canon, then?' 'I don't remember,' said I; 'I am a man of peace, and don't know anything about artillery, anyway.' (Laughter and applause.) By this time the boy had not yet waked up, but the rest of the company which had gathered around had, and soon stopped the fun. As there is no moral to the anecdote, I won't attempt to put any to it. But, as I said, in the absence of having a speech to make to you, I thought I would simply tell an anecdote in honour of Canon Kingsley."—*Philadelphia Keystone.*

READING MASONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is sometimes a ground of complaint with Masonic journals in this country that they are not adequately supported—that the Brethren generally care so little for instruction in the science, symbolism and history of Freemasonry, and for knowing the current news of the Craft, that only a comparatively small number of them subscribe for a Masonic newspaper or magazine. Notwithstanding this assertion, which is no doubt true, it must be remembered that there are twenty or more Masonic journals published in different parts of the United States, many of which appear to be financially prosperous. Compare this exhibit with that of England. It boasts but a single Masonic newspaper, the *London Freemason*, and a single Craft monthly, the *London Masonic Magazine*,—the former now in its seventh year, the latter in its first. Both of these publications are of the very highest character; published by Bro. Geo. Kenning, and edited by Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, who is one of the most learned and able of the Masonic writers of this age, skilled in the archaeology of the Craft, and labouring earnestly and continuously, with Bro. Wm. James Hughan, to discover and describe the ancient records of the Fraternity. Many of our readers who are blessed with pecuniary means, would be both gratified and improved by subscribing to either or both of these London publications, which are handsomely issued, full of foreign Masonic news, and contributed to by all the leading Masonic writers of England and Scotland. *The Freemason* (weekly) is delivered free in any part of the United States for twelve shillings per annum, payable in advance. The *Masonic Magazine* is furnished at the same rate. We would be glad to see both having a wide circulation in the United States.—*Philadelphia Keystone*.

"Oh," gasped fat Mrs. Weighty, as she ascended the stairs of her new residence, "I really cannot run up any more stairs." "Of course not," answered her husband; "but if the stairs were made of dress-makers' bills, you could run them up very easily."

Our Archaeological Corner.

At a Quarterly Communication held at the Crown Tavern, behind the Royal Exchange, London, Nov. 21, 1724.

PRESENT.—His Grace the Duke of Richmond, Grand Master; M. Ffolkes, Esq., D.G.M.; Ffran Sorel, Esq., G.M.; Mr. George Payne, G.M.

That all who have been or hereafter shall be Grand Master of this Society, may be present and have a Vote at all Quarterly Meetings and Grand Meetings.

Agreed Nem Cont.

Bro. Anthony Sayers' petition was read and recommended by the Grand Master.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Dalkeith, late Grand Master, recommended a General Charity as foll. :—

That in order to promote the Charitable Disposition of the Society of Freemasons and render it more extensive and beneficial to the whole body, a Monthly Collection be made in each Lodge according to the quality and number of the said Lodge and put into a joyn't stock.

That a Treasurer be appointed by the Grand Master, to whom every quarter the said contributions shall be paid.

That when the members of any lodge who are contributors to the joyn't stock shall be induced to bestow any part of it for the relief of a poor brother, the Master and Wardens of such lodge shall certify (the name and necessity of the person together, with such sum as they shall think fit to allow him out of the said stock) to the Grand Master Deputy and Grand Wardens, that they may order the said sume to be paid to such person if thought reasonable.

That if any brethren shall meet irregularly and make Masons at any place within ten miles of London, the persons present at the making (the new brethren only excepted) shall not be admitted even as visitors into any regular lodge whatsoever unless they come and make such submission to the Grand Master, and Grand Lodge as they shall think fit to impose on them.

Agreed Nem Con.

It is the Grand Masters order that the Master and Wardens of each lodge do come prepared at the next quarterly communication either to assent to or dissent from the questions proposed as aforesaid by the Right Honourable the Earl of Dalkeith for establishing a General Bank of Charity.

And that all lodges that have or hereafter shall remove do forthwith on such removal give an account thereof to the Grand Master for the time being.

By Order of his Grace,
E. WILSON, Secretary.
"Rawlinson's MSS., A.F.A.W."

Questions and Answers.

What authority is there for a Masonic funeral service? A.—Not much, except custom. It is recognised by our Book of Constitution, but there is no prescribed ritual whatever. An old form is found in Preston, and that is mostly used in this country. Ed.

What is the Rite Ecossaise? A.—It is a form of Masonic ritual and system of Masonic arrangement, used mainly in France. Of course it has no more to do with Scotland than the York Rite has to do with York. Ed.

Monthly Odds and Ends.

A SYMPATHETIC JUDGE.—Those ladies whose tales of "blighted affections" are poured into the sympathizing ears of an English jury are far better off than their suffering sisters across the Atlantic, for the Judges of the United States tribunals are apt to take a harsh and ungallant view of actions for breach of promise of marriage which is anything but acceptable to those who believe in the infallibility of woman. The New York Journals contain the account of an action brought by Miss Amelia Domerschlag against Mr. Augustus Becker for the recovery of 200 dollars as compensation for his refusal to execute a formal promise to marry. The defendant, while admitting that he had proposed to, and been accepted by, the young lady, stated that after spending eight months on a visit to her mother he had arrived at the conclusion that his future mother-in-law's temper would be an insuperable barrier to their wedded happiness. The following dialogue then passed between the Judge and the defendant:—The Judge.—"Had your intended mother-in-law announced her intention of residing with you after the marriage, of keeping house for you, and taking care of your monies?" The defendant.—Yes, Mr. Judge." The Judge (sympathetically).—"Proceed, young man."

The defendant.—"I was very fond of Miss Amelia, but I broke off the engagement because of her mother." The Judge.—"Well, my young friend, would you rather pay 200 dollars to the plaintiff or marry her and live with your mother-in-law?" The defendant (emphatically).—"Pay the 200 dollars." The Judge then proceeded to give judgment in the following terms:—"Young man, permit me to give you a cordial shake of the hand. I was once placed in the same predicament as you, Mr. Becker, and had I possessed your decision of character, I should have been spared five-and-twenty years of infinite worry and vexation. I had the choice of paying 150 dollars in gold or of marrying; being poor, I accepted the latter alternative, and have bewailed it ever since. I am pleased to meet a man cast in your mould. My decision is that you are acquitted, and that the plaintiff must pay a fine of ten dollars, with the costs, for attempting to place an honest man beneath the yoke of a mother-in-law. You may go!" —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ADVANTAGEOUS OFFER.—Street Arab: "Box 'o matches, sir?" Swell: "No—don't smoke." Street Arab: "Buy a box, and I'll teach you?"

"Were you guarded in your conduct while in London?" asked a father of his son, who had just returned from a visit to that city. "Yes sir; part of the time by two policemen."

A female Child has been born in La Crosse with two perfect tongues. If she lives and marries, won't her husband catch it?

Dean Ramsay tells a story of a Scotch beadle who had taken a fancy to the manse housemaid. At a loss for an opportunity to declare himself, one day—a Sunday—when his duties were ended, he looked sheepish, and said: "Mary, wad ye take a turn, Mary?" He led her to the churchyard, and pointing with his finger, stammered: "My fowk lie there, Mary—wad ye like to lie there?" The grave hint was taken, and she became his wife.

There is something very sensible in the impromptu remark of a pretty girl: "If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally guilty are the old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls?"

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.

A gentleman in Illinois who is personally acquainted with the *facts* below stated, sends us a report of the following good joke as too good to be lost :

"Professor Blanchard, President of a college and the great anti-masonic apostle, called upon the parents of a lady friend of mine. The husband of the young lady was absent in the city, and the fact that he was a Mason came to the knowledge of the professor. Being requested to lead in the family devotion, he prayed after this manner :

We pray that the husband may become a better man who now hides secrets from the wife of his bosom and the mother of his children !" "H—m—m," instead of 'amen,' ejaculated that same *mother*.

And here comes in the joke, as she told an acquaintance: "I've been married twelve years and never had a child or the ghost of a child."

Rev. Mr. Blanchard used the sacred shield of hospitality, and the sanctity of a family prayer, from behind which to assassinate the character of his absent host, and to insult the feelings of the wife in her presence; but he got no "Amen" to it, and has probably since learned that he made an ass of himself by not knowing the difference between a "wife" and a "mother." Of all the cowards in the world none are so contemptible as those who assassinate the character of absentees through the formality of a prayer.—*The Freemason*.

ADVICE.

He has told you the same old story,
Told ever anew by wooers—
The story of pure devotion,
Unchanging while life endures—
This passionate, palpitating,
Persistent lover of yours.

He has called you by every title
Which lovers delight to repeat—
A queen, a goddess, an angel,
With changes tender and sweet—
And laid the troublesome treasure
Men call a heart at your feet.

You ask me what you shall answer?
Ah, child, can my counsel throw
The weight of a thought against him?
Love never hesitates so!
Answer him No, fair daughter,
Forever and ever, No!

There lives a marvellous insect
In the Southern meadows far,
Where the wild white ipomeas
And the passion flowers are,
That even in broad bright sunshine
Gleams like a living star.

It circles, a flying jewel,
Beautiful to behold;
It settles to rest a moment,
A globule of molten gold;
But once in the hand imprisoned,
Its colour grows dull and cold.

You grasp at a flashing jewel,
Worthy a monarch's crown,
Glistening, darting, glancing,
And glittering up and down.
And capture—a sharded beetle,
Sluggish and dull and brown!

And thus to a youth's mad fancy,
Is the object of love's wild quest—
Reckoned above all blessing,
Dearest and first and best
So long as remote and elusive—
But worthless when once possessed.

So weariness comes of having,
Since happiness means pursuit;
And love grows dwarfish and stunted,
And bears but a bitter fruit,
For the serpent of self forever
Coiling about its root.

So lips which have met in kisses
Grow chary of tender speech,
So hearts which are bound together
Grow burdensome each to each,
Since the only things men value
Are those which they cannot reach.

So the gainer counts as nothing,
The blessing that should have been;
The conquerer turns indifferent
From the conquest he gloried in,
Longing, like Alexander,
For lovelier worlds to win.

Who cares for the roadside roses
Which bloom within grasp of all,
While their inaccessible sisters—
Less lovely and sweet and tall,
But dearer because of their distance—
Lean over the garden wall?

Then answer him No, young maiden:
Be pitiless and serene;
There are heart-sick wives in plenty,
But an angel is seldom seen.
Keep to your cloud, bright goddess!
Stay on your throne, fair queen!

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 12.—VOL. I.

JUNE, 1874.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

THE principal event we have to record is the successful result of our third great Masonic Charitable Festival, which took place on the 19th.

Then the Girls' School kept its annual gathering of friends and sympathizers, and under the presidency of the Earl of Shewsbury and Talbot held "high festival."

The assembly was most satisfactory and well arranged in every respect, whether as regards the numbers who attended, the straightforward addresses of the speakers, and the hearty and encouraging reception accorded by the audience, to every toast and sentiment.

The House Committee and Bro. R. W. Little, may well be equally congratulated with, at the result so remarkable in itself, namely, the announcement of donations and subscriptions exceeding £8,000.

Thus our three great and fraternal gatherings have brought into the charities the noble sum of over £21,000.

And when we remember what, a few years ago, was considered a satisfactory amount for the Festival, we cannot fail to be struck with the evidence which each succeeding year supplies, of the zeal and energy, and warm-heartedness and large-heartedness of our kindly brotherhood. It is true, it is to be wished that the support of our charities were more universally spread throughout our Order, but what we do do is a credit to those who do it, and what we do give in the best of all causes, is truly a matter of simple fact and reality, of which as Freemasons we may feel not a little proud.

As an illustration of the remarkable progress in our charitable offerings, let us take the year of grace 1856. In that year the sixty-eighth anniversary of the Royal Freemasons School for Female Orphans was celebrated on May the 21st, under the presidency of the G.M. Bro. The Earl of Zetland, who was supported by a large number of leading Freemasons.

The amount of subscriptions announced was £1,800.

THE Boys' School Festival was held that year, March 12th, also under the presidency of Bro. The Earl of Zetland, G.M., owing to Bro. Lord Londesborough's illness. The amount announced was £1,500. In the volume for 1856, there is no Anniversary Festival of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution recorded, as its Festivals then were triennial, but a committee was formed in that year to improve the rules and develop the resources of the Institution, and the anniversary Festival was fixed in that year by the G.M. for June 17th, 1857. Then the whole amount raised by the Festivals in 1856 was £3,100. In 1857 the Girls' School realised what Lord Dalhousie termed the munificent subscription of nearly £1,900.

The Boys' School Festival produced £1,200, and at the Royal Benevolent Institution, our well-known and much respected Bro. W. Farnfield "read a long series of lists of subscriptions, the grand total of which formed the munificent sum of £1,558 6s. 6d."

As the little French boy said at the play when some sentiment was expressed which his matured intelligence did not approve—"Mais nous avons changé tout cela," so we can repeat to-day in all fraternal complacency, the well-

known words "Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

The result of 1857, "munificent" as it seemed at the time, namely, £4,658, must deeply strike us when we remember that 1874 has witnessed the return of over £21,000, and as Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot said, that does not seem even yet to mark the amount beyond which the zeal of the stewards will labour, or the charity of the Order will extend.

MAY all of good and usefulness attend those great Charitable Institutions of ours, which can evoke the active sympathy and support of so many warm-hearted and open-handed Freemasons.

Ed.

OUR GRAND MASTER.

With the present magazine our worthy publisher, Bro. George Kenning, has presented the Craft with the most recent *carte-de-visite* of our most distinguished Grand Master, and which, at our request, he has most kindly placed in our hands.

We have, therefore, thought it well to compile the following short account of our Grand Master's public and Masonic career, as we think it may not be without interest to our readers, by all of whom, as by the Craft everywhere, his worth as a man is fully realized, and his remarkable excellence as a Mason is truly appreciated.

The Marquess of Ripon, better known as Earl de Grey and Ripon, and previously as Lord Goderich, is the only son of Frederick John, first Earl of Ripon.

His mother was Lady Sarah A. L. Hobart, only daughter of Robert, fourth Earl of Buckinghamshire.

He was born October 24th, 1827, and after the usual education of English noblemen, began his public life as *attaché* to a special Mission to Brussels, in 1849.

In 1852 he first appeared, we believe, in the House of Commons as member for Hull, but in 1853 was returned for Hud-

dersfield. In 1857 he was elected Knight of the shire for the West Riding of Yorkshire.

In 1859 he became Lord Ripon by the death of his father, and in the same year Earl de Grey, by the death of his uncle, the well-known second Earl.

In 1859, as Lord Ripon, he became Under Secretary for War, with then Mr. Herbert, and in 1861, Under Secretary for India.

Upon the death of Sir George C. Lewis in 1863, Lord Ripon succeeded him as Secretary of State for War, and continued so until 1866, when he succeeded Lord Halifax as Secretary of State for India.

In 1868 he became Lord President of the Council.

In 1869 he was created K.G., and in 1871 was selected as Chairman of the High Joint Commission which settled the Treaty of Washington. On his return to England from that most important duty he was created Marquess of Ripon.

His Masonic career began in the Lodge of Truth, Huddersfield, of which he afterwards became W.M.

On the death of Lord Mexborough he was appointed, to the great satisfaction of the West Yorkshire Freemasons, P.G.M. for West Yorkshire — which important position he still holds, and on Lord Dalhousie's retirement was made Deputy Grand Master by Lord Zetland. His fitness for rule, and his most successful administration of the Province of West Yorkshire, pointed him out as the undoubted successor to Lord Zetland, when our good and Grand Master resigned the high offices he had discharged so admirably for so many long and eventful years.

He was installed Grand Master of our Order, April 23, 1870, in which situation he still happily is, for the welfare and progress of English Freemasonry.

He married, April 1851, the eldest daughter of Henry and Lady Mary Vyner,

and has one son, Viscount Goderich, now member for Ripon.

It will be the fervent hope of all our English Craft, that the great architect of the Universe may long preserve him to preside over that great Order he loves so truly, and has served so well.

Ed.

THE OLD MASONIC POEM.

Here begins the first article.

The first article of this gemetry:—
The master mason must be full surely
Both stedfast, trusty, and true,
It shall him never then (1) arewe:
And pay thy fellows after the cost,
As victuals go then, well thou knowest;
And pay them truly, upon thy faith,
What that they deserve may;
And to their hire take no more,
But what that they might serve for;
And refrain, neither for love nor dread,
Of neither part to take no meed;
Of lord nor fellow, which ever he be,
Of them thou take no manner of fee;
And as a judge stand upright,
And then thou doest to both good right;
And truly do this wheresoe'er thou goest,
They worship, they profit, it shall be most.

Article the Second.

The second Article of good masonry,
As ye may it here hear specially,
That every master that is a mason,
Must be at the general congregation,
So that he it reasonably [be] told
Where that the assembly shall be (2) hold;
And to that assembly he must needs go,
Unless he have a reasonable excuse,
Or that he be disobedient to that craft,
Or with falsehood is overtaken,
Or else sickness hath him so strong,
That he may not come them among;
That is an excuse, good and able,
To that assembly without fable.

Article the Third.

The third article forsooth it is
That the master take to no prentice,
Unless he has good assurance to dwell
Seven years with him, as I you tell,
His craft to learn, that is profitable;
Within less he may not be able
To [the] lord's profit, nor to his own,
As ye may know by good reason.

Article the Fourth.

The fourth article this must be,
That the master him well (3) be see,

That he no bondman prentice make,
Nor for no covetousness do him take,
For the lord that he is bound to,
May fetch the prentice wheresoe'er he go.
If in the lodge he were taken,
Much inconvenience it might there make,
And [in] such case it might befall,
That it might grieve some or all,
For all the masons that are there
Will stand together (4) Hol-ye fere
If such one in that craft should dwell,
Of divers inconveniences ye might tell:
For more ease then, and of honesty
Take a prentice of higher degree,
By old time written I (5) fynde
That the prentice should be of gentle kind;
And so sometimes great lords' blood
Took this gemetry, that is full good.

Article the Fifth.

The fifth article is very good,
So that the prentice be of lawful blood;
The master shall not, for no advantage,
Make no prentice that is imperfect;
That is to say, as ye may hear,
That he has his limbs whole altogether;
To the craft it were great shame,
To make halt man and a lame,
For an imperfect man of such blood
Should do the craft but little good.
Thus ye may know every one,
The craft would have a (6) mighty man;
A maimed man he hath no might,
Ye may it know long 'ere night.

Article the Sixth.

The sixth article ye may not miss,
That the master do the lord no prejudice,
To take of the lord, for his prentice,
As much as his fellows did, in all.
For in that craft they be full perfect,
So is not he, ye may see it,
Also it were against good reason,
To take his hire as his fellows do.
This same article, in this case,
Judgeth the prentice to take less,
Than his fellows, that be full perfect.
In divers matters, can requite it,
The master may his prentice so instruct,
That his hire may increase full early,
And, 'ere his term come to an end,
His hire may full well (7) amende.

Article the Seventh.

The seventh article that is now here,
Full well will tell you, altogether,
That no master, for favour nor dread,
Shall no thief neither clothe nor feed,
Thieves he shall harbour never one,
Nor him that hath killed a man,
Nor the same that hath a feeble name,
Lest it would turn the craft to shame.

(1) Arewe: repent.

(2) Hold: holden.

(3) Be—se: to take care of.

(4) Hol-ye fere: entirely bound.

(5) Fynde: find.

(6) Mighty: fine, gay.

(7) Amende: amend.

Article the Eighth.

The eighth article sheweth you so,
That the master may it well do,
If that he have any man of craft,
That be not as perfect as he ought,
He may him change soon anon,
And take for him a perfecter man,
Such a man, through recklessness,
Might do the craft short worship.

Article the Ninth.

The ninth article sheweth full well,
That the master be both wise and (8) felle;
That no work he undertake,
But he can it both end and make;
And that it be to the lord's profit also,
And to his craft wheresoe'er he goe;
And that the ground be well (9) ytake,
That it neither fly nor (10) grake.

Article the Tenth.

The tenth article is for to know,
Among the craft, to high and low,
There shall no master supplant [the] other,
But be together as sister and brother,
In this (11) currys craft, all and some,
That belongeth to a master mason.
Neither shall he supplant another man,
That hath taken a work him upon,
In pain thereof that is so strong,
That weigheth no less than ten pound,
And if that he be injured found,
That took first the work in hand;
(For no man in masonry
Shall supplant [an] other securely)
But if that it be so wrought,
That it turn the work to nought;
Then may a mason that work crave,
To the lord's profit it for to save;
In such a case if it do fall
There shall no mason meddle withal.
Forsooth he that beginneth the ground
If he be a mason good and sound,
He has it surely in his mind
To bring the work to full good end.

Article the Eleventh.

The eleventh article I tell thee,
That it is both fair and free;
For it teacheth, by its might,
That no mason should work by night
Unless it be in practising of wit,
If that [he] could amend it.

Article the Twelfth.

The twelfth article is of high honesty,
To every mason, wheresoe'er he be;
He shall not his fellow's work (12) deprave,
If that he will his honour save;
With honest words he [shall] it commend,
By the knowledge that God thee did send;
And it amend by all that you may,
Between you both without nay.

- (8) Felle: sharp, clever.
(9) Ytake: taken.
(10) Grake: crack.
(11) Currys: curious.
(12) Deprave: traduce.

Article the Thirteenth.

The thirteenth article, so God me save,
Is, if that the master a prentice have,
Intirely ther: that he him teach,
And measurable points that he him reche (13)
That he the craft ably may conne (14)
Wheresoever he goes under the sun.

Article the Fourteenth.

The fourteenth article, by good reason,
Sheweth the master how he shall do;
He shall no prentice to him take,
But divers cares he has to make,
That he may, within, his term,
Of him divers points learn.

Article the Fifteenth.

The fifteenth article maketh an end,
For to the master it is a friend;
To teach him so, that for no man,
No false maintenance he take him upon,
Nor maintain his fellows in their sin,
For no good that he might win;
Nor no false oath suffer them to make,
For dread of their souls' sake;
Lest it would turn the craft to shame,
And himself to much blame.

(13) Reche: reach.

(14) Conne: know.

(To be continued.)

BYE-LAWS OF MILITARY LODGES.

BY BRO. WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN, P.M., &c.

We now lay before our readers an exact copy of the Laws governing a *Military Lodge* of more than a century old, and which came into our possession in a strange way. The Laws are evidently the *originals* as accepted by the members, and were taken bodily by me out of the "Constitution of the Freemasons of 1723," in which they were written in the first part of the volume, the extra paper having been bound up with that old book.

That they date more than one hundred years back there is sufficient internal evidence to prove, but their precise date we have not yet been able to decide, for, unfortunately there is no "water-mark" in the paper, and there is nothing in the writing to fix positively the date of the caligraphy. Further on, at top of the "fly leaves" there occurs "November ye 6th, 1768," but the writing is not by the hand, and apparently more modern than is the former portion. Bye-laws of Military Lodges of a century and upwards in age

are rarely met with, and it is the first we have come across in our researches. Lodges held in Regiments had a most transitory or troubled existence, and for migratory proclivities could vie with the nomadic tribes. The Lodge with which we are more immediately connected by the ties of a Past Master was warranted to be held in the 67th Regiment, A.D. 1772, then transferred in 1807 to the Cornish Miners' Militia Regiment, and again, in 1826, changed to a civil Lodge. During its eventful career it must have gone with the regiments through England, Ireland, Scotland, India, and pretty well around the globe from east to west and north to south; what wonder then that all its records are lost from 1772 to 1807? We know nothing of its early By-laws, though we have succeeded in tracing its history from collateral sources from its institution down to the present day.

With respect to the Bye-laws now under consideration, we can neither decide, as yet, either as to their date or the number of the Lodge; we hope, however, ere long to report progress to our readers.

"Rules, Regulations and By-laws to be strictly observ'd by the Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, Held by Authority in his Majesty's 12th Regiment of Foot, by title and Denomination, the Duke of Norfolk's Mason Lodge."

1. "The body, when assembled, shall be govern'd by one Master and two Wardens, who are to be very Diligent in Putting the by-laws in their proper force as they must answer the contrary."

2. "The Body to assemble at a house most convenient for their Purpose, the first Tuesday in every month, if conveniency will permit. That Master, Warden or Member Neglecting to appear at the place and hour appointed Except lawful Necessity calls him otherways shall be fin'd as the list of Fines annexed."

3. All Due Honour to be paid to the Mr. during Lodge hours and whenever he commands Silence in the Body, that Brother Neglecting to obey the same shall be fin'd as the List annexed.

4. "A Lecture on Masonry to be given every Regular Lodge Night by the Master or Order, for the better edification of the Brethren, the secretary to be exempt the Lecture the better to observe any misbehaviour—Cursing or swearing, Coming drunk to the Lodge, interruptions in the Lecture or otherways, and likewise to take a particular acct. of the Charges, and Acquaint

the Master when it amounts to ten Light Stivers Each member."

5. "Any member interrupting another while Addressing the chair or at any Other time during Lodge hours shall be fin'd as Annex'd."

6. "Any Person who shall be desirous and found worthy to be receiv'd in this our body, at his Reception Pay the sum or value of one pound one shilling sterling money, to be appropriated for good of the Lodge. Any old Mason who shall be admitted to joyn this Body as a member shall pay the sum of five shillings for the good of the Regulation afore mention'd."

7. "The Lodge to be clos'd every night at the Discretion of the Master, but any Bro. having Business be permitted to go by applying to the Master for Leave."

8. "It is strongly recommended to every member when the Lodge is closed and the charges of the house defray'd that every Brother repair immediately to their Lodgings, as there are several bad consequences attend late hours beside the extravagant expences we run ourselves into, and often causes great disturbances in our families; The extreme hurt we do our bodily healths and often renders us incapable of persuing our Daily occupations, beside gives the scandalous Tongues of ill disposed people or enemies to the Royal craft, the greatest Liberty of Ridicule."

9. "Any member who shall Behave himself indecently out of the Lodge so as to be anyways a stain to the character of a mason shall be publicly excluded."

10. "Every Brother must always consider that whenever he enters the Lodge he is in a Place where masons are met in order to work and that Wisdom, Strength and Beauty are our chief supports. First, then, our Wisdom in abstaining from all rude and frothy expressions. Lett unanimity be our strength and then Beauty and order will be their natural consequences. Lett us stamp our seal of secrecy on whatever is said or done there, and never permitt anything to be publish'd out of those Doors, for when Masons are mett together they should unbosom themselves freely without reserve, well knowing and reason expecting that whatever unguarded expressions may be accidentally made use of they ought to go no further but are or ought to be lock'd safe in those breasts alone that know to whom and in what Place to reveal them, and Lett every Bro. consider that masons are a society of men closely knitt together and that true masonry will certainly like the square will reduce all rude matter into form and rub of all Rust of conversation which very often renders a man unfitt for human society, Good manners, the true character of a Gentleman and good sense distinguishes us from the lower class of man-

kind—are to be attained and Improved by Masonry."

11. "Every Brother to take his seat and keep strict silence whenever the Master shall think proper to rise from the chair and call to order; and every Bro. who shall have occasion to address the chair shall rise and keep standing till he has made his address, nor shall any presume to interrupt him except the Master find him wandering from the point in hand—shall think fit to reduce him to order till he is sett to right again, then he may proceed if he pleases but if he refuses the Master may order him to quit the room for that night. So Brethren we are all sensible it is our duty allway to keep our Tongues within compass then we need nott doubt but we shall allways be found within the square.

12. "That our behaviour both in and out of the Lodge be agreeable for it is not sufficient that we show ourselves Masons in the Lodge only but that we lett the kind influence of Masonry at all times, and in all Places teach and direct us to govern and subdue our Passions for that man will be a very little credit to our Society, who tho' he may behave with becoming decency in the Lodge, yett—if without—a malicious revengeful or perhaps a common swearer what opinion must sober thinking people's have of Masons when their actions are so counter to their professions."

13. "Every Bro. is desired to be very diligent in enquireing into the character of every Person who shall Petition them to be admitted into our fraternity, and permitt me here to observe that Masonry is universal and neither is or can be confin'd to any state or condition in life, for honour, virtue and honesty are not allways in the possession of those affluent fortunes only, but are often found amongst those of inferior Rank, nor can we as Masons reject any one on account of his station in life, so that the want of Riches and high Stations can be no reasonable objection against an honest and virtuous man that is as far as we can judge, who pays his Duty to the Grand Architect his neighbour and himself, for if they have not His fear, they can have no regard to the most solemn obligations, but will turn rebels and endeavour to bring into Disgrace that Royal Craft. Those Perfections they never can arrive at, and if by outward appearance we should be so much imposed upon as to admitt such profligates as trifle with and pay no regard to that obligation in which they have so voluntarily bound themselves, lett us not in the least be afraid to expell them immediately, but cutt them of like rotten Branches. Such resolution will bring credit to ourselves and honor to the Royal Craft."

14. "Whatever Brother shall be so rude as to hiss at another or at what he says, or has said, shall be expell'd till another time,

and publickly owns fault before the Body, and his grace be granted by asking Pardon of the Party offended."

15. "The Master and Wardens may alter or add to these By-laws as they shall think most convenient for the good of the Lodge. No visitor to be allowed except by consent of the body."

Here ends the By-laws of this "Military Lodge," of which it may truly be said that the compilers rightly appreciated the pure and high character of Freemasonry, and when viewed according to the times and circumstances, no better laws for Lodges have ever been compiled.

We consider them a most valuable addition to our Bye-laws literature, and out of some six hundred specimens of such publications we have none in which the true spirit of Masonry is better illustrated, though of course, in the more modern publications there is a polish which the foregoing necessarily lacks. Were but all Masons faithful to their obligations, none of the stupid bigots would have a "leg to stand upon" in denouncing the tendencies of the Craft.

THE NEW MORALITY, 1874.

Yet still the task is mine, still I must try,
To arrest that seething crowd all hast'ning by,
And bid them pause, bid them their steps retrace
And in the brighter hopes and purer grace,
Of wisdom's way—ere yet their sky's o'ercast,
To find that only course which leads to port at last?

Of all the saddest sights this world can see,
Of all the darkest fates that here can be,
Is that, which sheds on early hours bright,
Folly's dark stain, or sad corruption's blight,
Which makes some young heart, once so clear and calm,

Which found in life's routine a hope and charm,
Now turn in callous sneer from duty's claim,
And barter for a whim an honoured name!

Alas! how many hourly must deplore
These genial seasons which return no more,
And as the visions of the past appear
The scenes and friends of many a faded year
Must sigh to think, as daily cares increase,
Of childhood's dawn of innocence and peace.

Alas, for them, who as revolving years
Add griefs to griefs, and earthly fears to fears,
Are borne along resistless on the tide,
With idle comrades revelling at their side,
Turning this sunny hour, this pleasant scene
This ardent youth, their riper years serene,
Into that dreary dream of doubt and wrong
Which many will for years and years prolong,
Until at last, when all's, alas! too late,

They oft recall in haste a happier state,
And as the charms of evil on them grow,
Sigh vainly for a better "long ago!"
Many are old time's changes, one by one—
The scenes have faded, and the sands which run,
From that great hour-glass of earthly life,
Bear with them all its joys and all its strife.
New views, new hopes, new doubts appear to-day;
New creeds confront us with that dimmer ray,
Which in the shifting feelings of the age
In blest confusion fill each dubious page!
And as their novel views and claims prevail
Alike in mythic lay—as startling tale,
A new morality proclaims its laws,
Unfurls its standard, and asserts its cause.
O happier days of good old common sense,
Of simple truth, devoid of vain pretence,
O peaceful time, when men could still receive
A better law, and in those Words believe,
Which in the ages of the mighty past
Have on our world ennobling sanctions cast,
Falling in brightening gleams and happy trust,
Alike on earthly scenes, and graves of human dust.
And thus it comes to pass that all the while,
Tho' wise men listen with a mournful smile,
We hear it often said—all means which tend,
However bad, to gain a long'd-for end
Are just and proper, and that for some good
Evil is justified. Thus understood
None of the olden great, and with a sigh
The muse remembers better times gone bye,
When neither specious quirk nor gloss debased
Had from the heavenly law its life erased;
But sacred truth, the unfaltering voice of right,
Unfailing justice, with its solemn might,
Still swayed us all, in loving faith and trust,
And men deemed laws were made to make us just?
Is that the case to-day? Ah! who can say,
That this delineates our wiser day?
Law still abides in this our happy land,
On vice still censure casts its warning brand,
But is there not with many ready heed
To new morality's all dangerous creed?
Which loud affirms that men may now pursue
What they profess they think it right to do?
That some may undertake for other's now
Illegal service, with a smiling brow,
And coolly say, when men their wrong proclaim
That principals and not agents are to blame?
Have we not heard, in words that do belong
To Sophist school? that even contract wrong
Is justified by subtle pleas which serve to show
How knaves and rogues can flourish here below?
And how amid the great eternal scheme,
The sage's wonder and the poet's theme,
The only Basis safe of human laws,
Of holy enterprise, of righteous cause,
'Neath which unfaltering justice has unfurl'd
Its sacred banner in this struggling world,
There are no limits here to craft or ill
The treacherous enterprise, the tainted will,
But men will strive enactments to evade,
And claim a franchise for each sinful trade,
And many a sinful plan and deed of shame
Will still from others approving sanction claim.

MENTOR.

(To be continued.)

ROCKSTONE PRIORY.

(From *Keystone*.)

CHAPTER IV. AND LAST.

"Heaven bless you both!"

Thus spoke aunt Jem, with tears in her kind old eyes, when, after dinner, during the evening of that same day, Lowndes told her, with a quiet gladness in his voice, all that had happened in the afternoon by the meandering brook.

No thought of a social gulf seemed to enter Mrs. Lorrimore's head. Even if it did, in the goodness of her heart she said nothing at all about it, more than content that Lowndes should have chosen a wife at last, and that the wife of his choice should be a lady in every acceptance of the word, and also a very dear little girl into the bargain. Aunt Jem was really devotedly attached to the girl who had come to Rockstone as her companion; she had never treated her as a paid dependent, for she had known from Miss West's references that her birth and education had been good, and that she was not one whit less a lady because she was compelled by necessity to face the world alone, and to earn an honest living in the best way she could.

Aunt Jem found it an easy matter to take the motherless orphan girl in her arms and whisper in her ear, "Heaven bless you, Alice."

With Mrs. Lorrimore's sanction and thorough approval, Alice was doubly happy. Lowndes forgot his terrible affliction in his newly-found joy; and, now that the engagement was acknowledged, he would have none but Alice to guide him about. She alone was his constant companion—she alone his staff everywhere.

Old John Barnes, in the servants' hall, grumbled finely about throwing overboard old friends for new.

"But then," said he, "she's a sweet young creature, and as winsome as a sunbeam. No wonder Mr. Lowndes prefers to be helped along by her. Yes, bless her heart, the change has made a different man of him already."

* * * * *

"Dear Lowndes," Alice said, timidly, one evening in the waning summer, when

it had grown too dark to read by the open window, and Mrs. Lorrimore, as usual, behind her wool-frame, was snoring audibly, her long wool-needle at rest, stuck perpendicularly through the centre of an Egyptian soldier's body, "you have never told me how you lost your eyesight. Will you tell me tonight, dear, if the recollection does not pain you? I have a reason for asking you, Lowndes," she pleaded.

In the twilight she saw his face cloud over.

"It is an old wound, Alice," he answered; "but I think it has healed now."

"Tell me about it," said she, softly, coming from her side of the window, and kneeling on the floor beside his chair.

"Of course, dear, I will," he replied, putting his arm round the small lithe figure—"though it is not a pleasant story."

"I would not ask you, Lowndes," she said, "only that my reason is a grave one. You shall know it when I have heard your story."

"Very well," replied he, smiling down at the beautiful earnest face, whose loveliness he had resigned himself never to see.

"You did not know, little one, that I had a brother once?"

He spoke in a low tone now, and had turned his sightless gaze towards the open window, as though looking intently across the shadowed twilight, out of doors. Alice thought that his face in the dark looked sterner and more set than it had been a few minutes before.

"A brother?" she repeated, gently. "No, Lowndes, I did not."

"Yes," he went on, quietly, "a younger brother. His name was Alec. It is wrong, Alice, to speak otherwise than reverently of the dead who once were with us; yet at times I have found it a difficult thing to remember my brother, Alec Forrester, with a kindly heart. He was only a year my junior, and choose, at an early age, the profession of a soldier. My father purchased a first-rate commission for him; and, had he been a temperate, steady fellow, he might have been alive and amongst us now. Naturally, I, as the eldest, remained at home with my father at Rookstone. It was the old man's particular wish, and of course it was but right

that I should obey him. Do not think me unbrotherly, Alice, if I say that Alec's conduct was deserving of the severest censure. Do not deem me unchristianlike if I speak of his character as callous, unforgiving and jealous to a degree. It is true, though it seems scarcely fair of me, his brother, to say so. Worse still, he was wildly extravagant. His expenses in his regiment were forever exceeding by many wasted thousands the handsome annual allowance which my father paid him, and when in debt he would come to Rookstone and almost drive the poor old man out of his mind with extortionate demands for ready money, which at that time was not so plentiful with the Forresters as I am thankful to say it is now. I have said that he was of a jealous disposition; he was jealous particularly of me—jealous to think that I should live in ease, as he termed it, at Rookstone Priory, whilst he, away, was made to do with a quarter of what he declared that I, in idle affluence, spent at home with our poor old father. No amount of reasoning would ever convince him that he was treated otherwise than badly, and, seeing his obstinacy, we soon gave up reasoning with him.

"One chill autumn day my brother came to the Priory totally unexpected, and demanded, as he generally did when he arrived on a flying visit, a heavy sum of money, of which, according to his own account, he was sadly in need. Of all times to come this was the worst, for just then my father was ailing. Poor old man, he had had a great deal of trouble of one sort or another during his lifetime, and now in his old age he was not very strong. That autumn day he was very ill; I knew he was not in a fit state to be bothered. So when Alec came I called him into the library, and endeavoured, as I had really done, to expostulate with him in a quiet, brotherly manner, telling him, which was the truth, that the money he required was not in the house, but that in a few days, if he would only wait, the amount, high as it was, should be paid him.

"'I want it immediately,' he said, doggedly; 'and have it I must and will!'

"Oh, Alice! I remember his words so plainly—I remember that day so well.

"'I repeat, it is not in the house,' was my answer; and I spoke with a weary firmness.

"That is a lie!" he cried, roughly.

"My darling, had he been any other than my brother, no power on earth should have prevented me from felling him on the spot where he stood. I controlled myself as well as I was able, but I know that my lips were whiter than ash itself. Drawing myself up proudly, I turned away. I did not speak, for I could not trust my tongue. My hand was on the lock of the door, when Alec clutched my shoulder.

"Don't go!" he said, hoarsely. "I beg your pardon, Lowndes. I am hard up—indeed I am! Heaven knows I don't know which way to turn?"

"That is an old story," I answered wearily.

"Lowndes, I must have the money!" he cried, desperately.

"I was desperate, too. I turned round fiercely, and told him what I thought of his heartlessness. Yes, I called him heartless and cruel; but, as Heaven is my witness, I called him nothing harder. His passion rose with mine, however, and terrible and many were the evil words which he in his anger cast at me. My brother that day was dressed in full uniform, and his gloves were a curious mixture of white leather and delicate steel ornaments, a fine steel chain extending over the back of the glove, and fastening on either side of the hand in tiny steel rings. The chain of the righthand glove had in some way become unfastened, and now hung loosely and swung from Alec's wrist. The torrent of his abuse was unlimited; and among the many bitter and false things which he uttered was the accusation that I had effectually poisoned our father's mind against him, and was striving my utmost to keep him out of Rookstone altogether.

"Perhaps when the time comes you will be for altering the—you know—eh?" he insinuated, tauntingly. "Not unlikely, I suppose, Lowndes, if my share is more than you think I deserve?" and he laughed a horrible sneering laugh; and then it was, Alice, that I forgot everything—myself, the forbearance due to a brother, the better angel whispering 'Patience' at my side—all. My darling, I forgot all. To the most patient endurance there are bounds.

"It is you who are the liar!" I cried, in uncontrollable wrath.

"In another moment my brother had struck me full in the face, a straight, enerring blow, fatal and sure, the fine sharp steel chain hanging from his glove whizzing right across the pupils of my dilated eyes. I remember dimly a keen, stinging agony, a blinding rush of burning, brine-like tears; and then, in spite of my manhood and strength, of which I used to be so proud, I fainted from the sheer intensity of the fiery pain. When consciousness returned, aunt Jem was leaning over me, and I was lying on a sofa in my own dressing-room, whither I had been carried by some of the servants, John Barnes for one. I could only hear—I could not see them. Nor have I beheld the light of heaven from that dreadful day to this. Before that night closed in—before Alec, my brother, left Rookstone for his head-quarters—I had learned the bitter truth. I was blind. They broke it to me as gently as they could that my sight was gone—that I should never see again. Alice, dear, they were right."

Lowndes Forrester paused, and felt Miss West's tears dropping on his hand, which the girl was holding, clasped tightly within her own.

"My poor Lowndes," she murmured, brokenly, "how you must have suffered—how you must have suffered!" And, looking up, she perceived for the first time the silver threads in his soft dark hair. Yes, silver threads, and he so young—scarcely one-and-thirty.

"At the time, dear," he said; "but the first great bitterness has long since passed away. I have been contented for years; but you, Alice, have made me happier than I ever thought to have been."

"Have I, Lowndes?"

"You know you have."

"And now," asked Alice, "Alec is dead?"

"Yes, he is dead," replied Lowndes. "Poor fellow, he was accidentally killed at some boisterous wine party, which he himself was giving. He never came again to Rookstone after striking the blow which made me so helpless, except when they brought him home to his last long rest, and laid him beside our mother in the Rookstone churchyard. Poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!" echoed Alice, very softly.

Silence fell upon them, and the twilight deepened.

"Lowndes," Miss West said, presently, thoughtful and earnest, "did the doctors say that you were incurably blind?"

"Yes," was the sad reply.

"But, dear Lowndes," continued she, "have you asked them lately? Have you seen a doctor since that dreadful time when it was first done?"

"No."

"Then there may be hope," she cried joyfully; "there may be hope yet!"

Mr. Forrester shook his head.

"I fear not," he said quietly. "On the first day of my dark awful pain my father summoned a skilful oculist, and he said that he could hold out no vestige of hope; not even in the years to come. My case, he declared, was simply hopeless. After that I resigned myself as calmly as I could to a lifetime of inevitable darkness."

Alice West rose from the floor and stood by her lover's side. She laid her hand upon his shoulder with an earnest quiet gentleness. Her voice was very low in the fast gathering gloom of the waning summer night.

Aunt Jem in shadow behind the wool-frame, was still unconscious of passing events. She could not hear Alice's low pleading voice as it stole through the quietude of the cool odorous twilight. No, Mrs. Lorrimore, dear soul, was in the land of Egypt; for the time she was far away from quiet, quaint old Rookstone. Half an hour later she came back with a start from the turbulent shores of the perilous Red Sea, to find herself at Rookstone again, in the lighted drawing-room, and Lowndes and Alice West standing together in front of her big arm-chair. Alice's kiss had been the means of bringing her home from her wanderings.

"Well," said aunt Jem, looking up and smiling lazily, "you think I have been to sleep, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," replied Lowndes.

"We have something to tell you, aunt Jem," said Alice.

"What is it, my dear? I am quite awake."

And then the news was told; told by beautiful, radiant Alice West.

"Lowndes has consented to see uncle Richard," she said in happy excitement. "I am going to write to him to-night.

Oh, aunt Jem, dear aunt Jem, I am sure Lowndes will have his sight restored at last. Uncle Richard is so clever; he is unknown; what the world calls unknown, you know; but, oh, so wonderfully clever! Lowndes is going up to London the day after to-morrow."

Mrs. Lorrimore was brisk enough now.

"To see your uncle Richard, my dear?" she exclaimed in wild astonishment. "What for?"

"Uncle Richard is an oculist," answered Alice confidently; "he will give Lowndes his sight again; I know he will. Oh, aunt Jem, are not you glad? Say that you are glad, aunt Jem."

"I am glad, my child," replied the old lady; "but Lowndes, dear boy," turning anxiously to him, "can you bear disappointment; a painful failure perhaps?"

"I have no hope myself," he answered, "but Alice has; and it is for her sake that I am willing to risk the trial."

"Ah, there it is," said aunt Jem, with a troubled brow; "there must be an operation. Is it wise, dear boy, after all these years of rest and quiet, to risk the pain of an unsuccessful operation. Think, Lowndes."

"I have decided," replied he, firmly. "Aunt Jem, it is for my dear Alice's sake."

"And I," whispered Alice, nestling close to his side, "am full of hope."

Mrs. Lorrimore sighed.

"Please Heaven it may be all for the best!" she said, as the man came in with the clattering cups and saucers and the hissing urn.

By the first post next morning a letter went off from Rookstone, and the address on the outside of the envelope was in Alice's handwriting:

Mr. Richard West,

19 Brook Crescent,

Islington.

And the mission thereof was to say that the blind master of Rookstone was coming up to London on the following day to consult Mr. West on the expediency of an operation upon eyes which had not beheld the blessed daylight for the space of nine dark, suffering years.

Accordingly, on the day mentioned in the letter, attended solely by the faithful John Barnes, Lowndes Forrester started for London.

* * * * *

Alice West sat by the deep bay-window of the library, watching eagerly, with impatient, anxious eyes, the dark green avenue up which the carriage that had gone to bring Lowndes from the station must come on its way home to Rookstone Priory. To-day Lowndes was to return. He had been in London ten days, during which the much-dreaded operation had been successfully performed, and the necessary amount of quiet and repose in darkened rooms, which inevitably follows on such a measure, patiently undergone. And now he was coming home; coming home a free and happy man. It is no wonder that since the morning when the letter containing the glad tidings had arrived, Alice had been restless, impatient, and excited, and had found it a difficult matter to settle calmly down to anything requiring attention and freedom from mental wanderings. And not one degree less eager was old Mrs. Lorrimore; her white blue veined hands positively trembled as they busied themselves among the intricacies of her many coloured wool work. She was sitting at the open window with Alice West, her wool frame in front of her, her thoughts elsewhere. It was a glorious, sweet smelling August afternoon, with Rookstone in all the splendour of its dark-hued beauty. Flocks of guats were sporting in the sunshine, and the music of the meandering brook was borne on the softness of the light summer air. Five o'clock had just struck from the ivied stables, and Mr. Forrester and John Barnes were expected every minute.

Aunt Jem, endeavouring to spend the time profitably, was giving one short glance at the angry Pharaoh and two prolonged ones at the moss-banked avenue. As for Alice, her eyes never left the shady road. When she answered aunt Jem, she did so without turning her head; and Mrs. Lorrimore would persist in talking, though Alice, poor restless child, would much rather have had peace and perfect silence.

"Alice dear," bleated aunt Jem, "what is this thing in Miriam's hand? It is

dark and light brown in the pattern, with a few bright stitches of orange yellow. She is whirling it above her head most wildly. Really I never noticed it before. It looks like a frying-pan without a handle. What can it be, dear?"

"Meant for a timbrel, probably," answered Miss West, still looking out with strained watchful eyes, and guessing that Mrs. Lorrimore was merely chattering to hide her own excitement. "Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes," said aunt Jem; "I remember all about it now. One, two, three, and cross; brown, yellow—"

"Here's the carriage!" cried Alice. And up she started and ran out into the hall. Standing on the topmost step of the great stone flight she waved her pocket-handkerchief right joyously. In a few seconds aunt Jem had joined her. The kind old spectacled eyes were suspiciously dim as they watched the fast approaching carriage rolling up the avenue. In a very little while it had reached them.

Old John Barnes alighted first, and threw open wide the carriage door. Out of it, unassisted, sprang a tall bearded man with a scarcely perceptible stoop in his broad, stalwart shoulders, a dark-coloured shade lowered over his eyes.

"Lowndes! Lowndes!" broke forth Alice. And quite regardless of any spectator, she ran down the steps and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, my beloved!" she murmured fervently, thankfully. "Oh, thank Heaven!" as she felt his embrace tightening around her. Then, lifting her head from his breast, she saw the glad light that was beaming from beneath the shade. Beholding it, her joy was complete.

"My own darling," whispered Lowndes; "how beautiful you are!"

Triumphantly she led him up the wide stone steps, on the top of which stood aunt Jem, a wondrous smile of greeting on her quivering lips, a world of tender love in the depths of her placid eyes. "Heaven has been very good!" She nearly wept as she hugged him to her overflowing motherly heart.

"So good, dear aunt Jem," answered Lowndes, gently kissing the soft white hair, "that my happiness seems too great to last. Oh, Alice," he cried passionately,

"can it be that I really see you, my own, my beautiful darling; my wife that will be, nay, shall be ere many days have passed!"

For answer she only clung to him, sobbing out her gladness on his breast. Through the tears that dimmed her sight she saw in the vista of the future so sunny and lovely a life of happiness that in the midst of her joy no words would come; but her tears, welling up from the very depths of her soul, were a speechless thank-offering to a merciful all-wise Providence.

* * * * *

Richard West, the oculist, is a rich man. Patients from all quarters flock to him now, and have done so since the world heard of the successful operation by which Lowndes Forrester's life was made fair. Uncle Richard and his invalid wife are great favourites with the children at Rookstone Priory, though there is somebody else living always at the old house, whom, if possible, they love more—a placid, white-haired dear old lady, whom they call "aunt Jem."

Aunt Jem is wicked enough to idolize the children and spoil them too. She is never weary of telling them about their beautiful mother, whose coming to Rookstone Priory years ago resulted in making "papa's dark days light, and Uncle Richard West a prosperous, fortunate man."

Dear aunt Jem is a very old woman, and she sits in a very big chair; a very big chair with a very gay cushion. To Alice Forrester's little ones this cushion is a marvel of beauty. They call it aunt Jem's "picture." And, if there be one Scripture story which the children know better than another it is the story of how Pharaoh, king of Egypt, and all his cruel followers, were drowned while pursuing the Israelites in their passage through the Red Sea.

HARRY HISTLAUS.

A pompous fellow made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property; and, calling the next day for an answer, inquired of the gentleman if he had entertained his proposition? "No," replied the other, "your proposition entertained me."

THE HISTORY OF FREE-MASONRY IN RUSSIA.

Translated from the Monde Maconnique, for March, 1874.

BY THE EDITOR.

The first Russian Masonic Lodge was founded at Moscow in 1731, by the English Grand Lodge, which named Captain John Phillips, Provincial Grand Master; but Freemasonry developed itself but very slowly in Russia after this beginning, so that no Lodge was established at St. Petersburg before 1771.

In 1772 the English Grand Lodge appointed Bro. Jean Zelaguine Senator, Grand Master of all Russia, who after his death was succeeded by Count Roman Woronzoff.

It is from 1772 that the serious progress of Freemasonry in Russia dates. From that time nearly all the nobility sought the honour of membership with that Association, and Paul the First himself, before he ascended the throne, solicited and obtained the privilege of initiation.

Unfortunately the invasion of the high grades which entered Russia about 1775, hindered before long the development of the Institution, and was the origin of those disorders, which had for a definitive result, the interdiction pronounced in 1798 against all the Masonic Reunions. It is principally to the regime of the "strict observance" that the responsibility is due of this interdict.

Placed under the patronage of the then Duke of Brunswick, this "regime" founded at St. Petersburg, under the title of "The Grand Order of Vladimir," a Masonic authority that pretended to direct all the Russian Lodges, and which entered at once into open warfare with the old Associations, of which the greater part worked according to the English Ritual.

It is to this warfare, and the disapproval with which it inspired

certain personages, united by these circumstances in personal feelings unfavourable to Freemasonry, that we must in truth attribute the influences which led Paul I. to interdict under severe penalties, all the meetings of Freemasons.

In 1803, Alexander I., who succeeded in 1801 to the Emperor Paul I., ordered a minute enquiry into the principles and object of Freemasonry, and on the report thus submitted to him, took off the decree of interdict, permitted the Lodges to be re-opened, and was himself initiated.

But the historians have not been able up to this time to agree as to the name of the Lodge in which his reception took place, nor the time, nor locality.

Whenever and wherever it was, Freemasonry resumed its activity, and new Lodges were constituted.

In 1805 a Lodge, working according to the Swedish rite, was opened at St. Petersburg.

This Lodge powerfully contributed to the creation of three new Lodges, a Russian Lodge, a French Lodge, and a German Lodge.

These are the associations placed under the direction of Bro. Beber, which appear to have constituted about 1810 the Grand Lodge of Vladimir.

It was also about the same time that the Masonic authority recovered its activity, that two new Lodges were besides founded at St. Petersburg "Les Amis Reunis," of which the Master was Bro. Gerebtsoff, chamberlain, and "La Palestine," whose labours were directed by Count Wielhorski, Gentleman of the Chamber.

These two Lodges were organized in the French rite, and worked in the French language.

In 1811, the Lodge "Isis" was established at the "Orient" of Revel.

Lastly in 1813, the Lodge Neptune commenced its labours at the "Orient" of Cronstadt.

All these Lodges appear to have had but a short career, since we do not find their names in the arrangements adopted in 1815.

Until 1814 the greater part of the Russian Lodges recognised as their Grand Master, Bro. Beber, but at that period, after an energetic discussion on a demand to suppress the high grades, General Aide-de-Camp Count Schouvaloff was elected Grand Master, in the place of Bro. Beber, the defender of the so-called high grades, and who failed to obtain the majority of votes.

Bro. Count Schouvaloff, having refused this dignity, Count Mousschin Pouschkine was elected in his stead at the meeting in January in 1815. From this date the symbolical Lodges and the high grades had two distinct administrations.

Bro. Mousschin Pouchkine was Grand Master of the symbolical Lodges. Bro. Beber remained Grand Master of the high grades, under the title of "Vicar of Solomon" and "Prefect of the Sublime Council."

Bro. Beber had under his direction from the commencement two Lodges, "Elizabeth à la Virtù," and "Les Amis Reunis," but a little later two other associations were constituted under his jurisdiction "L'Etoile Polaire," et "Les trois Vertus."

As regards Bro. Mousschin Pouschkine he numbered on the 20th of January, 1815, under his direction the Lodges "Pierre à la Verite" et "La Palestine" at the Orient of St. Petersburg, "Isis à l'Espérance" at the Orient of Revel, and "Neptune à l'Espérance" at the Orient of Cronstadt.

These are the four bodies which founded the Grand Lodge "Astree," of which there exists an historical document, the Constitution, such as we find it in the "pieces justificatives" placed at the end of the sixth volume of an important work which has just appeared at St. Petersburg, the history of the

Reign of Alexander I., by General Bogdonovitch. The text of this Constitution, drawn up in the French language, is printed from a manuscript preserved in the archives of the Minister of War, at St. Petersburg.

Russian Freemasonry developed itself, and continued in peace until August 12, 1822, when an Imperial ukase interdicted anew all the Masonic Meetings. Among the Freemasons who are to be found among the Members of the Russian bodies at the time of their closing are to be noticed, the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Emperor; General Benkendorf, afterwards Minister of Police under the Emperor Nicholas; General Count de Langeron, an old French *émigré* in the Russian service from the time of the revolution. Count Potocki, Lieut.-Generals Inzoff, Roth, Foerster and Count Schuvaloff, Generals Madalet, Menschikoff, Mouravieff, Foutchkoff, and Schabert; Colonel Michalovski-Danilovski, a military historian of high repute in Russia; Lieut.-Colonel Dubelt, who became, like General Benkendorf, Minister of Police under the Emperor Nicholas; Professor Arseinef, the celebrated "litterateur" Gretch; Colonel Batenkoff the poet, and a great number of other brethren whose enumeration would be too long, but who belonged to nearly all the most elevated classes in Russia. Ed.

It is not too much to say that the introduction of Pepsine into the list of modern therapeutic agents by Dr. Corvisart created a very veritable revolution in the pathology of dyspepsia, and all diseases of the digestive organs. Whereas no complaint was so common as a chronic indigestion, perhaps the most painful martyrdom to which any one can be subjected, this should now be positively unknown, for as the disease is due to a lack of gastric juice, a dose of Pepsine, which contains the active digestive principle of the gastric juice of the stomach, restores the equilibrium, and effects a cure. Fortunately, too, for its popularity, the preparations of Pepsine, for which we have to thank Messrs. Morson and Sons, of Southampton-row, are of the most elegant character, enabling it to be administered with the most extreme accuracy, and also in very palatable forms.—*The Freemason*.

SERMON BY THE REV. H. W.

KEMP, B.A., P.P.G.C.,

*At the Installation of Lord Zetland, in
York Minster, April 9th, 1874.*

"Our holy and beautiful house."—*Isaiah* lxiv. 11.

The preacher said, in commencing an able and eloquent sermon—Many members of a brotherhood, which extends not only over the whole of this kingdom, but also over all parts of the civilised world, and which includes within the comprehensive range of its catholic constitution all ranks of society, have come up this day, in their own peculiar pomp and pageantry to this ancient shrine of Christian worship, "this holy and beautiful house." Their object in coming is not merely to give greater dignity to the occasion which has brought them together, by making the grandeur of one of the noblest buildings in the world an accessory and climax to their high ceremonial, but far more to deepen, as far as a single solemn act can do it, the hold which the grand principles of faith in God and love for man have upon their hearts, and to give practical and convincing expression and proof of that universal benevolence, the possession and practice of which is one of the most sacred and characteristic rules of the Order. Not in processional pomp only, but with devout thoughts and kindly purpose have they come to this place. Regarding it more than a master's piece of human skill and labour, regarding it also as a beautiful house, dedicated to the glory of the Almighty and hallowed by continuous worship of centuries—there is on the very surface a manifest fitness that men who bear the name of Masons, and who inherit the symbols and rules of the ancient craftsmen, should gladly avail themselves of an opportunity of assembling together for worship in this noble memorial of the genius and accomplishments of the gifted fraternity to whom the religion and art of this country are so largely indebted. But there is a still deeper reason and fitness to be discovered when it is borne in mind that Freemasons employ the tools and implements of practical masons only as

emblems of truth and duty, and in their system architecture is employed as the chief symbol of religion and morality. Where can there be found such a treasury of symbolism, such an allegory of art, such an emblematic representation of truth and goodness as are exhibited in "this holy and beautiful house," dedicated, as it was, ages ago, to the divine honour, and employed, as it has been ever since the day of its consecration, to the exercise of devotion and the cultivation of virtue. Again, there is great fitness in the assembling together in this place of the members of this brotherhood at the present time. The occasion has been the installation of one of the nobles of the realm as Grand Master of this Province. The meeting in the Guildhall, where the installation took place, especially reminds us of the duties which men owe to each other as members of civil society, and of the allegiance which, for the sake of order, and the welfare of the Commonwealth, is due to properly constituted authority. But our meeting here has a still deeper meaning. We are reminded of the foundations upon which the distinctions of right and wrong are based, those divine laws which determine the nature and bounds of holiness and sin, and the existence, the glory, and the claims upon our affections and worship of the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity, the Supreme One, the Lord of all Lords, the Grand Master of all the provinces of the kingdom of the Universe. The preacher then said that, as a not inappropriate way of giving a moral to their gathering, he would take that holy and beautiful house as a text, and from its analogies, acknowledged alike by Masonic symbolism and Scriptural teaching, deduce a few topics of discourse. He then said that the noble pile of masonry in which they had offered up their common service of prayer and praise was a type of universal nature as viewed by the devout mind. Nature itself was nothing else than a holy and beautiful house. Nowhere was the architecture of the universe more emphatically asserted than in the assemblies of the Masonic brotherhood, and nowhere was the existence and glory of the Architect of the mighty frame of the world more devoutly and expressly acknowledged. Freemasons recognised no "fortuitous concourse of atoms" as the prime origin of order; they acknowledged no inherent and

self-acting power in matter as the cause of the wonderful arrangements in the earth and heavens; they did not impute to impersonal laws the attributes of will, design, and benevolent purpose; but they reverently ascribed all the beauty and majesty of the universal frame, all the exquisite varieties of form and colour, all the harmonious combinations of parts and agencies, all the adaptations of things to creatures and creatures to things, to one infinite creature, sustaining, and benevolent Mind. No more could that beautiful sanctuary, with its many parts and graceful details, so simple in first principles and yet so varied in combination, have assumed its form and size without the design of the architect and the subordinate labour of the artisan, than the frame of the earth and heavens could have been put together without the will and wisdom of the Divine Intelligence. Should they be impressed almost with awe in the admiration of the dimensions of a building like that glorious Minster—should they be affected with almost speechless delight as they gazed upon its groupings of form and delicacies of tracery, and not be moved to far more solemn awe and still deeper delight when they contemplated the grandeur, the symmetry, and the beauty of the holy and beautiful house of nature? In the next place, the preacher treated of that Cathedral as a type of that order and harmony which moral and religious culture had already brought about in the condition and structure of society. He showed that society was a building, and gave advice to his hearers as to the individual share they had in raising the fabric, observing that the rock which alone could bear the weight of such a structure was religion. He then regarded that Minster as an emblem of that character to which every man who was building unto God and for eternity should endeavour to attain. Strength and beauty were the two main characteristics of that noble edifice in which they were assembled. It had stood for hundreds of years and nothing but convulsions in nature, or revolutions in society could prevent it from standing for hundreds of years more. And so long as that ancient shrine endured, so long would it charm the senses, refine the taste, and elevate the thoughts of those who beheld it. What that sanctuary was so should they endeavour to become—strong, firmly rooted in faith, steadfast in

purpose, and established in principle, and yet beautiful, gentle in meekness and forbearance, pure in morals and loving in life. Having spoken of Christ as the Great Master, and treated of that Cathedral as a type of "the house not made with hands," the preacher, in conclusion said:—Masonry is not a religious system. Masonry ventures neither to assert nor deny the truth of dogmatic formularies. It has, at the same time, as its very foundation, a belief in God, a God revealed to the human mind and the human conscience. But Masonry is especially a system of morality viewed as nothing less than Divine law. The virtue which above all others it enjoins on the brethren is brotherly love. This can be exercised from hour to hour in a thousand ways. But I plead now but for one—the tender and gracious one of relief. Oh! when poverty and disease are associated with any human lot the case is indeed sad. And how often are poverty and disease associated in this world of trial and imperfection? Willingly, indeed, should relief, so far as human skill and care can go, be extended to such unhappy and such distressed sufferers. I have now to ask all, but especially the Masonic portion of this great assembly, to give proof of the reality of your love to man and sympathy with suffering and pain and sorrow, by subscribing liberally to the funds of the York Dispensary. This institution has been doing the work of the Good Samaritan—pouring oil into human wounds. For no less than eighty-six years has this institution been in existence. The work is a very large and increasing one. Last year upwards of 10,000 persons participated in its benefits. A growing population and an increasing demand for assistance render a corresponding enlargement of its funds absolutely necessary. Brethren, as I plead for this excellent charity many voices come to our ears—voices that are very mournful, very sad, and very moving; and I am persuaded that these sad and mournful voices will not be unheard by you, but blending with these sad and mournful voices there is yet another voice—majestic though gentle—human and yet divine, which utters to you now through my mouth these words:—"Inasmuch as ye have done it to these poor, mournful little ones, ye have done it to Me."

Masonic Poetry.

THE OLD TILER.

God bless the Old Tiler! how long he has trudged,
Through sunshine and storm, with his summonses due;
No pain nor fatigue the Old Tiler has grudged
To serve the great Order, Freemasons, and you.

God bless the Old Tiler! how oft he has led
The funeral procession from lodge door to grave;
How grandly that weapon has guarded the dead,
To their last quiet home, where Acacia boughs wave.

God bless the Old Tiler! how oft he has knocked
When, vigilant, strangers craved welcome and rest;
How widely your portals, though guarded and locked,
Have swung to the signal the Tiler knows best.

There's a *Lodge* where the door is *not* guarded nor tiled,
There's a *Land* without graves, without mourning or sin,
There's a *Master* most gracious, paternal and mild,
And he waits the *Old Tiler* and bids him come in.

And there the Old Tiler, no longer *outside*,
No longer with weapon of war in his hand;
A glorified spirit shall grandly abide,
And close by the Master, high-honoured, shall stand!

—*Light in Masonry.*

SYMBOLISMS OF THE APRON.

This fair and stainless thing I take
To be my badge for virtue's sake;
Its ample strings that gird me round
My constant cable-tow are found.
And as securely they are tied
So may true faith with me abide;
And as I face the sunny south
I pledge to God my Mason's truth,
That while on earth I may remain
My apron shall not have a stain.

This fair and stainless thing I raise
In memory of my apprentice days,
When on the checkered pavement wide,
With gauge and gavel well supplied,
It kept my garments free from soil,
Though labouring in a menial toil;
And, as I face the golden West,
I call my Maker to attest
That while on earth I may remain,
My apron shall not have a stain.

This fair and stainless thing I lower—
Its 'prentice aid I need no more;
For laws and principles are given
The fellow-craft direct from Heaven,
To help the needy, keep a trust,
Observe the precept of the just;
And as I face the darkened North
I send this solemn promise forth,
That while on earth I may remain
My apron shall not have a stain.

This fair and stainless thing I doff;
And though I take my apron off,
And lay this stainless badge aside,
Its teachings ever shall abide;
That God hath given light divine
That we may walk opposed to sin;
That truth and strong fraternal love
Are emanations from above;
That life itself is only given
To square and shape our souls for heaven—
The glorious temple in the sky,
The grand celestial Lodge on high.

N. Y. Corner-stone.

THE MASON'S WIFE.

She extendeth her hands to the poor,
The needy she strives to relieve—
The fallen she seeks to restore,
And soothes the afflicted that grieve.
She strengthens the penitent mind,
So ready to yield to despair;
Every burden she seeks to unbind,
Relieving from sorrow and care.

By her bounty the naked are clad,
The hungry are furnished with food—
The sick at her presence are glad,
She visits the widow's abode.
The virtuous exult in her smile,
The ignorant learn to be wise—
Her reproofs are like excellent oil,
Which bid holy perfume arise.

Her worth, as the Wise Man declares,
Will far above rubies be told;
Her counsels, her deeds, and her prayers
Are better than silver or gold.
If such be the spirit of those,
Who are lab'ring the lost to reclaim,
Ah, who can their mission oppose,
Or fail to speak well of their name?

Keystone.

OUR LATE BRO. WM. CARPENTER.

Masonic Literature has to deplore the loss of a very able contributor, Wm. Carpenter, who passed away on Monday the 11th, after a short but severe attack of bronchitis.

His writings have long been known to the world, and his contributions to the "Freemason" have been widely read, while his last work, "The Israelites found in the Anglo-Saxons," has interested a large circle of readers.

We all must lament the loss of so able a writer and so sincere a Mason, and we have thought it well to reprint the following brief memoir of so able a *confrere* from the pages of our respected contemporary the *Monetary and Mining Gazette*, of which he was the Editor:—

It is our melancholy duty to announce the death of Mr. William Carpenter, which took place on Tuesday, April 11th, at 5 o'clock, at his residence in Colebrook-row, Islington. The deceased gentleman, who had for a short time been suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, was the editor of this "Gazette" from its first establishment, and remained actively engaged in connection therewith until his death. About eight days ago the symptoms became serious, and he was unable to leave his home, though until within a few hours of death it was hoped, from the vigour of his constitution, that a little rest would restore him to his usual health. This hope was unhappily not to be realised, and this vigorous and industrious writer died literally in harness, as indeed all his friends had, with a remarkable uniformity of sentiment, anticipated.

The son of a tradesman in St. James's, Westminster, William Carpenter was born in 1797, and was consequently in his 78th year. He began life early and humbly, his first engagement being as errand-boy to a bookbinder in Finsbury, to whom he was afterwards apprenticed. By a happy accident he became acquainted with William Greenfield, the self-taught and scholarly editor of Bagster's "Polyglot Bibles." Through this acquaintanceship, young Carpenter not only became fired with a laudable thirst after knowledge, but he also enjoyed many opportunities of gratify-

ing the thirst thus awakened within him, and at this period he acquired a mastery of several languages, ancient and modern. For four years these kindred spirits laboured together as joint editors of a monthly periodical of sacred literature, entitled *Critica Biblica*. It 1825 the youthful student grew bold and self-reliant, and he produced alone the *Scientia Biblica*, in three volumes, a work which is now very scarce, but was long held in high repute. The work was dedicated to the King, the proof sheets having been read by Dr. Sumner, at that time librarian to His Majesty George IV., and afterwards Lord Bishop of Winchester. But these are by no means all his contributions to what is called Biblical literature. The list of these works from William Carpenter's pen is truly formidable, and marks him as one of the most copious of lay writers on topics usually left to the treatment of divines and theologians. This list includes "Scriptural Natural History," "Guide to the Reading of the Bible," "Lectures on Biblical Criticism and Interpretation," "The Biblical Companion," "Calendarium Palestinæ," "Introduction to the Reading and Study of the English Bible," besides which he was editor of the fourth large edition on "Camlet's Dictionary of the Bible," and of the Abridgment on the same. Last year Mr. Carpenter wrote a popular work in which, by ingenious arguments, he sought to prove, after the manner of Mr. Hine and Mr. John Wilson, that the Ten lost Tribes of Israel are found in the present Anglo-Saxon race.

Mr. Carpenter is further known as an author, as one among the biographers of John Milton and William Cobbett, the latter of whom he knew both personally and intimately. Among his miscellaneous writings, he has given to the world "A History of the French Revolution," and a "Dictionary of English Synonyms." But these numerous works do not exhaust the list of the produce of fifty years of sustained labour, and of literary and critical toil.

As a journalist he was editor in 1836 of the *Shipping Gazette*, in 1838 of the *Era*, in 1843 of the *Railway Observer*, in 1844 of *Lloyd's Weekly News*, in 1848 of the *Court Journal*, and in 1854 of the *Sunday Times*.

During the period of his most active

journalism he was a true champion for the freedom of the press, and as such became obnoxious to the Government of the day, and being prosecuted in a matter of alleged libel, he was condemned in heavy costs, and sent at the instance of the Crown, to the Queen's Bench, where he remained for several months in honourable imprisonment.

During the last five, or six years, the city has been the principal sphere of Mr. Carpenter's toils. Here he has been incessantly engaged in writing on financial and mining topics, and in compiling statistics relating to these intricate subjects,—on which, indeed, his knowledge was truly wonderful—and gave to him the authority of a living encyclopædia. To his experience as a journalist, and to his rare fund of information, this paper has been greatly indebted, and it is a melancholy duty to note that the last labours of this indefatigable worker were for the *Monetary and Mining Gazette*, and were performed in much pain within a few days of his death.

Mr. Carpenter was a Freemason, and well known and much respected in the craft—was a Past-Master, and also Past Principal of R. A. Masonry,—and has contributed many interesting articles on Masonry, among the most noticeable being "Freemasonry and Israelitism." He had a smile and an encouragement, both sympathetic and practical, for everything that was good and intended to contribute to human happiness. He was a man of blameless life, of true philanthropy, of rare attainments, and of indomitable industry, and he has gone to his rest amid the universal esteem and love of all who knew him.

We can add, from our Masonic acquaintance with his name and works, that few more earnest or able Masonic writers were to be found in this country, and that he was alike distinguished in all his Masonic controversies by a sincere love of truth and the most fraternal courtesy towards any casual antagonist.

A writer in the *Freemason* has borne a touching testimony to his social qualities and his domestic virtues.

Bro. Carpenter was a P.M. of the Domatic Lodge, and a P.Z. of the Domatic Chapter, and stood high we are informed in the Rosicrucian fraternity.

Ed.

UNDER THE TRAIN.

"Did you ever hear how I got my wife, Will?" inquired John Abbott, as that little lady left us after supper to put some of the young ones to bed.

"No, I never heard, John," I replied, "how was it? tell me!"

It was a bright little room in which we were seated, and the fierce snow-storm rattling against the windows, made us appreciate all the more the fire of Cumberland coal glowing in the grate. I had not seen John for many years until the fearful storm, still raging, had prevented the further progress of the train, and forced me to accept his hospitality. To be sure, it was no hardship to spend a couple of days with the generous-hearted fellow, but just at this time, when my lady love was waiting for me at the end of the road, it seemed an insult to ask me to be satisfied with anything less than her dear self, and no doubt the impression still remains on Mrs. Abbott's mind, whom I now saw for the first time, that I was a very surly fellow.

John stretched himself out lazily in his arm-chair, put some tobacco in his pipe, and began—

Well, it was about twelve years ago, when I was engineer on the Tiger, that I met my wife. We had stopped at Marl's crossing to get water, and while we were waiting, I sauntered into the little waiting-room that was kept there for the accommodation of passengers. The person who had it in charge was the widow of old Charlie Green, and one of the best women I ever knew. She was a motherly old creature, so that nobody ever thought of keeping anything from her, and she hadn't been there a week before she knew it was the secret ambition of Tom Bradley's soul to run the line, and that Ned Long was silently enduring agonies, lest the company should find out that he was in liquor the time when he ran his engine off the track. I had several times executed little commissions for her, such as bringing her down needles and thread, and getting the glasses re-set in her spectacles, which Reub King knocked out when he tried to kiss her, and so I was a prime favourite of hers. No sooner, then, did she see me than she trotted forward and said:

"John, there's a poor creature in there crying fit to wash her eyes out because some villain picked her pocket on the road, and the conductor put her off at this place because she had no ticket. Now, John, won't you get her through? She wants to go to R——, where her husband is at work. Now, you will, won't you?" and the old woman looked just as interested as if it was for herself she was begging.

"Let me see her myself, first," said I, "before I promise," and she let go of my arm and walked along in front of me, looking just as well satisfied as if the woman was already on her way rejoicing to her husband.

I always did have a soft heart—even my stepmother gave me credit for that; and I must confess to a twinge of pain when I saw the little woman crouched down on the sofa in a dark corner of the room, with her face buried in her hands.

"Madam," said I, in as soft tones as it was possible for me to utter, "Mrs. Green tells me your pocket was picked on the road. Will you let me see if I can be of any service to you?"

She raised her tear-stained face to mine, and after an involuntary start at its blackness—for we had been out on the road three days—probably encouraged by Mrs. Green's hearty advice of "that's a dear! just tell him and he'll fix it all right," she answered: "It is just as the lady says. I had scarcely time to reach the train, and could not stop to buy a ticket, and when I searched for my pocket-book, to pay the conductor, it was gone. Of course as I had neither ticket nor money, he put me off at the first station we came to, which was this."

"Where do you wish to go to?" I inquired, when she concluded.

"To——," she replied. "My husband is employed there, and I was going to him, for I fear he is ill, as he has not written for some time; but now I know not what to do, as I can neither go forward nor backward without money."

"What is your husband's name?" I inquired.

"Charlie Shafer. Perhaps you know him?" she inquired, as a faint gleam of recognition passed over my face.

I nodded my head, for I did indeed know him; a good-looking, good-hearted fellow, whose one only fault was, a love of

liquor. For this he had been discharged from our road, after making several narrow escapes from smashing his train to pieces, and had since found employment on a road several hundred miles farther west.

"Just wait here a few minutes, Mrs. Shafer," said I, hastily, as an ominous rumour which had that morning reached my ears, returned to my mind. I ran to the little telegraph office connected with the station, and sent the following message :

"John Daily, Master Trans—— R. R. ; Is Shafer on the road yet?"

To which I soon received the following reply :

"Dear John: Accident, Tuesday ; Shafer killed : terribly mangled ; residence unknown, and was buried yesterday."

I never in all my life saw such a white look come over any poor mortal's face as faded into her's, when at last I managed to stammer out the awful fact. She never said one word, but sat there looking so white and miserable that at last, in sheer desperation, I broke the silence by saying :

"Here is some money poor Charlie intended to send you, and which Brooks inclosed in the telegram," and I put forty dollars in her hand, which I had saved to buy a new suit of clothes.

The Lord forgive me for the lie, but I had no compunctions of conscience then, as the poor woman, never thinking of the impossibility of the money coming to her on the telegraph wires, squeezed it in her hands, while the tears rolled slowly, one by one, down her cheeks, as she murmured :

"Poor Charlie, my poor boy Charlie, that I was thinking such bad thoughts about, you did think of me and love me too, for all I said you did not. O, if I only had you back with me once more," and she fell to kissing the money as if it was the dead face of her husband, while I stood by a little conscience-smitten, thinking strange thoughts of the way Charlie's ghost would feel to see his wife kissing another man's money, under the supposition that it was his.

Just at this moment John Martin, who had been making the woods hideous by blowing the whistle for me, rushed into the room with an oath, to know what in thunder kept me so long, so that I only had time to tell Mrs. Green to put her under the care of the conductor of the down train,

take the poor little woman's hands, with the words, "Good-bye ! may God help and protect you," before I had to run for it.

Mrs. Green told me, the next time I saw her, that Mrs. Shafer had been so prostrated by the news that she thought it best to leave the room in care of the switchman, and accompany her to her home, where she had left her in care of her relatives, which was the last I heard of her for a long time.

Several years passed ; and my only interest was centered in my engine, and my only ambition was to have her make the best time of any on the road. All the love which should have been expended upon wife and children, was rubbed out upon that engine, until every piece of brass-work about her glistened in the sunshine like gold. My fireman had been married the night before to a pretty girl, and I was standing the next day in the engine-house, wondering if it would not be a great deal more agreeable to buy perfumes and pretty ribbons for some nice girl, than it was to buy tripoli and other stuffs to make our engine the shiniest on the road. You might think that a mighty easy question to answer, but it was not so with me : I had run her a great many years, and she had never played me a trick yet, and I am sure I loved her a great deal better than many men did their wives. Before I had time to make up my mind on the subject, Jim Armstrong came up to ask me if I would not run his camel engine to Cedar Point that afternoon, as his child was very sick, and he was afraid to go, lest it might die in his absence.

I was idle for a few days, as my engine was laid up for repairs, so I promised him I would, and he went home with a lightened heart.

You know I most always had a passenger train, but this was a freight train, and a very heavy one it was too, of about seventy coal hoppers. I tell you this, that you may understand what followed.

We started about two o'clock, and went along at a right good speed. This part of the road was new to me, and Tom was pointing out different places and telling me about them.

"That's where Charlie Shafer lived," he said, pointing to a pretty house surrounded by a garden, and opening out on the railroad by a little bridge. "You remember him, don't you ? He was killed about two

years ago on the ————— Road."

I leaned out of the window to examine the place more thoroughly, and was going to turn to Tom to enquire if Mrs. Shafer lived there still, when I happened to glance ahead, and I declare to the Lord, Will, my heart almost jumped into my mouth, for there, just about forty yards in front of the engine, was a little child. I looked at it horror-stricken for about two seconds before it occurred to me what to do, and then I sprang to the whistle and blowed "down breaks" so loud and shrill that I wonder it did not put them down by its own vehemence. I tried to stop the engine as well as I could, but it was difficult work, for it was down grade, and it would not do to pitch such a train as that off the track, down a steep embankment ten miles from any assistance.

Tom saw what was the matter, and waived his hands with desperate energy for him to step off the track, while I fairly shrieked in my dreadful anxiety, as the engine each second rolled so much nearer the devoted child, but all without avail, for the poor little innocent seemed fairly possessed with admiration he felt for the ponderous machine, and clapped his hands and laughed with glee as the sunlight flashed from the bright reflector into his face. We were now so near to him that we could see his bright blue eyes and pretty yellow hair waving in the wind, and just when it was almost too late, he seemed to be frightened at his danger, and turned to run. He had scarcely run ten steps when he stumbled and fell, and the engine passed over him.

For one minute everything swam before my sight, and then I sprang to the ground, giving my ankle a painful wrench as I struck. I crawled to the side of the track expecting to see his poor little body ground to a sickening mass of blood and bones, when what was my astonishment, indeed I may almost say fright, to hear him say as he lifted up his head, "Me tomming."

I had scarcely time to grasp out, "keep your head down, darling," before another car swept over him. Fortunately for the child, they had been repairing the road a few days before, and had not filled in yet, and when he stumbled he rolled in between two of the sleepers.

It seemed to me it was years while I crouched down beside that track with the

cars rolling over him, expecting every minute to have his brains spattered over my face. More than fifty times I said, coaxingly, "Just keep your head down a little longer, they will soon all be over," though my own heart sank as I looked back and saw the long line still sweeping round the curve. Several times he did not put down his head quickly enough, and he got a bump on it as the cars passed over him. I almost beggared myself by my promises to him, and only at last succeeded in keeping him still by the promise of a hobby-horse with "wockers" on it, as he himself expressly stipulated in his shrill little voice even amidst all the rumble and roar of that everlasting train.

Well, at last the long torment was over, and I crawled forward and picked the child up out of the hole, for now that it was all over he seemed to realize in a measure the danger he had been in, and lay in a kind of stupor, unable to move.

Just at this moment his mother came to the gate, and seeing the pretty head of the child on my arm immediately surmised he must be dead, and fell to the ground as if she had been shot.

Well, there I was in a pretty fix, lady in a faint, child in my arms, and my ankle sprained. Fortunately for me, before I lost my senses entirely, Tom succeeded in stopping the train, and came running back to see if he could be of any service.

He soon put matters right by throwing some water in her face and bringing her to, and then putting the child in her arms, assisted me to the house.

Mrs. Shafer, as soon as she found out her little Charlie was all right, and had leisure to give me a little attention, recognized me at once in spite of the coal dust, and then nothing in the house was too good for me. Her brother and his wife who lived in the same house with them were pressed into the service at once, the surgeon was sent for, and she herself was only too anxious to be useful.

Tom took the engine to the station safely, and reported the affair, so that was all right, and I had nothing further to do than to get well as soon as possible. It was a bad sprain, though, and took several months to heal, but long before that time I had settled the engine-house question in my own mind, and just before I left I proposed, and it is almost needless to say was

accepted, for Fannie is here still, and please God, long may she stay.

"Well, Will," he added, walking to the window and lifting up the curtain, "it has cleared up at last. The snow-ploughs will be out early, and you can continue your journey to-morrow, and come in on good time after all. I congratulate you, old fellow, on your good fortune, although I'm sorry to lose your company."

"Did your wife ever find out your fraud about the money in the telegram," I inquired, as John bid me good night at my bed-room door.

"Yes," he answered, with a laugh, "about a year after she nearly threw her brother into convulsions by asking him to send some money by telegraph to a cousin out West, and when she indignantly inquired the cause of his untimely mirth, his answer, of course, exposed my fraud at once, I believe, though, it fought half the battle for me when I came to ask the important question, for I believe the loyal little heart would have considered herself in duty bound to be faithful to Charlie's memory if he had been good and kind to her, which he was not.

The next morning I was introduced to Master Charlie, now a handsome boy of twelve, with a winning face and curly brown hair, and saw with pleasure the great love he bore his father, which was every day increasing, promising a full return for all the anxiety he endured when he rescued him from under the train.

Masonic Advocate.

AN APRIL SERMON.

Fair Nelly is a butterfly
Who loves the brightest flow'rs,
But she will pout and fret and sigh
E'en during passing show'rs;
When sunbeams gild each golden curl
She'll carol light and gay,
But, oh! I fear she's not the girl
For any rainy day!

There's dimpled Dora, sweetest pet,
And fairest of the fair;
She'll trifle with a coronet
Or jilt a millionaire:
A blue-eyed, bonny, cool coquette,
Brave hearts she will betray;
Their owners she will quite forget,
On any rainy day!

Sweet Geraldine on Summer days,
Is just the girl for me;
Her smiles are then beyond all praise,
Her heart is full of glee:

But had she not her Arab steed,
Her Ladies' Mile in May,
I fear she would look glum indeed
On any rainy day!

I fancy Alice might be true,
She's such a little dear,
If I had an estate or two,
And thousands ten a year!
A Dresden china little dear,
But not the sort of clay
To form the idol I'd revere
On any rainy day.

Majestic Maud would fix her throne
In lordly hall or park;
She could not love—for love alone,
A Foreign Office clerk;
A little house in Camden Town,
Her lover's little pay,
I fear would make my lady frown
On any rainy day!

Proud Ethel is the sort of queen
At Opera to reign,
To show her brilliants flashing sheen
And rich brocaded train:
She ne'er could wear a muslin dress
Nor "cab it" to the play;
She's not the girl, I must confess,
For any rainy day.

I know a pet of eighteen years,
Who, true in joy and pain,
Will sweetly smile through falling tears,
Like April sun through rain:
Whose bright brown eyes most brightly shine,
When skies are coldest gray,
I'd like to call that beauty mine
On any rainy day!

I would that she were close to me,
I'd read her eyes, and then
P'raps to this short homily
She'd sigh a sweet "Amen:"
How sunny life's sad monotone,
Illumined by this ray!
With such a darling for my own
On any rainy day!

—Household Words.

LANGUAGE.

BY W. S. HOOPER.

We propose in this and a few succeeding papers to give a brief history of the organization, growth and development of language, and its adaptation to the uses of man; and then to show the uses of the Masonic language, and the final result of the same.

Many have been the arguments of philologists in regard to the earliest age of language. Some, with a very good show of reasoning, argue that it was created by the Almighty, and that our first parents

were brought into the world with as full and complete power of speech as men have to-day. If this were true, then it would necessarily follow that the language of to-day would be the same as at the time of creation. That it would be as impossible for man to improve it as it is for him to improve or develop any other of God's great works. It may be argued that man does improve other parts of creation. We submit the query: Does he improve the creation or merely develop its elements, ascertain their power, and then apply them to his own purposes and the advancement of his own interests?

Has there been any improvement in the growth of the rocks? Are there any enlargements of the forests? Have the waters of the great deep received any addition from the hand of man? Are there any additions to the Universe in the multiplication of worlds, stars or planets?

It is a manifest truth that there have been developments of Science: new bodies of water, countries and planets have been brought to light by its discoveries; but these have only been the result of the insatiable desire of man's mind to ascertain the uses of Creation, and to subject the elements to the advancement of his own interest.

Whatever may be termed improvements in the created world are merely analyses of God's work, or investigations of all the elements of the creation, to the end that they may become subservient to man's will.

These facts hold good in relation to language. If it was a creation, then we could only unravel the mysteries of the art of speaking, and develop them for our own use. But the contrary to this is true, for there have been evident and constant improvements in it since its organization to the present time.

It has not only been developed, but there have been additions in every age, so that many have supposed it was entirely the work of man. This idea has had a decided stimulus from the fact that the additions have not been universal, but national.

From this fact other philologists have argued that man had occasion to name an object, and gave a name according to a property existing in the object. But they lose sight of the fact that there must have

been a prior existence of the elements of language in order to develop the thought, arrange and classify the character of the properties of the object, before it could be expressed in a name.

Thus it may be plainly seen that all the elements of language existed in the mind before a word was spoken.

The nearest approach we can make to the true origin of language is in the blending of these different ideas, and classifying the development with such a theory as to make its growth and progress perceptible to all.

First. In the creation God created man with all the vocal organs for the enunciation of words.

Second. He created the mental power so that his perceptive faculties could appreciate the qualities and character of objects.

Third. He gave power to arrange these thoughts, so that the simplest might have a vocal sound in the pronunciation of a syllable.

Fourth. After the organization of the first sounds of names of objects, there came words to tell the character, good or bad; the colour, white or black. Then the connecting words. And so, as the necessity existed, a word was added, until we had a language of considerable scope.

But still the language of the ancients was very meagre, being confined in the main, simply to monosyllables, just sufficient to communicate concerning the simple necessities of life. But, as man multiplied and nations began to form over the world, these necessities became greater, and there was a consequent framing of new words and development of the elements of language. Still, for many centuries it was not reduced to any principle of Science.

It may not come directly under the character of this article to determine as to the national origin of language, but we may refer to the fact that it has been claimed for both the Hebrew and Chaldean tongues. It matters but little, however, for it is presumed by distinguished ancient writers, that prior to the flood there were one language. Other nationalities incline to claim the original language, as perpetrated in them. The Chinese claim to have the oldest existing language, and they have what seems to be the identical one spoken by them after the flood. Their

histories, found in their massive manuscript libraries, form a good ground for the correctness of their theory. After careful search as to the many theories extant, we incline to the opinion that the original language of man has had no existence since the beginning of the separation of Adam's family, except as here and there in the Oriental tongue, there may have been a word or idiom retained.

The mutability of language has not been the result of any one cause, but many have been the causes of change, and of the formation of tongues so contrary to each other. Men separating from each other, would soon lose the manner of expressing a certain name. Two nations of men discovering the same object, would call it by a different name. "The differences of climate, intercourse between different nations, the unsettled disposition or temper of these nations," would all have a great tendency to make languages decidedly different.

This fact may be made more apparent by referring to the difference of dialects of modern days. In Scotland, Germany and other countries, we have the different parts of the same nation speaking dialects so dissimilar that they can scarcely understand one another. In Ireland one will speak the native tongue, while another uses the English brogue. Germany has the High and the Low Dutch. While in America these things are not so clearly distinguished, yet we have enough to carry out the thought quite clearly. Canadians speak in a manner more like the mother English across the water, than the people of the United States, yet they are no more of English origin than the latter.

We see a very distinctive difference between the language of the East and West, and a still greater perhaps, between the North and South in the pronunciation of names rather than in other parts of speech. For instance: The name Norwich in New England is called Nor-rich, while in the West we hear men speak of Norwick, giving the *ch* the *k* sound. What is said then of this may be said of a thousand other words. Englishmen persist in dropping the *h* where it should be, and putting it in where it should not be.

Another remarkable fact is that members of a nation, changing their residence to another nationality, instead of conforming

to the manner of tongue of the one which they have adopted, persist in clinging to the expressions of their mother tongue.

These causes prevailed in the early history of the world, and had a great tendency in changing the language of each nation.

And they would have developed different languages even if the dispersion of the tower of Babel had not occurred.

But the ill-advised, not to say the criminal, acts of the people there had much to do in the great culmination of the dispersion and the formation of new languages.

Notwithstanding these facts there has been a oneness of language in a certain direction that we will reserve for future articles upon "The Dispersion" and "The Language of Masonry."

The latter of which, we are inclined to think, at some time in the future is to be a great power in the hand of God in the overthrow of heathenism and idolatry, and in the establishment of Christianity in the world. But this cannot be well shown until we have first seen the changing of language in all other things. It will then be our province to show how this is to be accomplished and to answer the query: "How can this be, while so many Masons though believers in God are not Christians?"—From the *Voice of Masonry*.

ST. VINCENT.

BY BRO. CHALMERS I. PATON.
(*Past Master, No. 393, England.*)

There is some talk of a new lodge being opened in Glasgow, and taking for its name St. Vincent. Under these circumstances a slight sketch of the early Christian martyr may be interesting:—

ST. VINCENT THE MARTYR, a Spanish Christian. He is said to have been of noble birth. It is generally believed that he was born at Osca—now Huesca—in Granada; but some authors say that he was born at Saragossa, and others that he was born at Valentia. The date of his birth is uncertain, but must have been some time in the latter part of the third century, as he seems to have been still a

young man when he was put to death in 304 A.D. Little is known of his early life ; but it is said that he was instructed and trained for the Christian Ministry by Valerius, Bishop of Osca, by whom he was ordained a deacon at a very early age, and appointed to teach and instruct the people. It was a time of bloody persecution in Spain. Diocletian and Maximian were the Roman Emperors, reigning jointly, and the Proconsul Dacian was Governor of Spain. Edicts against the Christians were published in 303 A.D., which kindled the flames of persecution throughout the Roman Empire, and nowhere was the persecution more fierce and terrible than in Spain, for Dacian was a violent enemy of Christianity, and by nature cruel and relentless. Both clergy and laity were put to death in this persecution. Eighteen martyrs suffered together at Saragossa. There also Valerius and Vincent were apprehended, for the clergy were special objects of the hatred and rage of the persecutors. How they came to be at Saragossa does not appear. Perhaps they had fled from Osca to escape from their enemies. On their apprehension they were subjected to cruel tortures, and were afterwards carried to Valentia, where they lay long in prison, so scantily supplied with food that they often endured great distress from hunger, besides other miseries ; the Proconsul hoping that this lingering torment would shake their constancy and give him the triumph of their recantation, or that, weary nature being exhausted, they would yield from very weakness of mind as well as of body. But in this he was disappointed. When, at last, he caused them to be brought before him, he was surprised to see them still vigorous in body, and as intrepid and resolute in mind as ever. Thinking that this could be accounted for in no other way, he concluded that his orders for their severe treatment in prison had been disobeyed, summoned into his presence the officers who had charge of the prison, and reprimanded them severely. Both by threats and promises he endeavoured to induce Valerius and Vincent to sacrifice to the heathen gods. Valerius not being able to answer promptly, because of an impediment in his speech, Vincent said to him, "Father, if you command me, I will speak ;" to which Valerius replied, "Son, as I committed to you the dispensation of the word of God, so now I charge

you to answer in vindication of the faith which we defend." Vincent then boldly declared that they were ready to suffer for their faith, and that neither threats nor promises would avail to make them worship any but the true God. Dacian decreed against Valerius only the punishment of being banished from Spain ; but enraged at the boldness of Vincent, he proceeded to subject him to the most cruel tortures, such as it seemed that no man could have endured without supernatural support. But while Dacian's whole body was agitated with the violence of his increasing rage, and his voice faltered, and his eyes flashed with fury, his victim preserved the most peaceful serenity of countenance, and tranquilly submitted himself to all that his tormentors could inflict. He was stretched on the rack, and the cords moving over pulleys were tightened till his joints were almost dislocated, and meanwhile pieces of his flesh were torn off with iron hooks. The martyr smiled, and told the executioners that they were weak and fainthearted. Dacian thought they spared him, and commanded them to be beaten, which was done, and then they returned to their horrid work, exerting themselves to the utmost to avoid the further anger of their barbarous master, who continued to incite them by many words as they went on. They were twice under the necessity of stopping to rest, which gave the martyr a little respite, but ere they had done, his body was so cruelly torn that in some places his bones and bowels were exposed to view. But the more his flesh was torn, the more did his spirit rejoice, and the inward joy irradiated his countenance, so that Dacian himself beheld it with astonishment, confessed himself defeated in his attempts and commanded the tormentors to cease. He now begged Vincent, for his own sake at least, to give up the sacred books to be burned, if he would not offer sacrifice to the gods. But the martyr answered that he feared torments less than the false compassion now expressed by the Proconsul. Upon this, Dacian, falling again into an ecstasy of rage, condemned him to be tortured by roasting on a gridiron. Vincent walked with apparent joy to the engine of torture, and cheerfully ascended the iron bed, in which besides the bars were sharp spikes, and all heated by fire underneath. On this he was stretched out, and bound

fast down. As he lay there he was scourged, and whilst one part of his body was tortured by the fire below and by the hot bars and spikes, the parts not exposed to the fire were burned by the application of red hot plates of iron, Dacian surveying all with fiendish satisfaction. The open wounds of the sufferer were rubbed with salt; and the torture by fire is said to have been carried to such an extreme that the melted fat dropping from the flesh increased the flame. But the more that Vincent suffered, the greater seemed to be his inward consolation and joy. He lay unmoved, his eyes turned toward heaven, his mind calm, and addressed himself to God in continual prayer. Dacian was continually enquiring what he did and said, and when told that he suffered with joy in his countenance, was filled with unbounded rage and confusion. At last he commanded the martyr to be thrown into a dungeon naked, and upon a floor of broken potsherds, the sharp edges of which added to his pain. His legs were fixed in wooden stocks, stretched very wide, and orders were given that he should be left without food, and that no one should be admitted to see or speak to him. But like Paul and Silas in the prison at Philippi, he sang the praises of God. It is even related by some who have written of these things, that he was miraculously set free from the stocks, and that the dungeon was filled with light, which the jailor observing, looked in through a chink and saw the saints walking about and singing hymns, a sight which so moved him, that he was immediately converted to the Christian faith, and was afterwards baptized. Dacian on hearing of what had taken place, chafed with rage and even wept from disappointment; yet he ordered that there should for a time be a relaxation of severity. Christians who desired to visit the prisoner were even permitted to do so, and many came and kissed his wounds, and dipped clothes in his blood, "which they kept as an assured protection to themselves and their posterity." The Proconsul, perhaps intending to try what leniency could accomplish, after cruelty had failed, caused a soft bed to be prepared for the martyr, upon which he had no sooner lain down than he expired. But wonders did not cease on his death. Dacian commanded his body to be thrown into a marshy field; and we are told that a crow defended it from wild

beasts and birds of prey. Some authors add, that it was then tied in a sack with a great stone, and cast into the sea, but was miraculously carried ashore and revealed to two Christians, who laid it in a little chapel outside of the walls of Valentia, where many miracles attested the claim of Vincent to be reckoned among the saints. The gridiron on which he was roasted, and the other instruments with which he was tortured were likewise, it is said, preserved with veneration, although how the Christians got possession of them does not appear, nor do we know whether or not any church or monastery in Spain or elsewhere now boasts of these relics as amongst its sacred treasures. When the French King, Childen, was carrying on a siege of Saragossa, he wondered to see the inhabitants continually making processions, and, being informed that they carried the stole of St. Vincent about the walls with prayer, and had been miraculously protected by the martyr saints' intercession, he raised the siege on condition that this precious relic should be given to him, which he carried with great solemnity to Paris, and placed it in the magnificent church and abbey of St. Vincent, built by him in the year 559. In the year 855, the bones of the saint were discovered at Valentia, and conveyed to France, where they were placed in the Abbey of Castres in Languedoc, and there some of them are said still to remain, although some were given to the Abbey of St. Germain des Pres, at Paris, and to various churches, and some were burned at Castres by the Huguenots in the end of the sixteenth century. The translation of the saints' bones from Valentia to Castres, is said to have been attended with many miracles, and great miracles are said to have been wrought by a portion of them in a church near Poitiers. There is, however, another account given by some Roman Catholic writers, of what became of the body of St. Vincent, which it is not easy, at least for a Protestant, to reconcile with this. To escape the cruel persecution of the Saracen King Abderamene, at Valentia, many Christians fled, and carried with them the body of St. Vincent, taking refuge in the South-west of Portugal, where the name of Cape St. Vincent—off which Nelson gained one of his great victories—still commemorates the fact. And Alphonsus Henry, the first King of Portu-

gal, having defeated five Moorish Kings at Ourique in the year 1139, received from its faithful keepers the precious body of the saint, carried it by sea to Lisbon, and deposited it in the Royal monastery of the Cross of the Regular Canons of St. Austin, which he built, and which accordingly became the scene of many notable miracles. The Portuguese, it is added, have ever since 1173, kept an annual festival in commemoration of the translation of the body of St. Vincent to Lisbon. The festival of this saint is the 22nd of January.

WELCOMBE HILLS, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

[The following lines, from the introduction to an unpublished lengthy, blank verse poem, by Bro. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELL, entitled *WELCOMBE HILLS, OR THE LAND OF SHAKSPERE*, composed in May, 1873, during a week's visit to the late Mark Philips, Esq., at Welcombe House, Stratford-on-Avon, were read at the Leamington Shakspearean Festival, on St. George's Day, April 23rd, after the poetical pilgrims had visited Shakspeare's birthplace and death-place, and deposited a beautiful floral cross of choice azaleas and camelias on his grave in Stratford Church.]

Hail, Hills of Welcombe! once again I tread
Your glorious sward; where Shakspeare oft has
 roam'd

Before me. May some ethereal flame
From his bright spirit so impregnate mine,
That I may feel the inspiration he
So oft has felt when he has wander'd here;
Feel it, as much as we poor dwarfs *can* feel
The mighty throbbings of his giant heart.
Lowly, O Nature! I will kneel to thee,
Submitting to be taught as best I can;
For though thou can'st not make me like *thy* bard,
In feeling, thought, or utterance; yet I
(Though but a door-keeper i' the hall of song)
May worship thee with spirit as sincere
As thy more gifted Shakspeare. Give to me
That spirit, I beseech thee; scourge all pride,
Hate, avarice, meanness, sensuality,—
Whatever severs man from God and from
Love of his fellow-man,—scourge all away
From my dull mind, whatever suffering,
Intense or lengthy as may be required,
I may undergo in the purgation.
Thrice had I left my northern home before
To tread this land of Shakspeare; and little hoped
To wander here once more. These visits are
True "things of beauty," and give joy for aye;
Sweet to call up when sorrow chills the soul;
And Memory will dwell on them as long
As life pulsates within me. Poor poet,
(Poorer in purse e'en than in gift of song,—
And I scarce claim the humblest rank among
Those deathless minds whose songs have made divine

The lands that bred them,) yet my gen'rous host,
Used to the visits of the great of earth,
Gives *me* true welcome as an honour'd guest;
Can look without his eyes being blinded by
The glare of riches, and can see in man
A brother-man, and honour him as such,
Although his raiment like his purse be poor.
Such recognitions help to reconcile
Those who have labour'd for the fickle herd
Unflinching through life, to their hard lot
Of base ingratitude from those whom they
Have studied most to serve. For it was said:
Well by an ancient Greek, that we must strive
To "advance the multitude"; advance them,
Not by pandering to their passions; not
By teaching them to hate their fellow-man,
Whate'er his nation, rank, or creed may be;
But to love the lovely, to hate the base
In human conduct; to rely alone
On Truth and Right; to elevate their minds
Above all sensual and sensuous things;
So that the earth, and all that it contains
Of worldly wealth and mental, may be theirs:
Thou, Shakspeare! art not only rich men's bard,
But bares thy beauties freely as yon moon
To all who will receive thy blessed light.
Yea, Nature yet remains to teach us too,
E'en as she taught her Shakspeare, only he
Was the more willing scholar: wayward we,
Stubborn and careless, fools who will not learn,
Even though scourged with thorns and briars, like
Elders of Succoth under Gideon's arm.

T R O Y.

BY THE EDITOR.

We live in a very wonderful age, but in nothing more wonderful than this, that amid our conflicts and controversies as regards the buried past, this great earth of ours is constantly giving up its long hidden testimony to the truth of scripture record, or of olden historians. Who for instance, could have foreseen that Nineveh and Babylon should, though so long concealed from the eye of man, surrender, to English energy and enterprize mainly, the storied tablets of forgotten epochs?

And here to-day, from the silent and weary plain of "Troas" comes another irrefragable witness, to the truth and reality of that "Troy Divine," which delighted us in our youth, and still has its serene charms for us in our old age.

Who, indeed, has not heard of Troy and of Hector, and of Priam, and Hecuba, and "telerrima causa belli," the fair Helen and the victimized Paris, and of Achilles and Agamemnon, and Ajax and Ulysses, and above all of Homer. To those who like Praed's ideal Etonian (we fancy they do differently there now),

"Who knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
Who supped with Fates and Furies,"

believe in Homer and in Troy, the doubts and controversies of the present day are almost painful. When Lord Byron talked of a doubter of a former generation, as that "blackguard Bryant," he but expressed in his own sincere vernacular the opinion of most classical students. It is, however, not to be denied that Wolf, a learned German, has found many supporters at home and abroad for his colder and more critical objections.

But despite of all, Bryant and Wolf, and the Bryantites and Wolfites of the hour, we prefer "errare cum Mr. Gladstone" in such a matter, than to be very wise and profoundly critical with Wolf or any English sceptic of lesser notoriety.

We at once say, we believe fully and firmly both in Troy and in Homer, and to all who have ever read Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* (we leave out the question to-day of the *Homeric Poems*), their remembrance of them is ever pleasant, and their gratitude to the old bard intense. For even now we can recall, with all the "sentiment" and effusion of youth, pleasant travels on the dusty Troas, the companionship of the great, and the true, and the softer associations of poetry and pathos.

As alternately our sympathies are touched, or our interest is roused, as we deplore the fate of Hector or admire the courage of Achilles, as we pity poor old Priam, and yet sympathize with the indignant Greeks, as we are impressed, if without much of admiration, with the subtlety of Ulysses or the cleverness of Agamemnon, we yet can deeply feel for Andromache, and think

her parting with Hector the most touching of episodes.

And as we find in the Homeric Song all that can dignify virtue and all that can delight imagination, all that is high-minded, tender, feeling, and true, despite the onward march of men and the accumulated poetry of time, we yet can go back to the tale of Troy and of Hector and Achilles and Ulysses, and Penelope and Æneas, and Priam and Cassandra, and even Briseis, with a sense of freshness which nothing can take away, with a perception of the true spirit of *πομπή*, and pleasant tender imagination, which no later poet has equalled, much less surpassed.

And to us therefore the news of Dr. Schliemann's excavations has come with feelings, both of grateful sympathy and revived interest. For three years the good Dr., we believe, as his name tells us of German extraction, accompanied by his wife, an Athenian lady endowed evidently with great energy and presence of mind, has been diligently exploring the site, as he rightly conjectured, of old Troy.

It is well-known that much difference of opinion has prevailed among even the most learned men as to the real site of the famous Ilium.

Misled by Strabo of old, some in all ages have refused to believe that New Troy was built on the ruins of its older namesake, and have therefore sought for Troy on one or other of the "debris" of old cities which still surmount the plain, like Bournabashi and Chiflak.

But Dr. Schliemann rightly conjectured that New Troy was, after all, the real site of old Troy, which, standing as it does on its own elevated plateau, and between two rivers, best answers to Homer's own description, who had clearly seen with his own eyes what he so well portrays.

The place is now called Hissarlik, and here it was that Dr. Schliemann determined to excavate, and thus by what Lord Palmerston called a "concurrence of atoms," and somebody else has termed

a "concatenation of circumstances," he has been indeed rewarded for his sagacious determination and his resolute excavation. Armed with plenty of "firmans" and supplied with plenty of money, he has laboured diligently for three long years, and has penetrated to the original rock, as we understand it, 50 feet below the present surface, and wonderful have been his discoveries.

For though, to use the words of an able reviewer, Herr Schliemann at first believed that old Troy must have been the most ancient of all these superimposed cities, yet when he had dug down beneath them all, and came at last upon the primeval rock, he was convinced that what he calls Old Troy was not the first but the second in the series of time in its construction, and that it had been built upon the ruins of a still more ancient town, the stones and dust of which covered it to the depth of 20 feet; while above this second town of Old Troy three other towns, including that called New Troy, had been erected. It will give us some conception of the magnitude of Herr Schliemann's labours if we add that the primeval rock is not found till from 45 feet to 50 feet of "debris" have been excavated, while to arrive at this depth the ruins of the temples, houses, and fortifications of the several towns had to be pierced, and in many cases cleared away and thrown down into the plain. Again, let any man accustomed to earthworks consider the difficulty of moving such masses of earth even in this country, with all the inventions of steam and tramways at his disposal, and then reflect on the enhanced toil of such operations when carried on in a wilderness and a country where the construction of even a wheel-barrow is a difficulty.

Thus, then, we come first of all to this fact, astounding in itself, that five cities have actually been built on this very site, and that Troy itself was built on the ruins of a still more ancient city. Well, in this second city of construction (to use a foreign idiom), Dr. Schliemann

has discovered alike remains, and objects of "bigotry and virtue," which have convinced him, that he at last stood within the walls of Troy, and had seen "ipsissimis oculis" the Scaean Gate, and the pavement before Priam's palace; nay, the palace itself of the good old king himself.

It was in June of last year, to use Mr. Taylor's words, "the rubbish, fifty feet deep, of three or four thousand years was slowly cleared away, and the foundation at last of Homer's Scaean Gate looked once more across the plain of Troy to Tenedos and Imbros, and the Samothracian Ida."

Mr. Bayard Taylor, we may observe, has prepared for the "American Daily Tribune," of March 2nd, an interesting paper, dated Gotha, February 10th, from Dr. Schliemann's MS., which has just appeared at Leipsic, published by F. A. Brockhaus. As the discoveries which led Dr. Schliemann to the conclusion that he had actually found Troy itself, are very important, we think it better to give them in detail, though we would premise that, in addition to the discoveries here enumerated, the Dr. has safely housed at Athens many thousand objects, including copper and stone arms, and a remarkable "basso relievo" of Apollo, which, however, did not belong to the Old Troy but to New Troy.

Let us listen to his own account of his great discovery:

"In the course of my excavations, in April, 1873, on the Trojan wall, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Priam's house, I fell on a great copper object of remarkable form, which attracted my attention all the more, as I thought I saw gold behind it. On this copper object rested a thick crust of red ashes and calcined ruins, on which again weighed a wall nearly six feet thick and eighteen feet high, built of great stones and earth, and which must have belonged to the period immediately after the destruction of Troy. In order to save the treasure from the greed of my workmen, and to secure it for science, it was necessary to use the very greatest haste, and so, though it was not yet breakfast time, I had *paidos*

or 'resting time' called out at once. While my workmen were eating and resting I cut out the treasure with a great knife, not without the greatest effort and the most terrible risk of my life, for the great wall of the old fortress which I had to undermine threatened every moment to fall down upon me. But the sight of so many objects, of which each alone is of inestimable worth for science, made me foolhardy, and I thought of no danger. The carrying off, however, of the treasure would have been impossible without the help of my dear wife, who stood by ready to pack up the objects as I cut them out in her shawl and to take them away."

Then follows a list of the objects. First, a great copper shield with a boss, then a copper kettle, and other copper objects, all bearing witness of the fury of the flames. Then a round bottle of the finest gold, weighing about 15 oz., then a cup of the same metal, weighing about 8 oz., and next the finest of these golden objects, a cup in the shape of a ship, with two great handles; on one side it has a larger, on the other a smaller mouth, out of which to drink. The use of this may have been, as an Athenian archæologist believes, that the liquor might be first tasted out of the smaller mouth before offering it to any guest whom it was intended to honour, and who would drink out of the larger mouth. We pass over Herr Schliemann's assertion that in this cup we see Homer's *Δέπας ἀμφὶ κύπελλον* and proceed to remark that this large golden cup, which weighs rather more than 20 oz., is cast, and that the large but not solid handles are soldered on to it. On the other hand, the other golden cups and bottles are beaten out with the hammer. Besides these golden objects, the treasure consisted of some curious blades of beaten silver and two objects which Herr Schliemann calls silver talents. In addition to these, there were several silver cups and vases, one of gold alloyed with 20 per cent. of silver, all showing the action of the flames, from which, however, the golden objects seem luckily to have more or less escaped. These with several copper lanceheads and knives, complete King Priam's treasure, with one or two remarkable exceptions to be mentioned presently. This mingled mass of half fused and twisted gold and silver and copper was found together in the shape of a square mass, and the precious objects

were in some cases packed inside each other; in which Herr Schliemann sees proof that they had all been crammed into a square wooden box, of which close by he found the massive copper key, though of course the box itself had perished. His conclusion is that some member of Priam's family packed the treasure in a chest on that awful night when Troy fell, and, having got so far as the wall, was either killed or forced to drop his burden, which was there and then covered with red ashes and ruins from four feet and a half to six feet thick, which were heaped in that one night of conflagration, over the site of the devoted city. "That," says Herr Schliemann, "this treasure was packed up in the greatest haste is shown by the contents of the greatest silver vase, in which I found, quite at the bottom, two splendid golden diadems, a fillet for the head, and four most gorgeous and artistic pendants for earrings. On them lay fifty-six golden earrings and 4,750 little golden rings, perforated prisms, and dice, together with golden buttons and other precious things which belonged to other ornaments. After these came six golden bracelets, and quite at the top of all in the silver vase, the two small golden cups." These diadems were the remarkable exceptions to which we alluded above, and with them the tale of what Herr Schliemann calls King Priam's treasure is complete.

We think that there can be no doubt but that Dr. Schliemann has found the very locale of "Ilium," and that these interesting "souvenirs" of that famous city are incontestably Trojan. We also agree with him that in the two rivers he successfully identifies the well-known Simois and Scamander.

We do not, however, feel bound to agree with Dr. Schliemann as to all his conclusions, some of which are probably contestable and certainly immature. Even supposing that he is correct in asserting that the whole of Troy which has been excavated (he has himself excavated two-thirds) makes Troy to be less, than we understood it to be by Homer's description, it has yet to be proved that the poet is substantially wrong.

Troy may have been the great

"Acropolis" of the district, the central "Palladium," so to say, of many allied nationalities and friendly tribes and tributaries.

What may yet be buried beneath the Troas who can say? or what further discoveries may yet be made, who of us can pretend to decide?

That we are now in possession of Priam's diadem and have found Priam's Palace, who of us, five years ago, say, would have dreamt? and therefore there is no possible limit to be placed to the fulness of other discoveries, or the energy of later discoverers. Who the Trojans really were, and what their language was does not seem at all certain, but we should not be at all surprised if they turn out to have been an early Phœnician Colony, or even an offspring from some early semi-Grecian tribe.

Dr. Schliemann has done a great work, and deserves, as does Mrs. Schliemann, the greatest credit and *κudos* for their Homeric sympathy and zeal, for a courage which nothing could daunt, and a devotion which nothing could repress, and we thank them heartily in the name of all lovers of Homer, of archaeological enquiry and historical truth, for their invaluable acquisitions, and their undoubted discovery of Troy Divine.

LECTURE BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES ON "TOM HOOD."

A short time ago Bro. Emra Holmes lectured (in connection with the Ipswich Working Men's College) in the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institution, which had been kindly placed at the disposal of the kindred Institution for the occasion. The subject of the lecture was "Tom Hood." About 300 were present, including the Mayor, who presided; Dr. Christian, Principal of the Working Men's College; Mr. G. M. Douglas, Collector of H.M. Customs; Mr. J. B. Lakeman, H.M. Inspector of Factories; Mr. W. Gould, Supervisor of Excise; Mr. J. Walker, Surveyor of Taxes; the Rev. F. H. Maude,

Vicar of Holy Trinity; the Rev. E. Cookson, Curate of Burstall, &c. We have thought well to give to-day the interesting lecture of our able brother.

Bro. Holmes said that nature stamped Hood as a genius, as a poet, when the world would have it he was only a comic writer, a mere punster, who could make you laugh and nothing more. From Hood's earliest years, with the exception of a few bright but transient gleams, his life was a hand-to-hand struggle with straitened means and adverse circumstances—a practical illustration of Longfellow's noble lines,

How sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

With the distinct and even minute foreknowledge of organic and moral disease, liable at any moment to a fatal and sudden termination, it must indeed have been a brave spirit to bear so cheerfully and courageously as he did that life, which was one long sickness. Of Hood's birth and parentage they could glean but few particulars. His own joking account was that as his grandmother was a Miss Armstrong, he was descended from two notorious thieves, i.e., Robin Hood and Johnnie Armstrong, which reminded one of the gentlemen who said he was named John after his aunt Sarah. (Laughter.) His father, who came from Scotland to London, was a bookseller of the Poultry, and died of malignant fever at Islington. Having married a Miss Sands, sister to the engraver of that name, his famous son Tom, who was born in 1799, was article to that gentleman. The lecturer exemplified Hood's devotion to his widowed mother by reading with great pathos the sweet verses he wrote entitled "To a child embracing his mother," as well as another poem, "The Deathbed," in allusion to her dissolution. Hood's first introduction to the literary world was when he was about twenty-one, as a sort of sub-editor of the *London Magazine*, although he had contributed productions to the *Dundee Advertiser*. In connection with the *Magazine* he amused himself by concocting humorous notices and answers to correspondents, some of which Mr. Holmes quoted. His connection with the *Magazine* led to his introduction to Mr. Reynolds (son of the head writing master of Christ's Hospital), whose sister he afterwards

married, and to many eminent writers, including Charles Lamb, Barry Cornwall, &c. "Faithless Sally Brown," one of the most humorous of Hood's poems, was read by the lecturer, as well as graver selections, including "To a sleeping child." As a descriptive poem he gave "The Romance of Cologne," styling it as perhaps as effective a piece of versification as anything of the kind in the English language. Conjointly with Mr. Reynolds, Hood wrote and published anonymously "Odes and addresses to great people," which had a great sale, and occasioned no little wonder as to the author. On the 5th May, 1824, Hood married Miss Reynolds, a woman of cultivated mind and literary tastes, and well suited to him as a companion. His poem, "I love thee," was written at this time. Mr. Holmes read extracts from Hood's letters to his wife to prove that all through their wedded life he was her lover as much as her husband, and said that it would be well if the same could be said of all great literary men. Their first child scarcely survived its birth. Amongst some old papers a few tiny curls of golden hair as soft as the finest silk, were found wrapped in a yellow and timeworn paper, on which was inscribed in Hood's handwriting—

Little eyes that scarce did see,
Little lips that never smiled;
Alas! my little dear dead child,
Death is thy father, and not me,
I but embraced thee, soon as he.

On this occasion those exquisite lines of Charles Lamb's, "On an infant dying as soon as born," were written and sent to Hood. It was to be regretted that there was no record left of the pleasant days of this intimacy with Charles Lamb and his sister. Bro. Holmes, during the rest of his capital lecture (which we regret we cannot deal with at greater length), read further illustrations from Hood, amongst them being "The haunted house," Sonnet to his wife, "The bridge of sighs," "The song of the shirt," &c. The lecture was listened to with rivetted attention, as it well deserved to be, for it abounded with interest from its opening line to its closing sentence, and proved to a demonstration, not alone that Bro. Holmes has studied Hood's life most faithfully, but has the ability to make others benefit by his labours.—Adapted from *Ipswich News*.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish poem, which, says the *Edinburgh Review*, is surpassed by nothing which we are acquainted with in the Spanish language, except the "Ode of Louis de Leon:"—

O, let the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses and awake

To see how soon
Life, in its glories, glides away
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulets glide,
To that sad wave!
Death levels poverty and pride;
The rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are brought—
That path alone of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of earth can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair—
Age came and lay his finger there—
And where are they?

Where is strength that spurned decay,
The step that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome, and woe!
When age comes on!