THE

MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A Monthly Digest of

FREEMASONRY

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

(SUPPLEMENTAL TO "THE FREEMASON.")

VOL. II.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
The M. W. Grand Master.

ENGLAND.

SIR MICHAEL ROBERT SHAW-STEWART, BART.,
The M. W. Grand Master.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ROSSLYN,
The M. W. Past Grand Master.

SCOTLAND.

COLONEL FRANCIS BURDETT,
Representative for Grand Lodge.

IRELAND.

AND THE GRAND MASTERS OF MANY FOREIGN GRAND LODGES

LONDON:
GEORGE KENNING, 198, FLEET STREET.

1874-5.

PREFACE.

We conclude with this number the Second Volume of the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

When, two years ago, we sought to float our little bark on the rough sea of literary adventure, it was amid the doubts of some and the lukewarm indifference of others. Yet here it is, after two years of existence, shewing, we hope, unmistakeable signs of vitality and improvement.

And while we have to confess that in Great Britain, as in the United States, and, indeed, wherever the Anglo-Saxon race is spread or spreading, Masonic Literature has a hard struggle for the very "breath of life," yet the MASONIC MAGAZINE has no reason to complain of want of friendly reception and of persevering patronage. It may, indeed, be a question of some interest to discuss why, in a "Craft" like ours, so respectable, so intelligent, and so educated, Masonic Literature has so slender a "status." But we will not fill up the pages of a Preface with the prosaic utterances of, perhaps, an unprofitable discussion.

Be the reason what it may, the fact is a fact very clear and very certain, and one deeply to be regretted for the future welfare of our Order.

Thanks to our good publisher, the MASONIC MAGAZINE has sailed on with a good "trade wind," and amid smooth water; and we have also

to return our best thanks alike to Contributors and Subscribers for "favours already received," auguring, we fondly trust, of continued sympathy, nay, increased patronage in the twelve months before us.

No efforts will be wanting on our part to render the MASONIC MAGAZINE still more worthy of the great Order it aspires to represent, to edify, to amuse, and to instruct.

INDEX.

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A Few Extracts from a Relative Natural History - - - - 392
A Little Comedy - - - - 115
A Little Good Advice - - - 120
An After-dinner Speech - - - 169
Ancient Craft Masonry - - - 93
Ancient Masonic Lodges - - 34, 66
An Elephant Hunt in Siam - - 29, 60
An Original Dissertation on Public Speaking 342
Antiquity of Freemasonry - - 236
A Romance of the American War - - 131
A Serious Talk - - - - 301
Assyrian Discoveries - - - - 376
A Synopsis of Masonic Persecution in the 18th Century - - - 352
A True Mason - - - - 319

Benefits of Advertising - - - 92
Bro. Emra Holmes on Charles Dickens - 64
"Brotherly Love." Wright and His Trial 96

Celia's Moth - - - - - 101
Charles Dickens (A Lecture) - 108, 134, 179
Chippings - - 192, 223, 256, 287
Comparison of MSS. - - - 258
Correspondence - - - - 255
Counsel to Live Masonically - - 191
Cricketalia - - - - - 46
Crypt of York Minster (Plate) - - 226

Daffodils - - - - - 332
Dassigny's Enquiry - - - 368
Difficulty of Ascertaining the Age of Undated Old Masonic MSS. - - - 81
Dispersion of Language - - - 27, 57
Distinctions of Languages - - - 95

Early History of Freemasonry in America - 3
Early History of American Freemasonry once more - - - - 275, 304
Eradication of Error - - - 382

Fabella Exoleta Rediviva - - - 147
Freemasonry Considered in its Relation to Society - - - 298, 322

Grand Priory of Canada - - 215, 240

How He Lost Her - - 89
How to Conduct a Courtship - 319

Immorality - - - - 222
Influence of Masonry - - - 253
Is the Pope a Freemason? - 166, 227

Laws of St. John's Operative Lodge - 35
Les Macons Indifferents - - - 332
Let there be Light - - - - 86
Light for the Blind - - - - 48
Little Dan - - - - 348
Lois' Strategy - - - - - 123
Lucy Matilda Jane - - - 194

Margaret's Test; or Charity its own Reward 165
Mark Twain's Encounter with an Interviewer 351
Masonic Archæology - - - 76
Masonic Journalism - - - - 248
Masonic Unity - - - - 208
Monsieur Le Baron - - - 15, 42
Monthly Summary—1, 33, 65, 97, 129, 161, 193, 225, 257, 289, 321, 353
Mother Kemp on Reading Masons - - 58

Muriel Halsie - - - 327, 363
Naming the Baby - - - - 238
Notes on Literature, Science and Art - 286
Notes on the Chivalric Orders - - 373

Old and New Lodges - - - 91
Old Lodge Warrants and Certificates - 284
Old London Taverns Identified with Masonry - - - - 316, 334
On Distinctions of Languages - - 186
Oration by M.W. Grand Master Van Slyck, of Rhode Island - - 116, 154
Oration by S. C. Dennison, of Sacramento - 266
Origin and Beauty of Masonic Symbolism 356
Our Archæological Corner - - 87, 119, 153
Our English Freemasonry - - - 355
Our Masonic MSS. - - 130, 163, 194

Palace of the Queen of Sheba - - 339
Patty's Confidences - - - - 139
Pearls and Blackberries - - - 177
Pictorial World - - - - 193
Polly Rivers's Trip to Stowslay Cattle Show 339

POETRY—

A Dream of Fair Faces - - - 107
Another New Year - - - 231
A Place in the Lodge for Me - - 242
A Very Lamentable Lamentation - 492
Be Happy as you Can - - 352
Better Things - - - - 61
Cela - - - - - 134
Courage - - - - - 113
Crown the Sacred Hill - - 391
Down by the Sea - - - 190
Eheu Fugaces Anni, O Postume - 310
Faith, Hope and Charity - - 315
Hail - - - - - 255
How May I Know You to be a Mason - 173
I Mused Last Night in Pensive Mood 320
Immortality - - - - 223
Incineration - - - - 192
In Memoriam - - - - 128
Installation of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales - - - - 378
Jam Satis Est - - - - 86
Labour - - - - - 348
Light, Beautiful Light - - - 186
Losses - - - - 351
Masonic Requiem - - - 373
Masonic Song - - - 198
Masonry *v.* Anti-Masonry - 388
My Books - - - - 237
Mystic Symbols - - - 2
Nous Avons Change Tout Cela - 134
Ode on the Installation - - - 354
Oh! the Mistletoe Bough - - 202
On the Stair-way - - - 160
Paddy's Experience of Masonry - - 338
Parting Greeting - - - 251
People will Talk - - - 125
P.P.C. - - - - - 143
Recollection - - - - 303
Response of the Pilgrim - - 362
Shadows - - - - 149
So Mote it Be - - - - 179
Talking to the Dead - - 270
T' Distant Spring - - - 286
The Bricklayer - - - - 28
„ Chequered Floor Cloth - 47
„ Hour Glass - - - - 261
„ Living Temple - - - 284
„ Maiden's Last Farewell - - 45
„ Masonic Measure of Life - 289
„ Mason's Grave - - - 2
„ Mystery - - - 27
„ New Morality - 18, 41, 70, 100
„ Nightingale - - - 51
„ Old Masonic Poem - - 13, 40, 69
„ Present - - - - 265
„ Season - - - - 75
„ Sprig of Acacia - - - 79
„ Voice of the Builders - - 163

POETRY—*Continued.*

Time and Eternity - - - 318
Tired - - - - - 95
Uncertainty - - - - 384
Vain Regrets - - - - 247
Verses Written on Board a Lough Erne Steamer - - - - 294
Woman's Rights - - - 279

Records of the Past - - - 143, 174
Relief - - - - 379

REVIEWS—

A Defence of Freemasonry - - 311
Lending unto the Lord - 29
The Death of Ægeus, and other Poems 349

Rip Van Winkle Lodge - - 61
Roman Catholic Persecution of Freemasons 220
Rudder Grange - - - 242, 271

Saved from Prison - - - - 203

Taking it for Granted - - - 52
The Adventures and Travels of a Box of Bonbons - - - - - 307
„ Age of Ancient Masonic Manuscripts 98
„ Angel Ministers - - - 279
„ Broken Emblem - - - 19
„ Change of Years - - - 114
„ Dying Child - - 387
„ Good Fellow - - 94
„ Little Rift within the Lute - - 209
„ Mason's Temple - - - 275
„ Nightingale - - - - 128
„ Old Tyler - - - - 250
„ Present Influence and Future Position of Masonry - - - - 157
„ Public Masonic Charities of the United States of America - 290
„ Silver Lining - - - - 63
„ Solomonic Origin of Masonry 189, 206
„ Spirit of Freemasonry - 187, 213
„ Survey of Palestine - - 87
„ True Mission of Freemasonry 252

Under a Mask - 71
Unveiled - - - - 79

Waiting for Her - - 231, 261, 295
Was the Duke of Wellington a Freemason? 198
What Good - - - - 246
What is the Good of Freemasonry? 126, 150

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 13.—Vol. II. JULY, 1874. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

There is not a great deal to report either at home or abroad.

At the last Quarterly Communication some little controversy arose about a proposal to increase the salaries of the Grand Lodge official staff, but the general opinion of Grand Lodge seemed to be, in our opinion, a very sound one, that in these days the maximum of salary offered years ago could not be maintained as the "Ultima Thule" of payment to efficient men and trustworthy officials.

Everything is apparently rising —prices and stipends—and, above all, the "market value" of skilled labour in all departments.

We are very well off just now in our "Secretariat," to use a new word, and while the work has trebled and quadrupled, the activity and efficiency of the office have kept pace with increased demands on its time, trouble, and patience.

Those who have had any business to transact with our excellent Bro. John Hervey, will bear witness, we know, readily to his unvarying courtesy, his readiness to oblige, his business habits, and his punctuality of correspondence, and the same can be said of Bro. Buss, and the other officials.

We are therefore very glad that Grand Lodge took the course recommended by the Board of General Purposes, and by true economy.

When you have good servants try and keep them, and pay them liberally and well, for now, as ever, the "labourer is worthy of his hire."

A New Lodge, the Athenæum, 1491, has been consecrated, in the Camden Road, at the Athenæum there, by Bro. John Hervey, assisted by several other Past Grand Officers, and the new Lodge promises to prosper well. Bro. Samuel Poynter is the first W.M., and he is supported by an energetic list of officers, all of some standing in Freemasonry, and of much experience.

Abroad the senseless persecution of Freemasonry by the Roman Catholic Church continues, and the silly calumny is repeated that Freemasonry is a revolutionary society. In some foreign countries, no doubt the Lodges and Grand Lodges have mixed themselves up with questions which, as Freemasons, we have nothing to do with, and we by no means approve of the action and practices of many of the Foreign Masonic bodies. But even in England the Roman Catholic Church looks on our peaceful order with great disfavour and condemnation, without, one may say, the shadow of an excuse or justifiable pretext.

MYSTIC SYMBOLS.

Most respectfully dedicated to Lodge No. 173, A.F. and A. M., Union, Mo.

BY MRS. G. G. REINIGER.

I remember once a little chat
About a golden toy
That hung upon my husband's chain,
Denoting Masonry.
Why do you wear that foolish thing,
Said I, upon your chain and ring?

Smiling, he answered, dearest wife,
I hope you'll never need it, dear;
But if you should, these emblems might
Direct you some your heart to cheer.
We might be in a distant land,
Have troubles like some ones on earth;
These are no detriments, my dear,
To keep in sadness or in mirth.

Gay years rolled on; O happy time!
Twelve years of golden wedded love;
I'd most forgot that little chat,
Till all in sorrow, like a dove,
The Symbols floated in our home.
Masonic Brethren brought them there;
'Mid sorrowing grief and death's dark gloom,
They came to help in time of care.

The bitterest drops that life e'er poured
Were portioned out to my poor heart;
I saw my noble husband die,
From his dear form I had to part;
And when the "sprigs of cedar" fell
From the Masonic Brethren's hand,
In saddest truth the words came clear,
That I WAS in a distant land.

—*Clarion.*

A Western justice of the peace ordered a witness to "come up and be sworn."

He was informed that the person was deaf and dumb.

"I don't care," said the judge passionately, "whether he is or not—here is the Constitution of the United States before me. It guarantees to every man the right of speech; and so long as I have the honour of a seat on the bench, it shall neither be violated or invaded."

THE MASON'S GRAVE.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D.

Bury me on the hill-top,
Where sunbeams earliest come,
And starlight longest lingers—
Make there your Brother's home;
There through the hours of darkness,
The glittering hosts will pass,
And dew-drops weep my requiem,
And night winds sigh alas!—
When I am dead.

But not by ocean billow,
Oh, not on briny shore,
This form consign to nature;—
I hate its hollow roar:
Cold weeds and sea things floating
Above me on the wave,
Would vex my spirit's slumber
In that unquiet grave,
When I am dead.

No stone to mark my resting,—
No gentle form to bow;—
Oh, Brothers, true and tender,
Lay not your Brother so;
Within my soul a yearning
Impleads a Mason's home;—
Bury me on the hill-top,
Where sunbeams earliest come,
When I am dead.

Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech in a country village out West. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat beside him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General; they won't be satisfied without it." The "hero of New Orleans" instantly thought of a few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder, wound up his speech by exclaiming: "E pluribus unum, Sine qua non, Ne plus ultra, Multum in parvo." The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for miles.

EARLY HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY IN AMERICA.

BY CLIFFORD P. MAC CALLA.

In an article which appeared in the January number of "The Masonic Magazine," entitled "Statistical Account of Freemasonry in America," I mentioned, incidentally, the origin of Freemasonry in the United States. For both statements I furnished authorities. The best evidence—the proceedings of the various Grand Lodges—was cited for the statistics; but the best evidence of the origin of the Craft has in large measure disappeared, owing to the lapse of nearly one hundred and fifty years, the troublous times of the Revolution, and the little care with which lodge warrants and minutes were formerly preserved. Some of the older Grand Lodges have lost their charters, others their early minutes, and still others both. Massachusetts has, in these respects, been less unfortunate than any other sister jurisdiction, for its records extend back to the year 1733, and contain a recital of the deputation of Lord Viscount Montague, G.M. of England, to Henry Price, as Provincial G.M. of Masons in New England. True, the authenticity of this document has been denied, owing to a variation between its recorded date and its recited date in the petition for the first Lodge in Boston, (which original petition is still in existence), but I think it is attacked without sound reason. Bro. Jacob Norton, of Boston, in a paper entitled as above, which appeared in the April number of "The Masonic Magazine," questioned the statement of the origin of Freemasonry in America in my statistical article in the January Number, and denied the genuineness of the Montague Deputation to Price. The decided, and yet fraternal statement of his difference of opinion, has led me to review both of these questions in the light of all the original and authenticated documents to which a somewhat industrious search could give me access; and I feel prepared now to give an opinion, not, as before, upon the allegations of many of the approved text-writers and popular Masonic historians, but upon the existing original evidence so far as it remains, some of which supports, but as often contradicts these assertions. In making this restatement, I am free to confess that before, in several particulars, I was in error; but every sincere Masonic student labours, not to justify preconceived opinions, but to uphold the truth at all hazards. Such are both my inclination and determination.

The Montague Deputation to Price I believe to have been genuine, and its true date April 30, 1733. The ground of Bro. Norton's scepticism concerning it is, that the original petition for the first Lodge in Boston (a *fac-simile* of which appears in the Massachusetts Grand Lodge Proceedings for 1871, p. 296-7), recites its date as April 13, 1733, whereas Viscount Montague was not installed as G.M. of Masons in England until April 19th, 1733, and therefore could not have granted a Deputation to Price six days earlier. It appears to the writer that it is more reasonable, as well as more fraternal, to suppose an accidental mistake, a mere clerical error, in the recited date, rather than a perversion of the truth in the recorded date of the original Deputation, as it appears among the official records of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts in its first Record Book. To suppose that Price possessed no legitimate authority from the Grand Lodge of England to act as Provincial G.M. of New England in 1733, but palmed off a forged document upon his Brethren, when it is known that the Grand Lodge of England afterwards repeatedly

honoured Price by not only similar but increased authority, is to suppose an absurdity.

The date of the first Deputation to Price having been then, April 30, 1733, as Grand Master, Bro. William Sewall Gardner, in an able address delivered before the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts on St. John's Day, 1871, said:—"In the year 1734, our records state, Price received orders from the G.M. of England to establish Masonry in *all* North America, by John Lindsay, Earl of Craufurd. Craufurd became G.M. on March 30, 1734, and held office until April 17, 1735. On the 28th of November, 1734, Franklin addressed a letter to Price and the Brethren, a copy of which is appended, in which he says: '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 power were extended over all North America.' The files of Boston newspapers of this year are incomplete, and the article referred to cannot be found. It was undoubtedly printed in some Boston print."

Observe the following *recognitions* of Price's position and authority: In a letter, dated November 29, 1768, from Thos. French, G.S. of Grand Lodge of England, to Price, the former says:—"The success of Masonry in America under *your* patronage we learn with pleasure;" and previously he said: "I am ordered by His Grace, Henry Somerset, Duke of Beaufort, our Most Worshipful Grand Master, and the Hon. Charles Dillon, his Deputy, to acknowledge the receipt of yours, dated 27th January, 1768, inclosing a letter from the Provincial Grand Lodge at Boston to the Grand Lodge in England."

In a letter dated September 6, 1769, Jas. Haseltine, G.S. of Grand Lodge of England, addressed Henry Price as P.G.M. for America, and enclosed documents for him "to forward to the Lodges in America." Another letter, from the same to the same, is dated February 15 1770.

The originals of all the foregoing letters are now in the archives of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

In the Deputation to John Rowe, from Grand Master the Duke of Beaufort of the Grand Lodge of England, appointing Rowe Provincial G.M., and dated May 12, 1768, it is recited, in the way of a preamble: "Know ye that we, of the *great trust and confidence* reposed in our Right Worshipful and well-beloved Brother, Henry Price, Esq., of North America, constituted Provincial Grand Master for North America by Viscount Montague, Grand Master, April 13, 1733. He resigning recommends John Rowe, Esq. We therefore do hereby constitute and appoint him, the said John Rowe, Esq., Provincial G.M. for all North America and the territories thereunto belonging, where no other Provincial G.M. is in being, with full power and authority in due form to make Masons, and constitute and regulate Lodges," &c. A copy of this Deputation is now on the records of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. Are not the foregoing recognitions of Price's valid Masonic authority entitled to our entire confidence? It is reasonable for us to doubt what the officers of the Grand Lodge of England have never doubted.

But, it is urged, the Grand Lodge of England did not meet in the year 1734, when Price said his authority was enlarged. Bro. Hervey, the present esteemed G.S. of England explains this, by the remark, that it was the prerogative of the *Grand Masters* to appoint the Provincial Grand Masters, and such appointments were not reported to the Grand Lodge, and do not, therefore, appear in the records of that Body. And again, it is said Price's original Deputation of 1733, although it recites "given under our hand and seal of office"—that is, inferentially, the seal of the Grand Lodge—it was not attested by the G.S., who ordinarily affixes the seal. But the petition for the first Lodge in Boston recites that it was sealed with Grand Master Mon-

tague's seal, and both the petition and recorded copy allege that it was signed by the G.M.'s command by the D.G.M., S.G.W., and J.G.W. Besides, the seal of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Massachusetts had a liberal translation of the motto upon the Montague arms—"Suivez Raison," rendered, "Follow Reason." It seems unnecessary to multiply remarks upon the cumulative weight of all this testimony—it speaks for itself. If the Grand Lodge of England was satisfied with Price's conduct; if his official superior neither has nor had any charges to bring against him; is it becoming in a subordinate in his own household—in his own Grand Lodge, at this late day to assail his character and official acts?

I now approach the important question of the origin of Freemasonry in Pennsylvania.

I believe that original and trustworthy evidence exists to prove that a Grand Lodge existed in Pennsylvania in 1732, *one year before* Price's first deputation in New England, and the constitution of the first Lodge in Boston (for there was no pre-1733 Lodge there); and that in 1730, *three years before* Price's deputation, there were several subordinate M.M.'s Lodges working in Philadelphia. Consequently, Boston is *not* the mother of Masonry in America. Bro. Norton is right, and I was wrong in my previous statement. I am now prepared to exhibit to him, and to the world, evidence to establish the fact that Philadelphia is the mother of Masonry in America; and, being a Philadelphian myself, I the more gladly sacrifice my former opinion upon the altar of truth.

The statement that Boston is the mother of Masonry in America has been affirmed again and again by many leading Masonic historians. G.M. Bro. J. W. S. Mitchell says:* "We do not hesitate to subscribe to the opinion that Boston is the mother of Masonry in America." Bro. Albert G. Mackey says:* "The *first* Lodge in Pennsylvania was established in 1734, by a warrant from the Provincial Grand Lodge of *Massachusetts*, and of this Lodge *Benjamin* Franklin was the first Master." Bro. Leon Hyneman says† (quoting Webb's Monitor) and referring to the Grand Mastership of Montague in 1733: "Freemasons' Lodges in America date their origin from this period. Upon the application of a number of Brethren residing in Boston, a warrant was granted by Lord Viscount Montague, Grand Master of Masons in England, dated the 30th day of April, 1733, appointing the R.W. Henry Price, G.M. in North America, with full power and authority to appoint his Deputy, and other Masonic officers necessary for forming a Grand Lodge, and also to constitute Lodges of Free and Accepted Masons as often as occasion should require. . . The Grand Lodge being thus organized, under the designation of St. John's Grand Lodge, proceeded to grant warrants for instituting regular Lodges in various parts of America."

Bro. Hyneman, however, it should be stated, in a subsequently published work,‡ asserted the existence of a Masonic Lodge in Philadelphia in the year 1732. I am now prepared to go further than that, and assert, and prove, what will not only gratify Bros. Norton and Hyneman, but a host of others, including every Pennsylvanian Mason, viz.: that a Masonic Lodge existed in the city of Philadelphia two years earlier still, in 1730.

On the shelves of the Library Company of Philadelphia (an institution of which Bro. Benjamin Franklin was one of the founders and first directors) there is a bound volume of the "Pennsylvania Gazette"—a newspaper published weekly in the city of Philadelphia in the olden time. This volume contains

* History of Freemasonry and Masonic Digest, Vol. I., p. 482.

* Encyclopædia of Freemasonry, p. 568, article "Pennsylvania."

† Hyneman's Masonic Library, Vol. I., p. 358.

‡ The World's Masonic Register, p. 354.

every number of that venerable journal from the year 1728 to 1733. In size it is about ten by fifteen inches. The following is the title, and conclusion, of the number to which I now invite special attention :—

"No. 187.

"THE PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE.

"Containing the Freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic, from Monday, June 19, to Monday, June 26, 1732."

———

"Philadelphia: Printed by B. Franklin, at the new Printing Office, near the Market. Price 10s. a-year.

"Where Advertisements are taken in, and Bookbinding is done reasonable, in the best manner."

On the fourth, and last, page is this item of news :—

"*Philadelphia, June* 26.

"*Saturday last, being St. John's Day, a Grand Lodge of the Ancient and Honorable Society of* FREE *and* ACCEPTED MASONS, *was held at the Sun Tavern, in Water Street, when, after a handsome entertainment, the Worshipful W. Allen, Esq., was unanimously chosen Grand Master of this Province, for the year ensuing; who was pleased to appoint Mr. Wm. Pringle, Deputy Master. Wardens chosen for the ensuing year were Thos. Boude and Benjamin Franklin.*"

I give now another quotation, from the same newspaper of two years' earlier date.

"No. 108.

"THE PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE.

"From Thursday, December 3, to Tuesday, December 8, 1730."

The first article on first page reads as follows :—

"*As there are several Lodges of Free Masons erected in this Province, and people have lately been much amused with conjectures concerning them; we think the following account of Free Masonry, from London, will not be unacceptable to our readers.*"

Then follows a recital that, "By the death of a gentleman who was one of the Brotherhood of Freemasons, there has lately happened a discovery of abundance of their secret signs and wonders, with the mysterious manner of their admission into that Fraternity, contained in a manuscript found among his papers." This, of course, was a burlesque.

Neither one of the above important extracts had, to my knowledge, before appeared at large in print, outside of the original gazettes from which I copied them. They have been vaguely referred to by several writers, including Bros. Leon Hyneman and Thompson Westcott, but never reproduced or particularly cited.

Here are two publicly published statements, contemporaneous with the events themselves, made by Benjamin Franklin, in his own newspaper, he himself being a Mason, and neither of them ever questioned or contradicted in subsequent issues of the paper. One of these statements positively asserts the existence of several Lodges of Freemasons in the Province of Pennsylvania on December 8, 1730, and the other still more positively and circumstantially asserts the existence of a Provincial Grand Lodge of Masons in Pennsylvania in 1732, its meeting in the city of Philadelphia on St. John's Day, June 24th of that year, and the election of W. Allen, Esq., as Grand Master of the Province, William Pringle, Deputy Master, and Thomas Boude and Benjamin Franklin, Wardens. Both were public statements of prominent local facts, and neither, more especially the circumstantial account of the meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania in 1732, and election of all its officers, including Benjamin Franklin as Warden, could have been made by him, and in his own newspaper, and remain uncontradicted in the succeeding numbers (as it does) without being the literal truth. We believe that Benjamin Franklin was like George Washington, and would not tell a lie.

But there is corroborative testimony of the highest character, viz.: Frank-

lin's letter, dated November 28, 1734, to the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. This letter was as follows:—

"Right Worshipful Grand Master, and Most Worthy and Dear Brethren—We acknowledge your favour of the 23rd of October past, and rejoice that the Grand Master (whom God bless) hath so happily recovered from his late indisposition: and we now, glass in hand, drink to the establishment of his health, and the prosperity of your whole Lodge.

"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 power *was extended over all America,* which advice we hope is true, and we heartily congratulate him thereupon, and although this has not been as yet regularly signified to us by you, yet, giving credit thereto, we think it our duty to lay before your Lodge what we apprehend needful to be done for us, in order to promote and strengthen the interest of Masonry in this Province (which seems to want the sanction of some authority derived from home, to give the proceedings and determinations of our Lodge their due weight), to wit, a Deputation or Charter granted by the Right Worshipful Mr. Price, by virtue of his commission from Britain, *confirming the Brethren of Pennsylvania in the privilege they at present enjoy, of holding annually their* GRAND LODGE, choosing their Grand Master, Wardens and other officers, who may manage all affairs relating to the brethren here with full power and authority, according to the customs and usages of Masons, *the said Grand Master of Pennsylvania only yielding his chair when the Grand Master of all America shall be in place.* This, if it seems good and reasonable to you to grant, will not only be extremely agreeable to us, but will also, we are confident, conduce much to the welfare, establishment, and reputation of Masonry in these parts. We therefore submit it for your consideration, and, as we hope our request will be complied with, we desire that it may be done as soon as possible, and also accompanied with a copy of the R.W. Grand Master's first deputation, and of the instrument by which it appears to be enlarged as above mentioned, witnessed by your Wardens, and signed by the Secretary; for which favours this Lodge doubt not of being able to believe as not to be thought ungrateful.

"We are, R.W. Grand Master and Most Worthy Brethren, your affectionate Brethren and obliged humble servants,

"B. FRANKLIN, G.M.

"Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1734."

[The italics are mine.]

Accompanying this was another letter, in the nature of a postscript, as follows:

"Dear Brother Price,—I am glad to hear of your recovery. I hoped to have seen you here this fall, agreeable to the expectation you were so good as to give me; but since sickness has prevented your coming while the weather was moderate, I have no room to flatter myself with a visit from you before the Spring, when a deputation of the brethren here will have an opportunity of showing how much they esteem you. I beg leave to recommend their request to you, and to inform you that some false and rebel brethren, who are foreigners, being about to set up a distinct Lodge in opposition to the old and true brethren here, pretending to make Masons for a bowl of punch, and the Craft is like to come into disesteem among us, unless the true brethren are countenanced and distinguished by some special authority as herein desired. I entreat, therefore, that whatever you shall think proper to do therein may be sent by the next post, if possible, or the next following.

"I am, your affectionate brother and humble servant,

"B. FRANKLIN, G.M.,

"Pennsylvania.

"P.S.—If more of the Constitutions

are wanted among you, please hint it to me."

[Address upon said letter]

"To Mr. Henry Price,
"At the Brazen Head,
"Boston, N.E."

The original copies of these letters were in existence until April 6, 1864 —*ten* years ago—when they were destroyed at the burning of the Winthrop House, Boston. But many exact copies of them had previously been made, and their authenticity is not doubted.*

The points made by Franklin are these: He has seen it stated in the Boston prints, that Price's original deputation and power as Provincial G.M. of New England, in August, 1734, was extended by the Grand Lodge of England, and he was constituted G.M. of all America. He asks for evidence of both Deputations, and adds that the Pennsylvania Masons desire to have their *present* privileges, *of holding annually their Grand Lodge*, confirmed, their G.M. *only* yielding his chair when the G.M. of *all* America shall be present. He also mentions some *false* brethren who are about to set up a clandestine Lodge in Philadelphia, and he desires that the *true brethren* may be recognized by the newly-appointed G.M. of all America. He signs his name officially to both letters, as Grand Master.

Now it will be remembered, that in the matter of the Petition of 1768, from the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts to the Grand Lodge of England, asking the appointment of Rowe "to be G.M. of Masons for North America" (quoted above), the Deputation granted in response, only appointed Rowe to be "Provincial Grand Master for all North America, and the territories thereunto belonging *where no Provincial Grand Master is in being.*" This was right and proper. In every probability Price's second deputation was precisely of this character, and his authority was *not* extended over Pennsylvania, where a Provincial G.M. had been theretofore constituted.

But, the reader will naturally ask: "Whence did the brethren in Pennsylvania obtain authority to establish a Provincial Grand Lodge in the year 1732, or prior to that date, and by what Masonic power were the 'several lodges of Freemasons which were in existence on Dec. 28, 1730,' warranted?" The answer is easy.

On June 5, 1730, His Grace, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons of England, upon the application of Daniel Cox, of New Jersey, and several other brethren residing in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, granted a deputation to the said Daniel Cox, constituting him Provincial Grand Master of the provinces of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. This Deputation, now on record in the Freemasons' Hall, London, is most important in this connection, and reads as follows:*—

"Sic Subscribitur,

L.S. "NORFOLK, G.M.

"To all and every our R.W., Worshipful and Loving Brethren, now residing, or who may hereafter reside, in the provinces of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, His Grace, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshall and Hereditary Marshall of England, &c., &c., Chief of the illustrious family of the Howards, Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons of England, *Sendeth Greeting*,

"Whereas application has been made unto us by our Right Worshipful and well-beloved Brother, Daniel Cox, of New Jersey, Esq., and by several other Brethren, Free and Accepted Masons, residing and about to reside in the said provinces of New York, New Jersey, and *Pennsylvania*, that he would be

* Sworn copies of these letters appear in the Massachusetts G.L. Proceedings for 1871, p. 356-7; the first letter may also be found in Hyneman's "World's Masonic Register," pp. 354-5.

* Massachusetts Proceedings for 1821, pp. 354-5.

pleased to nominate and appoint a Provincial G.M. of the said provinces: Now know ye, that we have nominated, ordained, constituted, and appointed, and do by these presents nominate, ordain, constitute, and appoint our R.W. and well-beloved Brother, the said Daniel Cox, Provincial Grand Master of the said provinces of New York, New Jersey, and *Pennsylvania*, with full power and authority to nominate and appoint his Deputy Grand Master and Grand Wardens for the space of two years from the Feast of St. John the Baptist now next ensuing, *after which time* it is our will and pleasure, and we do hereby ordain that the brethren who do now reside, or who may hereafter reside, in *all* or *any of the said provinces* shall, and they are hereby empowered every other year on the Feast of St. John the Baptist *to elect a Provincial Grand Master*, who shall have the power of nominating and appointing his Deputy G.M. and Grand Wardens. And we do hereby empower our said Provincial Grand Master, *and the Grand Master*, Deputy Grand Master, and Grand Wardens for the time being, for us and in our place and stead *to constitute the brethren* (Free and Accepted Masons) now residing, or who shall hereafter reside in those parts *into one or more regular lodge or lodges*, as he shall think fit, and as often as occasion shall require. . . And lastly, we will and require that our said Provincial G.M., and the G.M. for the time being or his Deputy, do annually cause the brethren to keep the Feast of St. John the Evangelist, and dine together on that day, and . . do recommend a general charity to be established for the relief of poor brethren of the said province.

"Given under our hand and seal of office at London, this fifth day of June, 1730, and of Masonry 5730."

[The Italics are mine.]

Now Cox, under this deputation, undoubtedly, as Provincial G.M. of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, warranted the first lodges in Pennsylvania, in the same year in which his deputation was granted, and these lodges were the ones which Franklin's paper of December, 1730, asserts were then in existence; and, under the same authority, given in the subsequent part of the deputation, two years after the date (June 5, 1730) the brethren in *any* of the said provinces were empowered to elect a Provincial G.M., which, as Franklin's paper of June 26, 1732, states, the brethren in the province of Pennsylvania did, on June 24, 1732, the very earliest day within their power, being at the close of the two years mentioned in Cox's deputation. All of these facts are borne out by the Masonic authority under which they arose. No strained construction is necessary. There was the deputation, on record in England, and actually issued; there were the subordinate lodges and the Grand Lodge in Pennsylvania—public facts noticed in contemporaneous newspapers, whose authenticity cannot be questioned—both were links in the same chain, and the evidence of both no reasonable man can doubt.

It has heretofore generally been taken for granted, that because Cox made no return to the Grand Lodge of England of his having warranted any lodges, that therefore none were warranted, and his deputation was practically inoperative. But, as Grand Secretary Clark of the Grand Lodge of England, on April 10, 1863, wrote to the Historical Committee of Massachusetts: "At the period when he (Cox) was appointed, *it was a rare thing for any reports to be made by the Provincial Grand Masters abroad of their doings.* Brief details came in once or twice from Bengal, but I find none from any other foreign country." This does away with the objection that no returns meant no work.

Bear this fact in mind also—Cox *asked for* his deputation; it was not thrust upon him; and it is fair to suppose that, after having received it he

used it. Bro. Mackey, in his Encyclopædia of Freemasonry, just issued, says, with reference to Daniel Cox: "I have not been able to obtain any evidence that he exercised his prerogative by the establishment of lodges in that province (New Jersey), but *presume that he did.*" To the writer's mind the evidence above produced is conclusive that Freemasonry was lawfully established in the province of Pennsylvania at an earlier date than in any of her sister provinces, and that to Philadelphia must be awarded the honourable title of "the Mother of Masonry in America." We regret to take the laurel crown from Boston, but *magna est veritas et prevalebit.*

The exalted character and social status of the men who presided over the Provincial Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania in 1732, and the years immediately following, are eminently worthy of remark, in this connection, and in themselves corroborative of the truth of the statement in Franklin's *Gazette* in 1732, since neither Franklin, nor any one else, could have made such a statement concerning them, if untrue, without provoking a reply and denial.

"The Worshipful W. Allen, Esq.," the first Provincial G.M. of Pennsylvania, was one of the most learned, influential, and wealthy men of his time, and Chief Justice of the province of Pennsylvania. I have been at considerable pains to trace, from various authentic sources, his whole career, and have met with abundant success. It is a matter of sincere congratulation that the G.M. of Pennsylvania, in 1732, was so distinguished a citizen, and that the indisputable record of his greatness remains until this day.

Grand Master William Allen was the son of an eminent merchant, and was honoured by his fellow citizens, and the Proprietary of Pennsylvania, with many of the highest and most honourable offices in their gift. In the year 1728 he was a member of the Common Council of Philadelphia;* from 1731 to 1734 (covering the year he was Grand Master) he was an Alderman of the City;* in 1735 he was Mayor of the City;† from 1741 to 1750 he was Recorder of the City, and within this period, in 1749, he was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Pennsylvania a second time, by Lord Byron, G.M. of England; in 1750 he was appointed Chief Justice of the province of Pennsylvania, and filled this lofty station for many years.‡ He was distinguished for his love of literature and the arts; was the friend and patron of Benjamin West, the great painter, and co-operated with Franklin in establishing a college at Philadelphia, since famous as the University of Pennsylvania. No person in Pennsylvania, probably, was richer than Judge Allen, or possessed greater influence. He was a member of Congress, and of the Committee of Safety, but became a Loyalist in the American War for Independence. A wag of the time said he joined the royal side "because the Continental Congress *presumed* to declare the American States free and independent without first asking the consent, and obtaining the approbation, of himself and *wise* family." In 1761 he was one of the three persons in Philadelphia who kept a coach. His own was drawn by four horses; and his coachman, who was imported from England, was "a great whip." In the latter part of 1776 he placed himself under the protection of General Howe, at Trenton, and two years afterwards he made an unsuccessful attempt to raise a regiment for the British cause. He died in England in 1780.§

Such was the first G.M. of Masons in Pennsylvania.

Thomas Boude, Grand Warden of the Provincial G.L. of Pennsylvania in 1732, was afterwards Coroner of the county of Philadelphia.¶

* Minutes of the Common Council of Philadelphia, 1704 to 1776, p. 280.

* *Ibid.*, pp. 311, 316, 324, 335.

† *Ibid.*, p. 349.

‡ Lives of Eminent Philadelphians, by Henry Simpson, p. 18.

§ The Royalists of the American Revolution, by Lorenzo Sabine, Vol. I., p. 157.

¶ Colonial Records of Pennsylvania, Vol. VI., p. 144.

The following were the Provincial Grand Masters of Pennsylvania for the years named:—*

A.D. 1732, William Allen.
1733, Humphrey Murray.
1734, Benjamin Franklin.
1735, James Hamilton.
1736, Thomas Hopkinson.
1737, William Plumstead.
1738, Joseph Shippen.
1739—40, ———
1741, Philip Syng.

After the annual election in 1733, when Bro. Humphrey Murray was elected G.M., "a grand entertainment was given, at which the Hon. Thomas Penn, the Proprietary of the Province; the Governor, Hon. Patrick Gordon; the Mayor of the City, Samuel Hazel, and many other persons of great dignity assisted, thus giving to the Institution a valuable *eclat*."†

Of Benjamin Franklin, Grand Warden in 1732, and Grand Master in 1734, it is unnecessary to say anything, since his fame is world-wide.

James Hamilton, Grand Master in 1735, was Lieut.-Governor of the province of Pennsylvania, and the first native governor. He married a niece of Governor John Penn. He was a patron of Benjamin West, by whom was executed a full-length portrait of Hamilton. He was unfriendly to the Revolution, and loyal to the Crown, but submitted to what he could not control. He was also President of the American Philosophical Society, at the time when Governor John Penn was Patron. ‡

Thomas Hopkinson, Grand Master in 1736, was by birth an Englishman, and was appointed Admiralty Judge in the province of Pennsylvania under the British Crown. He married a niece of the Bishop of Worcester, England; was a member of the Philosophical Society; and assisted Franklin in his experiments and discoveries in electricity. He was the father of Francis Hopkinson, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the grandfather of Joseph Hopkinson, also an Admiralty Judge, and the author of the famous American national song, "Hail, Columbia."*

William Plumstead, Grand Master in 1737, was member of Common Council of Philadelphia in 1739, and Mayor of the City in 1750. †

Philip Syng, Grand Master in 1741, was a gold and silversmith, and Provincial Commissioner of Philadelphia, for whom Philip Syng Physick, M.D., the "Father of American Surgery," Professor of Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania, and Fellow of the Royal Medical Society of London, was named.‡

Grand Masters Benjamin Franklin, Francis Hopkinson, and Philip Syng, were all of them Directors of the Library Company of Philadelphia, at its origin in 1731, and are mentioned in its first records. §

Even the cursory reader of the foregoing paragraphs cannot fail to observe the distinguished official and social positions of all of the early Grand Masters of Masons in Pennsylvania, from William Allen, in 1732, to Philip Syng, in 1741. These testify to the high esteem in which Freemasonry was held in the province of Pennsylvania at that epoch, and are guarantees that the early Provincial Grand Lodges were formed and maintained in accordance with the regulations of the Craft.

A word as to the *place* where the first Provincial G.L. in Pennsylvania

* Bro. Thomson Westcott's Early Local History of Philadelphia, now appearing serially in the columns of "The Sunday Dispatch," of which he is the accomplished editor. We are glad to know that Bro. Westcott is preparing his very valuable papers for publication in book form.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Simpson's Eminent Philadelphians, p. 482.

* Duyckinck's Cyclopædia of American Literature, Vol. I., p. 576.

† Simpson's Eminent Philadelphians, pp 542, 546.

‡ Minutes of Common Council, p. 280.

§ Simpson's Eminent Philadelphians.
Duyckinck's Cyclopædia of American Literature, Vol. I., p. 177.

met. The notice in Franklin's newspaper, in 1732, designates the place of meeting as the *Sun Tavern*, on Water Street, in the city of Philadelphia. After a careful collation of all the testimony I have been able to gather, written, printed, and oral or traditional, I have come to the conclusion that the S is a typographical error for T, and that "Sun Tavern" should read "Tun Tavern." Watson's Annals of Philadelphia says:* "A very noted public-house in the Colonial days was Pegg Mullen's 'Beef Steak House,' on the east side of Water Street, at the corner of Wilcox's alley; she was known and visited by persons from Boston to Georgia. . . Governor Hamilton, and other governors, held their clubs in that house—*there the Freemasons met*, and most of the public parties and societies. . . 'Pegg Mullen's' was the south corner, or next the corner of *Tun* alley."

It seems that this alley was sometimes called Wilcox, and at other times Tun alley. It is the first alley south of Chestnut Street, leading eastward from Water Street to the river Delaware. Past Grand Master Bro. John Thomson, now, and for many years, Grand Secretary of the G.L. of Pennsylvania, informs me that the old tavern which stood at the corner of Tun Alley, had three tuns, or barrels of a tun capacity each, on top of each other outside of its door, as a business sign, and Tun Alley derived its name from this fact. I recently visited this locality. On the site of the Tun Tavern there now stands a cooper shop, outside of which I saw standing a number of barrels of large size, by which I was forcibly reminded of the old Tun Tavern. On the street corner at the wharf is the sign "Ton Alley."

I may add, as a matter of history, that the earliest records of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, now in the Secretary's office in the Masonic Temple, Philadelphia, are dated July 29, 1779; but on the page previous to their commencement there is this Preface:—

"The former minutes of the Grand Lodge being either mislaid, or carried away by some enemies to the Royal Art during the confusions of the present war, it has been found necessary to open new books of Minutes and Proceedings, though under all the disadvantages of wanting the ancient forms and precedents, yet in hope of recovering them by means of any faithful brother into whose hands they may in future chance to fall, and trusting that by a due regard to the fundamental Rules of the Royal Art, which are invariable and stand fast for ever, no considerable mistake can be made in the following entries, either respecting the form or the substance."

I trust that the importance of the Masonic facts discussed and narrated in the foregoing article, and the value of the recently discovered evidence brought to bear upon their elucidation, may be deemed a sufficient excuse for its length. The wholesale claims made on behalf of the G.L. of Massachusetts to having established Masonry in Pennsylvania, as well as in most of the other provinces, must be abandoned. I once credited them, but in the light of original research can do so no longer."*

* Watson's Annals, Vol. I., pp. 465-6, 469.

* The writer takes pleasure in acknowledging his obligation to Bros. Charles E. Meyer, Thomson Westcott, John Thomson, and Leon Hyneman, all of the city of Philadelphia, for information furnished while he was preparing the above paper. And, it may be added, that Bro. Meyer is now engaged in the preparation of a "Memorial Volume of the Dedication of the New Masonic Temple, Philadelphia," which will also contain a brief history of Masonry in Pennsylvania. This volume will be issued in September next. It is preparing under the auspices of the Library Committee of the Grand Lodge, of which Bro. Meyer is chairman, and by the authority of the Grand Lodge itself, and cannot fail to be a most interesting and valuable work. Probably Bro. Meyer will discover still more corroborative evidence of the pre-1733 existence of Freemasonry in Philadelphia.

While invincible as a Mason, and brave as a man, be sure to display the benignity of a friend, and the kindness of a brother.

MASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

THE OLD MASONIC POEM.

(*Continued from page 372.*)

More constitutions.

At this assembly were more divisions ordained;
Of great lords and masters also,
That whose will know this craft and come to estate,
He must love God well, and Holy Church always,
And his master also, that he is with,
Wheresoe'er he goes, in field or (1) frith;
And thy fellows those love also,
For that thy craft wills that thou [shalt] do.

Second point.

The second point, as I you say,
That the masons work upon the work day,
Also truly, as he can or may,
To deserve his hire for the holiday,
And truly to labour in his deed
Well deserves to have his meed.

Third point.

The third point must be surely
With the prentice know it well,
His master's counsel he keep, and close,
And his fellow's by his good purpose;
The privities of the chamber tell he no man,
Nor in the lodge whatsoever they do;
Whatsoever thou hearest, or seest them do,
Tell it [to] no man, wheresoe'er thou go;
The counsell of hall, and eke of bower,
Keep it well to [thy] great honour,
Lest it would turn thyself to blame,
And bring the craft into great shame.

Fourth point.

The fourth point teacheth us also,
That no man to his craft be false;
Error he shall maintain noon
Against the craft, but let it go;
Nor no prejudice he shall not do
To his master, nor his fellows also;
And though the prentice be under awe,
Yet he would have the same law.

Fifth point.

The fifth point is, without nay,
That when the mason takes his pay
Of the master, ordained to him,
Full meekly taken so must it be;
Yet must the master, by good reason,
Warn them lawfully before none,
If he will not occupy them no more,
As he hath done there before;
Against this order he may not strive,
If he think well for to thrive.

Sixth point.

The sixth point is full given to know,
Both to high and also to low,
For such case it might befall,
Among the masons, some or all,
Through envy, or deadly hate,
Oft ariseth full great debate.
Then ought the mason, if that he may,
Put them both under a day;
But love-day yet shall they make none,
Till that the work day be clean gone:
Upon the holy day ye may well take
Leisure enough love-day to make,
Lest that it would the work day
Hinder their work for such affray;
To such end then that ye them draw,
That they stand well in God's law.

Seventh point.

The seventh point it may well tell,
Of well long life that God us give,
As it describeth well openly,
Thou shalt not by thy master's wife lie,
Nor by thy fellows, in no manner wise,
Lest the craft would thee despise;
Nor by thy fellow's concubine,
No more thou wouldest he did by thine.
The penalty thereof let it be sure,
That he be prentice full seven year,
If he forfeit any of them,
So chastised then must he be;
Full much care might there begin,
For such a foul deadly sin.

Eighth point.

The eighth point, ye may be sure,
If thou hast taken any care,
Under thy master thou be true,
For that point thou shalt never rue;
A true mediator thou must needs be
To thy master, and thy fellows free;
Do truly al . . . . . that thou mightst,
To both parties, and that is good right.

Ninth point.

The ninth point we should him call,
That he be steward of our hall,
If that ye be in chamber together,
Each one serve other, with gentle (2) chere,
Gentle fellows, ye must it know,
For to be stewards all of a row,
Week after week without doubt,
Stewards to be so all about,
Lovingly to serve each one [the] other,
As though they were sister and brother;
There shall never one on [th'] other (3) costage
Free himself to no advantage,
But every man shall be like free
In that costage, so must it be,
Look that thou pay well every man always,
That thou hast bought any victuals at,
That no (4) craving be made to thee,
Nor to thy fellows, in no degree,
To man or to woman, whether he be,
Pay him well and truly, for that will we;
Thereof on thy fellow true record thou take,
For that good pay as thou dost make,
Lest it would thy fellow shame,
And bring thyself into great blame.
Yet good accounts he must make

(1) Frith: wood, coppice.

(2) Chere: spirits, behaviour.
(3) Costage: cost, expense.
(4) Craving: enticing, asking.

Of such goods as he hath taken,
Of thy fellow's goods that thou hast spent,
Where, and how, and to what end;
Such accounts thou must come to,
When thy fellows will that thou do.

Tenth point.

The tenth point presents well good life,
To live without care and strife;
For if the mason lives amiss,
And in his work be false, (5) y-wysse,
And through such a false excuse
May slander his fellows without reason,
Though false slander of such often
May make the craft catch blame.
If he do the craft such (6) vylany,
Do him no favour then securely.
Nor maintain not him in wicked life,
Lest it would turn to care and strife;
But yet him ye shall not delay,
But that ye shall him constrain,
For to appear wheresoever ye will,
Where that ye will, (7) lowde or stylle;
To the next assembly ye shall him call,
To appear before his fellows all,
And but if he will before them appear,
The craft he must needs forswear;
He shall then be chastised after the law
That was founded (8) by old dawe.

Eleventh point.

The eleventh point is of good discretion,
As ye may know by good reason;
A mason, if he this craft well know,
That sees his fellow hew on a stone,
And is in point to spill that stone,
Amend it soon, if that thou can,
And teach him then it to amend,
That the whole work be not (9) y-schend,
And teach him easily it to mend,
With fair words, which God thee has given:
For His sake that sits above,
With sweet words nourish him love.

Twelfth point.

The twelfth point is of *great royalty*,
There as the assembly holden shall be,
There shall be masters and fellows also,
And other great lords many more;
There shall be the sheriff of that country,
And also the mayor of that city,
Knightes and squires there shall be,
And other aldermen, as ye shall see;
Such ordinance as they make there,
They shall maintain it whole together,
Against that man, whoe'er he be,
That belongeth to the craft both fair and free;
If he any strife against them make,
Into their ward he shall be taken.

(5) Y-wysse: certainly.
(6) vylany: wickedness.
(7) Lowde or stylle: Loud-or-still, a common phrase in Old Romancer.
(8) By old dawe: in old days.
(9) Y-schend: ruined, destroyed.

Thirteenth point.

The thirteenth point is to us full dear,
He shall swear never to be no thief,
Nor succour him in his false craft,
For no good that he hath bereft,
And thou mayest it know or see,
Neither for his good, nor for his kin.

Fourteenth point.

The fourteenth point is full good law,
To him that would be under (10) awe;
A good true oath he must there swear,
To his master and his fellows that be there;
He must be steadfast and true also,
To all this ordinance, wheresoe'er he go,
And to his liege lord the king,
To be true to him above all thing.
And all these points here before,
To them thou must needs be sworn,
And all shall swear the same oath,
Of the masons, be they willing, be they loth,
To all these points here before,
That hath been ordained by full good (11) lore.
And they shall inquire every man,
Of his party, as well as he can,
If any man may be found guilty
In any of these points specially;
And what he be, let him be sought,
And to the assembly let him be brought.

Fifteenth point.

The fifteenth point is of *full* good (12) lore,
For them that shall be there sworn,
Such ordinance at th' assembly was (13) layd,
Of great lords and masters before said;
For (14) thy lke that be disobedient, for certain,
Against the ordinance that there is
Of these articles, that were moved there,
Of great lords and masters all together,
And if they be proved openly,
Before that assembly, by and by,
And for their guilt no amends will make,
Then must they needs the craft forsake;
And so mason's craft they shall refuse,
And swear it never more to use.
But if that they will amends make,
Again to the craft they shall never take;
And if that they will not do so,
The sheriff shall come them soon to,
And put their bodies in deep prison,
For the trespass they have done,
And take their goods and their cattle
Into the king's hand, every (15) del,
And let them dwell there full still,
As long as it be our liege king's will.

(To be continued.)

(10) Awe: governance.
(11) Lore: learning, knowledge.
(12) Lore: advice, knowledge.
(13) Layd: provided.
(14) Thy lke: every-one.
(15) Del: a part or portion.

A cordial affection is the life and soul of all societies, and must be much more so of those who claim to associate together upon the noblest maxims of charity and friendship.

MONSIEUR LE BARON.

One afternoon in the early spring a woman was sitting alone on one of the seats bordering a winding walk in the Champs Elysées. The air was moist and warm, and the brilliant sunlight poured a flood of golden beauty over her shabby garments, and worn, tired face. She was evidently waiting for some one, for she watched the passers-by with eager interest, her hands clasping and unclasping themselves restlessly. Two young men strolling by looked curiously at her, but she was not young enough to interest them much, and they passed on with a shrug and half pitying smile. Their careless laughter floated back, and hurt her. How the brilliant equipages flashed and glittered! Bright eyes were sparkling, jewels flashing in the sun. The spring wind laughed and frolicked with the leaves, but she saw none of this, and as the shadows grew longer she sighed a little.

Suddenly her eyes brightened, as a tall figure came down the walk—a soldierly man with gray whiskers, and keen blue eyes. He was also looking for some one, for he walked slowly, glancing from right to left. The woman watched him anxiously, and, as he seemed about to address a pretty girl, who was leading two children by the hand, she placed herself in his way.

"Monsieur le Baron!"

"Celeste!"

They stood facing each other, the woman with her eyes cast down, the man with a strange look of doubt and surprised recognition on his face. He spoke with a German accent.

"I did not know you. I thought—" and his eyes followed the good-looking *bonne*. Celeste looked up surprised. It had been ten, fifteen years since they had met, and yet she knew *him* at once. The silence had been awkward. A carriage passed, from which looked a lady resplendent in satin and lace. Celeste became painfully conscious of her old dress, the faded ribbon on her bonnet, the rent in her poor little shoe. She drew back her foot so as to hide it. Monsieur le Baron pulled his whiskers nervously.

"What are you doing now, Celeste?"

The tone was cold, Celeste felt it, and her voice faltered.

"Teaching, Monsieur. Sewing sometimes."

"Ah!"

Had he nothing more to say, this man of whom she had dreamt by day and night since they parted? Was it for this that she refused Armand, the notary, when he asked her five years ago to be his wife? What good was it that since she had got his brief letter she had turned her best dress, and even afforded herself new gloves? Despair made her bold.

"So you did not know me, Monsieur?"

"I? How could I?" he said, with a sort of exasperation in his tone. "When I left you, you were young and pretty." He quite forgot his own gray hairs!

With a low cry she shrank back as if he had struck her.

"You had better sit down, Celeste," he said, more kindly.

She sat down, for she could stand no longer. She had gone without breakfast that she might buy the little bunch of flowers to put in her dress. It made her look bright, she thought, and hid an unsightly darn as well. The tears were washing off the *rouge* with which she had tried to hide the hollows sorrow and want had made in the once dimpled cheeks. She sobbed weakly to herself.

The Baron watched her with a slow impatience kindling in his eyes.

"Are you very poor, Celeste?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"I had no idea of this," he said, with an aggrieved air. "Your uncle, the *curè*, told me before I left that you were provided for. Your father had sisters—why did they not do something?"

"They are dead, Monsieur."

"If I had married you then," he went on, disregarding the interruption, "I could not have supported you. My father hated your nation, and would not have given me a thaler. He is dead now, and I came back to look for you." He found it hard to go on. How could he tell her that now that he has found her he does not know what to do with her?

Celeste bowed her head humbly. She is very sorry that her relatives have been so unreasonable in the way of dying. Sorry,

too, that her poverty troubles, 'Monsieur;' it has become so old a story with her that she scarcely thinks of it. She was wondering if she could be the same foolish Celeste who came smiling and happy to the sunny gardens. "But it was wrong to expect so much," she said to herself. "I always had so little sense."

Celeste was a lady, and finding that the Baron had really and truly nothing more to say, she would not force herself upon him. Rising, she said steadily, "I must return, Monsieur. I am glad to have seen you."

He walked with her till they reached the busy, noisy streets; then she stopped.

"Have you far to go, Celeste? Shall I accompany you?"

"No, Monsieur," she said quietly.

He watched her till the throng hid her from his sight; then, with a sigh of relief, he turned away. Pity him a little; his disappointment was very great. All these years he had thought of the pretty French girl, with her sparkling eyes and merry laugh, who had crept into his cold, unimpressionable heart, he scarcely knew how. He had lived happily enough without her, it is true, but when his father's death left him master of his own fortune, his thoughts had turned tenderly to his early love.

How different this wan-faced woman in her poor attire, from the Celeste he had pictured. This was not the woman he had meant to make his wife. His heart did not throb one beat the faster at her voice. He would be very glad to help her, to give her money, but that she would not take—only his *love*, which was beyond his control. He had only that day arrived in Paris; he was lonly and miserable. Hailing a passing *cabriolet*, he got in. "Take me to some place where I can lodge and be quiet."

The driver looked surprised.

"Anywhere!" And the Baron slammed the door, and, throwing himself back on the cushions, gave way to his moody meditations. The Baron made no objection when his *cabriolet* stopped before one of the oldest houses in a street—fashionable once, respectable now, and much frequented by people who, like himself, were fond of rest and retirement.

The house was let in *appartements*, and, fortunately the first floor was vacant. The Baron was easily pleased, and hired the rooms without delay, despatching a man for his servant and luggage; and Celeste, coming home some hours later, learned to her dismay, who was the occupant of the empty rooms.

"Promise me, good Picot, promise me that you will not tell him that I am here," she said, earnestly.

"Who, Madamoiselle? The Baron?" and the old man gazed at her in unfeigned surprise.

"Oh! any one, I mean, Picot. I would not be known." Then, seeing a look of suspicion dawning on his face, she added: "I have seen better days, Picot, and now—"

"I see, Mademoiselle, I see; one does not want remembrance when one is poor. No one shall know, I promise."

Celeste breathed freely again, for the old man was faithful, she knew. Once in her own room, she sat down to think over the marvellous chance, which, in all this great city, could find but one house wherein to place the Baron and herself.

Change after change flitted over her face. In fancy she again wandered with him along the shady walks in her uncle's garden; again his low words of love trembled in her ear; then came the parting, and the tears fell once more at the remembrance, and she smiled a little as she recalled his promise of a speedy return. Celeste read few romances; her own was quite sufficient. On these memories she had lived through all the long years of loneliness. The past was her reality; what had but just occurred, the dream. Lost in her reverie, she sat idly gazing into the court-yard. Suddenly a voice she knew but too well reached her. Springing to her feet, with her heart beating so that she could scarcely hear, she opened her door and listened.

"Hansel! Hansel?" called the voice, impatiently.

"Coming, Herr Baron, coming."

Then the door was shut, and Celeste shrank back, with the look one sometimes sees on the face of a child, when from the outside he sees the joy of those within.

The Baron's windows looked upon the garden, so that he did not see the figure that darted quickly through the gate, in the early morning, nor the gray shadow that stole swiftly across the court-yard in

the dusk, pausing a moment in the hall to listen, then flitting up the stairs, like some poor ghost returning fearfully to watch beside the extinguished embers of its forsaken hearth.

Safe in the shelter of her own room, Celeste bolted and barred the door securely. Her dread of discovery grew day by day; she need not have feared; the Herr Baron would never have dreamed of ascending those long stairs to visit the attic lodger.

The Baron began to find Paris more endurable; and Celeste, seeing him occasionally erect and self-satisfied, with a smile on his proud lips, said to herself with a pitiful moan: "He has forgotten me already—and I—I love him." Then she sank on her knees before her little crucifix, and prayed as only hearts in such sorrow can pray. And by and by peace came again to the pinched, worn face, and, rising, she said, humbly; "It was wrong; I should not have hoped."

But the Baron had not forgotten her, though often he was tempted to wish he might do so. Her face had a trick of rising before him suddenly in the theatre, in the brilliant *salon*, not as he once knew it,—fresh and blooming,—but faded and haggard, as he saw it in the Champs Elysees, and then he returned absent answers to his friends, or,—if he was alone,—he drank rather more than was quite good for him. He wrote to her once, to the address she had given him long ago, asking her to let him help her, offering her, as delicately as might be, an enclosed draft "for the sake of the days that are past."

The draft was returned with the words: "I thank you, 'for the sake of the days that are past;' it is impossible, Monsieur le Baron."

The Baron shrugged his shoulders, and wished that women were not so difficult to manage.

"What would she have?" he said, impatiently. He knew very well what she would have, and the thought troubled him.

One evening in summer the Baron had a headache, and refusing all invitations, told Hansel to deny him to any chance visitors. The house was quite still, and Celeste, thinking that, as usual, he would be absent, left her door open to catch the faint breeze that whispered through the corridor, and, as she sat at her embroidery, sang softly to herself. She had had an exquisite voice once, and it was still true and sweet. The Baron was passionately fond of music, and as the first notes fell on his ear, he opened his door wider to listen. It was a hymn to the Virgin,—one which in days gone by Celeste was fond of singing. He remembered it now, and as the notes rose higher and higher, like some freed spirit exulting in its flight, and then sank into a plaintive minor, as if the soul grew suddenly conscious of its earthly chains, the tears started to his eyes. "Hansel!" he calls softly, and Celeste, hearing him, hastily barred the door, and dropped, trembling and anxious, into her chair.

The next evening Picot stopped her as she flitted past him in the early dusk.

"I had a hard time to keep your secret, last night, Mademoiselle Celeste; but a promise, you know——"

"Yes, yes, good Picot, tell me quickly, for I must not wait long."

"Well, the Baron he sent for me, and he said: 'Good Master Picot'—it is always *good* Picot when one wants anything—ha! ha!—'will you tell me who it is here that sings so sweetly?' I knew at once that it was you, Mademoiselle, for you have sung for my wife; so I thought—ha! ha!—'*good*' Picot, you must be careful. 'Well, Monsieur,' I answered, 'it may be the English lady or her aunt; they have the next floor.'"

"'No, it was the floor above that,—quite up in the roof,' answered the Baron.

"'Ah! it may have been the artist who —*pauvre diable*— sells no pictures.'

"'Then he would scarcely feel like singing,' said Monsieur; 'besides, it was a woman's voice.'

"'Well, well, it must have been the other lodger, then, who sits and sews all night sometimes.'

"'Sews all night!' said the Baron, 'she must be very poor. What is her name?'

"Then, Mademoiselle, I was frightened, but I pretended there was some one calling me, and excused myself. 'Wait, Picot, you have not told me the name,' called the Baron. 'Oh, the name, Monsieur, I have forgotten.' And I ran down the stairs as fast as my feet could carry me. This morning the Baron stopped at the gate,

'So you will not tell me the name of the bird that sings under the roof, Picot?'

"'*Will not*, Monsieur!' I said, reproachfully. 'It is that I can not.'

"'Ah, Picot, don't tell that to me. However, I will not disturb your little mystery; but you may give my thanks to the unknown for the very great pleasure she has given me.'

"There! Mademoiselle, you must give me no more secrets to keep, or I will tell them all to the Baron."

Celeste smiled brightly, thanking him for his discretion; then hurried up the stairs, that she might enjoy her happiness alone, for it was happiness to this faithful heart to know that from out the shadows of her own dull life she had been able to send an added ray of brightness into the sunshine of his.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE NEW MORALITY.

(*Continued from page* 375.)

I don't deny that in our outward laws,
A happy censure's cast on vice's cause;
That in the Nemesis of all darker wrong,
Such acts as these are not unpunished long,
That retribution ever waits on folly here,
Polluted lives, each act of crime or fear.
Yes! sooner or later Justice holds the scales,
When all of craft or guile most surely fails;
When the grave majesty of offended law,
In all its stateliness and voice of awe,
Asserts at last its full and penal pow'r,
Its calm redress, its oft avenging hour.
If oft for years crime rears its prosperous head,
If by its specious wiles the foolish crowd is led
To fancy that ever here, confounded quite,
Are lawless acts and all unfailing right,
O let's feel sure, that, haply, though to-day
Such hateful acts prevail, they pass away
Before the calmer voice of sacred trust,
Of sacred duty, of the censor just!
For now at last experience speaks full clear,
Alike to loyal mind and listening ear,
In simple certainty, and openly declares
How ill it ever with a nation fares,
In which, from any cause or specious plea,
Unmoved and careless, hateful wrong we see;
Or where, by interest led or fear opprest,
Injustice lingers unnoticed, unredrest!
Not so as yet in this our land so true,
Where right and loyalty in radiant hue,
Still bind us all, and mark our onward way,
And bind all classes in one firm array;
Here we will still uphold our public right,
Nor yield to lawless acts or sinful might;
Here we will still true justice aye proclaim,
And long preserve our law-abiding name!
Can nought be done to check the lust for gold?
Must festive youth keep toiling to grow old?
Is there no limit to these sinful schemes?
These painted follies and these hateful dreams?
Which rule so many men, both young and old,
And seem as with a net all classes to enfold?
Is there no chance to stem that hopeless tide
Of inane longings and of gilded pride.
Which, as these words fall from my faltering pen,
Are marking sadly crowds of thinking men?
How idle seems that childish race of ours,
Of wasted energies, and of wither'd powers,
With which we seek the "mirage" gift'd gold,
With which, tho' young, we hasten to grow old;
For which we give up all our hopes sublime;
For which we waste the golden hours of prime,
And find, alas! ere life is half but o'er,
That we have foundered on the deadly shore!
How strange that thus should come on young and old
This wondrous thirst for pleasure-giving gold!
Not that the wealth for which they blindly seek,
For which they toil and pine each weary week,
Can give them fuller happiness to-day;
Can add one grace or take one care away!
Not all the riches of the Orient clime
Can light one sighing hour of transient time;
But that in idle phantasy and garish show,
The love of money ever seems to grow.
Yes, those who set their heart on money now,
Will to that "Baal" all submissive bow,
Seeking, indeed, no true or useful end,
But that on "self" they may have more to spend.
To them all means are just, all means are fair,
For this they all will gladly do or dare;
For this they stifle now the "still small voice;"
For this they give up many a nobler choice,
And seeking only how to gain their aim,
They reck not even the impartial blame
Of those just laws which labour to unite
Contrasted classes in one rule of right,
And sternly guard with ever jealous care
Our social fabric, flourishing and fair.
Alas, for those who only now contrive
Unfairly to progress, unrightly strive;
And that in this great rapid race of life,
Amid the jostling crowd's unceasing strife,
And myriads pressing onwards in the way,
In this our life's great thoroughfare to-day,
They too may swell that cry so often heard:
"O let's be rich, all scruples are absurd!
Money we must have—e'en at any cost;
Though fame is vanishing, though honour's lost,
Money is power, money itself is good!
Why should we not obtain it if we could?
So let us hasten, yes, hasten one and all,
That Danae's golden shower on us may fall.
For this we now will all laborious live;
For this we will without one murmur give
The zealous energy of our anxious heart;
For this we seek the ring, the club, the mart:
For this we make our life's great aim and end,
Money—our God, our joy, our pride, our friend!

MENTOR.

THE BROKEN EMBLEM.

The fashionable season was at its height, and all the places of fashionable summer resort were thronged by visitors, seeking health, rest, or to amuse themselves by mingling with the multitudes that flock together from all parts of the fashionable world.

Lake George was not behind other similar resorts in the number and variety of its visitors. Sherill, the pleasant and affable host of Lake House, was in his glory. No man ever kept a better hotel than Sherill, and no hotel ever had a better landlord than the Lake House.

And no landlord ever kept a hotel in a place more calculated by nature to attract and please, than the pretty little village of Caldwell, hidden away amid mountains that surrounded the head of that most beautiful of all sheets of water, "not excepting the Como," Lake George. 'Twas the middle of July, when in the great cities the church doors had been closed for a little season, that the weary servant of God might flee away to the country for a short respite from his labours, and catch a breath of air untainted by the dust and heat of the city.

When the busy bustling merchant had deserted his counting room and left his business cares to his tried and trusty clerks, and he had gone down to his old home amid the hills of the country, from whence he came a few years ago to seek his fortune in the busy whirl of the metropolis; when the judge and the lawyers had left the court room in silence, while they sought a holiday in the green woods far away; when, in short, everybody who could, had fled from the heat and bustle of the city, and sought for a time rest and quiet in the country.

At such a time, no matter how many years ago, the crowd of visitors at the Lake House were assembled in the upper galleries, that extend around the house, in the evening, amusing themselves in almost every conceivable manner, when the attention of nearly all was attracted to the street front of the house, by the arrival of a carriage from Glen's Fields, bringing two new guests to the Lake House. Sherill was at the door, ready in his bustling good-humoured way to bid them welcome. The new comers were a gentleman, apparently about thirty years old, and a little girl certainly not more than five.

The gentleman was tall and slender, had very black hair and eyes, wore a suit of plain black, but of costly material. He was very pale, as if in ill health. His countenance wore a sad and sorrowful expression indicative of a grief of long standing, but of a never yielding character.

As to the little girl, my pen utterly fails in any attempt to describe her. Suffice it to say that she was in all things the perfection of childish beauty, making one as he looked upon her, think that the days of angel visitation to the earth had not ended; and one as he gazed upon her innocence and beauty, almost expected to see the bright angelic wings unfold, and the little one take flight to a world more congenial than this. Taking the girl by the hand, the gentleman entered the office of the hotel and entered upon the register in a businesslike handwriting, the name of Lawrence Clark and daughter, leaving the place of residence and destination blank.

As soon as a room was assigned him, he retired with his daughter, whom he called Belle, and was seen no more until at the supper table. After supper, he called the landlord aside and inquired if he could recommend to him some female of kind and gentle disposition to whose care he could safely entrust his little daughter for a few days, while they remained at the hotel. Sherill replied in the affirmative, and conducting the stranger to the public parlour he introduced him to his daughter, the beautiful and accomplished Miss Sherill, a young lady of some eighteen years, who readily consented to take the charge of little Belle for such time as the father might desire. These arrangements having been satisfactorily completed, and little Belle placed in charge of her new friend, Lawrence Clark wandered away by himself until bed time.

Days flew rapidly away, and Lawrence Clark remained the same retiring and lonely stranger to all the company of visitors at the hotel, as when he first came among them. He neither sought nor accepted any companionship, except that of little Belle, for whom he evinced an almost idolatrous

love, and whom he daily took for an hour or two from the care of her friend, Miss Sherill, and wandered with her down beside the blue waters of the Lake, or took her to ride with him upon their calm bosom. No one knew even whence he came, and no one showed any desire to intrude upon his privacy, or ask him questions concerning himself or his antecedents. Mr. Clark, after spending his mornings as above described with his daughter, was in the habit of leaving the hotel after dinner and wandering away by himself until supper time; and frequently remained out until nearly bed time. Some three weeks had thus passed away, when on one bright and beautiful day, after taking little Belle to ride upon the lake in the morning, Mr. Clark walked off in the direction of French Mountain, telling his daughter that he was going to climb to the mountain's top, and if at about three o'clock she watched a certain tree on the mountain's brow, she would see him wave his handkerchief to her. Little Belle and her kind friend, Miss Sherill, at the promised hour, saw the promised signal. Some hours after, as the sun was sinking in the west, a sudden and very severe storm arose and soon swept across the country. The winds blew almost a hurricane and the rain fell in torrents. So suddenly had the storm arisen, that many wanderers from the hotel, although but a little way off, were drenched by the rain before they could reach shelter in the house. Night had also suddenly fallen upon the earth, and soon after the advent of the storm all nature seemed shrouded in almost impenetrable darkness. Some of the wanderers from the hotel were compelled to seek shelter in the houses of citizens residing in the neighbourhood, while some half dozen young men and maidens who had been paying a visit to a pleasant place about one mile from the hotel known as Kiss Hollow found themselves at the approach of the storm, in the immediate vicinity of Gage Hill school house, of which they took immediate possession, and when darkness came on, they lighted some pieces of candles which they found in the house, left, no doubt, from the last evening prayer-meeting held in the school-room, and thus provided, they set about enjoying the time of their imprisonment as best they might.

Three of the strollers from the hotel were less successful, and were compelled to endure the full force of the storm. These three were Lawrence Clark, last seen on the summit of French Mountain, and Albert Colby and his inseparable friend and companion, Henry Newton. The two last named had been visiting Bloody Pond and its vicinity and were there overtaken by the storm, and in endeavouring to find some kind of shelter in the blinding wind and rain, they lost their way and wandered some time before they found even the big road leading from Glen's Falls to Caldwell. Staggering rather than walking along in the direction of the hotel, amid darkness so deep it could almost be felt they neared Gage Hill. Suddenly, Colby, who was a little in advance of his friend, struck his foot against some object in his pathway, and fell headlong into the water and mud of the road. Before he could sufficiently recover to warn his companion to beware, he too had struck the same obstruction, and met with the same misfortune that had befallen his unfortunate friend. Rising as soooon as possible, they both simultaneously stretched forth their hands to find if possible, the nature of the obstacle that had caused their fall.

The reader may imagine their horror when they found the form of some human being lying prone in the highway, with face upturned to the merciless pelting of the storm, and apparently lifeless. "My God!" exclaimed Colby, in a hoarse whisper, "it is a man, and dead! what shall we do with him?" "We can do nothing," said Newton, in the same frightened tone, "there is no house near that I know of, and I even do not know where I am myself."

"Let us feel about us," said Colby, "and see if we cannot find some bank beside the road where we can lay the body out of this terrible mire, while we seek aid at the hands of some charitable citizen in this neighbourhood." They immediately set about the search, and were pleased to find within a few feet of the body, a high knoll at the foot of a tree or stump—they could not tell which in the darkness—where the body might be laid until they could find help to remove it. Again feeling their way in the mud with their hands they soon found the body, and taking it in their arms, they made their way with it to the place they had found to lay it. As they straightened out the limbs as best they could in that

awful blackness, they were startled by hearing words, very faint and low, from the lips of him whom they supposed dead. Bowing their heads to catch if possible his faintest breath, they both heard and fully understood a few closing words of that sentence so well known to all Master Masons, which tells a Brother Mason of the dire extremity and distress to which he who utters it is reduced.

Colby and Newton were brethren of the mystic tie, and well knew the duty that thus fell upon them. "O dear," cried Newton, "what can we do, here is our Brother, whoever he may be, and from the very portals of the grave, he calls upon us for aid and assistance. Oh! what shall we do?" "There is but one thing we can do," said Colby, "and that is for you to go the best way you can, in search of aid, while I remain here with our dying Brother," and as he said it, he calmly seated himself on the wet ground, and drawing the strange, but dying brother's head up to his bosom, he wrapped his thin coat about him as best he could, and prepared himself for his lonely vigil in the darkness and storm, with the dying or the dead, while his friend Newton should seek the help so much needed. Newton turned to start upon the discharge of his part of the painful duty, but had scarcely stumbled more than three or four steps from his starting place, when his ears were greeted by a very merry ringing laugh, full and loud as if coming from many voices, backed by many happy hearts. The laugh seemed to come from a house a little to the left of the road, and at no great distance from them, but the light from which was hidden from them by some intervening object. As if by one impulse both the friends set up a shout, and the cry of "help! help!" rang out upon the night air and seemed to join in making the howling of the storm more weird and frightful. Soon came the answering cry of "where?" and by a continuous shouting, the answering party, which consisted of the young men who, with their lady friends, had found shelter in the school house, were led to the top of a steep bank that arose on that side of the road at the spot where the two companions had found their dying Brother. One of the young men carried a lighted candle in a water bucket over which he carried his hat to protect the candle from the wind and the rain. A pathway up the bank was found near by, and by the aid of three or four of the new comers, the two friends managed to carry the apparently lifeless body up the bank, when the candle in the bucket was suddenly extinguished. But guided by the lights from the school house now plainly to be seen, the little company soon reached its gracious shelter, where the body was laid upon a dry shawl spread upon the floor by one of the young ladies. After their fright had a little passed away, the young ladies united with the gentlemen in endeavouring to bring back to life him, who to all appearances had already fled the regions of time, and found shelter in the realms of eternity. Beautiful cambric handkerchiefs were readily supplied to remove the mud and dirt from the face. The hands and feet were chafed by the anxious watchers, but all in vain. The lips of the dying man opened but once, and borne on on that parting breath the attentive listeners heard the whispered words, "Darling Belle," and all that mournful company in the little wayside school house knew that Lawrence Clark had gone out forever, leaving his darling Belle, not to the cold charities of the world, but to the tender fostering care of his Masonic Brethren.

At about midnight the storm had spent its fury, the winds died away, the rain ceased to fall, the clouds rolled away, and the late moon arose to shed a little light on the scene. Some of the young men from the school house hastened to the hotel and soon returned with an open wagon, in which the ladies and their companions found conveyance to their homes at the hotel. Colby and Newton remained with their Brother's lifeless body, which they watched until the coming of the Coroner in the morning. News of the finding of the dead man in the road had spread like wildfire in that peaceful neighbourhood, and before the sun had completed the first hour of its daily journey, a crowd had gathered at Gage's school house to see for themselves the proof of the truth of the flying reports. The Coroner came early, a jury was readily empanelled, and an investigation of the cause of death was held. A learned doctor from the town was called to make the examination. His pockets were searched, but they were empty; he had neither pocket-book nor money. Some remembered to have seen him wear a fine

gold watch and chain, but they, too, were gone. Upon removing his clothing about the region of the heart, a gash about an inch in width was found, from which oozed a little blood, showing where some deadly instrument had entered. "Murdered!" said the doctor, and "murdered" was whispered from lip to lip throughout that crowd of spectators, "Murdered and robbed by some party to this jury unknown," was the verdict of the Coroner's jury; and thus it still remains, "murdered," but only the grand inquest at the last great day shall reveal the name of the murderer. After the inquest was ended, Colby and Newton gave orders for bringing the body to the village and preparing it for the grave. Then they returnend to the hotel to get a change of clothing, and by this time much needed refreshments.

The two friends and Brothers, Colby and Newton, seemed naturally, as Fraternally, called upon to take a sort of supervisory care of the affairs of their deceased Brother Clark, and make all necessary arrangements for his decent and proper burial. After partaking of a substantial breakfast, and while waiting the coming of the body, the two friends were startled by an as yet unthought of difficulty. This difficulty was suggested to them by the sight of little Belle, as she was sporting amid the flowers of the park on the lakeward side of the hotel. In the sorrowful excitement of the past few hours, her very existence seemed by them to have been forgotten. But now, as if by common impulse, both asked the question, "What is to become of her?"

Neither was prepared to answer, and both remained for a few moments silent.

"I wonder," said Newton, "if any one has told her of her father's death."

"I think not," said Coldby, "but let's inquire and find out." And entering the hotel, they sent a servant to ask Miss Sherill to grant them a short interview. In a moment their messenger returned and invited them into the parlour where Miss Sherill awaited their coming. After the usual compliments of courtesy were passed by the lady and two young men, upon their entrance into the parlour, Colby at once entered upon the subject uppermost in his mind, by inquiring of Miss Sherill if little Belle had been informed of the death of her father.

"No," said Miss Sherill; and the tears started as she replied, "I could not tell her; 'twould kill me to see her suffer as she must, neither can I find any one in the house who will consent to perform the painful duty, so it has not been done, and I cannot do it."

While she was still speaking, Belle came in at the door, and with a happy smile on her face, bade them all good morning.

Colby had frequently spoken to her before this time, and was on very good terms with her, and now feeling it to be his duty, as no one else would do it, he determined to be himself the bearer of the terrible news of her bereavement to the little girl. Extending both his hands towards her, he said, "Good morning, little Belle, won't you come and shake hands with me."

"Yes sir," replied the child, and going up to him, laid both her little hands in his.

"Would you not like to go and walk in the park with me a little while," said he.

"Oh, yes," and her eyes fairly danced with joy, "I saw such a pretty little bird out there just now; I hope we can find it again, and maybe dear papa will come when we are out there," and she started to lead the way out, holding on to Colby's hand.

His heart and throat were too full for utterance, but taking the child up in his arms and impulsively pressing her to his bosom, he walked out into the park and took a seat on a rural bench in the shade of a great elm—still holding Belle in his arms—and while he gazed on her happy face, he felt that his courage was fast ebbing away, and if he was to tell the little girl the sorrowful tale at all, he must tell it at once. "Belle, darling," said he, and his voice trembled, and in spite of himself the tears chased each other quickly down his cheeks, "I have bad news to tell you about your dear papa, and you must try and be a good girl and not feel too bad when I tell it." Belle slipped from his arms and stood before him gazing into his face—her bright smile was gone, the rose blush had fled from her cheek, and every feature had assumed the expression of one suffering the most intense agony.

"What is it, sir? what is the matter with my papa?" said she in a hoarse whisper.

Colby looked in her face and saw it was no child with whom he was talking. A child she might be in years, and in stature, but her capacity for suffering could not have been greater if twenty years instead of five had been her age; and he knew that her suspense was worse, if possible, than would be the effect of what he had to tell. So taking her once more in his arms, he said, "Darling, your papa is dead, and will soon be brought here from where he was found last night in a dying condition."

Belle heard but the first few words. Without a groan—scarcely a sigh—her little head leaned upon Colby's breast, her eyes closed, and for the time being, at least, the lamb was beyond the reach of suffering. Colby thought she was dead, and taking her in his arms he flew back to the parlour, where Miss Sherill and Newton were still talking of the sad events of the last few hours. Both started to their feet as they saw the white face resting against Colby's shoulder as he entered the door. Miss Sherill advanced to meet him and take the child, and as he laid the lifeless body in the arms of her friend, he said, "There, the work is completed, the assassin slew the father, I have killed the daughter." He could endure no more, he turned and left the room. Among the guests at the hotel were one or more doctors, who after being called, examined little Belle and decided that she was only in a swoon, and with proper care would soon return to consciousness again.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, a coffin arrived from Glen's Falls, and the body was soon prepared for the grave While the clothing found on the body was being removed to give place to other and cleaner garments, a small pin was found on the shirt front, of peculiar shape. It was merely a plain triangular piece of gold plate, one side only being slightly carved.

On the front of this pin were some broken lines, but nothing, that any one who examined it could understand. The pin was handed to Colby who put it away in his pocket-book, hoping, he knew not what, might come from it in the future.

There were many Masons among the guests of the Lake House, and a Lodge in the town. The Master called the Lodge together, and after being satisfied by Newton and Colby that the deceased was a Brother, the Lodge took charge of the funeral arrangements.

At a late hour of the afternoon, the body of Lawrence Clark was laid in the grave prepared for it in the Church of the little village by his Masonic Brethren, who paid to his remains the honours due to the good and the worthy.

The day following the funeral, a council was held in the parlour at the hotel, to decide what should be done with little Belle.

After some argument, it was decided that Colby was entitled to have the selection of the home of the poor orphan, which he quickly settled, by expressing his determination to take the little girl to his own home, and placing her in charge of his aged Mother, and a widowed, though childless sister. Some days elapsed before Belle was sufficiently restored to health to be able to leave her room, and when she did so, she seemed to have lost all her former cheerfulness. She wandered about from room to room, listlessly and with no apparent interest in any of her surroundings. This determined Colby to leave as soon as possible, in order to remove her as much as possible, from the scenes that reminded her so forcibly of her great misfortune.

Preparations were soon completed, and one bright morning little Belle and her future protector bade adieu to their many friends at the hotel, and started on their homeward journey.

When Colby was about to enter the carriage that had been engaged to carry them to the railway station, Miss Sherill handed him a little box, which she said contained trinkets of various kinds belonging to Belle.

While riding along the small road, Colby tried to draw his companion from her mournful thoughts, and cause her in a measure to forget her sorrow. Among other means used to attract her attention, he asked her if she would show him what nice things were in the little box he had in his hand. She readily consented, and opening the box she laid in his hand a number of pieces of jewellery, each of which she said was a gift from poor dead papa.

There was nothing of much interest to Colby among the contents of the box, except a small breastpin, which Belle said papa had told her never to lose. Upon close

examination of the pin, Colby found it to be almost the exact form and appearance of the one he had in his pocket, taken from the person of the dead Lawrence Clark. Colby could make nothing of the pins, any more than that they were peculiar in form and making, but he could not rid his mind of the thought that those pins would some time be of great use to Belle in some way, he knew not how. Returning all the jewellery to the box except the pin, Colby pinned it to the ribbon which the little girl wore about her neck, and told her to always wear it, whether at home or abroad, which she promised to do.

Belle was received by Colby's mother and sister with open arms, and a hearty welcome, and she grew to be the very life and joy of her new home.

I hasten over the history of the next fourteen years. Belle was now eighteen or nineteen years old. Her early womanhood had more than fulfilled the promise of her childhood, for in person she was the perfection of womanly beauty. Her education had been carefully attended to, and she was now an accomplished scholar in every respect.

Colby was still single, and a gentleman of leisure, being the possessor of an immense fortune. A great portion of his life had been spent in travelling in almost every part of the world. Belle had ever been an especial favourite of his, and he had often declared that she should inherit all his wealth. He, now that she had completed her studies, determined to take her with him on a voyage to Europe, his sister going along as company and guide for her. They accordingly sailed from New York in the month of November for Liverpool and thence to London. They had a short and pleasant trip across the Atlantic, and within a week after their arrival in England, were pleasantly settled for the winter, in a pleasant suite of rooms at a fashionable hotel in the great city of London. The season of gaiety in the metropolis was at its height. Colby, having many influential and wealthy acquaintances in the city, found ready access for himself and companions into the very best circles of society; consequently, our young friend Belle immediately entered upon a round of visitations alike pleasant and instructive to her. Some few weeks after their arrival in the city, they received cards of invitation to an evening party at the house of a widow lady—reputed to be very wealthy—the descendant of a noble family and very highly accomplished. The invitation was accepted gladly by our friends, who immediately set about making preparations for what it was said would be the great party of the season. The lady giver of this most fashionable entertainment lived in a splendid mansion in one of the most fashionable streets in the fashionable portion of London.

On the appointed evening, at the usual hour, our friends repaired to the house of entertainment. They were received by the hostess with marked attention and cordiality, and Belle became at once the belle of the occasion, and was soon the observed of all observers. We do not propose to describe the party or the persons present; our story has relation but to some three or four of the participants in the gay scene; suffice it to say, that

"All went merry as a marriage bell."

Late in the evening, after having wandered through the various rooms devoted to the amusement of the guests, Colby was standing idly near a small company of aged persons who were passing the time in social converse, when the lady of the house approached him and smilingly asked, if he was already becoming wearied. As he replied in the negative, his eye fell upon a small pin which she wore in her collar. He started so suddenly that it attracted her attention, and she inquired the cause of such strange emotion.

"Madam," said Colby, "you will excuse me, I know, when you hear the explanation of my strange conduct, and allow me to assure you that it is no idle curiosity that prompts me to commit what under other circumstances would be an ungentlemanly act."

"Pray, sir, proceed," said the lady, her countenance expressing the surprise she doubtless felt at Colby's strange words and appearance.

"I will," said Colby. "Allow me to ask where you obtained the small breastpin you are now wearing?"

The lady turned deadly pale as she replied "that the pin was the gift of one she supposed was long since dead. But," said she, "why do you ask—what interest can you have in the history of my pin?"

"I have no personal interest in it," replied Colby, "but I have in my posses-

sion a pin much like the one worn by you, and it was obtained by me under very painful circumstances—I having taken it from the person of a murdered man, who was an entire stranger in the country where he was slain. I have long sacredly kept that pin," continued he, "hoping that some day it would, in some manner, bring me to know more of him who once wore it."

Without a word of reply the lady took Colby's arm and led him to a seat at the further end of the room, and out of hearing of her guests.

After seating herself beside him, she remarked, "I will tell you, sir, the history of this pin, as I am satisfied that you know more about it than you seem willing to reveal. This pin was a gift from my husband. When I was but eighteen years of age, I married an American gentleman named Moore, who was travelling for pleasure, and whom I met, loved and married contrary to my parents' wishes, while spending a winter in Rome. Soon after our marriage, myself and husband went to Paris, where we resided for nearly two years, during which time, a son and daughter—twins, were born to us. Another year passed in almost unalloyed happiness.

"Then a distant relative of my father died, and left him heir to a title in England and an immense fortune. My parents were now more than ever dissatisfied with my choice of a husband. I was their only child, and would at their death inherit their wealth and title. They seemed determined to bring about a separation between my husband and myself, to accomplish which they came to Paris and soon filled my silly head with all manner of notions of wealth, grandeur, happiness and pleasure I might enjoy if I would desert my husband and go home with them. They told me a divorce could readily be obtained, that I could get possession of my children, and thus provide a name and social position for them and myself. In an evil hour I listened to their wicked advice, and taking my son with me, I left my home and came with my parents to England. My husband had our daughter out riding with him when I left his house, so I was compelled to leave her behind. My parents persuaded me that my husband would soon follow me to England, and when there, they would easily find means of restoring my daughter to me. In this they were mistaken. My husband never came to England. I received one letter from him soon after my arrival in London, kindly requesting me to come back to him. By advice of my parents, I haughtily answered his letter, telling him that I should never live with him again. I have never seen husband or child, or heard tidings of them from that day to this. But I assure you, sir, that if suffering can repay for a wrong committed, I am amply repaid for the wrong done a kind and loving husband. Soon after leaving my home, I became convinced that I had acted very foolishly and wickedly, and I sincerely repented the course I had pursued. My father wanted to procure a divorce for me, but I would never consent. In a few years my parents both died. My son soon followed them to the grave, and for some four or five years, although surrounded by wealth and friends, I have been a lonely, miserable, unhappy woman."

"But about that pin," said Colby, "you have not told me of that."

"True," replied the lady, "I had forgotten the pin. Soon after the birth of our twins, my husband one day presented the pin to me, and gave a similar one to each of our children, reserving one to himself. I think he said the four when together formed some kind of a Masonic emblem. At the death of my son I took his pin, and have since kept it in my personal possession;" and taking her portmonaie from her pocket, she took from it a small breast-pin like to the one worn by Belle.

At this moment the door leading to the next room was thrown open, and there came from it the sound of a sweet voice that seemed to fill both rooms with melody, as she sang the chorus of that sweet old song,

"Home, sweet home, be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

Colby and his companion listened until the song was finished, then turning to her once more he said, "What did you say was your husband's name?"

"Moore," replied the lady, "Lawrence Clark Moore. And now, sir, please tell me why you ask so many questions touching this pin and its history? I am sure you have some good reason."

"If you will lend me those two pins, I will answer your inquiry quickly."

She handed him the two pins.

"Now, madam," said he, "take my arm and let us go into the music room."

They found Belle still seated at the piano, while the company stood in groups around her, listening to the sweet music she drew forth from the instrument. When the piece was finished, Colby led his companion to the side of the young musician. "Belle," said he, addressing her, "where is the little pin that years ago you promised me to constantly wear?"

"I have it here," said the maiden; and she unpinned it from her collar and handed it to him.

He laid the three pins down upon the piano, joining the three similar sides together He then drew from his pocket-book the pin he had kept so long, and placed it with the others. The emblem was complete. The four pins formed a Master Mason's apron, with the letter G in the centre.

Then turning to Madame Moore, who was now very pale and trembling violently —her eyes fixed on Belle — he said, "Madam, the jewel is perfect now. The part I had was taken from the bosom of a murdered Masonic Brother fourteen years ago. I only knew him as Lawrence Clark, the name he gave to the public. And that young lady," said he, pointing to Belle, "is his daughter."

"Mrs Moore waited to hear no more, but, clasping Belle to her bosom, she uttered one cry of "My child," and then sank down in her daughter's arms, alike forgetful of joy or sorrow.

And here I leave them to the enjoyment of their happiness, which, when the mother returned to consciousness, seemed as perfect as earthly happiness can be.

The broken jewel has done its work, and aided, as all Masonic emblems and jewels should do, in advancing the happiness of mankind.—*N. D. in Masonic Jewel.*

Masonry is a progressive science, and not to be attained in any degree of perfection but by time, patience, and a considerable degree of application and industry; for no one is admitted to the profoundest secrets, or the highest honours of this Fraternity, till by time, we are assured he has learned secrecy and morality.

Masonic Poetry.

THE MYSTERY.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

A ship sailed once across the sea
When summer suns shone brightly;
The wind blew fair, the wind blew free,
She skimmed the waters lightly,
And not a shadow in the sky,
Gave warning of a danger nigh.

For many a day she sailed apace
With favouring wind and weather;
The captain wore a smiling face,
The seamen sang together;
With happy looks and hopeful speech
The passengers spoke each to each.

And all grew gladder day by day
As on the good ship bore them:
The peril lying in their way,
The woe that went before them,
No heart conceived—no eye, compelled
By any haunting fear, beheld.

God's ways are dark to human eyes,
And strange his visitations;
We see and hear, in dumb surprise;
And men of all the nations
Have sought, but ever sought in vain,
His mighty reasons to explain.

One dies—because it is God's will—
But why, or where he goeth,
Or why another lingers still,
No living creature knoweth.
There is no voice from sea or land
That we can hear and understand.

And why the ship that braved the shock
Of billows in mid-ocean,
Should founder on a hidden rock
Amid the sad commotion
Of shrieks and groans, and frantic prayer,
That sprang upon the empty air,—

When, had He willed it, one day more
(One little night and morrow!)
Had brought them safely to the shore
And spared the wide-spread sorrow,—
What man can answer more than this,
That nought He does is done amiss?

A very nervous lady, who was descending from the Tip-top House, by the almost perpendicular railroad, said to the conductor: "Suppose, Mr. Conductor, all the brakes should give way, where would we go?" "Madam, I can't decide. That depends entirely upon how you have lived in this world," replied the conductor.

DISPERSION OF LANGUAGE.

BY W. S. HOPPER.

SECOND PAPER.

In order to facilitate the growth and development of language, there must of necessity be epochs in its history when there are distinct separations of men or nationalities, and thereby definite dispersions. As there have been periods in every nation, science and art, when there has been great impetus to progress, so there has been in language. With this view we can distinctly call to mind the historic facts of the building of Babel; of Solomon's Temple; and of the dispersion of the disciples of Christ after his departure.

We are not to consider that the conception of the building of Babel was an act of the Divine mind, but that at this period of the world's history there must have been a dispersion because the people were becoming so numerous that there would ere long have been such a turmoil and disquietude, especially as there was no organization of government except as one man had a greater influence than another, and thereby became an acknowledged leader. This being their condition at the time, it was necessary that they be banded in smaller communities.

God doubtless would have accomplished this dispersion in some other way had not men been moved to construct that tower, but He seized that opportunity to effect it.

Many have supposed that the confusion of tongues was so great that almost every one was lead to speak a different language. This, however, seems to be a very great error. There was great confusion of tongue, but many persons spake to and understood each other; still the number of languages spoken was so great as to render it absolutely impossible to engage further upon a work which required the exercise of every hand and to make a dispersion imperative. Hence, the people very soon gathered into groups, and finally into the more thorough organization of tribes, and moved into different parts of the country, going in the direction of every point of the compass. Some of these tribes preserved very nearly the same idea of God as the entire people had entertained, while others retained indefinite thoughts concerning Him, and still others seem to have lost almost all knowledge of His character, attributes and worship, only retaining a very vague idea of the fact that there was somewhere a Great Ruling Power whom they denominated the Great Spirit. This doubtless was the origin of idolatry and heathenism, and of the different languages as we have them to-day. It does not follow, however, that the languages spoken now were the identical ones which followed this dispersion, because there have been great degrees of growth and development in all the ages which have followed. For instance, the Anglo-Saxon has grown into the English, and there is scarcely a word of the English spoken or written as the Anglo-Saxon, yet the same thought is expressed in the same general manner. The same will be found true in all other languages.

The question many times arises as to the method employed to people both sides of the world, or all the continents, the Eastern, Western and Australia, some holding the idea that the world at that period was in these three great divisions, as now, and that by some means inhabitants of North Eastern Asia crossed the narrow belt of water now called Behring's Strait, and travelling East and South inhabited North and South America.

Now this might have been the case, but there is no probability that at that early age there were any means of crossing even that narrow belt of water. No boat of that age, if there were any, could have withstood the storms.

But, says another, they crossed at different times when there was solid ice. Here another difficulty stands in the way. These people were reared in the climate of Babylon and Palestine, and could not have endured the intense cold of that latitude, at a period so early and with so little protection as they had. Besides all the early discoveries show that the majority of the early inhabitants of America were in the more Southern climes, nearer the latitude of the Oriental nations.

Then another difficulty meets us. If they had crossed in this manner, how were New Guinea, Borneo and Australia populated? These were very far South, and the space by water was so great that no effort of the Orientals could have effected a crossing.

Then how could South America and Mexico have become the most densely populated of all the transoceanic lands? To have gone in great companies, as they must have travelled, from the extreme South East of the land now called Turkey, to the extreme North East of Siberia, then South into Mexico and South America, down to Patagonia, would have required unnumbered ages.

There is one solution to this historical and geographical problem. It is said in Genesis that in the "days of Peleg the earth was divided." Now Peleg was born after the confusion of tongues, and the separation of the races. And we are to understand that at that time the earth was all in one body, and that this reference is to the division of the earth and not the people.

By a reference to the Atlas it will be seen that from Babel, East of the Mediteranean Sea, it was a matter of little moment to journey South into the North of Arabia and thence East into the North of Africa. The same is true of the North West toward Europe, and West into India and China. Now by a further examination it will be found that the *Western part* of the *Eastern Hemisphere*, and the *Eastern part* of the *Western Hemisphere are exact counterparts of each other*, and that the *Western coast of Australia* and the *islands North, are to a great degree the counterpart of the Western coast of Southern Africa.*

From these facts it is evident that the whole land was in one vast country, and that by a grand convulsion the earth was ruptured, and became these various parts.

Now, all of these were possessed by the tribes who had emigrated from Babel, and, by this division, they were dispersed into these various lands as we have them to-day. During the ages which followed they emigrated into the more northern parts of their country; but the southern parts kept the greater portion of the population, hence were larger in numbers at the times of modern discoveries.

This is again developed by the fact that we find the nations in the interior of barbarous lands, far removed from the bounds of civilization, have preserved many of the elements of the Oriental languages. Again, if we take any belt of the earth and travel East and West, we find the same general elements of language in that belt around the earth. For instance, going through the north of Africa into Arabia, China, and even as far north as Japan, then across into the region of America, the same general elements of speech prevail, although the language is so different that we cannot understand it. There is a great degree of similarity in the letters, intonation, voice, &c. Looking at these general facts we are convinced that this was the manner in which the world was populated and language dispersed and preserved.

We reserve the other dispersions, our Masonic language, and the antiquity of Masonry, for a future article.

THE BRICKLAYER.

"Ho, to the top of the towering wall!"
'Tis the master-mason's rallying call;—
"To the scaffolding, boys, now merrily climb;
'Tis seven o'clock by the town-bell's chime!
Bring to your work good muscle and brawn,
And a keen, quick eye where the line is drawn:
Out with your saw-tempered blades of steel!
Smoother than glass from point to heel;
Ring out your challenge: *Mort, O Mort!*"

Clink! clink! trowel and brick!
Music with labour and art combine;
Brick upon brick, lay them up quick:
But lay to the line, boys; lay to the line!

Cheery as crickets all the day long,
Lightening labour with laugh and song;
Busy as bees upon angle and pier,
Piling the red blocks tier upon tier;
Climbing and climbing still nearer the sun;
Prouder than kings of the work they have done!
Upward and upward the bricklayers go,
Till men are but children and pigmies below;
While the master's orders falls ringing and short,
To the staggering carrier, *Mort, O Mort!*

Clink! clink! trowel and brick!
Music with labour and art combine;
Brick upon brick, lay them up quick,
But lay to the line, boys; lay to the line!

Who are the peers of the best in the land,
Worthy 'neath arches of honour to stand?
They of the brick-reddened mortar-stained palms,
With shoulders of giants and sinewy arms,
Builders of cities and builders of homes,
Propping the sky up with spires and domes;
Writing thereon with their trowel and lime
Legends of toil for the eyes of Time!
So that the ages may read as they run,
All that their magical might has done!

So clink! clink! trowel and brick!
Work by the master's word and sign,
"Brick upon brick, lay them up quick!
But lay to the line, boys; lay to the line!"

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Review.

Lending unto the Lord. By Baron Conway and J. Russell Endean. Kerby and Endean, 190, Oxford Street.

We have been greatly pleased with this little book, which we most cordially recommend to the notice of heads of families, for the special pleasure and information of youth, as well as for the delectation and perusal of many children of older growth. For such tales make us all young again, and carry us back to olden days of happy and gentle home and family life.

Now, indeed, the gaudy sights and dazzling lights of the world fall upon us in all their glare, disclosing the wrinkles that time has brought, and leaving us fevered and feeble in the weary journey of years.

And our tastes, perhaps, are not so true as they once were, but have become enfeebled or perverted by the lapse of time and the fashion of the day.

Instead of the simple fairy tale which delighted us when young, we like to-day to wander amid the "weird" tales of all but impossible folly and crime, or to be excited by the morbid sensationalism of the hour.

All efforts are to be commended, therefore, which seek to bring back the passing generation to a purer and healthier taste for reading a higher and better class of literature. Mr. Endean deserves, therefore, the thanks of all who value the true education of all the mental faculties and the entire moral will, by providing such good and seasonable "pabulum mentis," alike for young, and middle-aged, and old.

The little tale is taken from a true incident in the life of Christian Fürchte-Gott Gellert, and inculcates practical duty and real philanthropy, on the highest principles and in the most effective manner.

Most of us have, probably, heard of that great German writer, author of Stories and Hymns, who so much adorned the "Vaterland" in the last century, having been born in 1718, and dying in 1769.

He was Professor of Belles Lettres at the University of Leipsic, which post of honour he held for 34 years.

His works were once among the Standard Works of all "Gymnasia," in Germany, and are still deeply valued, and we believe largely read.

Like all German writers, he has had his admirers and his detractors, but his simple, and true, and unostentatious piety is still both realized and valued by countless kind and sympathizing German readers.

Some of his stories, and songs, and hymns are well known, and we therefore cordially thank Mr. Endean for his most interesting little "souvenir" of so good a man.

We congratulate Mr. Endean also on the admirable way in which he has sent out the work for the reading public, for it is both admirably printed and charmingly illustrated by the facile "Crayon" of the Hon. Charlotte Ellis; and we trust, as we doubt not, that this pleasant little work will have a large circulation.

Miss Endean, the daughter of the publisher, has also written a very pretty little hymn contained in the work, being only in her 12th year, and the music to which it has been set is composed by the author of the "Old, old Story."

We know of no prettier present for a young person than this affecting incident in the life of a man who was so useful in his generation, and such an ornament to Germany and mankind. W.

AN ELEPHANT HUNT IN SIAM.

I received an order on the 25th of April to accompany the Regent Chow-Phya-Sury-Wongse-Somdetch to Ajuthia, the ancient capital, where an elephant hunt was to take place. I was very much gratified at receiving the order, for not only is an elephant hunt one of the rarest and most curious sports in the world, but on this occasion orders had been given three months beforehand to find out the largest herd and entice them into the traps. The elephants of Siam have, moreover, a great reputation in India, and I knew that especial pains would be taken to make the hunt as splendid as possible, and thus give a mark of recognition to the numerous Nais-Daps-Falangs (European officers) who had come to attend the cremation ceremonies of the old king Somdetch-Phra-Paramendr-Mâha-Mongkut, supreme king of Siam, who died Oct. 1st, 1868, and was burned March 9th, 1870.

The present young king Somdetch-Phra-Paramendrl-Maka-Chulalon-Korn, being in mourning, could not attend, and had deputed the Regent to represent him on the occasion. Amongst the Europeans who were present at the hunt, I noticed the American Consul, General Partridge, and the legation, the English Consul, Thomas Knox, Esq., accompanied by the naval officers from Singapore, the Vice-Consul of France, with the French naval officers from Saigon, the Spanish embassy, represented by the Chevalier Paxtoy Chaval, the Prussian Consul, with the officers of the *Medusa*, then lying at Bangkok, before pursuing her voyage round the world. There were also present the Portuguese Consul, M. Viallat, who so unfortunately perished in this excursion, the Danish Consul, and several American and English missionaries, both men and women, with some European and American merchants and their families. The Siamese were represented by the second king of Siam, with the Court, the Regent, the principal officers of the crown, the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and the Interior;—the grand mandarin of the elephants and the writer were masters of the ceremonies.

Three steamers of the royal fleet left on the 24th of April with the guests on board. They started at ten o'clock. Every possible attention was paid to the comfort of the party, a band of music was on board each steamer, and a perfect army of boys in blue and white fanned the guests, while the air was fragrant with flowers strewn upon the decks. As I had received an order to bring the Portuguese Consul in a small pleasure yacht, I set out two hours later. M. Viallat was not ready, but promised to leave as soon as possible. We ascended the magnificent river called Me-Nam (mother of waters) keeping along the banks, which were fringed with fig, palm, banana, guava, citron and other trees. The air was heavy with perfumes, unknown in Europe, and to add oddity to the scene, little monkeys, of various species gambolled and leaped from branch to branch with perplexed look and startled cry.

As the sun began to set, we took the middle of the river, with the double view of avoiding the mosquitoes, and making up for lost time. As the last ray of the sun died away behind the mountains, the clash of gongs, summoning the *talapoints* or priests to prayer, was heard from the pagodas, that fled away behind us in the twilight. Then myriads of insects began to *zizzee*, as the Siamese anomatopoetically express it, and as soon as the moon rose a milky kind of light seemed shed over the earth, while innumerable fire-flies illumined the trees.

We arrived at Ajuthia at half past twelve, where we found the steamers lying at anchor, but the music and joyous sounds on board testified that few of their inmates had any desire for sleep. I went immediately to the Regent, and informed him of M. Viallat's unexpected delay; the Regent seemed annoyed, and feared that his men might lead him astray, as they were but imperfectly acquainted with the road.

I was awakened next morning early by one of my men, and set out to explore the neighbourhood. Behind me, towards the east, extended a vast forest to the very horizon; it was through this forest the elephants were to arrive. At my feet the Menam rolled majestically along On the other other side of the river was a vast arena built of masonry, which I found out was the trap. I jumped into a pirogue, manned by a few *Khones-Rhua* (rowers) and landed on the other bank, at the very spot where the elephants were to pass. The trap soon showed itself to be two hedges about twenty feet in height, and gradually growing narrower as they approached the entrance to a large construction, which looked like a pagoda in ruins. An incredible luxuriance of vegetation formed two thick walls of a verdure as shining as green porcelain. The curiously shaped trees were so leafy, so thick, and so intertwined from root to top, that it appeared impossible for the smallest quadruped to pass through them. A thousand birds found shade in the foliage, and saluted the delightful morning with their warblings; red and green parrots climbed to the tree-tops with the aid of their hooked beaks. Among the trees I distinguished the acacia rose, the ginger tree, the stephanotis, the gardenia, the tamarind, the laurel rose, the guava, the papaw, the kadanga, &c., and all these trunks and branches were interlaced together by young bamboos. With every gust of air they loaded the atmosphere with

their penetrating aroma. *Maina-Mainous*, large birds of a lapis blue, their breasts and long tails shot with shades of brownish gold, chased velvet, black, and orange coloured orioles through the trees; green and blue doves, and others of an irisated violet were cooing amongst birds of Paradise whose brilliant plumage combined the prismatic lights of the emerald and the ruby, the topaz and the sapphire.

I was awakened from my contemplation by my guide, who informed me that what I was looking at constituted the trap—that in the middle of this luxuriant vegetation, which appeared virgin to my eyes, were on each side four alleys of trees of iron-wood, about three-feet in diameter. They were imbedded in masonry to the depth of ten or twelve feet, and such is the luxuriant nature of this climate, that the enormous black stakes were surrounded and hid in two years in the manner just described. Left bare, the stakes would have warned these intelligent animals of their danger. It is necessary to lead them into the defile without distrust, so as to avoid their terrible and dangerous anger. On entering the door, which was just wide enough for the passage of an elephant, we found ourselves in a large square inclosure, built of granite, about eight hundred square yards in area, but without any roofing. The walls were about fifteen feet thick, and thirty feet in height, and the top coped with rose and green coloured granite so as to form an esplanade, which was interrupted however on the east and west by the passages which were to be the entrance and outlet, and over which a hanging bridge was thrown. The Court and foreign guests could thus view the sport from this esplanade as from a balcony, as balustrades were chiselled in the stone all round the edifice.

Along the walls inside were stakes of iron-wood, placed about fifteen feet from the wall, and at such a distance from each other that a man could just pass between them sideways. On the north and south sides were staircases cut into the walls. The panorama from the platform was one of the most beautiful it is possible to conceive. To the south lay the ruins of Ajuthia, the Beautiful,—a few grayish blocks alone marking the site of this city, which bravely withstood several sieges, but which was overthrown at last. Other forests stretched out to the west, while on the north, the river lost itself at the foot of Mount Phra-Bhat in the distance. At the gate, my guide pointed out four stakes which were only three feet high, but which were sunk in the ground to the depth of fifteen feet; these were to fix the ropes used for tying the elephants; further on was a large pond for the animals to bathe in, and towards the south were two large *salas* or sheds intended for the captives.

After walking about an hour over the ground, which was full of ruins,—stones of every size and colour,—we arrived at Khrun-Khau, before which we found the three steamers lying at ancher. The guests were just sitting down to dinner, and I needed no pressing to accept the invitation which was given me to join them. It was a curious dinner party, with many strange faces and odd costumes. But I must confess that beside the rich dress of the Siamese princes and grand mandarins, the uniforms of the Americans and Europeans looked frightfully plain and out of place.

We had scarcely sat down when a mandarin came and whispered in the ear of Chow-Phya-Bannhu-Wongse, minister of Foreign Affairs. From the expression which passed over the good-humoured face of the minister, I could see that something terrible had happened. He was about rising from table when, catching sight of me, he beckoned, and directed me in Siamese to accompany Lhuang-Vicet, the mandarin, and to use every effort to avert the catastrophe which threatened, and at the same time inform the Regent. I started at once, and, overtaking Lhuang-Vicet, I was informed by him that the men who were along with the Portuguese Consul had just arrived with the news that their Pho (master) had insisted on taking a bath, despite their warning, and that he had not appeared again on the surface.

With difficulty we at last recovered the body. It was black from the head to the waist, and from what I could judge, he must have dived head foremost, as Europeans generally do, and, striking a shoal or body of electric eels, been at once asphyxiated, for as soon as a body comes into contact with one of the *noue-triks*, it immediately becomes as heavy as lead, and the slightest movement is impossible. The corpse must have floated down the river in

a perpendicular position, with the head downward; the eels had twined themselves around it in large numbers. I sent back the body to Bankok, and putting Lhuang-Vicet on board his steamer, I set out to acquaint the Regent with the result of my mission; after having done so, I returned, wet and tired, to my hut, where after reposing a few hours, I felt perfectly recovered.

It was just four o'clock, and I had only time to jump on a horse, which was standing, saddled, before my door, and join the Regent's escort, which had gone to meet the elephants. We reached a little rising ground from which we would have a view as they defiled before us. The Regent bade me observe a black cloud which was advancing with great rapidity above the forest. The cloud was raised by the dust, which these animals throw over their heads and shoulders during the warm season, when they can find no water or young plants. Soon a strange noise reached our ears, and we could distinctly hear how the animals tore up and broke the trees in their way; the earth trembled, while a thousand hunting horns resounded to inform us of their approach.

The largest elephant of the royal stables opened the march. This gigantic animal was no less than twenty-seven feet high. On both sides were files of domesticated male elephants, easily recognizable from their magnificent tusks and the drivers astride their necks. There were no less than three hundred of these domesticated animals. Twenty-five, marching abreast, closed the rear, and drove on the laggards. It was a curious spectacle to see these three hundred tame animals marching so silently and gravely, and keeping time, as they conducted the four hundred wild ones to the trap. The latter set up a horrible din when they perceived us; nothing could give an idea of the four hundred roars with which they greeted us. They had now reached the river, and their joy at finding the water was expressed by various grunts and snorts. Only their heads and the ends of their trunks were visible as they took their cooling bath.

The drivers had never left their posts for a moment, so that the lines were preserved unbroken. We now left our positions, and crossed over to the other side of the river, and ascended to the platform of the trap, where we found the guests waiting to see the capture. His Majesty Wà-Nhà the Second King, had already arrived with his court. Fine mats had been placed on the top of the structure, and on these the Siamese sat down in Oriental fashion, according to their rank. The Europeans were provided with rich stools of Chinese and Thibetian stuffs, while a large tent of green silk, with flowers worked on it, protected us from the rays of the sun.

The eastern gate, formed of two moveable trees, now opened, and the decoy,—the large elephant,—entered, followed by his wild companions, while the other tame elephants remained between the bank of the river and the alley, so as to prevent any from escaping or falling behind. The branches and shoots were broken off and rooted up and eaten, and it was wonderful to see the care these animals took to clean them from the clay and dirt which adhered to them. If, after striking them together there still remained any dust, they would place the branch under their feet and clean it with the greatest precision. The gourmands of the herd completely destroyed those splendid lanes which I described above. The keepers did not disturb their enjoyment, so that it was nearly three hours before all the herd had entered the structure. I had gone down in the meantime into the space between the iron-wood stakes and the interior of the wall. I was astonished at the height of these gigantic animals, which, as soon as they had entered, began their horrible din again, turning round and round the immense pit, with their trunks held aloft in the air—in tragic deprecation, I fancied, of the treachery of their domesticated bothers. Five or six, in a fit of rage, attacked an enormous-sized stake in the middle of the structure, on which was a wooden pagoda, and shook it with such force that the pagoda and the little Buddha of plaster, which was inside, soon tumbled down—to their great satisfaction. The whole night they never ceased their hideous noise, which could be heard for miles around. The Regent had returned to his camp and the guests to their steamers. The next day three of the finest elephants were to be captured, to replace three domesticated ones which had died in the course of the year.

(To be concluded in our next.)



W. Moon, LL.D.

Engraved by D. & H. Taylor, London & Brighton, From a Photograph by W. & A. Fry.

1874.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 14.—Vol. II. AUGUST, 1874. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

We have not a great deal to report at home or abroad.

At home, Freemasonry pursues the "even tenour" of its way, in a full tide of material prosperity.

Abroad, a good deal of unsettledness seems to pervade some of the Continental Grand Lodges, in consequence of proposed changes and considerable alterations in their Constitutions.

But we do not find enough of general interest to submit to our readers.

In Scotland the Craft has lost a very able and distinguished Brother, a P.G.M., in the Earl of Dalhousie, better and longer known as Lord Panmure, where his services to the order had been great, though our distinguished and deceased Brother had also been Deputy-Grand Master in our English Fraternity.

In Ireland, the Grand Lodge has wisely rejected the proposed regulation, No. 133, in the revised Constitutions, about which there has been much discussion, and adhered to the far simpler and truer regulation which renders Craft Masons amenable to the Craft Grand Lodge alone.

By this most unprecedented section, a Craft Mason could for any charge have been removed from one of the High Grades, according to their laws unknown to the Craft Grand Lodge, and this High Grade sentence was to be registered without appeal in the books of the Craft Grand Lodge, and a Craft Mason, thus deprived, unheard and uncondemned of all the priveleges of Freemasonry.

No wonder such an unheard-of proposal, especially in this era of light and justice, should have been unequivocally condemned by the best friends of the Irish Grand Lodge, and rejected by Irish Craft Masons.

A very ancient relic of antiquity has been shewn to the Editor of the "Freemason," by Bro. S. G. Bake, an Officer of Her Majesty's Control Department

It purports to be a very old statuette of some great Chinese, Confucius himself is suggested, and was taken from the Summer Palace in the expedition which went up to Pekin.

To Freemasons it is very interesting, as notwithstanding its very great antiquity of many hundred years at the least, it has on it, what the Editor of the "Freemason" unhesitatingly pronounces with Bro. Bake to be Masonic symbols.

A full account of this Masonic and archæological relic may be read in the "Freemason" of June 11th.

The distribution of prizes to the Boys' School was a great success on the 8th.

The new regime promises very well, and we congratulate the House Committee and Craft, on the proficiency of the pupils and the interest evinced by the friends of our "Masonic Alumni," and by the Order generally.

May all of good attend this excellent Institution.

The Editor.

FREEMASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

ANCIENT MASONIC LODGES, NO. IV.

BY BRO. W. J. HUGHAN.

In continuing our sketches of old Lodges whose origin and existence date before the institution of the first Grand Lodge in the world, we now desire to refer our readers to the St. Andrew's Lodge, Banff, now No. 52 on the Roll of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and to which a date is ascribed of 1736. Its records, however preserved, commence in 1703. These records refer to older documents, which are now, alas, unknown, but evidently the lodge itself has existed for a very long period. Banff holds a peculiarly prominent position in Scotland, from the fact that the resident members of the Masonic body have been connected with the workings of the Masonic Knights Templars and other degrees, including the Royal Arch and the Mark Master, for upwards of a century. Before A.D. 1720 only two degrees are ever mentioned, the Fellow Craft (the second) being questionable even then as to its being a degree after all—but only a grade. Of course the *office* of Master Mason was recognised, but never as a *degree*, before the influence of the Revivalists of A.D. 1717 was felt in the North. In the other lodge held in the town, called "St. John's Operative," No. 92, warranted A.D. 1764, the Royal Arch has flourished since A.D. 1765, and it is believed to have been one of the earliest working chapters in the world, and certainly none so far as we know possess minute books of the degree before it. We intend referring to this lodge again, but on returning to "St. Andrew's" we find that it remained true to pure and unadulterated Craft Masonry until A.D. 1787. Not like "Mother Kilwinning and the Lodge of Edinburgh" though, which from the earliest period to the present year have never given more than *three* degrees, including the choice of the Mark. Under the old system, before modern Freemasonry arose as a Phœnix from its ashes, the distinction was always carefully drawn between "operative" and "geometrical" Masons. The latter consisted of gentlemen who had to pay some fifty per cent. more in *dues*, in consequence of not being operatives, or craftsmen. It is nonsense to talk of the Craft being only operative before A.D. 1717, and that none but *bona fide* workmen were admitted into its ranks! There is scarcely a record before the "Revival" but what will prove the fact of the Masonic Craft being *speculative* as well as *operative*.

We have (through the kindness of Bro. Stenhouse Bairnsfather, P.M., whose accuracy may be relied on) been favoured with a number of excerpts from the minutes of this ancient lodge. One of the earliest of these commences December 27, 1708, in which it is stated that—

"In presence of Alexr. Mill, Mr. for the ensuing year, and Alexr. Forsyth, Warden for the said year, Patric Leslye, Johne Anderson, Andrew Russall, James Bennet, Laclan Jemison, James Faith, and Alexr. Forsyth, younger, the foresaid number being Masons, heave resolved to pay in four sh. Scots each of them and the rest of the traid, to a box which is to be paid for tha use, commencing from [part torn out] at the end of everie year, and the box delivered to Alexr. Forsyth, elder, with two pound fortein shil Scots, and an bond for four pound fors'd and James Alexr. and Juhn Murhid vests ther yearlie contrabution; and the meeting ordaus al the members concerned to cess the meetings under the payment of four sh. Scots, and ordains the monie in the box ye bond to be lent out upon intrest from Candlmes next headvice."

According to usage, the senior Warden of the lodge was permitted to act as Master in the absence of the regular officer. It was resolved that—

"No Master of the Lodge of Banff shall employ a *Cowan, unless he make it appear it was a case of necessity; otherwise he is liable to the cognizance of the next general meeting." (7th Jan. 1773.)

No Brother who was not raised to the degree of a Master Mason was allowed to "undertake or come on work" even so late as A.D. 1774, showing how curiously the operative was still blended with the modern system.

The St. John's Operative Lodge, Seatown, Banff, stands as No. 92 on the Roll of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and was warranted A.D. 1764, The appended by-laws of the lodge. dated A.D. 1765, are exceedingly curious, and afford an insight into the arrangements and discipline then prevalent among country lodges. As the Grand Chapter of Scotland was not formed until the second decade of the present century, Royal Arch Masonry may be said to have run wild in the north for some seventy years or more. Generally, however, the working of both this degree and the Knights Templars contributed to improve the finances of the lodge; and it will be seen, as the records are still further examined, that the Scottish Benefit Societies usually attached to the early Operative Lodges offered additional advantages to the promoters of the "higher degrees" (so called). It is impossible now to decide whether Scotland obtained the Royal Arch degree from England. It was evidently first started in England, and seems to have flourished soon after in Scotland, and about the same time in Ireland. The following references to the degree, though not the earliest known, are at least the oldest by-laws ever published, or that have seen the light of late years. According to Dr. Dassigny, the degree was unknown in Ireland before A.D. 1744; and before A.D. 1739 we can find no direct reference to Royal Arch Masonry anywhere. Stirling Chapter is said to possess the earliest minutes, dated 1743, but these have never been made public; in fact, if ever they existed, they are now missing, for on enquiry of some of the brethren there who would be likely to know, they actually seem as ignorant of their nature as ourselves. In the absence then of other documents, these by-laws may fairly be assumed to be the earliest extant. We have not produced any records of the Royal Arch being worked in this country anterior to 1750. The original text of the laws has been preserved, and the copy has been most carefully made and examined (to prevent the slightest inaccuracy), from the minute book itself. In the list of chapters under the Supreme G.R.A. Scotland, it is placed as No. 4, 1765. As No. 3 is only said to have been instituted 1818, and No. 1 no earlier than 1779; while No. 2, though it may have been worked as far back as A.D. 1743, is after all but of uncertain date, we think the Operative Chapter of Banff should be honoured with the first position on the roll.

LAWS OF ST. JOHN'S OPERATIVE LODGE, BANFF, SCOTLAND, A.D. 1765.

At a meeting of the Operative Lodge of Banff St. John's Day, one Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty Four. The following Members being Present and Paid in their Quarterly pennice.

Here follows a list of 42 members.

The Members in Office for this year

JOHN RHIND Master
ROBERT MAIR Seneor Warden
WILLIAM MATHESON Juneor Warden
JOHN ORD Treasurer
GEORGE FAITH Secretary

Banff, 7th January 1765. Regulations and by Laws for the Free and Accepted Masons of the Operative Lodge of Banff.

* This word Cowan has a peculiar Masonic significance, which is fully explained in my friend Lyon's History of the Lodge of Edinburgh. The meaning attached to it was, a mason who had obtained a knowledge of the Craft by illegitimate means such as not serving his apprenticeship, &c.

1st. The Right Worshipfull the Master can Congregate the Lodge when and where he Pleases within the town of Banff.

2d. The Lodge shall meet the first Tusday of every month at the usual place unless otherwise intimated by the Master, the Expence of these Meetings must be paid by the Members its optional to any one to Attend or not Unless they be summoned by order of the Master.

3d. Our Great annual festival is St. John the Evangalist's day the Twenty Seventh of December at which time Every Member of the Lodge must Attend and account for his Quarterly payments which is three pence Sterling Quarterly to each Operative mason and four pence half-pennie to each Geometrical mason. Such as do not pay up those at that day are Lyable to be Prosicuted for the same. The place where the Lodge is to Conveen upon St. John's day shall be appointed by the Master at the Monthly meeting preceeding.

4th. Upon St. John's day the Twenty Seventh of December Annually the Master and Wardens are to be Chosen this Viz the former Master names the Successor, who if aproven of by the Lodge is to be installed and Salliated by the Master and Brethrerine with the usuall solemnity if not aproven of the Lodge proceed to the Election of a Master by Balating and the Brother that has the majority of Vots is to be installed by the former Master and Congratulated by the Lodge as usuall the new Master Chuses his Wardens who if not aproven of they are to be chosen by Balating.

5th. That in the Master's absence the Sr Warden opens the Lodge and the last Master or any other that has acted as Master formerly take the Chair and act as Master that night.

6th. The manner of Admitting any person into this Lodge must be by petitioning and no such petitioning can be received but by Balating and if one single one appears such Petition must be Rejected when any Objection hapens the Master shall call every Member one by one untill he has gone through the whole to seperate them in order to give that Member who did Object an opertounity of giving his reasons therefore without being Distinguished and if the Master satisfies such a Brother so as to relieve such scruples the Master then Deliver the Petition Received.

7th. Each member at his admition shall pay halfe a Crown as dues to the Grand Lodge who ever he be and every one who shall have a title to a concern in the publick Fund of the Lodge who has served a Master of the said Lodge shall pay at his admition the sum of Fifteen Shillings Sterling for Entred Aprentice Five Shillings For Fellow Craft and Ten Shillings for Master and every one who has not served as above mentioned shall pay for the first part one Pound Ster for the second Ten Shillings and for the Third Ten Shillings and any Member who wants to attain to that parts of Royal Arch and Super Excellent shall pay two Shillings and Sixpense to the Publick Fund for each part. All Master's Eldest sons shall be Entred Apprentice Gratis upon Clearing the Expenses of the Meeting.

8th. That no member but an Operative of the said Lodge shall be Master or office bearer, that no mony shall be lent belonging to the publick fund without proper Security to the Satisfaction of the Members of the said Lodge

9th. At any monthly meeting of the Members Conveened consist of nine or upwards in number the Master being orpresent the same is declared a Quoarum to Judge and Determine in anything concerning the publick fund Except Disposing with money or Debts due to it which can not be Done but upon St. John's day or when a full meeting is summoned.

10th. The Lodge fund is Designed for the releif of any member of the Lodge who is Initiat as said is who may by misfortune become in need.

11th. No member ordinary or Extra-ordinary shall affect the fund but the Charges of such shall be paid by the members as said is.

12th. Every member wheresoever he becomes so by being Made an Entred Apprentice shall from that date be Lyable to the Quarterly pennice only at the ensuing St. Johns day after his Admition the ods of the Quarter if any hapen to be shall be given in his favours.

13th. If any Brother shall come Drunk to the Lodge he shall be rebuked and directly Extruded for that time, and if any Member swear in the Lodge he shall pay two pence Sterling for each Oath.

14th. When a full Lodge is summoned by order of the Master all those who are not nessesarly absent are hereby declared Lyable for a proportion of what Expences thos present are put upon the accouut of the Meeting.

Some of the forgoing laws of A.D. 1765 are certainly singular, while others seem framed with due regard to order and sobriety. It will be seen that at that date, as well as subsequently, the lodge was still of an operative character and was in reality a Benefit Society, practically of a secret nature. It continues so even to this day, although of course now, the BENEFITS are separated from the lodge Masonically. The members, however, must be Masons to enjoy its advantages. The method of admission by petition, mentioned in Law 6th prevails in Scotland, and cannot be too highly commended.

The Petitioner has to sign the following declaration, addressed to the Master for the time being.

Sir,—Having a desire to be initiated into the Mysteries of Freemasonry, in connection with the Lodge over which you preside, if agreeable to that body, I shall feel obliged by your appointing a suitable time for that purpose, and I hereby bind myself to conform to their Rules and Regulations.

My age at last birthday was———

I am yours, &c.,———

Name.....

Designation .....

Address .....

This petition has to be signed by two members to the following effect:—"We, the undersigned, do recommend Mr.———, as a candidate for admission into Membership, and hereby vouch for him accordingly."

The following resolutions are curious and evidence the blending of the *speculative* with the *operative* in such a way as to prove rather unfavourable to the former, seeing that "readie money" was required to pay for the initiation or advancement of "*Gentlemen Masons.*" The ancient Lodge of Aberdeen to which reference is made has Records from 1670, and we are glad to state that we have received the sanction of the R.W.M. and the Members, to make their character known, which we shall be much pleased to do when we can find necessary spare time in which to carefully examine such valuable documents:

"Resolved that hence forward a meeting shall be called ten days or so Before the Annual General Meeting to Settle a Dinner, and that all the Members in a Publick way shall have it by Rotation, beginning at the First whose name stands in our Books.

"That no Geometrical mason shall be Entered, Passed, or Raised without Readie-money.

"That an Operative master's Apprentice shall have credit until St. John's day first after ther entry upon good Security, But that all the Members in Banff and Down shall be called, so that If any Objections shall hapen the Petitioner shall be rejected.

"That John Stewart is to get Five Pounds Ster. for this year in monthly proportions.

"That William Laurence shall Ten Shillings Ster. as was usewally given befor, but it is not to be Continued for the future. But if the Deput Master of Aberdeen Shall be put to extra-ordinary expenses in attending this meeting he has still acess to apply.

"Every member who's name is not Inroled in the Grand Lodge Books shall be searched out and Inroled.

"That no master of the Lodge of Banff shall employ any Cowons, unless he make it appear it was a case of Necessity. Otherwise he his liable to the Cognisance of the next General Meeting.

"J. ROBERTSON, Master."

"Att a Meeting held in the Operative Lodge of Banff, upon the 14th day of December, one Thousand seven Hundred and seventy-three years. It is resolved to have two new Hearses, and the Master impoured to give derections about them, as likewise to have three Sashes, and William Stephen was appointed to make a Cushon for the Bible.

"As also agreeable to the Resolution of last St. John's day, Robert Laing is appointed to provide a Denner for the Brethren against St. John's day next, and the number agreed upon to be Sixty, and in case of a deficiency of that number Robert Laing to be indemnefied out of the fund.

"JA. ROBERTSON, Master.

"Att the Annuall Meeting of the Operative Lodge of Banff 7 January, 1774, Resolved that as George Faith had mismanaged the Deputation Bearing date at Banff, 5th October, 1773, Deputing him to Enter Alex Grant and Willm Farskin at Turriff. He is hereby deserned by the meeting to pay in Five Shillings to the fund by way of Fine.

"It is Resolved by the Lodge that after that date no Bills, to be taken for Entering, Passing, or Raising butt all readie-money.

"It is Resolved that no Brother that is not Raised to the degree of a Master Mason is not to undertake or Carrie on work.

"Resolved that there is to be a Procession at founding some of the Peirs of the Bridge of Banff, and that a Guinea shall be given to the Workmen out of the Fund, but that the Expence of the Meeting shall not affect the fund, but the persons present shall Defray the Charges thereof.

"Resolved that every person Entered to our Lodge, and Every Brother passed a Fellow Craft, or Raised to the Degree of Master shall at their Entry, Passing, or Raising, treat the Brethren present to the rate of Three Shillings Ster."

"Resolutions of the Annual Evening meeting, 8th January 1776.

"Resolved That for the Future that there should be a Clearance of the Books of the Operative Lodge every year, the night before St. John's Day.

"Resolved that every Member who enters to this Lodge shall have a receipt for their Entry money, likewise them that is Passed or Reased.

"Resolved that George Smith and Andrew Wilson, shall be Stewards for the ensuing year, and was elected unanimus at St. John's days evening meeting, to provide a denner for the Members at the expence of the Lodge and each Member is to pay eight pence for his denner, at he paying of his Quarter pennice.

"JOHN RHIND, Master.'

"Att at Meeting held in the Operative Lodge of Banff, 7 May, 1776. It was unanimusly agreed that the Office Bearers should employ Quariers and Carters, in order to lay in materials for building an addition to the Lodge, the whole length of the Front to the West, and to be built the hight of the present Lodge, and that the Office Bearers shall borrow what sum of money they think will be wanted for that purpose.

"JOHN RHIND, Master."

"Att a Meeting of the Operative Lodge of Banff, 27th May, 1776. In Consequence of the Above Resolution to build a Front House on our Few on the Seatown, have now Agreed with John Marshall, on the Following terms, viz.:—

That he is to build each rood of Scunseon measure at Fourteen pound

scot and to furnish himselfe with water casks, spaids, Barrows, Troacks, Clear the foundations, take down the old Gavel, and sour the lime, And to Execute the mason work fully and sufficiently, according to a plan given him by the Master. And James Robertson is to furnish all Freestone wanted for the house at five pence halfpennie pr foot, exclusive of the stair, likewise, it is agreed upon by the meeting to borrow Twenty Pound Ster., more besides the Twenty six pound formerly Borrowed.

"JOHN RHIND, Master."

"The Office Bearers Re-Elected for the year 1777:—John Rhind, Master; Andrew Wilson, Deput Master; James Robertson, Sr. Warden; Alex. Grant, Jr. Warden; George Smith, Treasurer; Robert Wilson, Chaplain; and William Matheson, Officer.

"Resolutions of the Annual Evening meeting, one Thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven.

"1st. That all Members belonging to the Operative Lodge of Banff, Geometricals as weel as those that has served a Master belonging to the Lodge, shall only pay for the future Five Shillings Ster. at Passing Fellow Craft, and that those who have Passed since the first of December last, and paid Ten shillings Ster. Shall upon their Aplication to be Raised Master only pay Five Shillings Ster.

"2d. Resolved, That James Hepburn shall be Master at Aberdeen for this year as Deput from the Operative Lodge of Banff. James Smith, Deput Master at Turreff for the Operative Lodge. George Ogston to be Deput Master at what ever place providence orders for the Operative Lodge.

"3d. That John Symon, Andrew Wilson, William Milne, and Alex. James be Stewarts for the ensuing year, and is Voted as such at the Evening Meeting.

"4th. Resolved, That George Strachan's widow shall have out of this fund for this year one Pound sterling, John Stewart continued at four Pound ster., James Brodie to have for this year three Pound ster., Widow Hutcheon in Turreff Ten Shillings ster., Widow Hutcheon in Aberdeen Fifteen Shillings sterling, Peter Craib's son in Aberdeen Ten Shillings sterling.

"JOHN RHIND, Mr."

"Att a Meeting held in the Operative Lodge of Banff, the 14 Jany, 1777, It was unanimously agreed by the Meeting that the Office-Bearers should Borrow the sum of Thirty pound ster. towards finishing the Front House. Att same Meeting agreed that John Taylor, mason at Boyndie, shall posses the Front House for one year for the sum of Five pound ten shillings ster., to be paid at two different Terms, viz., Martinmas and Whitesunday. The Apartments that he is to pocess are the lower flat, entire south Room and Closet in the second storie, the Gavel above Do., with a shadd in the back close nine feet wide and not less than Eighteen feet long, with the halfe of the yard after a pass is taken off which the Meeting agrees to be seven feet wide. The said John Taylor is to find sufficient security for the Rent to the Satisfaction of the Office-Bearers. Likewise agreed that Mr. Morgan shall have five shillings ster. deduced off his rent for loss off the Yard, &c., and that the Office Bearers are impoured to comon with him anent the same and to get a sufficient Cautioner for his rent to be paid at two different Terms, viz., Martinmas and Whitesunday, at three pound five shillings ster. of Yearly Rent.

"JOHN RHIND, Mr."

"Att Banff, and within the Operative Lodge of Banff, at an Anuall Evening meeting the seventh of January, 1778 years. The Meeting appoint the Treasurer to pay to John Stewart, a Decayed Brother, the sum of Four pound sterling for this Year. The Widow of the deceased William Murray to be paid Ten Shillings sterling in order to help the defreying his funeral Charges. And Recomends to James

Smith, Deput Master at Turreff, to make particular Enquery anent William Murray's being lawfully married to the Woman who takes on her the title of his Widow, and to Report the same at next Annuall Meeting.

"Appoint the Treasurer to pay to the wife of Alex. James, in Banff, for supporting his family, himselfe being presently in Prison for debt, the sum of Ten Shillings sterling, to be repaid into the Lodge by the said Alex. James when his circumstances will admit thereof.

"And appoint the Treasurer to take proper Receipts for the forsaid Donations, and take credite therefor in his accounts.

"Thereafter a Pitition was put in for Alex. Robertson, mason in Banff, for Joining the Lodge. The vote being put, it was carried by a majority not to admit the said Alex. Robertson; and recommends it to the Meeting that none of the members thereof may never in time coming make any further application for admitting the said Alex. Robertson."

Some little time since we had a friendly discussion with Bro. Tisdall of New York respecting what is called the "Mark Master Mason's" degree being conferred upon Fellow Crafts.

We maintained that the custom had been to confer it only on *Master Masons*, but Bro. Tisdall stated that on the contrary it had generally been given to Fellow Crafts in a Craft Lodge. We challenged the production of a minute to such an effect belonging to any Lodge in the *United States*, but though Bro. Tisdall undertook to send a transcript of one, he has not succeeded in finding any confirmation of his statement, or if he has discovered such a reference he has been singularly quiet in announcing the important fact.

The custom during the last century was for Fellow Crafts to be made "*Mark Men*," but only Master Masons to be advanced as *Mark Masters*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE OLD MASONIC POEM.

(Continued from page 13.)

Another ordination of the Art of Gemetry.

They ordained there an assembly to be holden
Every year, wheresoever they would,
To amend the defaults, if any were found,
Among the craft within the land;
Each year or third year it should be holden,
In every place wheresoe'er they would;
Time and place must be ordained also,
In what place they shall assemble to.
All the men of craft there they must be,
And other great lords, as ye may see,
To amend the faults that be there spoken,
If that any of them be then broken.
There they shall be all sworn,
That belongeth to this craft's lore,
To keep these statutes every one,
That be ordained by King Athelstan;
"These statutes that I have here found
"I will they be holden through my land,
"For the worship of my royalty,
"That I have by my dignity."
Also at every assembly that ye hold,
That ye come to your liege king bold,
Beseeching him of his high grace,
To stand with you in every place,
To confirm the statutes of King Athelstan,
Which he ordained to this craft by good reason.

The Art of the four crowned!

Pray we now to God Almighty,
And to his mother Mary bright,
That we may keep these articles here,
And these points well all together,
As did these holy martyrs four,
That in this craft were of great honour;
They were as good masons as on earth shall go,
Gravers and image makers they were also,
For they were workmen of the best.
The emperor had for them great (1) lust,
He willed of them an image to make,
That might be worshipped for his sake;
Such idols he had in his day,
To turn the people from Christ's law;
But they were steadfast in Christ's law,
And to their craft, without nay;
They loved well God and all his lore,
And were in his service evermore.
True men they were in that day,
And lived well in God's law;
They thought no idols for to make,
For no good that they might take,
To believe on those idols for their God,
They would not do so, though he were wood;
For they would not forsake their true faith,
And believe in his false law.
The emperor (2) let take them soon anon,
And put them into a deep prison;
The sorer he punished them in that place,
The more joy was to them of Christ's grace.
Then when he saw no other way,

(1) Lust; liking.
(2) Let take them; caused them to be taken.

To death he let them then go;
Whoso will of their life yet more know,
By the book he may it show,
In the (3) Legent of Sanctorum,
The names of *quatuor coronatorum.*
Their feast will be, without nay,
After All Hallows the eighth day. (4)
Ye may there as I do read,
That many years after, for great dread
That Noah's flood was all (5) y-ronne,
The tower of Babylon was begun,
As plain work of lime and stone,
As any man should look upon;
So long and broad it was begun,
Seven miles the heighth shadoweth the sun.
King Nebuchadnezzar let it make,
In great strength for man's sake,
Though such a flood again should come,
Over the work it should not (6) nome
Since they had such high pride, with strange boast,
All that work therefore was lost;
An angel smote them so with divers speech,
That never one knew what [the] other should reach.
Many years after, the good clerk Euclid,
Taught the craft of gemetry wonder wyde,
So he did that time other also,
Of divers crafts many more:
Through high grace of Christ in heaven,
He commenced in the sciences seven;
Grammatica is the first science certainly,
Dialectica the second, so have I bliss,
Rethorica the third, without nay,
Musica is the fourth, as I you say,
Astronomia is the fifth, by my snout,
Arsmetica the sixth, without doubt,
Gemetria the seventh maketh an end,
For it is both meek and (7) hende.
Grammar forsooth is the root,
Whoso will learn in the book;
But Art exceedeth in its degree,
As the fruit doth the root of the tree;
Rhetoric measures with ornate speech (8) amonge,
And music it is a sweet song;
Astronomy numbereth, my dear brother,
Arithmetic showeth one thing that is another,
Geometry the seventh science it is,
That can divide falsehood from truth (9) y-wys.
These are the sciences seven,
Whoso useth them well, he may have heaven.
Now dear children, by your wit,
Pride and covetousness [see] that ye leave it,
And take heed to good discretion,
And to good nurture, wheresoe'er ye come.
Now I pray you take good heed,
For this ye must show need,
But much more ye must (10) wyten,
Than ye find here[in] written.
If thee fail thereto wit,
Pray to God to send thee it.

(To be continued.)

(3) Legent; Legend of the Saints.
(4) 8th of November.
(5) Y-ronne; rained.
(6) Nome; take.
(7) Hende; gentle.
(8) Amonge; at intervals.
(9) Y-wys; certainly.
(10) Wyten; know.

THE NEW MORALITY.

(Continued from page 18.)

O huge mistake! yet in this shifty time,
When trust is wavering, faith appears a crime;
When ancient truths and wisdom seem to fade,
We like our thoughts like clothes—all ready made;
We have not time old folios to peruse,
We get our principles from the morning news!
And thus each passing day but serves to show
How very little many care to know;
And how our youth, as laughing ladies tell,
Betrays its ignorance of how to spell!
Not only this, but some now boldly say,
"We've put morality and fear away.
These were the teachings of departed schools;
Ours are wiser ways and safer rules.
What matters this? What matters that indeed?
Why should we still to pedant voice give heed?
Life is enjoyment, let us take our fling,
Our later days will serious feelings bring;
But now's the time, the festive hour is here,
And as youth's season hastes to disappear,
Let's prove that, free from custom's chilling rule,
We are apt scholars in enjoyment's school."

How many thus give up the sterner laws
Of olden days, and, mid the vain applause
Of silly compeers, think that they can cast
A freshness on their race by being "fast."
Yet this great recklessness of a wise control,
This idle wasting of the hours that roll
In quick succession by, in folly's train,
Make us desire those better days again,
When all that decency and right could teach,
Could govern equally our ways and speech;
When though with weakness, which is mortal ever,
Our's were feeble strivings, frail endeavour,
We yet could ever homage humbly pay
To Virtue, nor did we seek with boasts to disobey
The ancient laws of duty and of right,
Honour's grave dictates, ever fair and bright.
But those who live alone for pleasure here,
Who laugh at scruples, and who banish fear,
Though sometimes kind to others they may be,
Are of all selfishness the Epitomè.
For them *this life is nothing but a game,*
Which all can share in pretty much the same,
And so like cheerful actors, o'er and o'er,
They play as others play'd the comedy before.
O vain delusion! in this life of ours,
With all its radiant hopes and goodly powers,
How great are all those duties which belong
To each one of us in that giddy throng,
Which fills to-day each dusty road of life
With shouts of anxious care and fevered strife.
None are exempt from truth's unfailing laws;
None can desert unpunished honour's cause;
To none is given those right rules to break;
To none is given duty to forsake,
Which still for man, mid trials every hour,
Bind the still conscience in their golden power,
And teach, and warn, and govern, and restrain
Our mortal race under their happier reign

Which still can virtue praise and censure vice,
Which don't confound what's true with what is nice,
But sternly reprobate, under whatever name,
Folly's regime, effrontery's brazen claim.

MENTOR.

(*To be continued.*)

MONSIEUR LE BARON.

(*Concluded from page* 18.)

After that, when the vesper bells were ringing, Celeste always sat in her attic room and sang. She left her door open, that the Baron might hear; and to him the song of "the bird under the roof," as he still called her, grew daily more dear. The Baron's character was changed; he thought oftener of Celeste than was at all pleasant: he wrote to her again, but the letter was returned after some time with the words "not called for" in pencil, on the back.

"Where could she be? Dead, perhaps, of starvation; he had heard of such things. With an eagerness that surprised himself he plunged into the vortex of pleasure that seethes and whirls in the gay capital. There he found forgetfulness. Still, when he heard that clear voice singing, tender thoughts would come, and, strangely enough, he cherished them. The human heart is terribly contradictory. When Celeste stood before him only waiting for his love, that love it seemed impossible to give, and the probabilities are, that should she so stand again, he would again turn from her. Many people wish that they might "live their lives over again;" in nine cases out of ten they would only repeat them.

But now that Celeste was gone,—forever, it appears,—he yearned after her love, and his heart stirred strangely at the old remembrances. His new friends urged a more fashionable residence, but the Baron shook his head. He could not tell them that the vesper hymn, associated as it was with Celeste's memory, kept him where he was.

Once there was a gay party at dinner. The Baron was the life of the assembly—when, hark!—above the clatter of tongues and the click of the glasses, came the sound of a woman's voice singing a hymn to the virgin. He ceased speaking, and the guests looked at one another.

"Baron, are you ill?" asks one, anxiously.

"No, no!" and he laughed lightly. "What was it you were saying, my friend? Hansel, more wine." But ever and anon his voice faltered a little, and he wished to himself that his good friends would not talk quite so loud; he could not hear a note. Then the song ended, and the Baron breathed more freely, but he was *distrait* and unlike himself, and his guests left early. The next day was his birthday. No one knew it. He scarcely remembered it himself till old Picot came stumbling along the corridor with some flowers in his hand—beautiful violets, white and blue, the Baron's favourite flowers.

"They were left at the gate. It is Monsieur's birthday, *is it not?*"

"Who left them, good Picot?"

The old man chuckled softly.

"There was no name, Monsieur."

"Strange!" murmured the Baron, and Picot made haste to retire before more questions should be asked. But a few days later he stopped Celeste as she passed him.

"I will have no more secrets, Mademoiselle," he said, pettishly. "Monsieur has done nothing but pester me with questions all these days. I will do nothing more for you. No, no, do not talk; you will 'good Picot' me into more trouble." And he turned his back on her with an air of great resolution.

Celeste laughed a little. She was much happier. Lately she could often hear the Baron's voice; once in a long while she saw him; she could not speak to him, to be sure; but if she could, what had she to say? It is well to be content.

One evening, one of the Baron's countrymen was with him. They had been neighbours in their youth; their lands joined; altogether he was more nearly a friend than any of those around him. To him he complained of his fits of depression, his loneliness.

"My dear Baron, you should marry. Here am I not yet your age, and my Adolf is already betrothed. One must take interest in something; it is well when one has children."

The Baron made no reply. His gaze rested unconsciously on the violets, fading in their glass, and his thoughts went back to Celeste. Nonsense; how could he marry a woman who was dead, for all he knew to the contrary. Rising, he pulled the bell impatiently. "Hansel, the carriage. Come, my friend, let us go to the opera?"

But again and again his friend's advice recurred to him Why should he not marry? He thought of the women he knew; most of them were frivolous, and too gay for his quiet German home. There was the English widow up stairs; she was young and pretty. He had met her once or twice. Once he had called, but her aunt was tiresome to the last degree, and he had vowed never to go again; but one day he broke his resolution, and once more entered their pretty drawing-room.

His call was a long one, and the pretty widow confided to him how wearisome this living in lodgings was to her. "I have such a pretty home, but we are living in this tiresome Paris on account of Fred, my aunt's son, who is here."

"Why, my dear, *I* was quite willing to stay in England;" and her aunt looked up from her knitting with languid surprise.

The niece blushed and changed the subject. The Baron took some pains to become acquainted with this "Fred," and soon spent many of his hours with the pretty widow, besides being the invariable fourth in all their parties for pleasure.

* * * * * *

"Ah, Mademoiselle, the Baron will take a wife with him in the spring. The English lady has put off her mourning already."

Picot looked reprovingly at his wife; then from her to the figure standing in the door.

"One must not listen to all Jeanette's gossip, Mademoiselle," he said, noting the look of blank despair that had settled on the pale, tired face.

"Come in, Mademoiselle; you are ill;" and Jeanette bustled about, placing a chair.

But Celeste shook her head. "No, I am only tired; I will go up to my room."

As she walked swiftly and noiselessly along the hall she heard voices talking: the Baron's deep full tones, and, mingled with them, the sweet treble of the English widow. Then she heard the clatter of plates, and, speeding up the stairs, she threw herself on the floor by the window with a low sob. "He is at dinner there with them, and I am hungry," and the tears flowed freely at the thought of her long fast, for which in reality she scarcely cared, so common was it.

A carriage rattled up the street, and presently the Baron appeared in full evening dress. He handed the two ladies into the carriage, and then sprang in himself. They waited a moment, and Celeste had time to notice how carefully the Baron wrapped the younger lady's cloak about her white shoulders, and how sweetly she smiled her thanks. Then her cousin hurried out with her fan, and entering the carriage they drove quickly off.

"I will wait till they come back, perhaps he has gone to marry her," and poor Celeste smiled bitterly. But long before they returned she had sobbed herself to sleep. The moonbeams stole in at the window, and shone softly on her wet eye-lashes, but their light touch did not wake her. Stir not the leaves, oh sighing wind! she is dreaming of her lover as he was long years ago. His arm is around her—his blue eyes shine upon her face—she cannot speak. She tries to tell him of her long sorrowful waiting, but she can only sob out her thankfulness that it has passed.

Many a night Celeste knelt at the window, and watched and waited for the Baron. Sometimes she fell asleep at her post, but oftener she saw him coming home handsome, happy, with a smile on his grave face. She heard the gay "good-nights" in the hall, and then with a sigh she threw herself upon her couch to dream fitful, troubled dreams, till the gray dawn stole in and woke her to the duties of the day. Once tired by her long watch for the Baron, who had, this time, gone out alone, she fell asleep in her chair. She dreamed of the firing of guns; a procession passed—soldiers; behind a bier a riderless horse was led. They uncovered the bier, and she saw the face of the Baron; she drew her breath sobbingly. Then she heard some one knocking; the noise grew louder.

"Mademoiselle Celeste, it is I, Jeanette."

She sprang up. How long she had slept! The sun was shining brightly.

"Mademoiselle, do wake up."

She unbolted the door. Jeanette entered, crying, "We are all going to die, Mademoiselle, and lose our lodgers too," she said in answer to Celeste's eager questions. "No one will stay, and Picot says I must tell you to go, and who is going to take care of the lady, I should like to know."

"Jeanette, be quiet, and tell me what is the matter," and Celeste laid her hand firmly on the woman's shoulder.

"Well, Mademoiselle, the English lady has been 'tired, oh, so tired' for days, she says, but she would go out. Last night she was worse. She was ill all night, and now her cousin, the young doctor, says he is afraid it is small-pox she is to have. Her maid has gone this morning. The artist is going—hark!—and Picot tells you to go. They will put barricades in the street, and no one will come near us, and we will all die. And the other lady does nothing but cry, and there are two doctors in the house." Jeanette was continuing her lamentations, when Celeste stopped her. "Who is with the lady now?"

"No one, Monsieur le Baron says," but Celeste was half way down the stairs before she finished. At the foot she met the young doctor. "Monsieur," she said humbly, "I have seen much sickness, will you let me take care of the lady?"

His face brightened. "Have you had the disease?"

"No, but I am not afraid."

He looked doubtfully at her. "I will see the other physician."

They came back together.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, you here?" and the elder of the two held out his hand. "You were in the hospital of the convent for some time, were you not? My friend, you cannot do better," he said, turning to the young man. "You are not afraid, Mademoiselle? that is right, come then."

So Celeste entered the sick room, which for so many long days and nights she was destined not to leave. She bestowed the most unwearied care upon her patient. "I am saving her for *him*," she would say to herself.

The doctor was loud in his praises, and one day the Baron stopped her as she crossed the hall. "Celeste"—

"I will not speak to you, Monsieur, it may be death," she said decidedly, and, eluding his extended hand, she passed quickly by him.

The doctor watched her closely, and one day he said, "Mademoiselle, you must go and rest, your patient is out of danger, and I have provided a nurse to relieve you."

"Will she live?" and Celeste lifted her great hollow eyes to his face.

"Yes, thanks to your nursing. I think there is no fear now."

So Celeste went slowly up to her room, and lay down on the bed, from which she did not rise again for many weeks, for while down stairs the life she had saved grew daily stronger and stronger, she lay moaning and tossing in the wildest delirium of fever. Jeanette, forgetting her fears, nursed her tenderly, and even when the dreaded disease appeared, she indignantly refused to leave her post, and often she would sit wiping the tears from her eyes as she listened to the ravings in which were revealed all the sufferings of the past months. There was another listener too, one who would stand outside the door, his head bent, and hands clasped closely together as if in prayer, and sometimes when she would cry piercingly, "Rudolf! Rudolf!" and then say plaintively, "He has forgotten me," and sometimes, "He does not care that I am hungry," he would turn away with a groan.

At last the fight was fought, and Picot coming out of the darkened room touched the Baron's arm: "She will live, Monsieur," he said tremulously.

"Thank God!"

One day when the sunshine was shining brightly in at the window, and Celeste, white and frail as the lilies in her hand, leaned wearily back among the cushions of her chair, Jeanette came in, her face shining with some great secret.

"The Baron wishes to see you, Mademoiselle."

"Oh! I cannot," and Celeste's lips trembled.

"Ah! Mademoiselle, and he has brought you flowers every day, and would stand all night sometimes at the door to hear of you, Picot says."

"But my face, Jeanette."

"It is all gone, Mademoiselle. You have been ill so long you have a right to look pale."

"Bring me a mirror, Jeanette."

"Not now, Mademoiselle, wait till after."

"*Now*," said Celeste decidedly, "or I will not see the Baron."

With a sigh Jeanette placed a glass before her. Celeste looked at herself long and earnestly. The flush was gone from her face, but it was terribly, hopelessly, disfigured.

"I had lost my beauty before, but now I am frightful," she said. "Take it, Jeanette, and call the Baron. I will see him."

The old woman turned away sobbing. Celeste smiled strangely.

A few moments after the door opened, and the Baron came swiftly towards her. Dropping on his knees by her chair he took her hand fondly in his.

"My own Celeste!" he said tenderly.

She trembled and withdrew her hand.

"Have I transgressed beyond forgiveness?" he said sadly. "I was blind, fool that I was; but I have suffered bitterly. Celeste, will you not pardon me, and let me shield you now from all want and sorrow—"

"Stop, Monsieur," and Celeste laid her hand on his, "you do not know what you are saying."

"Perhaps not, Celeste. I am so happy at seeing you that I may not speak quite clearly, but you know surely how much I love you, and—"

Again she interrupted him.

"Monsieur, you forgot. The English lady."

He looked puzzled, then a light broke over his face. "The English lady is only waiting for you to be well enough to be present, to marry her cousin, to whom she has been engaged six months."

Celeste uttered a low cry. "I thought—"

The Baron clasped her in his arms.

"Rudolf," she said presently, "look at me, you were disappointed in me when you saw me first, I was old and plain, but I am much worse now."

He looked at her fondly, reverently.

"Hush! forget that if you can, Celeste. I was a fool then, and saw only with eyes blinded by pride and arrogance; forgive me, suffering has made me fitter to receive the blessing that may still be mine. *Now* I see with the eyes of my soul, and, Celeste, your face to me is the most beautiful the sun shines on to-day.– *Scribner's American Magazine.*

THE MAIDEN'S LAST FAREWELL.

IN THE DAY OF CREMATION.

Then the night wore on, and we knew the worst,
That the end of it all was nigh;
Three doctors they had from the very first—
And what could one do but die?

"Oh, William!" she cried, "strew no blossoms of Spring,
For the new 'apparatus' might rust!
But say that a handful of shavings you'll bring,
And linger to see me combust.

"Oh, promise me, love, by the fire-hole you'll watch,
And when mourners and stokers convene,
You will see that they light me some solemn slow match,
And warn them against kerosene.

"It would cheer me to know, ere these rude breezes waft
My essences far to the pole,
That one whom I love will look to the draught,
And have a fond eye on the coal.

"Then promise me, love"—and her voice fainter grew—
"While this body of mine calcifies,
You will stand just as near as you can to the fire,
And gaze while my gases arise.

"For Thompson—Sir Henry—has found out a way,
(Of his 'process' you've surely heard tell),
And you burn like a parlour match gently away,
Nor even offend by a smell.

"So none of the dainty need sniff in disdain,
When my carbon floats up to the sky;
And I'm sure, love, that you will never complain,
Though an ash should blow into your eye.

"Now promise me, love"—and she murmured low—
"When the calcification is o'er,
You will sit by my grave in the twilight glow—
I mean by my furnace door.

"Yes, promise me, love, while the seasons revolve,
On their noiseless axles the years,
You will visit the kiln where you saw me 'resolve,'
And bleach my pale ashes with tears."

—*From Harper's American Magazine for June.*

CRICKETALIA.

Most of us, for whom I write to-day, are getting "rayther" oldish boys!

We have, at any rate, passed the "mezzo termin" of life, and have gradually left behind us the dreams and aspirations of youth, of that happy period before anticipation has given way to reality, and we have imbibed our dose, and a very bitter dose it often is, of experience. Whether "experientia docet" or "does it," it is pretty much the same, and, as a general rule, it mostly reminds one of the doctor's black draught which followed the customary blue pill of the night before.

Well, we are not young, and our tastes are not what they once were. We are getting stout (our tailor looks with a sigh on the pale memoranda of departed measurements); we are getting, as my friend Jorum says, "groggy" (no offence is intended) on our feet, and we like loose fitting clothes and easy boots. The days of close fitting surtouts are over; we are clearly on the wane. And so with our ways and habits of life. We prefer now a quiet dinner at home, where the partner of our bosom sits opposite to us serenely smiling, and we no longer "mix our liquors," but stick to sound claret. Port is eschewed; sherry is even questioned; champagne is regarded with suspicion; and what we term "foreign wines" with a shake of the head.

What a dreadful twinge we had two days ago in our right foot, but thanks to the care of our dear wife and old Bolus, we have surmounted the throes of that malevolent malady the gout, and hobbled down to our office with a smile on our face, and a flower in our button hole.

We are still young, and we object to the irreverent youth calling us old.

True it is we have given up late hours and long dinners. No more for us after "work" the "refreshment" of our good old lodge. No Amelia objects to our being out in the night air, dear soul. But even now we are carried back over the dimness of passing hours to the "wreathed mist" of years gone by, when we listened in rapture to P.M. Jones' speech, or Bro. Robinson's song, and when we encored that famous Masonic melody, with which old Tim Maguire, our excellent joining brother, used regularly to indulge us, which always ended with a noisy chorus, and referred somehow to the "ladies," "little darlints," as Tim called them, of whom he was a fervid patron.

And for us, arrived at this sobered time of existence, active exercise has not a great deal of charm. Still, my good brother, even you will be stirred up by the gathering for cricket which old Lord's grounds has seen of our public schools. Surely even your old blood is moved with the sight of a rejoicing youth, and with the sounds of the applause of exulting thousands of boys, in all the hopes and bloom of life's young morn.

I know of no finer sight anywhere, nor am I aware where you can see an equal to it indeed, and I only wish, as once an "alumnus" of a famous school, that Winchester, Eton, and Harrow were again permitted to hold their "Lordian Games" in the yearly "Palœstrâ."

This year, before dense rows of applauding spectators, Eton, of classical reputation, has defeated the genial Harrovians by five wickets. Such is "la fortune de la guerre."

It was Canning who said, that, very few people realized, how much of our public life as Englishmen rested upon our great public schools, and though since that time Civil Service competition has opened more widely the doors of the service of the State, yet he must be little penetrated with the true spirit of English patriotism, who does not regard with tender interest and kindly sympathy these great nurseries of our statesmen and our sons.

The meeting at Lord's is always the most enjoyable meeting for public school men in the year.

"Hullo, Tomkins, you here; thought you were in New Zealand!"

"Jones, my boy, how fresh you're looking; so I hear you've come into a fortune; congratulate you."

"Timmins, introduce me to your wife immediately. Ah, Mrs. Timmins, you little know what a scapegrace Timmins used to be."

"By the way, Jenks, who has got the living of Pluckey," you hear Lorrimer asking with something like disappointment. "Johnson, Lorry!" "What Johnson?" "Well, that Johnson who married Miss Mogson, and has got seven little Mogsons!"

"Compton, delighted to see you. What do you wear a cassock waistcoat for here?" "I'm a Rural Dean," says Compton, somewhat solemnly. "Bless my soul, a Rural Dean," says Everett, musingly.

"What a splendid catch that was of Webbe's," says a cheery Harrovian.

"What a splendid leg hit that was of Lyttleton's," says a gay Etonian.

"Why, here's the Governor come up to see the old team," says one of the lithe captains to a good old wicket keeper, famous in his generation.

Thus "wags" the little world away, and when to this you add the apparition of countless angelic sisters and cousins in dark blue and light blue, with smiling faces and loving hearts, ought not the boys to be happy?

So they are, and long may they be so. Good luck attend them.

MENTOR.

——A coloured philosopher thus unburdened himself on one of woman's weaknesses: "Jim, de men don't make such fools of demselves about women as de women do about men. If women looks at de moon, dey see a man in it. If dey hear a mouse nibbling, it's a man; and dey all look under de bed de fust thing at night to find a man. Why, I nebber look under my bed to find a woman; does you?"

THE CHEQUERED FLOOR-CLOTH.

I've often thought when in the lodge,
I've listening sat in silence there,
Amid some solemn ways and words,
Some mystic rites both old and rare,
How well in each "component part"
Does Masonry unfold the plan,
With which the architect Divine
Still rules the world and man!

I cast my eyes upon the ground,
The chequer'd floor-cloth meets my view,
Marked with alternate black and white,
In little even squares so true;
And on that floor-cloth outstretched now,
Gather a quiet genial band,
And youth and hope, and health and strength,
Around in glowing power stand.

And yet how true a picture still
Is that old floor-cloth of our life,
How well its all-contrasted dies,
Betoken human change and strife,
Alternate scenes of joy and woe,
Alternate hours of jest and pain,
Those pleasant times which fleet away,
Those friends who greet us not again.

How all things change! how passing time
Does touch us sadly one by one,
As we are feeling old and frail
Whose sands are nearly all but run;
How pass the hopes and charms of years,
The cheery hour, the smiling face,
The song, the sigh, the laugh, the tear,
Old friendship's trust, affection's grace!

The lodge where once we met in glee,
The brethren of a happy hour,
The words we heard, the work we did,
The pleasant strain, the festive bow'r,
The gatherings and the greetings then,
The hands so warm, the hearts so true,
Have faded into nothingness,
And seem but shadows to our view.

Our W. M. no more does fill
So well his stately royal chair,
The Chaplain with his face benign,
Utters no more his words of pray'r,
The Wardens have left their pedestals,
The Deacons no more wend their way,
The Organist has ceased to play,
As in an unforgotten day.

No Secretary with busy air,
Reads out his minutes any more,
The Treasurer has closed his book,
No Inner guard observes the door,
Even the Stewards vanish fast,
With Tyler from the mystic room,
Past Master Clarke no more shuts up
Our secrets—all is darkest gloom!

I look in vain for Wm. Perkin,
No more John Lee lays down the law;
Our Treasurer has got the gout,
Wanting is Brother Shaw,
And hushed are well known voices,
Absent the laughing friend,
Those pleasantest of meetings,
Have long since had an end.

And time has changed us all so sadly,
As we have old and older grown,
As one by one our roll call lessens,
As life has gone, and years have flown,
Few now are there who used to gather
In all of fervour and of truth,
And like as in this life of changes,
Old age has given way to youth.

Yet newer members, newer faces,
Assemble in that goodly hall,
And younger voices oft repeating
The same old words, which never pall,
Still, still are heard, as round them gather
The brethren in their bright array,
Telling of those who used to meet there
In a glad season past away.

Ah, yes! my memory wanders back,
To meetings held in "Auld lang syne,"
To brethren who in love assembled,
Mid many a Mystic sign,
Who met in all the loyal friendship
Of Masonry's all binding chain,
Who parted full of kindly feeling,
Trusting to meet soon there again!

And so to-night, old chequered floor-cloth,
You take me to another scene,
To many a pleasant hour of gathering,
To happy lodges which have been,
And from this gay and friendly gathering,
Amid the splendour which I see,
To vanished labours, parted brethren,
To an old lodge most dear to me.

A. F. A. W.

——"While journeying by rail," says a traveller, "I witnessed the following incident. One night, just after I had scrambled into my sleeping-berth, I heard loud and angry voices proceeding from the rear of the car. 'I tell you this is a sleeping-car, and you can't come in without a ticket' 'Begorra, I had a ticket' 'Where is it?' 'I have lost it.' 'If you really had the misfortune to lose your ticket, perhaps you can remember your berth.' There was an interval of silence, Paddy evidently employing his thinking powers. 'Och, be jabers!' he exclaimed at length, 'I was born on the twenty-sixth day of October, 1838.'"

LIGHT FOR THE BLIND.

BY W. MOON, LL.D.

We have perused with much interest, and we hope sympathetic appreciation, this most striking publication, which, under its very appropriate title is, we trust, likely to be widely read, and as warmly approved! For in truth, Dr. Moon's work comes to us accompanied with, so to say, a twofold claim upon our countenance and commendation. It is, in the first place, the effort of a most industrious labourer, in a good cause, himself suffering from the deprivation of sight; and it is a most praiseworthy endeavour to aid and elevate many thousands of similarly afflicted persons, in all countries, and of all languages, and to afford them the inexpressible advantages of intellectual improvement, and the priceless blessings of religious instruction and study.

It has been well and truly said, that all the greatest works in the world have been effected by individual toil and individual example, rather than by any aggregate action of the community, and most certain is this theory true of the persevering and praiseworthy labours of Dr. Moon, who has so zealously striven in the purest spirit of philanthropic and religious zeal, to advance the temporal comfort, and to promote, we say it reverently, the eternal welfare of others, especially those who like himself, are suffering in the good Providence of God, from one of the greatest afflictions to which mortal man is subject.

He has been supported by many warm friends in his arduous struggles; but by no one more zealously or liberally than by Sir Charles Lowther, Bart., of Swillington House, Leeds, who, inheriting the name and family seat of distinguished ancestors, has been ever foremost in advancing the temporal and religious happiness of others, and in various ways, especially of those who, like himself, have most patiently submitted to a similar bereavement,—of the great blessing of sight.

It has been already well pointed out, that Dr. Moon's most interesting work, "Light for the Blind," relates concisely how men of benevolence and zeal struggled

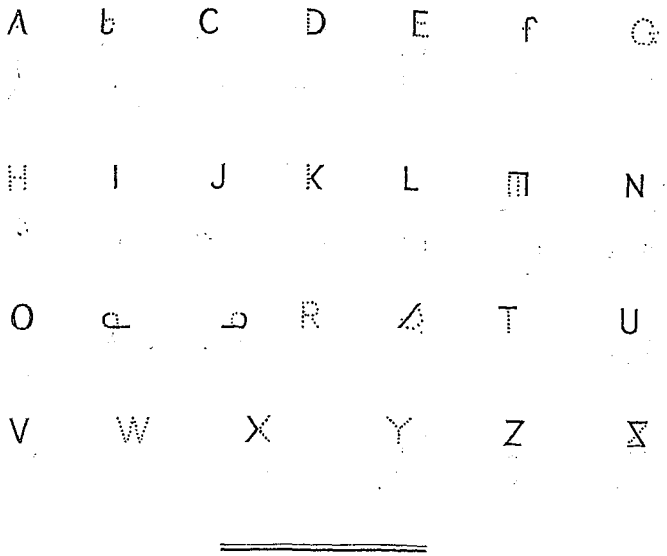
UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF



Her Most Gracious Majesty, The Queen.

Dr. Moon's Alphabet for the Blind.

Note.—THE DOTTED MARKS OF THE LETTERS PRINTED OVER THE ALPHABET FOR THE BLIND, SHOW WHAT PORTIONS OF THE COMMON LETTER ARE OMITTED, IN ORDER TO LAY THE CHARACTERS OPEN AND CLEAR TO THE TOUCH.



GOD IS LOVE

THE ABOVE ALPHABET CONSISTS OF SIX OF THE ROMAN LETTERS UNALTERED. TWELVE OTHERS WITH PARTS LEFT OUT, AND SIX NEW AND VERY SIMPLE FORMS. WHICH MAY BE EASILY LEARNED BY THE AGED, AND PERSONS WHOSE FINGERS ARE HARDENED BY WORK.

104, QUEEN'S ROAD, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

for sixty years to provide an alphabet for the blind which was universally applicable, and the reasons from which they failed to accomplish the object in view. Upon losing his sight, our author mastered for himself the existing systems. He then endeavoured to confer the same benefit upon other blind persons. With some he either totally failed, or met with only partial success. This led him to seek the cause of failure. The conclusion was, that the Roman characters were too complicated for the touch of the blind generally, and the systems which possessed a simple character had a defective orthography, being based upon stenography.

We are thus introduced to the invention of reading for the blind by means of embossed letters, its introduction into England, and the author's own invention as adapted to that means, together with the extraordinary success which has attended its use, and the author's efforts to extend its benefits to other countries. In his preface, Dr. Moon informs us that the work has been prepared "with a twofold object: firstly, that the kind contributors to the Embossing Fund may know how greatly the Lord has blessed our united efforts on behalf of the blind; and, secondly, that others, when they learn the blessing that has been vouchsafed to our labours, may be induced to co-operate in this Christian work." We have had frequent occasion to notice the simplicity which characterizes Dr. Moon's adaptation of the modified embossed letters to the use intended, and also the interesting character of the details of his continental missionary tours, as related by him on various public occasions; and we commend this little book to the notice of all who feel an interest in the work of enabling the blind to read by the fingers what their more favoured brethren enjoy by the blessing of sight. A list is appended of the various books which have been published in Moon's embossed type, comprising the various books of the Bible in English and some foreign languages, religious books, poetry, educational works, tales, anecdotes, memoirs, &c., some hundreds in number; together with some maps, for the construction of which the author has received the membership of the Royal Geographical Society. The volume is the interesting record of a movement which is and will continue to be a blessing to thousands to whom the art of reading would, but for the invention it describes, be necessarily compelled to exist in literary destitution and darkness.

Some interesting facts are brought before us regarding the statistics of blindness, which appeal forcibly to our sympathies and interests.

It should be stated that the blind in the world number at least 3,000,000. Of these, according to our census returns, 30,000 are to be found in the United Kingdom alone. Thirty years ago, few of this latter number could read for themselves; but the work of teaching the blind, and disseminating the books upon this improved system, has progressed so rapidly that now more than 5,000 of our sightless fellow-creatures in Great Britain and Ireland alone, are possessed of the power of doing so.

The earlier chapters of this volume give us a deeply moving account of the "Origin of Reading for the Blind," and of Dr. Moon's own simplified system.

Thirty years ago he lost his own sight, but from that time he set to work to unfold to others what, in the good Providence of God, he had himself happily achieved —the mastery of the system then in vogue. When, in 1847, Dr. Moon first introduced his system of raised or embossed letters, with an alphabet of the simplest character, there were few adults who could read by the touch, though the idea of the system was 300 years old and is due to a Spaniard, Francesco Lucas, and though numerous advances had been made in the art, especially by Valentine Hüay, who, Dr. Moon tells us, appears to have been the first to emboss paper as a means of reading for the blind, about the year 1784, and was instigated to it by seeing a band of blind musicians playing in the streets of Paris.

It is not too much to say, that the blind generally then were devoid of a scrap of reading which they could decipher for themselves. Dr. Moon was destined to become the inventor of a new plan by which all who were capable of learning to read by an embossed type might be able to do so. We learn from the independent testimonies and extracts from reports of Societies, &c., recorded in this book, that children of even the tenderest years, and

persons of most advanced age are enjoying the blessing of reading by means of this plan. It is as simple as it could possibly be made. The Roman letter which failed, and yet fails to be felt by the generality of the blind, was taken as a basis. Those letters which were appreciable to the touch of the blind were retained, those which admitted of simplification were made plainer by the omission of unnecessary strokes, and where this was inadmissable new and very simple forms were substituted. A glance at the alphabet is sufficient to convince one of its simplicity.

The books are now being read by at least 5,000 sightless ones in the United Kingdom. They are extensively read in Holland, Germany, France, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Egypt, Syria, India, China; in various parts of Africa, Australia, and America,—indeed, it would seem that the sun never sets upon the books. We would quote one or two remarks in Dr. Moon's work. As was deeply to be regretted, our late Lord Chancellor, Lord Hatherley, became almost totally blind, and whilst in this state he became acquainted with Dr. Moon's embossed type. His own testimony speaks for itself as to his appreciation of the blessing of reading again for himself, and the facility with which a knowledge of it may be acquired. When recently speaking of it at "Willis's rooms," he said, "that Dr. Moon's was the simplest method of teaching the blind to read, that he had himself experienced the benefit of the system, and that in three hours he learnt the 'finger alphabet,' and now he is never at a loss to read the type." The testimonies of persons in a humbler station of life are equally conclusive. The peer and the peasant have alike been provided for.

Indeed nothing can exceed the interest of the book itself, for those who are anxious to benefit their fellow-creatures, but it is a book which must be carefully read "in extenso."

We are enabled, by the kindness of Sir Charles H. Lowther, to whom the book is very properly dedicated, to present our readers to-day with a photograph of Dr. Moon, and which we can say, from personal knowledge, is a very good likeness of that industrious and energetic person. We are also permitted by the same kind friend, to lay before our readers a facsimile of the alphabet for the blind, which has been found the most successful. One of the great objects of the book is, to raise an "Endowment Fund" for the work. Hitherto it has been supported by voluntary contributions, the annual income from which is necessarily fluctuating; but now that the system has proved, after many years' experience, to be supremely *the* system for the Blind, its friends and advocates are anxious that it should be put upon a firm and permanent financial basis. Sir Charles Lowther, Bart., of Swillington House, Leeds, has kindly consented to become Treasurer to the "Endowment Fund," which, when a sufficient amount has been raised, will be placed in the hands of Trustees.

Subscriptions and donations, for immediate use in embossing his books for the Blind will be thankfully received by W. Moon, LL.D., 104, Queen's Road, Brighton.

Bankers: Messrs. Hall, Lloyd, Bevan, and West, Union Bank, North Street, Brighton.

We rise from the perusal of "Light for the Blind" with mingled feelings of pleasure and sorrow,—sorrow that so much suffering and affliction should yet abound amongst us; and pleasure, that, under Divine Providence, the suffering itself produces a remedy, and that out of darkness has come light.

We look upon Dr. Moon's system of reading for the Blind as one of the greatest improvements and discoveries of the age in which our lot is cast.

Many other discoveries are daily announced, many other discoverers are claiming rewards; but surely no discoveries are more blessed or important than that of reading for the Blind; and no discoverers are more worthy of the support and commendation of their brother men, than he who thus modestly relates his earnest and religious labours.

We will only add that, should it be, that any for whom we write are suffering from blindness themselves, or in those for whom they feel an interest, we shall be happy, on application to the Editor, or to Bro. Kenning, 198, Fleet Street, to endeavour to procure for any such applicants one or two books from Dr. Moon's admirable establishment at Brighton.

We have also seen some very remarkable astronomical diagrams for the blind, which reflect the highest credit on Dr. Moon.

May all of good attend the work, and may God's blessing rest on such truly philanthropic labours.

W.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

[From an unpublished blank verse poem, entitled *Welcombe Hills, or the Land of Shakspere,* composed by Br. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL, during a week's visit to the late Mark Philips, Esq., at Welcombe House, Stratford-on-Avon, in May, 1873.]

Hark! 'tis the nightingale! how that song thrills
Throughout my soul! That lay I long have yearn'd
(With fervent longing, like a pregnant dame,)
To hear; and now its welcome notes salute
Mine ears with floods of music. O how rich
The melody!—what fine variety
Of pleasing sounds does this one bird possess
In its small windpipe,—small but muscular:
For Nature's God adapts to its true end
All He creates. And well has WALTON ask'd,
(Honest old IZAAK, whose delightful book
On angling makes the subject seem divine
Of which he treats, though it be but to take
A simple trout with baited hook and line,)—
If God provideth for bad men on earth
Such music, what then must He have in store
For saints in heaven?* For the Nightingale,
Through all the ages man has heard its song,
Has been admired o'er all the feather'd choir.
Pliny preferr'd it to all instruments.
Like the immortal bards of Greece before
Rome's Ovid sang of Philomela's woes,
The much-wronged daughter of King Pandion
Changed to the Nightingale; and hence its song
Has ever since been plaintive. Perhaps 'twas *here*
SHAKSPERE first listen'd to its pensive notes,
A Stratford school boy, or e'en earlier still,
A child led by his loving mother's hand,—
That Mary Arden, whose sweet name itself
Is redolent of rural poetry;
And wander'd here in manhood's riper years,
Soliloquising like his Valentine:—
"How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns;
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes."†
To name the poets who have loved its lay
Would be to conjure up a galaxy
Of shining spirits in the world of song,
Such as would need my SHAKSPERE's magic pen
To passion view before us: one great soul
The Godlike MILTON—may alone suffice
To hallow its sweet notes throughout all time.
For he had heard it on the "bloomy spray
Warble at eve, when all the woods were still,"
And has embalm'd that folklore of our sires,
That the fond lover who is fortunate
Its "liquid notes that close the eye of day,"
To hear "before the cuckoo's shallow bill,"
Shall have "success in love." Giving poor hopes
For sighing swains where it ne'er sings at all.
'Tis said at times its thrilling lay is heard
Even in Yorkshire; but our Cleveland coast
Ne'er echoes back its heavenly melody.
Cornwall, and Scotia, and green Erin's isle,
The Channel Islands, though their climate's mild,
'Tis said it never visits.

Let us then
Be thankful for our larks, that overhead
Soar singing to the sky, as sweet as those
That sang to SHAKSPERE meditating here:
Thankful for thrush and blackbird, linnet tribe;
For robin redbreast's piping winter note;
For all the merry songsters we possess;
Yea, for the peewit and the cawing rook;
For all their notes are musical to him
Whose ears are tuned to nature's melody.

* "But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the mutual rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!'"—*Walton's Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation.*

† *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act v., scene 4.

——Scene in court: Judge.—"Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is passed on you?" Prisoner.—"No, Judge; I had ten dollars, but my lawyer took that."

TAKING IT FOR GRANTED.

BY FRANCES LEE.

With marks of a rough, stormy life all over him, a man of about fifty years, gray and sunburnt, sat in my office. I found him there when I went in one morning not long ago.

"Here is somebody waiting for you, Elwell," said Mr. Bigelow.

I looked around, and the man rose and held out his hand.

"Averill—my name is Averill," said he, looking sharply at me out of a pair of shrewd gray eyes. "I am an old friend of your mother; but I have not met her for a matter of five-and-twenty years. So I thought I'd call and ask after her and her family."

"I am glad to see you," said I. "Are you a relative of my mother?"

"No," replied Mr. Averill. "We were of the same name, but not connected—unless it may be very distantly. I used to know her and her folks, though, as well as I did my own sisters, and better, too. Let's see—where is your Aunt Augusta now?"

"She is living with her children in Portland," said I.

"Pretty well, is she, do you know?" asked Mr. Averill.

"Very well when we heard last. Aunt Augusta has good children and a pleasant home, and seems quite happy."

"Um-m-m-m! That is nice," said Mr. Averill, fumbling at a rough nugget of gold that hung as a charm from his watch-chain.

I hadn't much to do that day, so I talked off and on with my visitor till it was time to go home, and then took him along with me. I left him in the sitting-room and went to find mother. She was mixing biscuits for supper, looking through her glasses, and singing a snatch of some old, half-forgot en love-ditty of her youth.

"Mother?" said I, breaking in upon her song. "Come in the other room. An old friend of yours wants to see you."

Mother looked up over her glasses.

"An old friend? Tisn't any of the Maine folks, is it?" she asked.

Because, if it was so much as a dog that had trotted across a corner of the State of Maine, on his four legs, mother would have run, with her arms out and a smile of welcome, without stopping to even wash the dough off her hands. As it was, with only an indefinite thought of seeing "an old friend," she went, with a dust of flour on her nose, and without her company cap.

As soon as she had stepped inside the sitting-room door, she stood and looked at her guest, and he stood and looked at her.

"It is Sam, as true as you are born!" she said, at last.

Then they both laughed, and then they both wiped their eyes, though they didn't seem like that sort of people, especially Mr. Averill.

I never knew my mother to forget her housekeeping before, but this time she let the biscuit burn till they were as black as my shoe; and when she mixed some more she put in sugar instead of salt, and left out the saleratus altogether. But her cheeks grew pink, and her cap strings flew, and she nor her guest seemed to know the difference.

"Oh, honey!" cried my mother, hopping up from the tea-table as soon as she was seated. "You haven't lost your sweet tooth, have you, Sam?"

"How you do remember?" returned Sam, admiringly.

"I should think I ought to," returned my mother, with a girlish laugh. "The way you used to pick the walnuts to carry to the cross roads store and trade for molasses and make candy of! Speaking of the cross-roads store, I wonder if you know our old storekeeper's daughter, she that was Sarah Curly, has lost her husband?"

"No, has she? Strange I never heard of it," replied Mr. Averill, appearing as astonished as though he had been hearing from his old neighbours every week.

"Yes," said my mother. "She married one of old Si Seaver's boys, the oldest one, Jonathan, and he died sudden,—all at once; well it must be something like half-a-dozen years ago,—and left his wife and so many children—five children or else six, I don't know which."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Mr. Averill, passing his honey plate for the third time. No, evidently he had not lost his sweet tooth.

After supper, mother washed up the dishes and talked, and Mr. Averill smoked

his pipe and listened. It was the first time I ever allowed anyone to smoke in my house, but I had nothing to say now. I even filled his pipe and lighted it for him. And then he told the story of his life, which had been full of strange and interesting adventures. He was evidently a man who did not read much and who could not have written well, but he could talk: not always grammatically, perhaps, but always with force and fascination.

It seemed that years and years ago, his father and my mother's father lived in a town in the valley of the Kennebec. My mother's father was a large farmer and Mr. Averill's father was a very small farmer with a very large family. So his youngest son, Sam, came to work for my grandfather. My mother and my aunt Augusta were young girls—they were twins, and I suppose by the way they look now that they must have been pretty then. My mother was early engaged and married to my father; but there was Augusta, and there was Sam; and where one was you might usually find the other near at hand. Sam never said anything; he was not of a demonstrative kind, but he knew how he felt and he supposed Augusta knew too.

So the years budded and blossomed and brought forth fruit, until at last Sam went down to Connecticut to take charge of a saw mill for an uncle of his. He wrote to Aunt Augusta and Aunt Augusta wrote to him; and now and then he came to Maine on business, always going to my grandfather's before he went home, and carrying himself towards Augusta like an accepted lover.

After a few years he found himself possessed of twelve thousand dollars, and immediately went to work to spend it. He went abroad, to England and Rome and Egypt and Paris and Germany and Sweden and Russia and everywhere. When he came home at last it was with only fifty dollars in his pocket. So next he went out among the copper mines of Lake Superior, and in time was again possessed of twelve thousand dollars.

"Now I will come home and marry Augusta, and settle down," said he to himself. But he didn't say it to anybody else. It never occurred to him that was necessary.

Meantime my Aunt Augusta had not stood like a rose in a pot, waiting for the gardener to come and pick it. She cast out her roots and threw up her branches and bloomed as though it was enough to fulfill the laws of being and beauty for their own sakes.

In that simple neighbourhood work was supposed to be the chief end of everybody. So Aunt Augusta learned vest-making, and then she went to Coos, where her brother Nathan lived, and set up for herself.

Coos was a little crumb of a town in those days; but it held up its head and had its stores and its mills, and its shops, and its great white meeting-house on a hill, with galleries on three sides and square pews and a high box pulpit.

The first Sunday after Aunt Augusta went there, she climbed the hill, of course, and went in the front pew with Uncle Nathan and his wife. She was fashionably dressed in a black crape gown, a scarlet shawl and a white silk bonnet with pink roses inside. Her cheeks were as pink as her roses, and her eyes were as black as her gown.

There was no need that Mr. Keeler should point her out to the young men, but he took the pains to do it. Mr. Keeler the minister, was a little, lank man, as plain and gray as a dor-bug, and so afraid of the pomps and vanities that he wouldn't wear buttons on his coat. No sooner had his eyes fallen on Aunt Augusta, settling herself in the front pew like a variegated tulip, than he dropped the subject he had started upon for his sermon, and began to preach against conformity to the world. He was a sincere, earnest man, and he preached with all his might, emphasizing and illustrating his words by pointing with his blunt finger at the scarlet shawl and pink roses. So if anybody had neglected to look at them before, they looked then.

Among those who were obedient to the ministerial forefinger was Abner Stanton, the village blacksmith.

Abner Stanton's heart was a good deal like his iron—not easily melted—but when it once had been hammered into a shape, there it was, fixed and stedfast. And today Aunt Augusta's eyes went through it like red-hot arrows as he peered around at her from behind one of the pillars in the gallery.

The next day he came to get a vest made. The day after he came to bring the buttons for it; and the day after that he

thought, as he was going by, he would call and see if she had everything she needed, and how soon the vest would be done. It was not two days more before he was there a gain to bring a letter.

"I happened to see it at the post-office when I went after my paper, and so I brought it along. I could as well as not," said he.

The letter was from Sam Averill, telling about the luck he had had in mining, the weather and the fact that he was well. Nothing more; nothing about the home he was building in his fancy, and the figure that was always central in his thoughts.

"I hope," said my uncle Nathan, "you are not foolish enough to set your mind on such a rolling stone as Sam Averill. He has no continuity to him."

"If we are going to hunt for a man that has no faults in this world, we'll have a long road of it," returned Aunt Augusta, bearing down the heavy pressing-iron upon her seam as though she were trying to crush the life out of something.

In less than a week Abner Stanton called again. He thought perhaps Miss Augusta didn't know the swamp-pinks were out, and so he brought her a handful, that he had got on the way over from Cowesett.

Aunt Augusta had a weakness for flowers—she and my mother are alike about that—and she put a cluster of the blossoms in her hair at once, and another at her throat, while Abner Stanton looked at her with admiration in every hair of his head.

"If you were a sister of mine, you should always sit in a rocking chair and wear swamp-pinks!" said he.

"Abner Stanton is a most excellent man," quoth Uncle Nathan, when he had gone his way, "an esquire and a head man in town. He's all wheat and no chaff. He'll make a first-rate husband, and the girl who gets him will get a prize."

Aunt Augusta made some fierce clippings with her great tailor's shears, but she said nothing, and presently went up-stairs to answer Sam Averill's letter.

The next day Abner Stanton called to see Uncle Nathan on business, and she sent her letter to the office by him. So the months drifted along one after another like pictures in a magic-lantern. Abner Stanton came often on one excuse or another, or on none. He brought flowers and berries strung on grass, and sweet flag root and birds' eggs. He was never intrusive with his love, but he made Aunt Augusta conscious of it every step she walked and with every breath she breathed. It was below her, above her, and all around her. He often brought her letters from Sam, and carried hers for him to the office.

"All things are fair in love," said he to himself. So now and then he forgot to mail or deliver one, dropping it in the fire instead. At last, as his love grew hotter and more impatient, he kept them back altogether, and still never allowed Aunt Augusta to lose sight or thought of himself.

Thus the time passed, until Sam Averill, having made and lost and made again his twelve thousand dollars among the copper mines, came home to "marry Augusta and settle down."

Suddenly, one day he appeared before my uncle Nathan, travel-worn and brown and shaggy. My uncle received him with great cordiality.

"Sam, I'm glad to see you!" said he. "How have you fared all this great long time?"

"Fair to middling. Where's Augusta?" returned Sam.

"Oh, Augusta! She is all right. You go to the tavern and fix up, and I'll find Augusta. I will be around in an hour or so and call for you. Augusta will be proper glad to see you, and so'll the rest of the folks. I don't know when there has been such a surprise in Coos before."

So Sam went off with his honest heart to find a razor and a wash bowl, and my uncle Nathan did a very mean thing. He went straight to Abner Stanton. "Abner," said he, going to the smithy, out of breath, "Sam Averill has come, and you must go right up and get Augusta to name the day, or you will lose her. I'll keep him out of the way as long as I can."

Abner dropped his hammer, without saying a word, and went up the street, rolling down his shirt-sleeves as he went. An hour after Uncle Nathan came home with Sam Averill.

"Here is an old friend you will be glad to see, Augusta," said he, opening the door of my aunt's workroom, where she sat

stitching the pocket of a primrose-coloured vest, and looking fresh as a hundred primroses herself.

"It is Sam!" said she faintly, starting to her feet and dropping her work.

It was Sam. Sam come at last, with his long-smouldering love and his tardy speaking.

"You are too late! An hour too late," said my aunt Augusta, when he had told his errand East. "I have just engaged myself to another man."

"You haven't done right, Augusta," said Sam. "You belong to me; you have always belonged to me, and you ought to have waited till I came."

"You didn't say anything," returned my aunt, with a little pride. "How was I to know what you meant? You never spoke a word."

"I took it you knew my mind," returned Sam. "I never thought of anybody else. I never should think of anybody else, and it didn't occur to me that you would. You must marry this person now you have promised him, of course. But it isn't right and it never will be right."

"Mr. Stanton is a worthy man; just as good as gold, clear through to the core. I have always liked him, and you never said anything," repeated my poor aunt Augusta; "I will be your friend, though, just the same."

They said no more; there was nothing more to be said, and in a month Aunt Augusta and Abner Stanton were married. Sam Averill stayed till after the wedding, and then he went off, and had never been heard of again until to-day by Aunt Augusta's family.

He went to California, throwing his whole life into work; his work prospered, and he had come back now with houses and lands and gold and mines—a rich man. He had come back to find Aunt Augusta, and learn how the world had fared with her. For in all these years of buying and selling and getting gain, he had kept the empty room in his heart that had once been filled by his love.

Aunt Augusta's married life had not been happy. It is very dangerous for a man to take in a mean habit temporarily, for it will stick to him, and Abner Stanton's character never recovered from the twist those intercepted letters gave it. I don't know what, but something was always going wrong between them. Even their children proved barriers instead of bonds. As he grew older his natural economy and thrift became stronger and stronger, until, as my mother said, "he got so close he could sit, and seven more like him, on a three-cent piece." Finally, one day, under some provocation, he told Aunt Augusta about the lost letters.

"You oughtn't to have told me that, Abner," said she. "You ought not to have told me. I can never forgive you."

She never did. Always after there seemed to be something separating them, cold and hard and transparent as ice, until at last they agreed to live apart. And so they did until the death of Mr. Stanton. Now Aunt Augusta was living surrounded by her children and grandchildren, happy and comfortable.

Mother brought down thus the story of Aunt Augusta's life, while Mr. Averill listened, eager and excited. When she had finished he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and starting up, began to walk the floor.

"I will start for Portland to-morrow morning and see what Augusta will have to say to me. I am of the same mind I always was. I have never hankered for a moment after any other woman, and I am as ready to marry her to day as ever I was."

So the next day I saw him on the Portland train, gray with years, but youthful with expectation.

This time he did not waste his opportunity by waiting to make himself fine, but with the grime and dust of travel yet upon him, he went directly to the house of Aunt Augusta's daughter, with whom she is living.

"Where is Mrs. Stanton? I want to see her right away," said he, as soon as the door was opened.

"You will find her here; walk in, if you please," replied the housemaid, throwing open the door of the sitting-room.

Mr. Averill stepped quickly forward. Yes, there she sat, stitching away as before on some kind of primrose-coloured stuff, with her eyes as black and bright as ever, But the primroses were faded in her cheeks, and she wore a cap on her head.

"I have come for you again, Augusta Am I too late this time?" cried the impatient lover.

The roses came back to Aunt Augusta's cheeks, and the red-hot arrows shot out of her eyes once more.

"Bless us! If it isn't Sam Averill, nose and all!" she said, holding up her hands.

From twenty to fifty is but as a watch in the night, then the years are past; and it is only when an old lady nods triumphantly at you from the looking-glass, saying, "Here I am, my dear!" or when children that you have nursed in your arms come around with the rights and duties of full-grown men and women, that you remember one is no longer young at fifty. But the sight of Sam Averill's grey hairs and wrinkles were as good as a looking-glass to remind Aunt Augusta.

"Sit down, Sam," said she, "and let me look at you. It seems like the real old times to see you once more. You look wonderfully natural, but dear me, how you have changed! You've grown old as well as myself."

But Mr. Averill was not to be diverted by any side issues.

"Augusta," said he earnestly, "I made a serious mistake once. It was not a mistake about my own mind, however; that remains the same as it always was. Every woman I've seen seemed like a tallow candle beside the sun when I think of you. I have made my fortune, and all I want now is you to come and share it with me. It is you, or nobody, just as it always was."

Maybe Aunt Augusta's heart throbbed a little with the old yearning towards the love of her youth, but she shook her head with unhesitating decision, as she put out her hand to stir the cradle where her youngest grandchild lay asleep.

"It can never be, Sam," said she. "I won't deny that it was all a mistake my marrying Stanton. He didn't turn out to be the man I took him for. He proved contrary and onery, and besides he wrote letters in disguise. But that is all over and past and can't be undone. And now I am in the midst of my children with my grandchildren growing up about me, and I am in the right place. I shouldn't be contented to leave everything and go off to a new country to begin the world over again, as it were. I am too old an oak to be transplanted."

Well, after that Mr. Averill might have talked till she was at the age of Methuselah. Aunt Augusta had made up her mind, and an earthquake couldn't shake it.

So Mr. Averill again went away alone.

"Well, Amelia, Augusta wouldn't have a word to say to me," said he, walking in upon mother and me as we sat at supper a few evenings after, "not a word."

"I want to know if that is so!" cried mother, fluttering up after another plate and knife. "Lay your overcoat right off, and sit by and have a cup of tea with us. Augusta always was decided, and you couldn't turn her after she got her mind fixed. She wouldn't keep you waiting long for your answer, either. Well, it is likely it is for the best; we will hope so," pursued mother, reaching over to put an extra lump of sugar in Mr. Averill's cup, as though to sweeten life, if possible, for him.

"It serves me right for taking it for granted that Augusta understood my intentions. I must have been a self-conceited, inconsiderate fool. But it seems hard a body can't work his way out of a blunder in a whole lifetime."

Mother looked full of sympathy, and dropped another lump of sugar in Mr. Averill's cup. To my astonishment he seemed to relish it the better, as if life were growing sweeter and sweeter.

Mother and Mr. Averill sat up late that night; so late, that as I had had a hard day, I went off to bed and left them talking over old times and purring like a couple of cats by the kitchen fire.

After breakfast the next morning, mother followed me into the hall when I started for the office.

"I want to speak with you, Elwell, just a minute," said she, stroking my coat-sleeve, tremulously. "What should you say to my going back to California along with Mr. Averill?"

"You, mother!" I cried, feeling as though the world had tumbled of its axis. "Why, it is Aunt Augusta he wants. 'It is Augusta, or nobody!'"

"Yes, so it was," returned mother, humbly, "but Sam says I seem more like Augusta, as she used to be, than she does herself. To tell you the truth, Elwell,"

continued mother, humbler still, "I suppose it wouldn't have taken much to turn me towards Sam in my young days; I always thought the world and all of him; but he seemed to take rather more to Augusta. She was always nineteen to the dozen, and I never could hold my own against her And then your father, he came along, and I never was sorry it happened as it did. But now you don't need me, and Sam and I have about concluded to make arrangements, only I told him I must have a talk with you first to get your advice."

Get my advice! Dear little mother! I was not idiotic enough to offer it if I had any advice to give. So she and Mr. Averill went on and "made arrangements."

Which arrangements were that that day two weeks, after a quiet wedding at the minister's, they started off for California together, to begin life anew on each other's account, as blithe and joyous as two birds on the wing. — *American Voice of Masonry.*

DISPERSION OF LANGUAGE.

BY W. S. HOOPER.

THIRD PAPER.

The second dispersion of languge was not so prominent, universal, or great as that at the tower of Babel. The first embraced all the world, while the second took in only a part of the civilized portion. The first had for its object the diffusion of tongues, so that all lands should be peopled, cultivated, developed, and language be perpetuated under all the forms of coming civilization; while the second had for its object the instillation of certain great truths. This last occurred at the grand work of building King Solomon's Temple. We know, in that great enterprise, workmen, in great numbers, from many countries, were engaged. They came as the representatives of different nations, speaking perhaps different tongues, but there was no confusion of language, and the dispersion, as already intimated, was of a character far different from that of the former. Indeed, aside from the fact of this building being erected for the worship of God, the great object was the development of truth and its diffusion throughout the world. To accomplish this other nations were engaged, with the Jews, in the work. We remember at that time no nation, except the Jews, had a proper understanding of the power and authority of the Supreme Being, and infer that one of His designs in the work was to make the initiatory step towards the conversion of the idolatrous people of the rest of the world.

Among the workmen God's worshippers had the predominance, and the others soon perceived that a prevailing opinion or belief had a great effect upon their lives. This, they also soon perceived, was the result of the teachings of the law of God as it then was in the hands of the priests and leaders of the Jews. These foreign men, by constant mingling in the society of God's people, imbibed much of their religion and piety, became imbued with it, and in large measure renounced idolatry, and became worshippers of the true God. At the close of their labour it was more difficult for them to throw off the newly acquired religion than it had been to give up idolatry, and, instead of returning to their former practices, they carried away with them true ideas of God, and thus the language of the religion of the true God was diffused among the idolatrous nations, and men, generally, obtained so good an idea of his nature and character that not even their subsequent darkest hours could blot it out, nor prevent them from erecting over their idolatrous shrines an altar dedicated to the true God.

It seems to be a matter of necessity for the wellbeing of civilized society that both a commercial and a well developed spiritual language be spoken.

Now, whatever may be the fact in regard to the origin of Masonry, we believe there was at the building of the Temple of Solomon a well developed and thoroughly organized society of workmen, and that its object was not only mutual protection, but also the development of the spiritual truth of the eternity of Jehovah and of man's duty to Him. Hence, as a consequence of

their dispersion, after the completion of the Temple, we find in every land and island of any nation whatever, the Fraternity of Masons, and among them all the prevalence of the same language of signs and symbols, and the cultivation of the same spiritual ideas. This being the fact, there is, to our mind, no other place or event in the history of man where this dispersion could have originated. Masonry has never been a system of missionary work, or this universality of the Order might in that way be accounted for. But, there never having been any such spirit among the Fraternity, nor any such effort at a general diffusion, and there being no other event or work to which it can justly be attributed, it seems perfectly reasonable to accept the theory that the second dispersion of language occurred at that period.

The effects of this dispersion were not immediately fully apparent, nor has their greatest influence yet been felt. Their development was gradual and persistent, and wherever they were exerted society was benefited. So permanent and so general has this influence been that to-day, even among nations closely allied to heathenism, one has but to speak in the language of Masonry to find easy access to the hearts of the people, and to interest them in hearing the truth.

In the great pressure of our present labour we cannot now develop this thought more plainly, but will endeavour to do so in our next paper.

Two Irishmen jogged along one day,
When a milestone greeted them by the way,
Time worn and grey, with its mossy bed,
To Dublin, forty miles it said;
As paused the twain from the noontide heat,
Neath a tree whose shadows were cool and sweet,
With a knowing air, Pat viewed the stone,
Then turned to his friend who sat alone.
Jemmy, said he, with shake of head,
Tread lightly, lad, here lies the dead.
It's a lucky man I am, quoth he,
For larning to read at school, d'ye see.
An ower good soul was the same, I'll own,
But hark ye now, I'll read the shtone,
Forty years ould, and Miles his name,
And from Dublin it was his honor came.

MOTHER KEMP ON READING MASONS.

"Some of your Masontry Brethren, Jeems, I fear, don't read much," said the old lady, as she punched up her old-fashioned wood fire with her right foot, "and I have most always known," she added, with a sort of sarcastic air, "that such men are very apt to get behind the times in almost everything except their own ignorance. Why, Jeems," said she, "I was amazingly astonished the other day to hear Jonas Frisby, one of your brethren, say that he had never taken your paper since it had been printed. He was a sittin' in his house close up to the corner of the chimney, with his big jack-knife in his hand, whittling away on a pine stick, just as if he owned the whole township, and when I asked him why he had never taken the paper, said he:

"'Why, Mother Kemp, I never have time to read it.'

"'Never have time, Jonas,' said I.

"'No, you know,' said he, 'that I'm always busy doin' somethin'.'

"'Yes, Jonas,' said I, 'I see you are a very industrious man. You appear to be most always busy at somethin', if it's only whittlin' a pine board. What do you get for whittlin', Jonas?' I asked him.

"'Oh, I get nothin' for that, Mother Kemp,' said he.

"'Then why do you fool away your time at it?' I asked.

"'Oh,' said he, 'I jest do this because I've got in the habit of it.'

"'Habit, habit!' said I; 'Why, Jonas, I've known you well nigh on to twenty years, and I've often thought if you had become a readin' man you might by this time have been one of the squires of the town-ship.'

"'Are you a bright Mason, Jonas?' I asked him, 'for you know, Jeems,' said she, 'that's what you called smart Masons the other day, and I remembered it, and I just thought I'd ask him if he was one.'

"'Well, no, Mother Kemp,' said he, 'you know I never had time to study it.'

"'Time! time! Jonas,' said I, 'I fear you've got the wrong word. You mean,' said I, for I wanted to be frank and honest with him, 'that you hadn't the brain

power, as my revered husband used to say, to study it. Well, Jonas, I'm sorry,' said I, 'that you've read so little and whittled so much. The habit, as you call it, has never made you anything, and besides all that it has fooled you out of enough time to have made a little fortune for yourself, if you had had the brain power to have read a little.'"

"Didn't he get mad at you, Mother Kemp?" we asked.

"Why, no, Jeems," said the old lady, good naturedly, "he didn't dare to, and if he had I'd soon make him ashamed of himself, but he just whittled away as if that had been his only profession. Don't you think, Jeems," she asked with a smile, "that your Brethren who haven't time to read *sixteen pages* of Masontry in a month are awfully industrious?"

"Certainly, certainly, Mother Kemp," said we.

"Yes, Jeems," interrupted the good old lady. "Such men most always remind me of an old goose of my father's. The old thing would go to settin' on a stone or a brick bat or anything, and she'd set, and set, and set, until she'd set nearly all the feathers off of her, and until she'd get as poor and lean as a starved goslin'. I was amazingly pleased though, Jeems," continued the good mother, "the other day, with your brother Simons. You see I went over to see his wife, and I found him a readin' of the *Masonic Advocate*, and so much taken up with it that his wife and me had to do most all the talking."

"Why, Simons don't take the *Advocate*, Mother Kemp," said we.

"He don't?" said she.

"Why no; there is no such name on the books," we affirmed.

"Well, then, Jeems," said she, "I recken he had *borrowed* them of his brother Jones."

"That may be," said we.

"But, Jeems," she asked, "is that fair? I know," she added, "that neighbours have to borrow sometimes of one another, but I didn't think that Masons would *sponge* in that way.'

"Oh, Masons are but men, Mother Kemp," said we, "and you musn't expect too much of them."

"Well, now, Jeems," said she, "my revered husband used to say that Methodists who got to heaven on a quarter of a dollar a quarter were pretty economical kind of Christians, and so they were, perhaps, but for my part I have most always thought that people of any sort that sponged their way through the world were only paupers; don't you? But then, Jeems," said she, "I always like to see people read good books and papers, whether they borrow or own them, for it makes them more intelligent and fits them better for society. Don't you?"

"Yes, Mother Kemp," said we, "there's nothing makes a good man or a good Mason more certainly than the reading of good books and good papers."

"That's so, that's so, Jeems," affirmed the precious old woman, and lifting her specs from her head she remarked with a serious leer: "Why, Jeems, I have never know'd a readin' man in my life in any profession of society but become a leadin' man among the people. It was readin' that made my revered husband what he was, and if I'm any judge you'll find that your Masontry brethren that don't read, with some few exceptions, are always led by others, or else they don't lead at all. Ain't it so, Jeems?" she asked.

"Well, Mother Kemp," said we, "that's what's the matter." Here our time was up, and we had to leave.

—*American Masonic Advocate.* JEEMS.

"I would not," says Mr. Beecher, "for all the comfort which I might get from the books of the Alexandrian Library, or from the Lennox Library, give up the comfort which I get out of Nature. . . . There is nothing that grows—no weed, no grass, no flower, no fruit—that is not in some way related to God in my thoughts; and I am never so near Him as when, night or day, I am in that solemn cathedral, the world of Nature, and behold its ever changing beauty. There are no such frescoes in art as God's hand paints in the heavens. There are no such relations of God as come to us through Nature. In the budding, blossoming days of spring, in the balmy days of summer, in the fruitful days of autumn, in the days of winter, in every day of the year, there is something that is a separate leaf to me in God's outside Bible, now that I have learned to read it."

AN ELEPHANT HUNT IN SIAM.

(*Continued from page* 32.)

After a few hours' sleep we returned to the trap about ten o'clock in the morning, and found in place of the green and turfy alleys of the preceding day, nothing but a range of black trees, and even five or six of these had been all bent under the tremendous pressure of these enormous creatures. We had not been long on the terrace when the guests arrived, and the capture of the animals was begun.

One of the elephants was three feet taller than any of his companions; he was one of those who showed such rancour against the little pagoda the preceding evening, and the Regent had designated him as the first one to be caught.

Two of the tame elephants now advanced with two armed drivers on each, the front driver having a strong bent hook in his hand, the other man in a crouching posture and holding a pole about eight yards long; this pole was flattened at the end, and around it was rolled a strong rope forty yards long, made of thongs of rhinoceros and elephant hide.

One animal entered by the eastern, the other by the western gate. The intelligence of these animals was something extraordinary. A word, a sign was enough for them. They had now arrived behind the animal they wanted to catch, and making him walk, the men took advantage of the moment when he lifted his hind feet, to pass a running knot round his hams, by means of their spear. Having done this, the coil of the rope was thrown to the Siamese in the alleys and made fast to one of the trees. When this was accomplished, the western gate was opened once more, and all the elephants went out of the trap to bathe in the pond, and to feed on whatever young plants they could find around it. A circle of their treacherous companions at every ten paces remained as silent and immovable as veritable sphinxes, and hindered them from going outside the allotted boundary.

The wild herd was, for the most part, composed of females, a bull elephant having generally from fifteen to twenty—a fact which will explain why it was impossible for four hundred of these animals to revolt against three hundred bull elephants chosen from the royal Siamese stables, which always contain five thousand of these animals ready to take the field. Besides, the hunt never takes place during the pairing season, as it would be impossible for the elephant hunters to succeed.

When the pit was entirely empty and the captive saw himself cut off from his companions and his little ones, he set up a terrible cry, and made a rush for the door through which the last elephant had just disappeared. The rope tightened, his legs were pulled different ways, and he fell on his fore knees heavily to the ground; three times did he try the same experiment with the same result. He bellowed and ploughed up the ground with his tusks, but no force can break these thongs, which are made of elephant skins.

When he realized his position he turned all his rage against the stakes, but had to rest at the end of a quarter of an hour. After an hour and a half the ropes were loosened from the stakes, and the eastern gate opened. He then made a rush for it, thinking he was free, but only dragged his chains with him, for beyond the door were two elephants on each side, like two policemen, each having an enormous collar of rattans, while a third stood right in front, and prevented any further movement on the captive's part.

While he tried to overcome these new obstacles, the keepers put a similar collar round his neck, and another on his back, and then tied him to his two companions; the third one cleared the way, and, taking a position behind, shoved on the poor captive, while the other two dragged him towards the southern shed, or *sala*, prepared for the occasion. It was exactly like three policemen conducting a troublesome prisoner to the station. In the shed he was tied to a strong stake, his fore feet fettered, and then given into the charge of his keeper. The whole proceeding occupied about three hours. Two other elephants were taken in the same manner, but one of them had a desperate fight with his antagonists before he was captured. Every time one of the tame elephants would approach, he would rush at him with his tusks; he was received in the same savage fashion, and they came together with a dull thud. Four domesticated elephants were worsted in the fight, and had to be taken off the field; with the fifth, the struggling animal lost one of his tusks,

and, being thus unfit for use, was allowed to regain his liberty. He was not long in plunging into the water, and, having washed off the blood with which he was covered, he rejoined his companions. The third elephant did not give so much trouble, and at five o'clock we went to the sheds where they were to be tamed by hunger. The first animal was twenty-three feet high, the second, twenty, the third, nineteen, and the one we lost twenty-two. In these countries the elephants are of the greatest service, and it would be difficult for man to have any of the luxuries of life without their intelligent aid.

The foreign guests started the same night for Bangkok, extremely well pleased with what they had seen, and the Regent returned to his camp. I was very desirous of having a young elephant, and the mandarin of the elephants was kind enough to place four men at my disposal. We set out and lay for the herd along the road it had to follow to the forests. I was so fortunate as to capture a young bull elephant about eight months old, which I named Joseph, and brought with me to Bangkok, where the King was kind enough to give me a nurse for it, as it could not do without one for a couple of years.

Many an evening I would amuse myself by taking out the foster-mother with little Joseph, and watch his gambols as he would set out on a gallop and then return between his mother's legs. At other times when he would see me stretched on the mat before my door, he would run to me and dirty my face with the end of his trunk, and if I would not rise up and run and play with him, he would endeavour to roll over me, and I was then obliged to rise, or I would have been crushed by the young colossus. Joseph is at present in a beautiful *sala* of the royal palace of Bangkok, as one enters the court through the fourth western gate, which is called the Gate of the Lhuangs-Phatout-Lhuang.

It is remarkable what precision characterized this hunt. The animals had been gathered from several hundred leagues distant; three months had been occupied in forming the herd and driving it on. The 26th of April, at four o'clock, was the time appointed, and on that day, at exactly ten minutes past four, the elephants passed before us.

BETTER THINGS.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Better to smell the violet cool, than sip the glowing wine;
Better to hark a hidden brook, than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of gentle heart, than beauty's favours proud;
Better the rose's living seed than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness, than bask in love all day;
Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by woman's hand, than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in God, than say, my goods my storehouse fill.

Better to be a little wise, than in knowledge to abound;
Better to teach a child, than toil to fill perfection's round.

Better to sit at a master's feet, than thrill a listening state;
Better suspect that thou art proud, than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk the realm unseen, than watch the hour's event;
Better the *well-done* at the last, than the air with shoutings rent.

Better to have a quiet grief, than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn, than the noonday burning bright.

Better a death when work is done, than earth's most favoured birth;
Better a child in God's great house, than the king of all the earth.

—*Michigan Freeman.*

RIP VAN WINKLE LODGE, No. 1001.

A TRUE HISTORY FROM NOTES.

This grand *old* Lodge has long been working under a Charter obtained from Holland in the early days of the Knickerbockers, and it is not therefore strange that its membership is a large one. It may not be so, but it seems that the most of them were selected to membership in the Order because of their natural inherent lethargy and special carelessness, for the most of them have always been noted for these things. In the first place they are all proud of being Masons, and if they are asked, "Are you a Mason?" they answer

promptly, "Yes, siree," showing that they pit themselves in belonging to the ancient Fraternity.

Then secondly, they are distinguished for never paying their dues until they receive two or three notices from the Secretary, giving evidence that they like to be *officially* noticed with financial honours, at least every two or three years.

Then thirdly, they are very *indifferent* in their attendance upon their Lodge meetings, which has been charitably accounted for, in most cases, in their having no almanacks. It seems they never study the changes of the moon, which, as all know, is essential to any full knowledge of Masonic philosophy.

But they have all taken the degrees of the Craft, and this they think is enough, and therefore they do not propose, as Masons, to live on anything other than "past recollections," and to have Masonic machinery carry them through.

The fact is now patent that most of them expected from the beginning that Masonry would glorify them instead of their having to glorify it. This was their personal idea of the contract, and they have taken due notice thereof, and of course govern themselves accordingly. Hence they look to the east for help, for patronage, for professional honours and such like glorifications, and when they don't come thick and fast enough, they are very apt to take the *studs* and refuse to pull anywhere.

Under such circumstances many of them drop off from their Lodge meetings and don't attend once in six months. It is on this account that many of them grow to be very indifferent sort of Masons, so far as *work* and interest and Masonic intelligence are concerned. They appear indeed to be very like the man who got married. "The first month," he said "he felt like eating his wife up, soul and body, and ever since then he had been very sorry he hadn't done it."

It is no doubt true that Masonry has been disappointed in a great many men, but then the thing has been made equal in the fact that a great many men have been disappointed in Masonry. It didn't help them along, or make them half as great as they expected it would. At least this is the experience of many in the old Rip Van Winkle Lodge, and they ought to know, for what they don't know in that Lodge no other Lodge need try to learn—or in other words, "they know it all."

To some this assertion may sound a little strange, as but very few of them ever read a Masonic paper of any sort.

But then it should be remembered that most of them, like the Irishman, "get their knowledge by inheritance," which shows that they are Masons "to the manor born."

The nomenclature of this good old Lodge is peculiar, as well as its membership, for they define "Brotherly Love" to mean "water to our mill," and "Relief" they say signifies "that we shall help others as others help us." And they also tell us that "Truth" means "all such things as are on their side of the question." In other words, they don't call any one much of a "brother" unless he plays on their fiddle strings.

To live in this good old Lodge one must not expect too much of his brethren, as but little or nothing is expected of himself, for this principle of nomenclature they have found out by experience is their very best hold. Hence they teach all their members to place great reliance on that passage of Scripture which reads, "Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."

That such a Lodge as the old Rip Van Winkle should flourish in these days is not to be wondered at, for they tell outsiders that the very name of Master Mason is popular, respectable, ancient, and therefore glorious. They teach that it is only necessary to take the degrees, and then you know it all. "It is knowledge of the ancient mysteries," they say, "men want, and when they get them they need no more." Like the ancient Oracles of Delphi, they speak but one language, and cling with tenacity to the primitive landmarks as the only hope of maintaining the prestige of their antiquity. With many of our modern Lodges this old Rip Van Winkle Lodge may not stand so fair. They are looking for progress—for advancement—for new light, and some of them are even making improvements on the ancient science, and it is not remarkable that they especially find fault with the old Rip Lodge, because they think they see as plainly as they can see the outlines on the trestle-board, that the example

of this old antiquated concern is a drawback on the advancing light of Masonry, and calculated to make the world believe that the Mystic Tie is pretty much a humbug after all. In this matter, however, we think they need not greatly trouble themselves, for the old Rip has stood it well, and she is, for a good many years, and the human probabilities are that she will continue to do so until the crack of doom.—*American Masonic Advocate.*

THE SILVER LINING.

Captain Bro. Macclermont, late of the regular army, tells us that the horrors of war (especially in his case) were mitigated by the humanizing influences of Masonry, and that there is no cloud, however dark, but hath its silver lining. We accept the following interesting sketch from his graphic pen, and commend it to the perusal of all who believe in the universal humanity of heaven born Masonry:

"In the fall of 1864, several squadrons of Federal cavalry went out on a raiding expedition through one of the most Southern States. The expedition was successful—completely so. The enemy had fled before it. Artillery had been captured, hundreds of prisoners, and an indefinite amount of horses and mules. The country had been raided successfully. To the initiated that sentence speaks volumes in itself; it means a country had been devastated, plundered—private property not excepted—a people's feelings aroused to the highest pitch of exasperation. As a general thing, those captured from a raiding party get but sorry treatment. This successful expedition spoken of had been out seven days, and was within one day's march of its home, or camp destination, when the enemy, who had been following warily, made an attack on the rear of the column, in hopes of recapturing some of the plundered booty. The attack was soon and easily repulsed, but with the loss of one officer and five men to the raiders, which happened in this wise: A little party of six made a dash into the woods after the same number of rebels; the chase became exciting; several miles of ground had been travelled; when the rebels made a stand, and showed fight.

"The Federal column had passed on its route; the six troopers were not missed until the next day. The Federal soldiers opened on them with carbines and pistols immediately, and thereby emptied six rebel saddles; but the firing brought more rebel troops to the scene of action. Our little party still fired away, until they saw themselves being surrounded, then they attempted to retreat to their column; but, alas! 'twas too late—they were hemmed in on every side; they were raiders—need I say more? No; my horse threw me from the saddle; he was captured—and so was I.

"When I began to look about me, I found myself between two regiments of Confederate cavalry; I saw no other Union prisoners besides myself; I was hooted and jeered at; one party rode up to me and demanded my arms, another wanted my spurs, another took a fancy to my coat and hat; but one who considered that coats and hats could be bought with money modestly requested that I should give *him* something, if it was only my Yankee manufactured pocket book, with its contents of greenbacks, as he had heard very much about such things, and wished to see some. His wish had to be gratified, but my wish to see the book and its contents again was never gratified. Next some one suddenly wished to know what time it was, and a special requisition was made for my watch, no objection being made to the chain and ornaments attached.

"Thus far the privates had their own way; then I loudly protested against giving up my watch, as it had some Masonic engravings upon it, and Masonic ornaments attached to the chain. While pleading for the watch, an officer rode up and overheard a part of the conversation, and, understanding that I was a Mason, took the watch from the trooper who had taken it from me, and put it in his own pocket, at the same time drawing his revolver and declaring that he would take charge of me and my property; and, as the others seemed to demur at it, the officer ordered me to walk ahead of him, at the same time telling the men that he would defend me with his life, and that he was bound to do it.

"That officer was a Mason, and through his instrumentality my life was spared, for I was informed by one of the men who helped to strip me (some time afterwards), that when they had finished plundering me, I was to have been taken into the woods

and *shot* as the other prisoners had been. I must here say that my watch and chain were returned to me intact. Before the officer left me, he put a guard over me, with strict orders to bring me safely to their headquarters, while he himself galloped on ahead, and reported a Federal prisoner coming. Shortly after, the commanding officer privately gave orders to one of his subordinates to take me into the woods and see that *I* was shot.

"As soon as I understood what disposal was to be made of me, I very naturally expostulated upon the lawlessness of the act about to be perpetrated. In doing so, I gesticulated with my hand. I happened to have on my finger a ring, with the Masonic emblem engraved upon it; the officer saw it, paused suddenly, and asked me two or three Masonic questions. I answered him correctly. That officer was a Mason also, and when he knew me to be one, *he* couldn't find it in his heart to execute his order. His commanding officer was likewise a Mason, and when informed by his subordinate that I was a brother, my life was not only spared, but many little kind attentions were shown me, and within a short time afterwards, through the influence of my Southern Masonic brethren, I was paroled and sent within our lines.

"Thus, my Brethren, you see, under *Divine Providence*, Masonry saved my life twice, and released me from a long imprisonment. And while in prison, *many* of the Brethren visited me, and administered unto my wants; and on my return journey through their country, in every town or village I stopped, some Brother would inquire if any of their fraternity were among the prisoners. I being the only one, the distinction between myself and the other prisoners was marked, as regards the favours I received. Thus, my fratres, you perceive in my case an instance where the *Divine* principle of *fraternal love* and *Masonic Charity* mitigated the horrors of war, and thereby the more solemnly impressed upon *my heart* and *memory* the *beauty* and *glory* of that institution whose pillars have withstood the decay of ages, and the convulsions of revolution, and now stands as firm as when the Wise King was *divinely* inspired, and erected a Temple to the Most High."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

BRO. EMRA HOLMES ON CHARLES DICKENS.

In our last number but one we gave a notice of Bro. Emra Holmes' lecture on Tom Hood, which he recently delivered at the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, Ipswich.

Bro. Holmes has since delivered a lecture on Charles Dickens at Dovercourt, a pretty and rising watering place in Essex, the residence of our well known brother Robt. J. Bagshaw, P.G.M., for Essex, who lent the Assembly Rooms for the occasion. The lecture had been some time previously delivered in Ipswich at the Working Men's College, a very flourishing institution, of which the venerable and learned Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, is President. Our contemporary the "Civilian," the leading Civil Service organ, thus comments on the 8th March, 1873:—"Mr. Emra Holmes, of the Provincial Civil Service, upon whose able contributions to Masonic Literature we have frequently had the pleasure to comment, gave a few evenings since a highly interesting lecture at the Working Men's College, Ipswich, on Charles Dickens. Lord John Hervey presided, and a large audience testified their delight at the intellectual treat which had been presented to them."

The "Suffolk Chronicle" stated that there was a crowded audience, and Bro. Holmes kept up the interest of his audience for nearly two hours, and gave a reading from Oliver Twist with considerable humour and elocutionary ability. The "Ipswich Journal" says, "the room was filled to overflowing. The noble chairman thought it was rather for the lecturer to introduce him on this occasion, as that gentleman was so well known amongst them, and he (the noble Lord) was a comparative stranger. A capital syllabus had been compiled, and the narrations therein were listened to with marked interest." The "Ipswich Times" was equally complimentary, and in reporting the address, says "the able lecturer moved on in a fascinating way, describing the hero of his lecture as he grew up to man's estate."

Bro. Holmes is preparing his lecture for publication in the pages of the Masonic Magazine, and we hope to introduce it to our readers in our next number.

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 report of Masonic doings at home or abroad. Most of the London Lodges are in recess, and our Metropolitan dull time of Freemasonry has set in.

The Roman Catholic attacks on Freemasonry are becoming almost as bad in England as in other countries. Indeed the language of the "Westminster Gazette" passes the bounds of all habitual decorum and courtesy, and is a sad commentary on the charity and good feeling of a religious body, which permits such unseemly attacks upon our loyal, intelligent and peaceful order.

An article in July 11, is one of the most offensive which ever has issued from the Catholic press; offensive not from any weight or point of its own, but offensive from its sheer vulgarity and utter debasement of thought and feeling.

Happily Freemasonry cares little for such attacks, and can afford to treat them and pass them by with supreme indifference and calm contempt!

In Italy we hear that Freemasonry is advancing, and that 80 Lodges are now under the Italian Grand Orient, or Grand Lodge.

We cannot see why Grand Lodges should not call themselves Grand Lodges. There is no practical or specially appropriate meaning in the word "Grand Orient," and the French Grand Orient would, we venture to think in all respects do much better if she termed herself "La Grande Loge de la France."

The Italian Freemasons will do well, if only they will but eschew political discussions and religious controversies, leave the "Negri" alone, and develope the true teaching of our tolerant order, in deeds of charity and labours of love.

Our worthy and indefatigable Bro. Hughan is about to issue a most interesting account of the "Union" in 1813, called the "Memorials of the Masonic Union in 1813, together with the Constitutions of 1815." We feel, as Masonic students and "litterateurs," how much we owe to his zealous labours, in common with that faithful little band of Masonic writers and archæologists, both in England and America, which has now for some years toiled to illustrate and explain, to correct and verify our Masonic history and traditions.

Editor.

ANCIENT MASONIC LODGES, NO. IV.

(Continued from page 40.)

The minute of the 7th January, 1778, which we now present entire, fully confirms our view of the subject; but we are only anxious for the truth to be known, and "have no side to keep up." We will gladly withdraw our statements if documentary proof is forthcoming to the contrary.

"The Meeting having taken under their consideration the State and Constitution of the Lodge, and that those members who incline to raise themselves to the degree of Mark Mason and Mark Master Mason, and that in time past no benefite has accrued to the Lodge, therefore resolve—'That in time coming all members that shall hereafter raise to the degree of Mark Mason shall pay One Merk Scots, but not to obtain the degree of Mark Mason before they are passed Fellow Craft. And those that shall take the degree of Mark Master Mason shall pay One Shilling and Six Pence sterling in to the Treasurer for behoofe of the Lodge. None to attain the degree of Mark Master Mason until they are raised Master."

(Signed) "JOHN RHIND, Mr."

"At Banff, 6th May, 1794, at a monthly meeting, *inter alia*, Compeared James Lawrence Portsoy, agreeable to his request, was passed Fellow Craft and Mark Mason, and afterwards raised to the sublime degree of Master and Mark Mr., and paid into the funds the sum of 17s. 7½d. sterling, being the ordinary dues."

The succeeding records will serve to illustrate the connection of the "Super Excellent Degrees," with Craft Masonry in Scotland during the latter part of the eighteenth century, and also to exhibit the intolerance of the Lodge, respecting its fraternal rival in the town.

"1779. Att the Anuall meeting of the Operative Lodge of Banff, Proceeded to call over the List and Collect the Quarter pence.

"It was unanimously agreed to by All the Royal Arch and Super-Excellent masons of the Lodge, for the love and favour they bear to George Smith, present Treasurer of the Lodge, and for the Services he has done to Give him these two Branches of Masonry Gratis.

"Resolved that George Ogston shall be allowed for Entring six Members and Passing six Fellow Crafts as the expenses he has been at upon that Account, the Sum of Ten Shillings Str., and also to Give him these two Branches of Royal Arch and Super Excellent Gratis, and Likewise to James Smith, Dt. Mr. in Turreff for his good offices to the Lodge."

"Resolutions of the Evening Meeting of St. John's day, 1780:—

"It is Resolved that the Master do collect all the Members Names belonging to this Lodge, whose names are not inserted in the Books of the Grand Lodge, and that he transmitt the same to Edenburgh acordingly, and get the same recorded properly, and get a Certificate of the same. And what money can be spared out of the Box the Recomend to the office bearers to pay off the Debts of the Lodge, as far as the same will go.

"The Lodge has allowed George Ogston Five Shillings Ster., which he lost by making a Fellow Craft who died soon after he was Passed."

"Att the Annual Meeting of the Operative Lodge of Banff, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty one Years, Proceeded to call over the Members names, and to Collect the Quarter pence.

[Here follows a list of the names of 35 Royal Arch Masons, 7 Mark Masters, 9 Masters, 27 Mark Masons, 26 Fellow Crafts, 41 Apprentices.]

"After Colecting the Quarter pence, the Meeting Proceeded to elect the Office Bearers, when John Rhind was

Elected Master, James Robertson, Seneor Warden, Geo. Naughtie, Juneor Warden, George Smith, Treasurer.

"Att the Evening Meeting, 1st, Resolved that the Petition from some Members in Doun (the present town of McDuff) be Refered to the Comitee Chosen at this Evening Meeting, and a Minute made in the Books for the Members that has joined the St. Andrew's Lodge of Banff.

"2nd Resolution. It was ordered by the Meeting that an Advertisement should be put into the *Aberdeen Journal* warning all Absent Brethren to come and pay up their Quarter pennice once in the three years, or they would be scored off the Books and have no more title to the fund.

(Signed) "JOHN RHYND, Master."

"Operative Lodge, Banff, 31st January, 1781. The Comitee having met and taken under their consideration the Memorial read upon St. John's Day, and referred to them by the Annual Meeting then held, which Memorial humbly proposes that the following Grievances be taken into consideration.

"In the first place whither it is proper, or not, that any Member belonging to this Lodge should, without any recomendation from us, join the St. Andrew's Lodge of this Toun, which some of them has done and Advised others to follow their Example, and to consider whither or not they shall be allowed to Continue members of our Lodge and members of the St. Andrew's Lodge at the same time *Considering the terms upon which the St. Andrew's Lodge and us parted.*

"The Comitee apprehending that such conduct is contrary to the Spirit and Meaning of our Charter, have come to the following Resolutions:—That after this date they unanimously agree that if any Members belonging to this Lodge join the St. Andrew's Lodge of this Toun, they will be expounged from our Society and to have no more benefite from it afterwards, nor will they be allowed to sit and vote with us; and with respect to those who have already gone off, they request the Master to write to the Grand Lodge and get their opinion how we are to proceed with them, and delays giving any Sentence against them untill we have a return from the Grand Lodge.

"And orders this Minute to be intimated to the Brethren in and about the Toun wethin the space of twenty-four hours.

(Signed) "JOHN RHIND, Mr."

"Resolution of the Operative Lodge of Banff, 7th January, 1782.

"Resolved, that Robert Smith is to make a Seal for the Diplomas, of any Device that the Master gives him; In lue for which he is to be made an Entred Apprentice, he paying Two and Sixpence to the Grand Lodge, and Three Shillings for Entertainment, at the Discration of the Meeting.

(Signed) "JOHN RHIND, Mr."

"At same time, Compeard Wm. Mortimer and John Robb, both in Banff, agreeable to their request, received the high degree of Knight Templar, and paid into the fund One Shilling each, with the ordinary *Trate* to the meeting.

(Signed) "J. SELLAR, Dept. Mr."

"At Banff, 5 Decr., 1794, in the lodge, at a meeting specially called, Mr. Nicol in the chair, Compeared Adam Elder Alex. Jaffry and John M'Cown and recd. the high degrees of Royal Arch Knight Templar and Malta; sametime Compeared Donald M'Kenzie, and recd. Knights of Templar and Malta, and Brs. John Watson, James Reid, and Wm. Ewing recd. Knights of Malta, each having paid the stated dues.

"At Banff, 27 January, 1795, in the Lodge, at a meeting specially called, Mr. John Nicol in the chair, Compeared Daneel Ross, in Banff, Alex. Moir, these and John Sherras, servt. at Mr. Ross, ventner there and agreeable to their Requests, was duly recd. and admitted to the high degrees of Royal Arch, Knight Templar, and Knight of Malta, and paid into the fund each the

sum of Sixteen Shill. Ster., and are hereby admitted and Initiated to the above grand secrets day and date as above; likewise Chas. Simpson admitted to the high degree of Knight Malta, and paid into the fund the sum of Two Shills. Ster., and is hereby admitted as such to that high degree, and submit to same accordingly."

"At Banff, 1 Decr., 1795, in the Lodge, at a monthly meeting, Mr. John Nicol in the chair.—Compeared the following Brethren, viz., Neal Farquharson, Malta; Geo. Jamison, Templer & Malta; Jas. Robertson, Jr, Royal Arch, Templer and Malta; and Geo. Ogg, Royal Arch, Templer and Malta, and agreeable to their request was raised to the above High degrees, and paid into the Fund accordingly the full dues of said Stapes, as p Cash Book, page 55th. Sametime Compeared Candidates for admission, viz., George Strachan, Banff, John Jamison, Gelly Mill, & Geo. Taylor, and agreeable to their former Petitions and Recomedations, was Recd. and duly Entred Members of this Lodge, and paid into the fund Each the sum of, viz., G.S., G.T., £1 4s., and T.T., £0 19s. Ster., and 2s. 6d. to the Grand Lodge each, with Clerk and Officer dues, and submitt to all the Laws of the Lodge, made and to be made."

"At Banff, 29 Decr, 1795, in the Lodge, at a Meeting specialy called, Mr. John Nicol in the chair.—Compeared the folling members, viz., Geo. Taylor, Forgland, John Allan, Ship Mr., Banff, and Thos. Seal, Sailor there, and agreeable to their request, was admitted to the high Degrees of Royal Arch, Superextent, Knight Templer & Malta, and paid into the fund Each their respective moneys According to the Degrees as above. Compeared Geo. Strachan Brewry, agreeable to his request was mad Mark Mason & raised to the sublime Degree of Master & Mark, and paid into the fund accordingly."

"At Banff, 17 Decr, 1796, In the Lodge, At a Royal Arch Meeting specialy called, Mr. John Nicol in the chair.—Compeared Brothers Thos. Russall, John Ironside, Walter Allan, Peter Joass, Geo. Gordon, and Alex. Stevenson, and agreeable to their particular request and desire, they were admitted, after going through the regular forms, To the High Degrees of Royal Arch, Knights Templar & Malta, Each having paid into the Fund the sum of Sixteen Shillings Ster., and they are hereby initiated as such to the said degrees.

(Signed) "JOHN NICOL, Mr."

"At Banff, 20 Dec. 1796, Mr. John Nicol in the chair.

"*Inter alia.* Compeared Brothers William Frazer and John Morison, and agreeable to their particular request was advanced to the high degrees of Royal Arch, Knights Templr and Malta, and initiated as such, and brot. forward on the books accordingly, they having each paid the full dues to the lodge."

"At Banff, 23rd February, 1799, in a lodge at a meeting of the Committee, Mr. A. Grant in the chair.

"*Inter alia.* Recd. an application from the Fraserburgh Lodge requesting the high degrees of Royal Arch, Superexcellent, Knights Templar and Malta.

"Agreed to give them their request, them paying into the fund Three Pounds ster. ALEXR. GRANT, Mr."

"At Banff, 4th February, 1800, Committee Meeting, Mr. Alex. in the chair.

"*Inter alia.* That the Keith Lodge receive the degrees of Knights of Temple and Malta, for the sum of Two Guineas to the fund and the same petty dues as our own members."

"At Banff, 13th Feb., 1800, in the Lodge.

"At the General Annuall Meeting of Royal Arch and Templars and Malta, Mr. Alex. Mitchell in the chair—Compaeired, agreeable to their former request granted, the following members of the St. James's Lodge of Keith, viz., David Sutherland, James Roy, Geo. Russall, Geo. Brander, and Alex. Shaw,

and agreeable to their former request received the high degrees of Knights Templar and Malta, and paid from their lodge therefor to our fund the sum agreed on, being Two Guineas, with all the other petty dues.

"Same time, John Milne, Mason, Banff, and Alex. Reid, Mason, and agreeable to their former request received the high degrees of Royal Arch and Knights Templ. and Malta, their money being paid full dues, in the year $\frac{17}{17}\frac{9}{9}\frac{8}{9}$, for the said degrees, as per cash book.

"Likewise, Alex. Leveny, Wm. Smith, Andw. Wall, Geo. Brody, Wm. Reid, and James Sim recd. the high degrees of Royal Arch Knight Temr. and Malta, and John Morison the degree of Knight of Malta, all the above having paid the full dues. As also Br. William Mackie received the high degree of Knight of Malta.

ALXER. MITCHEL, Mr."

Thus concludes our sketch No. 4, of "*Ancient Masonic Lodges.*" We hope soon to again refer to this interesting subject, and meantime we shall be glad to see a communication from our distinguished Brother D. Murray Lyon, who is well able to furnish many able histories of old Lodges.

W. J. HUGHAN.

THE OLD MASONIC POEM.

(*Continued from page* 41.)

For Christ himself, he teacheth us,
That holy church is God's house,
That is made for nothing else
But for to pray in, as the book tells;
There the people shall gather in,
To pray and weep for their sin,
Look thou come not to church late,
For to speak ribaldry by the (1) gate;
Then to church when thou dost go,
Have in thy mind evermore
To worship thy lord God both day and night,
With all thy wits, and also thy might.
To the church door when thou dost come,
Of the holy water there take thou some,
For every drop thou feelest there
Quencheth a venial sin, be thou sure.
But first thou must put down thy hood,
For His love that died on the rood.
Into the church when thou dost go,
Pull up thy heart to Christ, anon;
Upon the rood thou look up then,
And kneel down fair on both thy (2) knen;
Then pray to him so here to work,
After the law of holy church,
For to keep the commandments ten,
That God gave to all men;
And pray to him with mild voice
To keep thee from the sins seven,
That thou here may, in thy life,
Keep thee well from care and strife;
[That] furthermore he grant thee grace,
In heaven's bliss to have a place.
In holy church avoid (3) wordes
Of lewd speech, and foul bordes!
And put away all vanity,
And say thy *pater noster*, and thy *ave*;
Look also thou make no (4) bere,
But ever to be in thy prayer;
If thou wilt not thyself pray,
Hinder none other man by no way.
In that place neither sit nor stand,
But kneel fair down upon the ground,
And, when the Gospel men read shall,
Fairly thou stand up from the wall,
And bless thee fair, if that thou can,
When *gloria tibi* is begun;
And when the Gospel is adone,
Again thou mightest kneel adown;
On both thy knees down thou fall,
For his love that bought us all;
And when thou hearest the bell ring
To that holy (5) Sakerynge,
Kneel ye must, both young and old,
And both your hands well uphold,
And say then in this manner,
Fair and soft, without (4) bere;
"Ihesu Lord, welcome thou be,
"In form of bread, as I thee see!
"Now Ihesu, for thy holy name,
"Shield me from sin and shame;
"(6) Schryff and (7) hosel thou grant me both,
"Before that I shall hence go,
"And true contrition for my sin,
"That I never, Lord, die therein,
"And, as thou wast of maiden born,
"Suffer me never to be lost;
"But when I shall hence wend,
"Grant me the bliss without [an] end;
"Amen! amen! so may it be!
"Now, sweet lady, pray for me."
Thus thou might'st say, or some other thing,
When thou kneelest at the sakerynge.
For covetousness after good, spare thou nonght
To worship him that all has wrought;
For glad may a man that day be,
That once in the day may him see;

(1) Gate; way.

(2) Knen; knees.
(3) Wordes; talk.
(4) Bere; noise.
(5) Sakerynge; Sacrament.
(6) Schryff; confession.
(7) Hosel; the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

It is so much worth, without nay,
The virtue thereof no man tell may;
But so much good doth that sight,
As Saint Austin telleth full right,
That day thou seest God's body,
Thou shalt have these full securely:—
Meat and drink at thy need,
None that day shall thee (8) gnede;
Idle oaths, and words both,
God forgiveth thee also;
Sudden death, that same day,
Thou need'st not dread in no way;
Also that day I thee (9) plyght,
Thou shalt not lose thy eyesight;
And each foot that thou goest then,
That holy sight for to see,
They shall be told to stand in stead,
When thou hast thereto great need;
That messenger, the Angel Gabriel,
Will keep them to thee full well.
From this matter now I may pass,
To tell more rewards of the mass:
To church come yet, if thou may,
And hear thy mass every day;
If thou mays't not come to church,
Where that ever thou dos't work,
When thou hearest to mass [the] Knoll,
Pray to God with heart still,
To give thee part of that service,
That in church there done is.
Furthermore yet, I (10) wol you preach
To your fellows, it for to teach,
When thou comest before a lord,
In hall, in bower, or at the board,
Hood or cap that those (11) off do:
'Ere thou comes him entirely to;
Twice or thrice, without doubt,
To that lord thou must (12) lowte;
With thy right knee let it be done,
Thine own worship thou save so,
Hold off thy cap, and hood also,
Till thou hast leave it (13) on to do,
All the while thou speakest with him,
Fair and lovingly bear up thy chin.

(To be continued.)

(8) Gnede; require.
(9) Plyght; promise.
(10) Wol; will, desire.
(11) Off do; take off, remove.
(12) Lowte; bow, make obeisance.
(13) On to do; to put it on.

Recent Geological surveys of the new territories of the Far West reveal the very important fact that the known coal deposits of the Rocky Mountain region extend over an area of upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, in strata varying from five to thirty-five feet in thickness.

THE NEW MORALITY.

(Continued from page 42.)

Oh! no indeed, let florid pens to-day,
Write virtue down, drive piety away;
Let all that's base in effort or in end
Find in the foolish an obstreperous friend;
Amid the prurient page or vicious creed,
The paltry sophism or the unlicensed deed,
Old truth asserts in all her wondrous might,
What faith reveres, what conscience says is right!
Alas! for all who in our Vanity Fair,
Mid pleasure's din, or sad delusion's glare,
Tread the broad way of selfishness or wrong,
All giddy members of a giddier throng.
Their's is that fatal course so hotly run,
Their's is that sad goal all too swiftly won.
For them indeed is lost or blighted fame,
Sorrow's dark shadow, memory's throbbing shame
The chain is holding them so close and strong
Of inane longings, or of open wrong,
Or sad indulgence's all iron sway
Binds down to earth their weak wills day by day.
Their's is, alas! too many a doubtful friend,
Too many a sordid gain; unrighteous end,
Their's are the echoes of the "still small voice;"
Their's are the low pursuit, the baneful choice;
Their's are those dreams which only end in ill,
The feverish struggle, the perverted will;
Their's an upbraiding retrospect of years,
Deep-gnawing griefs and never-ceasing fears,
Until each day indeed for them below,
Is but an harbinger of impending woe.
Alas! they've bartered hope and trust away,
To gain the joys, the riches of a day!
Is there no hope for them? can nought restore
To them the happiness of days of yore?
Are peace and innocence for ever fled?
Is their will powerless? is their conscience dead?
Can nothing change for them this sad, sad scene?
Or make them once again what they have been?
But must they still to hopelessness a prey
Wend on complacently their ill-omened way?
Oh, surely some safe cure may yet be found
For all the evils that we see around;
Some Panacea with its golden store
May bid us breathe, and hope, and trust once more.
For though indeed the horizon's dark to-day,
When all we most revere seems past away,
There yet must be some goodness left to fill
This maddening concourse of tainting ill;
And faith and peace, and trust and joy and love,
Can still as with an influence from above,
Our sad society all purely leaven,
Revivify our hopes with gleams of heaven!

MENTOR.

UNDER A MASK.

BY SALLIE A. SMITH.

The morning sun shone warm and golden on a stately edifice situated a few miles from London, and everything exterior, from the emerald lawn, with marble statues gleaming white and cold amid the foliage, the pretty fountain with its sparkling waters falling in bright showers upon the water lilies that floated in the basin beneath the well-kept walks, avenues, and carriage drives, the conservatories, wooded parks, grand old forests, and rich meadow lands, to the interior, with its marble paved vestibule, its large gloomy rooms, picture gallery, billiard room, music, morning and ball room, its vast drawing-rooms rich in statues, pictures, gems of art, silken drapery, etc., and up the grand staircase, where were state bed-chambers with tall plumed bedsteads, tapestry hangings, carved furniture, all bespoke the owner of Stanhope House to be possessed of princely wealth.

On the shaded veranda, at the southern portion of the mansion, sat two persons in earnest conversation.

The elder, a lady some fifty years of age was stately and aristocratic with a fresh English countenance, bright blue eyes, sunny smile, and low gentle voice, while the looks of affection cast upon the slight figure, reclining in a rustic seat in the shadow of the vines, were there of a fond mother solicitous for the welfare of her darling child.

The summer sunbeams sifted through the green leaves above the head of the lady in the garden chair, resting like a halo of light upon the golden hair, and falling in waves of shimmering splendour over the graceful figure, the white dress, and small hands.

The face of the lady was hidden by a thick veil, and not a glimpse of her countenance could be obtained.

"Then you are still determined to carry out the plan you have formed?" said the elder lady, as though in conclusion of a long conversation. "Have you thought of all the scandal, the curiosity of the world, the embarrassments and annoyances you will be subject to? and are you sure you are pursuing the right course for a happy future?"

"Yes, mamma, I am, after careful deliberation, determined upon acting in the manner I have told you of, and I have thought over all the consequences of my conduct, while as regards the scandal that will arise, or the embarrassments I shall undergo, that is nothing if my end is gained," and Lady Hester Stanhope, the youthful owner of Stanhope House, arose as if to close the conversation, and soon after entered the house.

Six years before the opening of my story Hester Graham was a governess, going out daily to instruct the children of a number of noble families in the city, and thus helping in the support of her widowed mother and two little sisters.

Many temptations beset the path of the fair young girl, for her face was one of the loveliest seen in all the grand city, while her extreme youth and gentle retiring manners, added fresh charms and greater fascinations to the perfections of form and features.

Among the families in which she gave instruction in music, French and drawing, was that of Lord and Lady Stanhope, and the oldest and proudest in the land, with a pedigree dating back to the time of the Crusaders, and an escutcheon unsullied by a single act of dishonour or crime.

The only brother of Lord Stanhope, a gentleman thirty-five years of age, became greatly enamored of the lovely Hester Graham, and, being a fine, polished gentle man, well versed in the ways of the world, also being good-looking, elegantly dressed, and with many rare accomplishments, the innocent governess soon learned to love him, while he, although unhappy, lonely, and discontented when away from Hester, and feeling that life would be a blank without her, could not bring his haughty pride so low as to think of marrying so far beneath him, while at heart— although he had the name among his set of being rather wild and dissolute—yet he could not crush so fair a flower, and leave it to die of neglect and shame.

Six months passed, and Hester's rosy cheek grew pale, while her bright eyes were often dimmed with tears, and her light step was slower and less elastic, for she began to think the man she had looked

upon as a noble, brave-hearted gentleman, who would be willing to acknowledge his love for her before the world, was a villian; for had he not, again and again, sought her presence upon the slightest pretext? And had he not shown preference for her society by leaving all the high-born beauties who assembled in the magnificent drawing-rooms of the nobility, to wander alone with the young governess amid the green woods, or to spend the evening beneath her mother's humble roof? while every look, every action showed his feelings towards her; and yet six months had passed, and still his love was unspoken; so no wonder hope had nearly departed from Hester's bosom.

At length Lord Stanhope was killed by a fall from his horse while hunting with the Prince of Wales and a party of noblemen; so the lover of Hester became Lord Stanhope. Then the lowly girl seemed at a greater distance than ever from the high-born gentleman; and one day, in a fit of desperation, the new-made lord, finding Hester alone in the children's school-room, confessed his passion for her, asked her to share his wealth; told her he should ever love and remain true to her; but he could not make her his wife on account of the difference in station.

With eyes flashing scorn and defiance from their dark depths, red lips curling proudly, and golden head erect, Hester replied to her lover's insulting proposals.

"How dare you, Sir Hugh, address me in such a manner? Because I am poor and lowly, with no protector but my dear mother, do you thus insult me? You are an honourable gentleman, truly. I hate, loathe, scorn you; and know, sir, I had rather wed a beggar in the street, if he had a heart that was filled with respect for woman, than be the mistress of such as you, though I could wear velvets, silks, and gleaming jewels. I had rather have true, pure love, than all your worthless splendour. Shame upon you to take advantage of an unprotected girl."

And Hester burst into an agony of weeping, for she could not help her grief, as she thought of the dreary future unlighted by a single ray of affection.

"Hester, darling, forgive me. On my knees I sue for pardon. I let pride and the opinion of the world upon my conduct for the moment get the master of my better nature. I am ashamed of the insult I offered to you, my spotless lily, my woodland violet. Will you become my dear, my honoured wife? And although all the world may sneer, I can defy it, for I shall have my darling Hester by my side."

For a moment the governess hesitated, for she was very proud, and could not forget the insult offered to her by the man she loved, but her gentle heart soon forgave her idol, and placing her hands in her lover's she consented to be his.

So Hester Graham became Lady Stanhope, and although for a time she was unrecognized by the nobility, yet when the Queen, hearing of the sweet and endearing qualities of the young Lady Stanhope, sent for her at the palace, and giving her a place among her ladies-in-waiting, she lavished every attention upon her; then the humble governess became one of the brightest ornaments at court, while all who had slighted now followed and feted the royal favourite.

Three happy years flitted by; then Hester became a widow, and a few months after the death of her husband, while riding out in company with her mother, the horses became unmanageable, ran violently along the country road, and overturning the carriage, Hester was thrown down a steep bank, and while Mrs. Graham escaped with but a slight injury, her daughter was disfigured for life; so said the evening papers, and the conduct of Lady Stanhope sanctioned the rumours, for, from the time of the accident, she lived in strict seclusion, while in her drives and walks she always had her face concealed by a mask.

The two young daughters of Mrs. Graham being dead, Hester persuaded her mother to give up her little cottage, and for the future make her home with her.

So, at twenty-four, Lady Hester Stanhope, in spite of her youth, amiable qualities, and immense wealth, was looked upon as an object of pity by her late friends, for her deformity must be frightful, her face repulsive, to be always covered by that thick mask of silk and lace.

But although Hester's misfortune was such that she lived in seclusion, yet many sought her hand for the wealth she possessed, and knowing well the motive, the lady refused all offers with the scorn they merited.

At length Lady Hester resolved to travel, and having a long consultation with her mother in regard to her plans of the future, that lady, as before mentioned in the first of this sketch, had her doubts as to the result of her daughter's projects, fearing she would meet with many annoyances, embarrassments, and perhaps insults; but the devoted mother was ready and willing to accompany her child to the end of the world, if necessary.

So, at the end of a month, the elegant town mansion of Lady Hester was closed, and given over to the keeping of a trusty housekeeper, and her business affairs being managed by a friend of her late husband's, the young widow had no fears that in her absence anything connected with her vast estates in town and country would be neglected.

Mrs. Graham, the mother of Hester, had a number of sisters, and the elder one, having married an American, lived in New York, and her husband was one of the merchant princes of that city.

When Mrs. Lewis received a letter from her sister, Mrs. Graham, announcing the fact of her daughter's proposed visit to the United States, that lady—who, with her husband, a son, and one daughter, resided amid the aristocratic residences of Murray Hill—was delighted at the news; for, in spite of Hester's misfortune, was she not a wealthy widow?—and having a title, the two combined would render her niece charming, no matter how hideous her face.

Robert Lewis was a young man of twenty-eight or thirty, was called good-looking by the ladies, and a first-rate fellow by the gentlemen; but in his black eyes there was a hard, glassy glitter not agreeable to a physiognomist, and the full, red lips were those of a sensualist, while a lurking cruelty and a false, hollow heart were revealed in the smiling countenance and polished manner of this darling son of Mrs. Lewis.

Sallie Lewis, the sister of Robert, was a belle and a beauty, with eyes of the darkest hazel, clear and cold, hair black and glossy as satin, a faultless complexion, a delicate nose, red, thin lips, and flashing white teeth, but the forehead was somewhat low and narrow, the eyes at times had a certain hue in their depths that reminded one of a cat's eye, green changing to yellow, full of deceit and treachery.

Hester and her mother arrived in New York just at the holidays, and everybody and everything wore a festive garb, and every house was full of life, light, and joy.

The Lewis mansion was illuminated from top to bottom, while guests were bidden from all quarters to welcome the coming of the noble lady who would honour the *fete* with her presence; for Hester had determined to go into society in spite of her masked countenance.

The travellers arrived early on the morning of the day that the grand party was to be given, so Hester begged to be excused from appearing until evening, as she wished to recover a little from the fatigue of travel.

The great drawing-rooms at the Murray Hill mansion were marvels of elegance and luxury, with azure silk drapery at the plate-glass windows; Turkey carpets so thick that the feet seemed as if treading on woodland moss; furniture carved in ebony, with azure silk coverings, choice paintings, exquisite groups of statuary, bronzes, vases of purple and gold, inlaid tables, and a thousand costly trifles that made the apartment look like an enchanted place.

The rooms were filled and running over with fluttering creatures in airy raiments, and the rainbow sheen of silk and satin, and attendant cavaliers in full evening dress, all full of curiosity to see the niece of their hostess, the young English widow, Lady Stanhope.

Sallie Lewis, in her evening splendour, was bright and radiant as the morning. With a rose-hued satin, covered by airy white tulle falling in graceful folds about her perfect form, and amid the cloudy draperies gleamed blush roses and flashing diamonds, while a spray of moss buds, sparkling with diamond dew-drops, nestled in her dark braids. Sallie outshone even the rare exotics blooming in her conservatory.

Robert looked very handsome and full of manly graces, while he was all expectation, and his heart beat wildly as he thought of this rich and noble relation; for, although knowing of Hester's deformity, he had resolved to win her for a wife—not that he wanted her love, but he did want her vast wealth, and the honour of becoming the husband of a titled lady.

At rather a late hour, Lady Hester entered the drawing-room, leaning on the arm of her uncle.

Dressed in a robe of violet velvet, with point lace over-skirt, her pale golden hair braided in a coronet over the white forehead; on her perfect neck and arms shone glittering chains of sapphires; while her countenance was hid by a mask of thick black lace. The well-bred crowd stared in astonishment as this lady in the mask was introduced as Lady Stanhope, for they had not heard about the accident that had caused the unfortunate woman to shroud her face from the gaze of the world, and all marvelled at the strange sight.

Long before the evening was over Hester had been mortified and annoyed by the curious looks, low whispers, and by the remarks of the crowd in which she mingled; but resolving to bear all with patience, she walked proudly amid the throng of strangers, although her bosom throbbed with indignation at many stray words she caught as she passed groups of ladies and gentlemen.

Robert and Sallie were questioned by their friends in regard to the masked widow, but all they could answer was, their cousin had met with an accident which had deformed her countenance so much she had hidden it by a mask.

One gentleman who was a guest at the evening *fete*, and who, although a great artist, was poor, in spite of Lady Hester's covered face, was greatly fascinated by the stranger.

Her perfect form, wealth of golden tresses, graceful carriage, soft musical voice, and brilliant conversational powers, attracted and pleased him.

Sallie Lewis, although bidden by her aristocratic parents to think only of choosing a husband from among the wealthy and high-born, had fallen secretly in love with Sidney Atherton, the handsome and talented artist, and her black eyes were green with jealousy as she noted the attention paid her cousin by the artist, while she and her worthy brother could not attribute a pure motive to the attention paid by Sidney to Lady Hester. They thought he sought the widow's side because she was noble and wealthy.

But, after the party, the young artist became a daily visitor at the house of Mrs. Lewis, not that his presence was welcome by the parents of Sallie, but their guest, the widow, invited the intruder, and they dared not show displeasure.

One evening Lady Hester, pleading illness, did not appear at dinner, and Sallie, pretending sympathy for the indisposition of her cousin—while she would gladly have welcomed the news of her death—for had she not stolen the heart of the man she loved?—went to the suite of rooms appropriated to the use of Lady Stanhope. Knocking softly several times, and receiving no answer, she opened the door and went in.

Lady Hester was fast asleep on a couch near the open grate; and although the gas was not lighted, yet the ruddy glow from the fire lighted up the room sufficiently for every object to be discernible.

Gliding cautiously towards the sleeping lady, she lifted the loose covering from Hester's countenance, and, starting back as she caught a glimpse of the face beneath, turned pale as marble, while her cat-like eyes glared with looks of hate upon her relative, and murmuring, as she left the room:

"I would kill her if I dared, for she will win Sidney from me in spite of her covered face; and if she had not intruded upon me, he would have loved me."

When she met the artist she told him about her cousin being asleep, and that she had stolen a glimpse at her countenance; and with a shudder, she declared Lady Hester to be one of the most frightful objects she ever beheld. But Sidney only felt contempt for the mean, under-handed way in which she had acted toward a guest whose secret should have been held sacred.

Sallie and her brother, finding they were about to lose the prizes they both coveted, were filled with despair, so they concocted a plan whereby Hester should be entrapped into a house of ill-repute, while the artist, seeing her enter, would think her unworthy of his love, and turn to Sallie, and Robert could then have a field without a rival; but the woman they confided in, who was to decoy Lady Hester to the mansion, pretending it was for charitable motives, proved to be one who had been befriended by Sidney, and she told him the vile plot.

Spring arrived, and Hester had long seen that she was hated by her cousin Sallie, while Robert persecuted her with

his unwelcome attentions, so she resolved to leave her relative, and for the short time longer that she would remain in New York, stop in a hotel.

The rich and titled lady, with her countenance always concealed, attracted universal attention, and it was rumoured that in spite of her deformity she was soon to be married to Sidney Atherton, the distinguished artist.

The fashionable church in which the ceremony was to take place was crowded in every part, and the street completely blocked by the dense crowd, for every one, both high and low, had heard of the Lady Hester Stanhope, who wore a mask, and all wished to see her as a bride.

On her wedding day, Hester felt supremely happy, for was she not to marry the man she loved? and she was assured his affection was true and loyal, for had he not, in spite of the mystery of her covered face, resolved to wed her? while as for her wealth, he had declared, when he confessed *his love for her, he would never touch one* cent of her property, but live on his own income, while she could dispose of her fortune as she pleased.

The full length mirrors revealed the figure of the bride, in garments of costly white velvet and foamy lace, with Orient pearls clasping the throat and wrists, while over the amber hair fell the bridal veil, and the white folds completely shrouded her countenance.

Sidney Atherton walked proudly up the broad aisle of the church, his bride upon his arm, and when they reached the altar, where stood the white-robed priest to receive them, Lady Hester, with a sweep of her hand, threw back the cloud-like lace that concealed her features, and revealed a face of perfect and dazzling beauty, with flashing hazel eyes, a complexion of lilies and roses, and on one rounded cheek could be seen a vestige of that awful accident, described in such glowing colours by the papers of the day.

A deep, blood-red scar, which slightly disfigured the dimpled cheek, was all that marred the beautiful face of the bride.

Sidney was delighted with his darling, but said he could hardly love her more deeply than he did when he thought her hideous.

Sallie, who knew how beautiful her cousin was, would not see the happy couple when they called upon her, and Robert was almost insane with passion as he thought of the prize he had lost when he might have won her had he been honest in his love.

Lady Hester gained the point she had in view. She had found a man who loved her for herself, not for beauty or fortune. —*New York Dispatch.*

THE SEASON.

BY A CONFIDING YOUNG WOMAN.

The season's nearly ended,
The streets are thinning fast,
I'm dreaming of old "Rover,"
And that sea boat with one mast;
I'm longing for the breezes
Which sweep over Horton Hill,
Where every prospect pleases,
As we ride close by the mill.

The season's nearly over,
I really can't complain,
For I have been befriended much
Nor spent my time in vain;
Two balls for nearly every night
Have taken our horses out,
Until papa began to growl,—
You know he has the gout.

But men can never comprehend
How much one dance may do,
Or a little pressure of the hand
Can make "one" out of "two;"
It's very curious to see,
How in the shortest space,
Two souls can make a stern resolve,
Together life's ills to face!

But I'm speaking of my sisters,
And not of my own lot,
Whatever has been their succès,
My word it still is, "not."
I've laughed with Sir Henry Callender,
And joked with Captain Jones,
And even said "how charming,"
When he played those horrid "Bones."

I've walked much with my cousin,
And also with a friend,
And had the most charming waltzes,
Which had too soon to end;
I've sat out two dances on the stairs,
Until my mother came
To look for me in haste,—I fear
I flurried the good old dame!

Well, I've had a pleasant season,
And memory still flings,
Brightness on little scenes and words,
On innumerable things;
I've had a "seance" in the park,
And a "canter" in the Row,
And I've seen the household heroes
Most agile at Polo!

But as all things must finish,
So the season's nearly up,
Farewell to drags and dinners,
Farewell to Champagne cup;
Farewell to many a walk and ride,
Farewell to many a ball,
Farewell to thee, O faithful friend,
The pleasantest of all.

What seventy-five's in store for me
I really cannot say,
What another season may reveal,
I can't foretell to-day;
But underneath the shady limes,
Or in a boat upon the lake,
When autumn heat compels us
All exertion to forsake,

I think a friend I'm fond of,
A very nice young man,
May say to me in gentle tones,
All that a "Lovier" can;
And though my father may object,
And my mother gravely frown,
If he does—I am determin'd
To be Mrs. Henry Brown!

MORAL.

O fair confiding Damosel,
Who tell'st thy tale to-day,
So artlessly and lovingly,
May no dark clouds dim thy way,
But when another season comes,
And the world's once more in town,
May thy friends all gladly greet thee
As Mrs. Henry Brown.

CÆLEBS.

We scruple not to challenge our bitterest reviler to fix upon a single Mason who dare affirm that in any of our transactions, whether public or private, there is a single trait, either sentimental or practical, in all our Masonic Order which bears not even the very enthusiasm of loyalty.

MASONIC ARCHÆOLOGY.
No. IV.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

In a former paper, on the present position of Masonic History, in the Magazine, I proposed to consider the sources whence the historians of our Order may seek for their original information.

But upon second thoughts it seems to me that such a disquisition would more properly come under the head of Archæology, and I therefore have deemed it better so to treat it.

I propose then to-day to deal with our MS. authorities.

At present they are not a few, and their number is still increasing, thanks to Bro. W. J. Hughan's researches in conjunction with my own, not forgetting of course other labourers in the same field, like Bro. Matthew Cooke, Bro. B. Spencer, in England, and D. M. Lyon and W. P. Buchan, in Scotland, and several able brethren in America.

The study of MS. authorities is one not unattended with difficulty and drawbacks of various kinds.

For it is one thing to find out the existence of MSS., and it is another thing to be able to treat them critically, or treat them rightly!

The study of MSS. is a special study, and cannot be taken up at once, as you peruse a printed book, or master the first principles of some valuable science.

The study of manuscripts is often with some the study of years, of a life, and though a good many people talk glibly enough about manuscripts they have never seen, yet as all "experts" know, as a general rule their criticism amounts to nothing.

There are some students of the olden MSS. so familiar with the handwriting of successive generations, that they can

tell almost at a glance whether the MS. was written in the 8th, or 9th, or 12th, or 15th, or 17th century, as the case may be.

But, in their case, a long study of the handwriting of the past has made them observant of peculiarities which would escape a less competent judge of older handwriting, and the turn of a letter, the character of some particular portion of the MS. itself, the very abbreviations and contractions employed, which are practically Hebrew to the unexpert student, are to them indisputable witnesses of the age of the entire MS.

Hence the study of our Masonic MSS. requires a good deal of caution and of care.

It is idle, and worse than idle, for writers to do, as they so often do, in respect of manuscripts, non-Masonic as well as Masonic, to affect to decide upon the age of MSS. by printed extracts of MSS. which they have not themselves seen.

No manuscript's true age can be arrived at possibly in this way with anything like reliability.

To realize the bearing of minute differences of handwriting, as they affect the question of successive generations, you must carefully peruse, in a judicial frame of mind, the manuscript itself, with no pet theory, and no preconceived opinion. You must compare it with other manuscripts of the same age as is supposed, and with MSS. later and earlier. You must note not only the contractions and abbreviations, but you must carefully observe the archaisms, and well-known forms of expression which are found in like documents. Manuscripts in vellum, as a general rule, do not afford us much, if any clue to their age, by the material on which they are written, though "experts" can even find certain "indiciæ" of age, even on manuscript or vellum or parchment, as we generally term it.

There are no doubt some appearances of vellum which seem to betoken either a great antiquity, or even a special epoch. But they are not altogether to be relied upon, and, as a general rule, the "expert" prefers to trust to his knowledge of the characters thereon traced by some long defunct scribe.

In MSS. on paper we have the water mark to go by, which, as we shall see later, sometimes helps us a little in the investigation of age and date. The oldest Masonic manuscript, so far known, is what is termed the "Masonic Poem," in the British Museum, and which is now being re-published in the Magazine in a modernized garb.

This is, as many of us well know, a long poem, probably written by a priest or monk, and not later at any rate, than the middle of the 15th century.

Some writers however place it earlier, as Mr. Halliwell, who gives it the date of 1390, and in this date Mr. Wallbran agreed.

Casley apparently regarded it as a 14th century MS., but Mr. E. A. Bond, the present keeper of the MS., British Museum, is of opinion that the MS. belongs to the middle of the 15th century. In a letter he wrote to me, dated July 29th, this year, he repeats that opinion, "the first half of the 15th century."

In my opinion the approximate date is not worth contesting, though I confess I see no reason to dissent from the opinion I have before expressed, despite Mr. Bond's admittedly high authority, that the poem may be considered as a 14th century poem.

This poem, not later confessedly, under any circumstances, than the first half of the 15th century, is composed of two if not three portions.

It has, in my opinion, two distinct "ordinaciones," probably writen by the transcriber or compiler from the MS. he had seen "aforetime wryten."

The first ordinacio ends with the Articles and the "Poynts," and then commences "Alia Ordinacio," which, though very short, is certainly different from the preceding, and has in it that important passage to which Mr. Sims asked my special attention, which

appears to be an actual quotation from a speech or order of King Athelstan, at the grand "Assemblye," in the "syte" York.

"The Ars Quatuor Coronatorum" which follows, is apparently also separate, though, no doubt, transcribed by the same hand, and perhaps put together by him.

Bro. Findel bases upon this "Ars Quatuor" his argument for the German derivation of English Freemasonry. But the festival of the "Coronati" was an old English Festival, November 8th, in the Sarum Missal, and as Osmund put that missal together between 1089 and 1109, I cannot see with every submission how our good Bro. Findel can draw an inference of sole German usage from the fact.

I think we see, in the striking evidence this poem displays of the powers and learning of him who put it together, whether out of his own head, or from older legends, how it was that the operative lodges preserved alike their outer organization and inner retreat, namely the help of non-operative patrons.

The next oldest MS. is the additional MS. 23,198, British Museum, originally edited by Bro. Matthew Cooke. It is a prose constitution of very great value and importance.

Bro. Matthew Cooke seems to fix its date at the latter part of the 15th century from internal evidence, which would be practically about 1490, and which view no doubt was strengthened by the printed copy of the "Polychronican," by Caxton, which appeared in 1482.

But it by no means follows that the compiler of this MS. referred to the printed copy. He had probably seen a MS. copy, and I confess that I never could see from any internal evidence why the additional M.S. was to be so late. Mr. Bond, in the letter previously mentioned, places the additional MS. at an earlier date than has been generally received so far.

He says: "As you seem to desire that I should look at the MSS. again, I have done so, and my judgment upon them is that they are both of the first half of the 15th century.

"I see no reason for placing the Additional 23,198 so late as 1490."

This opinion gives much importance to the Additional MS., and opens out several important questions, which, however, I will not touch upon to-day.

Bro. Jacob Norton has said, I believe, in some American or Canadian Masonic Magazine, that the Additional MS. was put together by a Protestant; but independently of the hopelessness of any such theory critically, historically, or archæologically, Mr. Bond's opinion, which I have just quoted, utterly upsets any such argument, which is, to say the truth, a little fanciful, and not marked by the usual clear-sighted acumen which distinguishes generally our Bro. Norton's disquisitions.

For though I do not and cannot agree with all he puts forth, I do not for one moment question either his honesty of purpose, his desire for truth, or his persevering energy, and his zeal for Masonry.

I propose, in other papers, to deal with Sloane 3,329; with our English MS. Constitutions, and then with the Scotch. But here I will stop to-day.

THE SPRIG OF ACACIA.

To profanes 'tis a fading stem,
Which teaches nothing good to them;
But to the Mason's heart it bears
A Hope that drives away his cares,
Quiets all his disturbing fears,
And quickly checks his flowing tears.
His earthly griefs, by magic, seem
Gone at sight of the Evergreen.
In viewing it, by Faith he takes
His upward flight to Heaven's gates,
And passing through the portals wide,
Enjoys the peace for which he sighed.
Sweet emblem of eternal rest!
Of Masons' types thou art the best;
Thy silent eloquence imparts
A healing balm to wounded hearts.
O may we never shipwreck'd be,
Adrift upon the sceptic's sea,
Without a Hope, a single ray
To light us upward on our way.
May our ever attentive ear
Receive thy welcome words of cheer:
"Hope in immortal life to claim
The friends who in the grave are lain;
With them, at rest in realms above,
Share a Heavenly Father's love." HIRAM.

Memphis, May 1, 1874.—*American Masonic Jewel.*

UNVEILED.

"Poor thing! I do feel for her. Though she is a person I never saw, yet hers seems a case of such oppression on the one hand, and such patient suffering on the other, that one cannot but——"

"Oh, I dare say you'll see her in the morning, for she often steals out then, when the wretch, I suppose is in bed."

"But what could have induced a girl to tie herself to such a man?"

"Well I don't know—the old story, I suppose—false appearances; for no girl in her senses would have married a man with his habits if she had known of them before-hand."

"There is sometimes a kind of infatuation about women, I allow, which seems to blind them to the real character of the man they are in love with; but in this case I don't think she could have known how he conducted himself, or she certainly would have paused in time. Oh, the wretch! I have no patience with him."

This little dialogue took place in one of those neat, bright, clean-windowed, gauzy-curtained houses that form so many pretty districts within a walking distance of the mighty heart of the great metropolis, and between two ladies, the one mistress of the said nice-looking cottage villa, and the other her guest—a country matron, who had just arrived on a visit to her town friend; and the object of the commiseration of both was the occupant of a handsome villa directly opposite, but apparently the abode of great wretchedness.

On the following morning Mrs. Barton and her guest, Mrs. Kennedy, were at the window of the parlour, which commanded a full view of the dwelling of the unhappy Mrs. Morton, when the hall-door was quietly opened, and as quietly shut again by the lady herself.

"There she is, poor thing!" cried Mrs. Barton. "Only look how carefully and noiselessly she draws the gate after her. She seems always afraid that the slightest noise she makes, even in the street, may wake that fellow, who is now, I dare say, sleeping off the effects of last night's dissipation."

Mrs. Kennedy, with all the genial warmth of a truly womanly heart, looked over, and followed with her eyes, as far as the street allowed, this quiet-looking, broken-spirited wife, investing the whole figure, from the newly-trimmed straw bonnet to the tips of the bright little boots, with a most intense and mysterious sympathy; and then, fixing her anxious, interested gaze on the opposite house, she said:

"And how do they live? How do people under such circumstances pass the day? It is a thing I cannot comprehend, for, were Kennedy to act in such a way, I'm sure I wouldn't endure it for a week."

"It does seem scarcely intelligible," answered Mrs. Barton; "but I'll tell you how they appear to do. She gets up and has her breakfast by herself; for, without any wish to pry, we can see straight through their house from front to back. About this time she often comes out—I suppose to pay a visit or two in the neighbourhood, or perhaps to call on her tradespeople; and you will see her by-and-by return, looking up, as she approaches, at the bedroom window, and, if the blind is drawn up, she rushes in, thinking, I dare say, to herself, 'How angry he will be if he comes down and finds I am not there to give him his breakfast!' Sometimes he has his breakfast at twelve—or one—or two; and I have seen him sitting down to it when she was having her dinner!"

"And when does he have his dinner?"

"Oh—his dinner! I dare say that is a different sort of thing from hers, poor thing! He dines, no doubt, at a club, or with his boon companions, or anywhere, in fact, but at home."

"And when does he come home generally?"

"At all hours. We hear him open the little gate with his key at three, four and five in the morning. Indeed, our milkman told Susan that he had seen him sneaking in, pale, haggard, and worn out with his horrid vigils, at the hour decent people are seated at breakfast."

"I wonder if she waits up for him?"

"Oh, no; for we see the light of her solitary candle in her room always as we are going to bed, and you may be sure my heart bleeds for her—poor solitary soul!

I don't know that I was ever so interested about any stranger as I am about this young creature."

"Dear, dear! it is terrible!" sighed the sympathizing Mrs. Kennedy. "But does any one visit them—have they any friends, do you think?"

"I don't think he can have many friends—the heartless fellow; but there are a great many people who call, stylish people too, in carriages; and there is he, the wretch! often with his half-sleepy look, smiling and handing the ladies out as if he was the most exemplary husband in the world."

"Has she children? I hope she has, as they would console her in his long absences."

"No; even that comfort is denied her. She has no one to cheer her; her own thoughts must be her companions at such times. But perhaps it is a blessing; for what kind of father could such a man make? Oh, I should like to know her! And yet I dread any acquaintance with her husband. Barton, you know, wouldn't know such a man."

"My dear Mary, you have made me quite melancholy. Let us go out. You know I have much to see, and many people to call upon; and here we are, losing the best part of the day in something not much removed from scandal."

The ladies hereupon set out, saw all the "loves of bonnets" in Regent-street, all the "sacrifices" that were being voluntarily offered up in Oxford-street, bought a great many things for "less than half the original cost," made calls, and laughed and chatted away a pleasant, exciting day for the country lady, who, happily for herself, forgot in the bustle the drooping, crest-fallen bird who was fretting itself away in its pretty cage in Merton-road.

The next day a lady friend called on Mrs. Barton.

"I find," she said, in the course of conversation with that lady and her guest, "you are a near neighbour of a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Morton."

"Mrs. Morton!" exclaimed both her hearers, pale with excitement and curiosity. "Mrs. Morton! Oh, how singular that you should know her—poor, miserable creature! Oh, do tell us about—"

"Poor, miserable! What can you mean? You mistake. My Mrs. Morton is the happiest little woman in London."

"Oh, it cannot be the same!" said Mrs. Barton. "I mean our opposite neighbour, in Hawthorn Villa. I thought it couldn't be——"

"Hawthorn Villa. The very house! You surely cannot have seen her or her husband, who——"

"Oh, the dreadful, wretched gambling fellow!" interrupted Mrs. Barton. "I wouldn't know such a man."

"He," interrupted her friend, Mrs. Law, "he a gambler! He is the most exemplary young man in London—a pattern of every domestic virtue—kind, gentle, amiable, and passionately fond of his young wife!"

"My dear Mrs. Law, how can you say all this of a man whose conduct is the common talk of the neighbourhood—a man lost to every sense of shame, I should suppose—who comes home to his desolate wife at all hours, whose only ostensible means of living is gambling, or something equally disreputable—who——"

"You have been most grievously misled," again interposed Mrs. Law. "Who can have so grossly slandered the best of men? He cannot help his late hours, poor fellow! That may be safely called his misfortune, but not his fault!" And the lady warmed as she spoke till she had to untie her bonnet, and fan her glowing face with her handkerchief.

"His misfortune," murmured Mrs. Barton; "how can that be called a misfortune which a man can help any day he pleases?"

"But he cannot help it; he would be too pleased to spend his evenings at home with his dear little wife, but you know his business begins when other people's is over."

"Then what is his business?"

"Don't you know?" said Mrs. Law, looking extremely surprised. "Why, he's the editor of a morning newspaper!"—*American Keystone.*

Charity is a complete and consistent thing. It is not a *segment* but a *circle.* Its affections stream from God, as their *centre*; all mankind compose their *circumference*; they go forth, not only in one, but in all directions towards the production of others' good.

DIFFICULTY OF ASCERTAINING THE AGE OF UNDATED OLD MASONIC MSS.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

No one feels more grateful to Brethren who disinterestedly labour for our Instruction than we do. We therefore felt exceedingly pleased to learn that Bro. Hughan's untiring efforts in that direction were in a measure rewarded by the distinction conferred upon him by the M.W.G.M. of England. But while we sincerely congratulate Bro. Hughan, and were, and are ever ready to acknowledge his services, and those of his co-labourer the Rev. Bro. Woodford, yet we must not allow even the feelings of gratitude to overcome the feeling of duty. We also claim the pursuit of truth for truth's sake, and therefore deem it our duty to question and criticise the writings of Brethren, regardless of their rank, learning, or even the important services they may have rendered. With these preliminary remarks, which we are sure will not offend our friends, we shall proceed to question the dates affixed to our old undated MSS.

In the preface to Bro. Hughan's Old Charges, Bro. Woodford dates the Dowland MS., as A.D. 1500, and the Landsdown, as of 1560, etc. Now, we would like to know the reasons of our esteemed Brother for giving just those dates? True, our Brother added the word "*circa*" or uncertain to those dates. But why may not those MSS. have been written in the year 1600? Be it further remembered, that Bro. Woodford never saw the Dowland MS., and Mr. Dowland who owned it, assures us that it was written, not in 1500, but in the 17th century. The opinion of Mr. Dowland certainly deserves more weight than the opinion of those who never saw it. Besides which, the MSS. is totally minus of all allusion to the Virgin and other Roman Catholic dogmas; it could therefore not have been written either in 1500, or during the reign of Philip and Mary.

The Sloane MS. 3329, edited by Brother Woodford, if its date could be fixed with certainty, would indeed settle the question that our system of degrees is older than 1717. Bro. Woodford says: "I have no doubt whatever that my learned and lamented friend Mr. Wallbran was quite right when he fixed the date of the MS. from the internal evidence at not later than 1640." Our Brother also says, "the archaisms and peculiarities of spelling, date really and truly, from any part of the 17th century, but rather earlier than later." But yet Bro. Woodford admits that the handwriting of the said MS. is probably not earlier than 1710; consequently, it may have been written in 1730. Our Brother also admits that the writer of the MS. was an uneducated man. Further on, our Brother says: "The narrative is not an original draft, but an evident copy, as witness the words printed in *italics*, which are *interlined* in the original, arising from a mistake of the copyist in omitting to notice the words, 'in form of a square' occur twice." These then are all the internal evidence our Brother adduces that the MS. is a copy of a still older MS., not later than 1640.

Now, it seems to us, that the bad spelling and interlined words, may be better attributed, first to the fact admitted by Bro. Woodford, that the writer was an uneducated man, and secondly, the writer of that MS. may have been duped by a sharper, who imposed all that trash upon him as Masonic secrets, and finding that he could not with those secrets obtain admission into a Lodge, he wrote the instruction he received in his own way, but here and there he discovered mistakes, so he corrected them by interlining the omitted words.

That the spelling is no proof of its having been written in the 17th century, I could prove from hundreds of documents in our Law Courts, written after 1733. But I beg to call Bro. Woodford's attention to the fac-simile of the Boston petition in 1773, to Henry Price, to constitute the undersigned, into a Lodge, which accompanied Bro. W. S. Gardner's address on Henry Price. Therein, he will find, Brittain, y^{t}, y^{r}, y^{e}, capacitys, y, att, w^{th}, etc, and if in addition to the above, our Brother would reperuse the fac-simile of Henry Price's letter (which we sent him about a year ago), dated 1770, he would become fully satisfied that bad spelling, etc., is no evidence of its being written in the 17th century.

The fact is, it is possible that two MSS. were written in the same year, say 1730. Yet one of them may appear as being one hundred or even more years older than the other. This may be owing to the different standards of education of the writers. As an instance, the chirography and spelling of Henry Price's letter of 1770, seems older than the Sloane MS., which was probably written in 1725 or 1730. Secondly, the oldest looking M.S. may have been written by a Provincialist, where the old style of writing, spelling, and speaking, is a hundred years behind that of the intellectual centre, which leads the way to innovation or improvement in language, spelling, etc. And thirdly, the two MSS. may have been penned by educated men, say in London at the above date, but one of the writers was seventy-five or eighty years of age when he penned the scrawl, and the other was only twenty-five years old; one left school sixty years before 1730, and the other only ten years; hence, the penmanship, spelling, language, etc., of one will have the appearance of greater antiquity than that of the other.

Our esteemed Bro. Woodford alludes to Bro. Findel's supposition, that Dr. Plot, who abused the Freemasons in 1686, in his Natural History of Staffordshire, must have seen the identical Sloane MS. To make this clear to our less informed readers, we shall give from Bro. Findel's History of Freemasonry (page 118, second edition), the quotation from the above-named work of Dr. Plot. The doctor says, "When any one is admitted into this society (of Freemasons), a meeting or lodge (as it is called in many places) is convoked, which consists at least of five or six of the elders of the confederacy; they and their wives receive presents of gloves from the candidate, and are entertained with a collation of some sort, regulated according to the usages of the place where they may happen to be. At the close of the repast, the ceremony of initiation begins, which consists principally in the communicating of certain secret signs, whereby they recognise each other anywhere, and are therefore sure of protection wherever they may travel; for when any one appears, and makes these signs to any member of the society who is an Accepted Mason, though mutually unknown to each other, yet the latter is compelled to attend the summons in whatever company or whatever place he may be, should he have to descend from the top of a church steeple to do so." To this Bro. Findel adds in a note, "Plot had two sources whence he derived his communication, viz., a copy of the old Constitutions, and a MS. of the signs and usages of Freemasons."

We shall show that our worthy friend Bro. Findel was rather too hasty in his inference with regard to the Sloane MS. Dr. Plot mentions a "scrole of parchment volume," and makes no allusion to a MS. written on paper. Furthermore, Dr. Plot seems to have imbibed so great a hatred to the Masons, as not only to lay the subject of Masonry into a work professing to treat of Natural History, but even took the trouble to hunt up the history of Athelstan, and to ridicule the notion of Edwin being the son of the King. Now, if the Sloane MS., or any other MS. of the kind had been in Plot's possession, that *Mason hater* would not

only have mentioned it, but he would also have informed us about the signs and ceremonies; he would not have contented himself with merely mentioning the repast, gloves, and "certain secret signs," but would have described them together with the ceremonies of the *three degrees*. These ludicrous ceremonies as described in the said MS. would have furnished him with the very materials which would have delighted him to criticise and to ridicule. His utter silence upon those topics proves conclusively that he had no kind of knowledge of the nature of the signs and ceremonies of the Craft. All that he did possess, was a *ritual* like that of the Dowland MS. The information about the repast, gloves, and church steeple sign, he probably ferretted out of some Mason. The church steeple story was probably a joke of his informant. This steeple story was in 1724 improved by the author of the Briscoe pamphlet (reprinted in the Masonic Magazine). Thus, page 192 of said Magazine we find as follows: "A member to touch the right leg as he goes along the streets, brings a member (if he sees him) from his work on the top of a steeple." This pamphlet, though a catch-penny, was cleverly spiced, and well written, and two editions of it were disposed of. The sharper who imposed the *trash* on the writer of the Sloane MS., improved the church steeple sign, with a crooked pin and a piece of paper cut into a square. When the owner of all those secrets found that the Briscoe pamphlet was a success, he bethought himself of making a penny out of the information which he purchased, but our would-be author lacked the talent in the art of spicing, and consequently he could find no publisher to risk an investment in publishing his tasteless rubbish, hence it remained in MS. Sir Hans Sloane who died in 1753, some-how got hold of it, and placed it among his curiosities. This is a mere supposition; but whether correct or otherwise, no one can deny the fact, that Plot never saw the said MS., or anything kindred to it.

We now come to the consideration of the older MS., viz., those of Halliwell and Mathew Cooke. Of the former, Mr. Halliwell says, that it was written not later than the latter part of the 14th century. Mr. Ed. A. Bond, keeper of MSS., and Egerton, librarian in the British Museum, dates that MS. not earlier that the middle of the 15th century. Dr. Kloss considers it was written between 1427 and 1445 (Hughan's unpublished records of the Craft), and our worthy Bro. Woodford says, that it dates back "unquestionably to A.D. 1390." Now, with all due respect to Bro. Woodford, we should like to have his reason for fixing *just that date*. Our Brother also expressed an opinion, that the poem is composed of two legends, the first ending with the four hundred and ninety sixth line, and the second beginning with "Pray we now to God almyght," and he intimates that these two parts were originally written by two distinct persons, and these were joined together in 1390 by the person who wrote the Museum copy. It seems to us, however, that his reasons for that conjecture are not quite satisfactory. True, there is an apparent break in the poem, and with a little more skill the author might have bridged it over. But yet there is throughout an evident unity of design, so as to leave no doubt that it is the composition of one and the same individual. That priests used to be attached in olden times to the operative fraternities, and that the author of the poem was a Roman Catholic priest, we need not demonstrate. Equally certain it is, that previous to the reputed date of [illegible] existed in England rhyming chroniclers, and rhyming chronicles. Now, our author, attached to a Lodge as its chaplain, and possessing the gift of rhyming, thought proper to please himself and the fraternity, by putting into rhyme, the laws and ritual of the Craft; the former he prefaced

with the story of Euclid, then suddenly brings the history of the Craft into England. "This craft came into England as you I say, in the time of good kind Athelstan's day,"—"you I say," implies that it was simply a hear-say legend), and after this, follows the fifteen articles and fifteen points, consisting of the laws of the Craft. This being finished, he next began the *ritual* with a prayer, followed by the legend of the Four Martyrs, The Flood, the Tower of Babel, the Seven Sciences more fully explained than in the first part. The rest of the poem is exclusively devoted to exhortations to observe and to meditate on the Roman Catholic Religion with all its dogmas. The author of the Cooke MS. re-arranged the ritual; he *began* with an invocation, followed it with legends (most of them were his own collection from authors which he mentions), and winds up the whole with the laws as they existed at the time. And the Dowland and kindred MSS. were no doubt directly or indirectly copied and condensed from the Matthew Cooke MS., with some additions here and omissions there.

In studying the age of modern MS. such as the Sloane 3329, we may form some judgment from its spelling, by comparing it not only with other MSS., but also with the spelling in printed books. But even in this, the utmost caution should be used, as already shown above. In old MSS. written previous to the invention of printing, or even a century after, spelling is no guide whatever to the inquirer. We know that Shakspere spelt his own name several different ways; the probability therefore, is, that every one of the early English writers spelt after his own fashion, or even different fashions in the same MS. This may be even proved from the Halliwell MS. As an instance, the 31st line, he says, "He that lernede best, and were of *oncste*," and in line 231, he spells it *honeste*. Chirography or the style of penmanship, is also useless in the investigation of old MSS. We may naturally presume that the old MSS., consists of two kinds of penmanship, viz., those written by individuals in their own regular style, and those written by professional writers; these last were a kind of artists in their vocation. They could imitate every kind of lettering with the same accuracy as our modern sign painters can. We have seen a MS. charter of Charles the 2nd in our State House in Boston, all beautifully written in the Gothic style. When, therefore, a professional writer was employed to transcribe a MS. he would adopt the style of lettering, either according to his own taste, or that of the author. As an illustration of the two kinds of MSS. we think that the Halliwell poem was written by an unprofessional penman, while that of Matthew Cooke seems to have been penned by a professional.

There is still another mode of inquiry, viz., to study the status of the English language of each century, and then, by comparing the unknown with those MSS. whose dates are known, the enquirer may be able to guess somewhere near the time, say within a century, or even within a half century, the age of a MS. A few specimens of the English language from the earliest time to the period of the Reformation, each consisting of about twenty words, will give the reader an approximate idea, judging from the per centage of words, which he may, or may not understand. Here is the Lord's Prayer of about the year 700:

"Fader uren thu arth in heofnum sie gehalgud noma thin; to cymethric thin; sic willo thin suaels in heofne and in eortho."

Here is the King Athelstan's English 938, "Æthestan cyning eorla drihten heorna heah gyfa, and his brothor eac Eadmund Ætheling ealdor langyne tyr geslogon aet secce sweorda ecgum." The next is from a Chronicle about the death of King Stephen, which took place in 1154. "On this gaer waerd the King Stephene ded, and he byried ther his wif and his sune waeron be beryried aet Fanresfeld." This is the English of the 12th century.

Here is a specimen of Robert of Gloucester's rhyming chronicle. He lived during the time of Edward the 1st. This therefore, was the English in Gloucestershire at the close of the 13th century:—

"Engelond ys a wel god lond, ich wene of eche lond best,
Y-set in the ende of the world, as al in the west
The see goth hym al about, he stont as an yle
Here fon hes durra the lasse doute, but hit be throw gyle,
Of folc of the selve he ys long eight hondred myle."

Here is an extract from the Fabric Rolls of York Minster, 1370: "Itte es ordayned by ye Chapitre of ye Kirk of Saint Petyr of York yat all ye masounes yt sall wyrke till ye werkes of ye same Kirk Saynte Petyr, sall fra Mighelmesse day untill the firste Sonday of Lentyn." (Notice the different spelling of *Saint*.)

The last specimen comes up to the style of our Masonic poem. But to show that the modernization of our language did not advance spontaneously throughout the kingdom, we copy the following from Disraeli's Amenities of Literature, written by a Kentish monk for the instruction or edification of the humbler classes in 1340:

"Nou ich wille that ye ywite hou hitt is ywent
Thet this Boc is ywrite mid Englis of Kent,
This Boc is ymade vor lewede men
Vor Vader and for Moder and vor other Ken."

The following brief epitaph upon the death of Caxton, 1491, will give an idea of the English at the close of the 15th century:

"Moder of Merci shyld him from thorrbul fynd
And bring hym to lyff eternal that neuer hath ynd.'

And here are the titles of a Bible and of a New Testament of 1537: "The Byble which is all the Holy Scripture, in whych are contayned the Olde and Newe Testament truly and purely translated into Englysh."—"Hearcken to ye heavens and thou earth geaue eare, For the Lorde speaketh."—"The Newe Testament of our Sauyor Jesu Christ, newly and dylygently translated into Englyshe, with annotacions in the mergent. To help the reader to the vnderstandyng of the text" (notice here again the spelling of *Englysh*, and *Englyshe*. On the title page of a Bible of 1539, it is spelt *Englyshe*, and *Englysshe*).

We have already shown that the English language, in its development, was not uniform throughout the kindgom; that in Kent in the 14th century, it was a century behind to what it was in York. Disraeli quotes Caxton, that in his time (the close of the 15th century), "The English spoken in the Weald of Kent was as broad and rude English as is spoken in any place in the kingdom." Therefore in examining undated MSS., where we have to rely wholly on the evidence which its idiom affords, we should at least avoid expressing with certainty the precise age of such MS., unless we know the place of its birth. Thus, if we knew that our Masonic poem was written in London, we might fix its age to about the close of the 14th century. But on the other hand, if it was a Kentish production, then it might have been written one hundred years later. There are, however, other evidences connected with our MSS., about which we may express ourselves with more certainty. First, the purely Roman Catholic tone of the older MS. demonstrates clearly that it was written before the Reformation. And second, the total absence of all allusions to Roman Catholicism and its peculiar dogmas, is in our opinion sufficient evidence that the Matthew Cooke MS. was not compiled until after the Reformation.

Once more we beg most respectfully to remind our brethren, when writing for the Masonic press upon any doubtful or disputed question, not to content themselves with merely saying, 'I have no doubt it is so;" but to furnish for our information, full reason for the faith that is in them.

JAM SATIS EST!

Enough! enough! time fades away,
Swiftly from you, from me to-day,
  Adown these careworn years;
Its darkened pages hourly tell
Of many a sad and long farewell,
  Of ceaseless falling tears.

Enough indeed this life has brought
Of sadden'd scenes, and sadder thought,
  To us poor students here;
Vain for us now the schoolman's theme,
Vainer each gay and golden dream,
  Each voice of grief or fear.

All, all are gone; and in their place
Stern Nemesis, with angry face,
  With grave upbraiding mien,
Recalls the flight of days and hours,
Of waning joys and wasted pow'rs,
  The scenes that once have been!

O foolish mortals, "lingering long,"
Such seems the burden of her song,
  "Vanish'd your little day,
Gone in a moment—nor return
The hopes which bless, the fires which burn,
  Your penance, or your play."

How idle then at last appears
This onward march of hurrying years,
  To those who stop and think;
Alas! how many only seem
Vainly to strive and vainly dream—
  Who loiter on the brink

Of that old stream in rapid flow
Upon whose surface swiftly go
  The waste and waifs of men;
But all who watch that sparkling tide
Know that in swiftness side by side,
  All floats beyond our ken.

Enough, old wisdom's voice has said,
Enough by all may still be read
  On time's illumin'd page,
To warn us all how we should strive,
We who still happily survive,
  To live above the age.

Yes, in God's better hopes of love,
In peaceful promises above,
  In heaven's own golden gates,
We find a holier, truer lore,
Which fails us never, never more,
  Amid our fears and fates.

Enough for us that we have learn'd,
As human hearts have ever yearn'd,
  For that great truth of all,
Amid the years which roll away,
Amid the joys which will not stay,
  The trials which befall,

Which bids us trust securely now,
And learn submissively to bow
  To His supreme decree,
Who gives and takes at His good will,
Whose tender care and wisdom still
  Eternally agree!

Enough for us that life is o'er,
Enough we see the deathless shore,
  Where neither care nor pains
Can try or trouble all who there
Have found that land so dear and fair,
  Where peace for ever reigns!

A. F. A. W.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Masonry lives in the light; her deeds are deeds of light; her words are words of light; and to the light she brings all who kneel at her sacred altar. With her eye fixed on the great moral laws, as the setless sun of her firmament, which ever sheds refulgent beams of light on the pathway which leads to the fulfilment of her destiny, and the accomplishment of her humane purposes, she utterly abhors and contemns the traitor to her teachings, who skulks in the darkness, and amid the ebulitions of an unhallowed passion, or the jeers and jests of an unthoughted mirth, or the polluting demands of an insatiable appetite, makes a plaything of God's name, and wallows in the mud which his own debauchery has made without the fit emblem of the baseness within.—*Grand Master Charles C. Clark, of North Carolina.*



Original Coat of Arms for the "Crafte and Fellowshippe of Masons", Granted by William Hawkeslowe, Clarenceux King of Arms.

TEMPORE EDWARD IVTH

SEE PAGE 87

Our Archæological Corner.

ORIGINAL GRANT OF ARMS TO THE CRAFT AND FELLOWSHIP OF MASONS.

BRITISH MUSEUM,

Add. Chart. 19, 135.

To alle Nobles and gentilles theise present lres heryng or seyng William Hawkeslowe othir wise called Clarenseux Kyng of Armes of the Sowthe Marches of Englond sendeth humble and due recommendacon as apperteyneth for soo moche as the Hole Crafte and felawshipe of masons corogeowsly meoved to exeircise and use gentill and comendable guydyng in such laudable maner and fourme as may best sounde unto gentrice by the whiche they shall mowe w^t^ goddis grace to atteigne unto honoure and worshipe have desired and Praide me the saide Kyng of Armes that I by the powre and auctorite by the Kynges goode grace to me in that behalve comneytted shuld devyse a Conysaunce of Armes for the saide Crafte and felawshipe which they and theire successours myght boldly & vowably occupie chalenge and enJoie for evermore woute eny prejudice or rebuke of eny estate or gentill of this Reame at the instaunce and request of whome I the saide Kyng of Armes takyng respecte and consideracon unto the goodly intent and disposicion of the saide Crafte and felawshipe have devysed for them and theire successours thise Armes folowing that is to sey a feld of Sablys a Cheeveron silver grailed thre Castellis of the same garnyshed w^t^ dores and wyndows of the feld in the Cheveron a Cumpas of Blake whiche armes I of my saide powre and auctorite have appoynted Yeoyne and grauntene to and for the saide Crafte and felawshipe and theire successours and by theise my present lres appoynte yeve and graunte unto them the same To have chalenge occupie and enJoie w oute eny prejudice or empechement for evermore. In witnesse wherof I the saide Kyng of Armes to theise presentes have sette my seale of Armes with my signe manuell Yevene at London the yere of the Reigne of Kyng Edward the fourthe aftir the Conquest the xij^th^

I thomas benolt alias
Clarenceux
Kyng at Armes of the Southe East and West partes of the Realme of England by the Kinges full power unto his lres patentes to my onely gyvene. Conforme & Ratefie tharmes in the margen herein depict before gyven by my predesessor Clarencieux. In wytnes therof I have signed this patent w my hande the xij^th^ yere of o^r^ Souverain lord King henry the viij^th^

CLARENSEUX,
King of Armes.

per my Clarencieux King at Armes
B.

Entred in the Visitacon of London made 1634 Hen[ry] St. George Richmond

THE SURVEY OF PALESTINE.

Lieutenant Conder, R.E., who has charge of the survey of the Holy Land for the Palestine Exploration Fund, has returned to England for the hot season, bringing with him nearly all the results of his two years' work. These consist first, of three complete sheets, each 30 inches by 24, i.e., 720 square miles—one, in which Jerusalem occupies the centre; another, in which the Plain of Esdraelon is the principal feature; and the third, the sea coast with the town of Cæsarea. The largest existing map of Palestine, that of Vandevelde, published in 1865, is on a scale of four miles to the inch, and the new map issued by Mr. Murray, and embodying all the geographical work in Palestine, including that of the Palestine Exploration Fund, previous to this survey, is on a scale of five miles to the inch. So great is the difference, independently of topographical accuracy, between the old and the new maps that the number of names on Lieutenant Conder's sheets may be reckoned to be on an average eight times that on ny corresponding portion of Vandevelde. Thus the Jerusalem sheet contains 1,800

names, the same portion on the Vandevelde contains not more than 250; and this is the part of Palestine best known and most frequently visited. Of course this enormous increase in the number of names does not mean that Lieutenant Conder has actually discovered all these new places, most of which were already known to travellers; but that he has fixed their positions and noted them for the first time on a map. Many of them are modern villages, many are ruins, some are mounds—"tells"—hills, or watercourses. Side by side with the beautifully drawn maps are the hill contours, drawn by Lieutenant Conder himself. In these labyrinthine lines lies an amount of work not likely to be suspected by an outsider. There is no single line that has not been laid down after scientific observation, both in breadth and length, and from these contours, properly laid in their places, it will be possible, when the whole is finished, to construct an accurate model of the Holy Land, as well as a map showing the position of the villages, and a collection of names. The importance of the latter is easily estimated when we remember the tenacity with which the ancient names cling to the soil. The waves of conquest pass over the country; but the Greek, Roman, and Christian names have all given way successfully, leaving the ancient Jewish names yet clearly traceable in the degenerate forms used by the modern *fellaheen*. It is in the recovery of these names, as was first shown by Dr. Robinson, that the chief hope lies of completing the identification of Biblical names. The portion of the map now completed is about 3,000 square miles, or nearly half of Western Palestine.

There are, next, the water-colour sketches taken by Lieutenant Conder on the spot, to illustrate places, manners, and incidents. Many of these are of great beauty, and deserve to be finished and exhibited by themselves. Geological notes and natural history collections have occupied the attention of the officers of the survey during their leisure moments, the results of which are also brought home and are now at the office of the Fund. Perhaps the most interesting part of Lieutenant Conder's work will be found in the "special surveys;" that is, the plans and measurements taken of the ruins over which his surveys has extended. There are fifty of these, every one of which has been scientifically examined by the surveyors for the first time. Among them is the remarkable circular fortress in the Frank Mountain, where was Herod's summer-palace, and perhaps his tomb: a complete plan of the traditional cave of Adullam, forming a network of passages and cavern, large enough and complicated enough to give concealment and safety to David and all his men. Here is the castle of King Baldwin, second of the Christian kings; here the ruins of the convent built in the 5th century over the traditional site of Gilgal: here is Joshua's tomb: here the traditional site of Abraham's altar, near Bethel: here the remains of Athlit (*castellum peregrinum*), where the pilgrims disembarked under the protection of the Christian fort: and here are the probable tombs of the Maccabees. The ruins of Palestine are of every age. Often a shattered tower of crusading times is found to have been built up with materials taken from ruins of earlier date, and Lieutenant Conder's sketches show with remarkable impartiality tombs, synagogues, churches, mosques, and temples. Two of his "special surveys" are those of two previously unknown towns, one on Mount Carmel, and the other called Esrur, about ten miles west of Samaria. The latter, which must have been an important place, has walls, towers, fortresses, and the remains of its houses. It was previously entirely unknown, and as yet no clue has been found to its identification with any place mentioned in history. The ruins appear to be Herodian. It is hoped that the Committee of the Fund will be enabled to publish the whole of this important collection of plans, with the others yet to be made.

To have *faith* and *hope* in God, the Supreme Architect, and *charity* towards man, the master workmanship of His hands, is the *keystone* of the arch, on which every other bears; which unites all to itself, and cements the several parts into one strong, solid and beautiful whole.

HOW HE LOST HER.

BY CHARLES FLETCHER.

I knew Margaret was engaged, but I told her that I loved her.

"I don't know what you mean, sir," she exclaimed, with an expressive lift of the jetty eyebrows; but the liquid orbs beneath avoided mine, and that encouraged me to be saucy in my turn.

"*It is of no consequence* that you should, of course; but you didn't imagine that you were going to flirt all summer with a fellow of my stamp, and get off unsinged yourself?"

"Why not?" she laughed. "*You* don't seem seriously damaged."

"But I am. My heart is shrivelled crisp as a wafer."

"Really? Well, I don't know what can be done about it."

"I am going to show you." And so on, for half an hour. We spoke jestingly, both of us, but the laugh with each covered deeper feeling.

She was beautiful, my Margaret; fond of homage—as what woman is not?—and accustomed to receiving it. It was not her fault, after all, that I loved her, but her glory, as an honest man's love is always a true woman's glory; and Margaret was a true woman, though I had called her a flirt.

She was promised in marriage to Ross Bentley before she ever saw me, long enough. He had stopped a horse which had been running away with her, and so saved her life. When he asked her to give him what he had saved, what woman with gratitude and a whole heart would not have said "Yes," as she did. Besides, she loved him, for aught I knew. I had seen him, and he was a handsome enough man to win a woman's love, if beauty would do it.

A handsome couple, but somehow, seeing the two together, they did not seem to be fond of each other; and so I took courage. Certainly, Margaret never looked at Ross Bentley when I was by, as she had looked at me many a time that summer, as we two strolled along the beach.

Ross Bentley once stayed a week, and went back to town. He was a man of business, keenly devoted to money making: fonder of that, I fancied, than of the beautiful woman he had won, and upon that imagining I hung another hope. Margaret was an heiress. If Margaret had been dowerless, I fancy that Mr. Bentley would never have wooed her. But how to prove it.

Margaret and I did not relapse into the old fashion of strolling about the beach by moonlight after Ross Bentley had come and gone, and we stopped looking and talking nonsense, watching each other furtively. I felt confident that Margaret was wondering if I had been jesting when I said I should not give her up; and I was wondering if I had anything to do with those moods of pensiveness which had come upon my dark-eyed queen of late.

One day I found her upon the balcony, with an open letter in her hand.

"I am a very fortunate girl," she said, glancing at the letter. "Did you know that Clark, Vernon & Co., the bankers in New York, failed last week?"

I had heard of it.

"The bulk of my fortune was in their hands at one time. I did not know but it was still. My guardian writes to tell me, however, that he removed it months ago."

I came forward eagerly at that, extending my hand.

"Permit me to congratulate you, Miss Stone."

Margaret laughed rather confusedly as she put her little hand in mine. I saw that she was surprised at my eagerness.

"Miss Stone," said I, "did you believe me when I said that I loved you, somewhere about a month ago?"

Margaret coloured vividly, as she gave me a doubting look.

"Yes. What of it? Do you want to take it back now?" she laughed.

"Not I. But, in consideration of my great affection for you, I want you to do a favour for me."

"Name it," she said, looking puzzled.

"I am going up to New York to-morrow. Will you humour me by permitting me to be the bearer of a letter from yourself to Mr. Bentley?"

"This is an odd request."

"I am aware of it. Will you write to Mr. Bentley a letter, asking him to inquire into this matter of the bank failure, and let you know how serious a business it really is?"

"But I don't care about knowing."

"I do."

"Why not inquire yourself, then?"

"He has so much better facilities for investigation. The truth is, Miss Stone, I am very much interested in this failure, and Mr. Bentley can find out all about it for me. But I don't like to ask him to do so much for a comparative stranger."

Margaret looked doubtful still, but she wrote the letter, and I took it to the city the next day.

Ross Bentley grew slightly pale as he read.

"I suppose you know that the bulk of Miss Stone's fortune was in the hands of Clark, Vernon & Co.," I carelessly observed.

"I was not aware of it," Bentley said, losing another shade of colour.

"Oh, well, it was. Can anything be saved out of the crash, do you suppose?"

"Not anything, I am very sure," he stammered. And thinking he might like to meditate upon the aspect of affairs, I took my departure saying that I would call before I went away again to take any message he might like to send.

When I called the next day, he gave me a letter for Margaret; but he looked anywhere but at me as I took it.

I caught a glimpse of Margaret's blue dress on the piazza as we drove up to the hotel; and without waiting to go to my room first, I hastened to her, and gave her the letter.

Then, much as I would have liked to stay until she had read it, I had no excuse for doing so, and therefore left her. I waited with something more than curiosity for her appearance at dinner time, but she did not come at all. I ate nothing myself, and spent the evening pacing the piazza with my cigar, and watching her window. Not so much as a shadow of what I watched for crossed my vision.

Remembering Bentley's face as he gave me the letter, I could imagine that he might have written something unpleasant; but even I was not prepared for the contents of the missive Margaret placed in my hands the following morning, coming suddenly upon me where I lounged on the shore.

"I suppose that was what you went to town for!" she said, with an angry scorn, under which I quailed, for I felt guilty; and, as I read, I winced again.

The scoundrel! A more disgraceful epistle I never perused. If Margaret had loved him ever so dearly, this would certainly have ended it. He dissolved the engagement without so much as saying "by your leave." He did, indeed, say something about hastening to speak while there was yet an uncertainty as to how seriously the failure had involved other people. But that was the merest gloss, and only gave Margaret the clue to the sefish reasons for his extraordinary conduct.

I folded the letter, and gave it back to her without remark.

"Well," she asked, "really you have nothing to say?"

"Shall I challenge him to mortal combat with horsewhips?" I inquired.

Tears of anger sparkled in Margaret's beautiful eyes.

"How could you humiliate me so?"

"I? Miss Stone!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gurney," she said, haughtily.

"And I beg yours, Miss Stone, for meddling. I suspected Mr. Bentley, but not of anything quite so cold-blooded. Shall you break your heart about such a selfish fellow."

"Indeed, no! But I am very angry."

"At whom?—him or me?"

"At both of you."

I suppose I must have looked terribly abashed and confounded—I tried to, for she put a little hand on my arm, and then would have swiftly withdrawn it, but I captured the frail thing, and held it.

"I suppose I ought to be very thankful to *you*," she said, struggling a little, and blushing in the most lovely manner.

"If you will permit me, I will punish him for you," I said, gravely.

She looked up inquiringly.

"By marrying you!"

"Oh!"

"Don't you think it would?"

"Perhaps."

We were quite sure of it the first time we chanced to meet Bentley after our marriage. His face was as good as a picture.—*Saturday Evening Post, America.*

OLD AND NEW LODGES.

When King Solomon wrote that there was nothing new under the sun, he seemed to overlook new Lodges. And yet, in one sense they are not new, except in name. They are formed exclusively from old materials. They are subtractions from the Old Lodges—units composed of mixed fractions. Their creation makes the Craft none the richer. It is analagous to taking money out of one pocket and scattering it into others; there are more pockets with money in them, but not more money. This, however, does not long remain the case. These Lodges after their constitution, grow to be new very rapidly. Proposals of new members in large numbers occur, often upon the very day of constitution, and the Masonic Mill is kept so rapidly in motion grinding out Masons, at both regular and special meetings, that it soon grows to be a matter of wonder where all the material comes from. We have heard of as many as twenty candidates being balloted for and approved at one meeting. There were not twenty Masons made, of course, but they were booked for making, and waited their time, and no long time, either, before in due course they entered the mystic portal. If you were present on the day of constitution, you saw none around you but old Masons, and you could scarce persuade yourself that it was other than an old Lodge; but three or four months later, "all things have become new." The charter members are lost in the throng of their fellows. There *is* something new under the sun. The apprentices and fellow crafts perhaps outnumber the masters. You now realize that you are in a new Lodge, new in material as well as new in name.

It is not a matter of course, nor ought it to be, that a new Masonic body, whether Lodge, Chapter, Council or Commandery, should obtain a warrant. Various lawful forms must be complied with; the consent of other sister bodies must be obtained; and finally it must be made apparent to the Grand Body that the best interests of Freemasonry will be advanced by the grant of the new warrant. Safeguards have not been omitted to insure, so far as general regulations can do so, the healthy progress of the Craft, and prevent anything like a forced growth; and yet when one recalls the number of warrants returned or revoked, after having been worked under for but a brief season, he cannot but feel that wisdom does not always direct either the asking or the granting of warrants. The possibility of evil is so great, and the benefit in comparison so small, attending the creation of new Masonic bodies, that it ought to be done only after the most deliberate forethought, and with the exercise of the maturest judgment. The granting of the warrant of every new Lodge on the instant weakens several old ones; and the drain upon the parents does not cease then, but continues indefinitely. The new Lodge draws its support from the ailment of the old Lodges—petitions for membership continually go into the former at the expense of the latter. But this evil is trivial, in comparison with another we are about to name. No thinking Freemason who observes the wholesale manner in which petitions are often presented in new bodies, can help feeling that their growth are more or less forced. As soon as Masonry shall be found opening recruiting stations, it will be time to think of enacting such stringent rules, bearing directly upon this point, as shall ensure the voluntary system being strictly observed. We may ask a man home to dinner with us, or to vote our political ticket, or to join our church, but never to be made a Mason. Candidates must freely and voluntarily offer themselves; they must come seeking neither our own nor their own selfish ends, but solely with a view to share in that Masonic light and knowledge which it is the gift of the Craft to dispense, and to become members of the only ancient and accepted Brotherhood.

No old Lodge *must* be supported, because it is worn out with age; no new Lodge *must* be built up, to keep it from dying in infancy. Better both old and new perish together, rather than be made merely temporarily and nominally strong, by the accretion of bad material, gathered by unlawful means.—*American Keystone.*

BENEFITS OF ADVERTISING.

BY M. QUAD.

Do I believe in advertising? Certainly I do; I have seen its benefits too often to doubt that it pays big. I remember the case of Cushman, right here. He saw an advertisement of "A dog wanted," and while crawling under the bed to get hold of one of those numerous canines always to be found on the premises, he found his new axe, which had been lost for three months, half a keg of nails, and enough coal to last him a week.

A neighbour of mine once asked my advice about advertising for boarders, and I told him by all means to advertise. He inserted three or four lines in a daily paper, costing thirty or forty cents, and in two days after his house was jam full of boarders. The crowd was composed of his brother's wife and nine children, who learned his address through the advertisement, and that man was satisfied of the benefits of advertising before he got that family off his hands.

There was Dunneback. He inserted a two line advertisement, saying that he had some choice grapes to sell. The paper was published at five o'clock in the evening, and before daylight the next morning every pound of grapes was gone. I have understood that they went off in bags during the night; but that makes no difference—I am showing that people read and heed advertisements.

I now remember a young man who advertised for an easy situation where a young man could render himself useful and receive a small salary. Some people laughed at him, but I advised him to stick to his faith in advertising. It wasn't long before he secured such a situation. I don't exactly remember where it was, but I think they called the place Sing Sing, or some such name. At any rate, all he has to do is to sit on a bench and drive pegs into shoes, and they think so much of him that they are going to keep him for ten years.

There was the case of Taylor. He advertised for information concerning his long lost brother, whom he had not seen for twenty-one years, and a Texas Vigilance Committee sent him one of the prettiest ropes you ever set eyes on—worth ten times the cost of the advertisement. They say it was all that was left of the long lost.

Look at the case of Smallman. He was a dusty old merchant, with an antiquated stock and a cross-eyed daughter. He was seduced into advertising, and his daughter brought a breach of promise suit against a young man who bought some sugar and soap of her, and the verdict of the jury was 7,500 dols. The family are now able to spend a portion of each year at the seaside. *Keystone (American).*

ANCIENT CRAFT MASONRY.

BY A CRAFTSMAN.

It was the universal custom in earlier times—even during the present century—among Masons, to prepare for the regular monthly meeting of the Lodge. The Brethren all knew the time. (Is it possible that there ever was a Lodge when all the Brethren knew the time of meeting?) The Tyler spent a half or a whole day cleaning up the Lodge-room, putting everything in its place. He had his broom, brush, woollen cloth and buck-skin, and with sleeves rolled up, coat off, plied them briskly—polished the jewels until the image was reflected in them. All the furniture of the Lodge was properly distributed. The Brethren were certain to call during the day and exchange compliments with the faithful sentinel, and as he had but a poor chance to tell what he knew about Masonry he always presided on such occasions, and generally told the W. M., Wardens and Deacons who came under the sound of his gavel that day, what he knew about men and Masonry, and he often became eloquent on such occasions, and sometimes instructive. When the hour of meeting arrived the officers and members were found in their places. All the W. M. had to do was to sound his gavel, take his seat, and the work commenced.

There was another peculiarity which was always observed—no one appeared except in clean clothing. No mechanic or labourer came into the Lodge with his daily working apparel on—all were neatly

clad from the Tyler to the W. M. There was no exception to this rule. The writer avers he never knew it violated in the early days of his experience. There was no smoking allowed in the Lodge, and the tobacco chewers were very careful where they made their deposits.

We do not remember a single instance when the Tyler had to go out and drum up members enough to make a quorum; *they were there*, and they came too of their own free will and accord. It seemed to be a pleasure to every one to meet his Brother in fraternal greetings. The country members were there too unless they were excused, but they seldom asked to be excused. The punctuality in attending the meetings of the Lodge made bright Masons, and it was a rare thing to witness a Brother who could not perform his part unless prompted by the Master or a Warden. If a visitor attended Lodge he was received courteously, and before he left he was made to feel that he was among gentlemen and Brothers. The Lodge was seldom *nonplussed* by the appearance of a distinguished Brother. If an officer or a past officer, his rank was respected, and the usual fraternal courtesies of the Craft were cheerfully extended to him. We do not mean to say that these things are neglected now by all our Lodges, but we believe many of them are neglected, and some of them scarcely ever observed.

The Brethren who have never witnessed a strict observance of the rules we have mentioned do not know what a difference it makes in the social enjoyment of Lodge meetings, and how much it detracts from the pleasure in attending them if neglected.

Masons of the present day have many advantages over those who lived in the first part of the present century. Masonic light beams with greater effulgence now than it did then. There were very few books on Masonic subjects which the Brethren could command even as late as 1840 and 1850. The *Universal Masonic Library* was published about 1855-57. That consisted of thirty volumes averaging about 325 pages, and embraced nearly all the old works on Masonry, and their circulation among the Craft infused new light into the votaries of Masonry. This work was published under the editoral auspices of Dr. Morris. It proved an unprofitable investment, owing to the fact that he published too many volumes, as the supply was greatly in excess of the demand. Ten volumes at that day would have been ample, and with the charts and monitors, and the periodical Masonic literature which began to increase from 1840 up, would have supplied the necessary wants of the Craft in the United States.

We well remember when Webb, Cross and Tannehill, with *Calcott's Masonry* and a few other stray books, were all the body of the Craft had access to as reading matter for even the most intelligent and intellectual Masons in the land. Perhaps in the large cities some few Masons may have been more fortunate and possessed more light on Masonry. The knowledge of the ritual was then more universal, and Masons were brighter, take them as a body, than they have been since up to within the last twenty years, but they knew but little as to the legendary history of the degree, and still less on Masonic law and jurisprudence.

The Fraternity are greatly indebted to the energy, industry and research, and the use of the facile pen of Dr. Morris, for more works on Masonry than to any other man in America, who has been a Mason only about thirty years.

But we did not set out to write on our Masonic literature, and regret that we have been led off in that direction, believing that a separate article on that subject would be more appropriate, hence we will not pursue it at present. We may, before we get through with our series, allude to the subject again by way of urging our Brethren to read more on the subject of Masonry than they have hitherto done, and they will find new beauties and illustrations hitherto unknown to them. The experience of the writer is, the more we read and reflect the more we learn the ritual; the better we understand the monitor or the manual, and the oftener we work, the better Masons do we make in every point of view. We earnestly advise a trial by every Brother, and we vouch for it that in nine cases out of ten the Brother will make a good Craftsman by perseverance. There is a motto which we use sometimes that is not inappropriate here: "That by time, patience and perseverance we may accomplish all things."—*Masonic Jewel (America)*.

THE GOOD FELLOW.

We wonder if "The Good Fellow" ever mistrusts his goodness, or realizes how selfish, how weak, how unprincipled, and how bad a fellow he truly is. He never regards the consequences of his acts as they relate to others, and especially those of his family or friends. Little fits of generosity towards them are supposed to atone for all his misdeeds, while he inflicts upon them the disgraces, inconveniences, and burdens which attend a selfish dissolute life. The invitation of a friend, the taunts of good-natured boon companions, the temptation of jolly fellowship, these are enough to overcome all his scruples, if he has any scruples, and to lead him to ignore all the possible results to those who love him best, and who must care for him in sickness and in all the unhappy phases of his selfish life.

The Good Fellow is notoriously careless of his family. Any outside friend can lead him whithersoever he will—into debauchery, idleness, vagabondage. He can ask a favour, and it is done. He can invite him into disgrace, and he goes. He can direct him into a job of dirty work, and he straightway undertakes it. He can tempt him into any indulgence which may suit his vicious whims, and, regardless of wife, mother, sister, who may be shortened in their resources so as legitimately to claim his protecting hand,—regardless of honourable father and brother,—he will spend his money, waste his time, and make himself a subject of constant and painful anxiety, or an unmitigated nuisance to those alone who care a straw for him. What pay does he receive for this shameful sacrifice? The honour of being considered a "Good Fellow," with a set of men who would not spend a cent for him if they should see him starving, and who would laugh at his calamities. When he dies in a ditch, as he is most likely to die, they breathe a sigh over the glass they drink, and say, "after all, he was a Good Fellow."

The features of the Good Fellow's case which makes it well nigh hopeless, is, that he thinks he *is* a Good Fellow. He thinks that his pliable disposition, his readiness to do other good fellows a service, and his jolly ways atone for all his faults. His love of praise is fed by his companions, and thus his self-complacency is nursed. Quite unaware that his good fellowship is the result of his weaknes; quite unaware that his sacrifice of the honour and peace of his family, for the sake of outside praise, is the offspring of the most heartless selfishness; quite unaware that his disregard of the interests and feelings of those who are bound to him by the closest ties of blood, is the demonstration of his utterly unprincipled character; he carries an unruffled, or a jovial front, while hearts bleed or break around him. Of all the scamps society knows, the traditional good fellow is the most despicable. A man who for the sake of his own selfish delights, or the sake of the praise of careless or unprincipled friends, makes his home a scene of anxiety and torture, and degrades and disgraces all who are associated with him in home life, is, whether he knows it or not, a brute. If a man cannot be loyal to his home, and to those who love him, then he cannot be loyal to anything that is good. There is something mean beyond description in any man who cares more for anything in this world than the honour, the confidence, and love of his family. There is something radically wrong in such a man, and the quicker, and the more thoroughly he realizes it, in a humiliation which bends him to the earth in shame and confusion, the better for him. The traditional good fellow is a bad fellow from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He is as weak as a baby, vain as a peacock, selfish as a pig, and as unprincipled as a thief. He has not one redeeming trait upon which a reasonable self-respect can be built and braced.

Give us the bad fellow, who stands by his personal and family honour, who sticks to his own, who does not "treat" his friends while his home is in need of the money he wastes, and who gives himself no indulgence of the good fellowship at the expense of duty! A man with whom the approving smile of a wife, or mother, or sister, does not weigh more than a thousand crazy bravos of boon companions, is just no man at all.—*Scribner's American Monthly.*

TIRED.

O for wings, that I might soar
A little way above the floor—
A little way beyond the roar—

A little nearer to the sky!
To the blue hills, lifted high,
Out of all our misery.

Where alone is heard the lark,
Warbling in the infinite arc,
From the dawning to the dark.

Where the callow eaglets wink
On the bare and breezy brink,
And slow pinions rise and sink.

Where dim white breakers beat
Under cloud-drifts of our feet,
Singing, singing, low and sweet.

Where we see the glimmering bay
Greyly melting far away,
On the confines of the day.

Where the green larch-fringes sweep
Rocky defiles, still and steep,
Where the tender lichens creep.

Where the gentian-blossoms blow,
Set in crystal stars of snow;
Where the downward torrents flow,

To the plains and yellow leas,
Glancing, twinkling, through the trees,
Pure, as from celestial seas.

Where the face of heaven has smiled,
Aye on freedom, sweet and wild,
Aye on beauty, undefiled.

Where no sound of human speech,
And no human passions reach;
Where the angels sit and teach.

Where no troublous foot has trod;
Where is impressed on the sod
Only Hand and Heart of God!

—*American Keystone.*

DISTINCTIONS OF LANGUAGE.

BY W. S. HOOPER.

I have on my desk a letter from "Germany," asking the distinction between "high and low Dutch," as used in my article in the February number of the "Voice," and saying:—

"Now your humble servant, hailing from 'Fatherland,' would be pleased to be enlightened as to the meaning of said sentence. In my ignorance I have always believed that the Germans spoke the German language, but I see I was mistaken."

The tenor of Germany's letter seems to indicate the feeling that the expression "high and low Dutch" was used as a term of derision. In this he is mistaken, for I use no derisive epithets in regard to other peoples or nationalities, and merely used that common expression to plainly express a thought used in the more literary circles as "high and low German."

I used the words, not to express a thought of my own, but to state a fact patent to all who have looked into the history and development of language, namely, that no language remains long the same.

The German language as spoken to-day is very different from that of a hundred years ago. The English of one hundred years ago if spoken to-day would not be readily understood by those best versed in the English language. There is no country where there is not a great difference in the dialects spoken.

In one part of Ireland one class of people speaks the native Irish, while in another part other classes speak the English. There is a great difference in speaking the English language by the people of Ireland, England and America.

The same difference exists in America in pronunciation, inflection and intonation. A man of New York has a very different manner of speaking from one in Ohio or Illinois.

This same truth prevails in the countries of Europe and the East. Even the Arabs with all their unity of race and ties of nomadic life show these same differences.

Among the Mongolian races these different mann ersof expression and dialects

exist to a marvellous extent. In India and China men who have a large commerce with the natives must learn many different formulas of expression, or dialects. This same fact prevails in the states of Germany. The German people are not all united under one confederate head, yet the same generic language is theirs whether they are under one or many kingdoms.

There is a manifest difference in the manners of expression and in the formulas of language between the citizens of Holland and Prussia.

There is a greater difference in these same dialectic elements between the people reared near the Rhine and those brought up in the remainder of that large territory. In one case there is a mingling of the French and German that does not exist elsewhere. There are distinctions known as the "high and low German," more commonly called "high and low Dutch." To this latter term "Germany" takes exception, but no true German should, nor consider it a term of reproach, because it is not, or at any rate, was not so intended as I used it.

The term Dutch is a word applied to anything new, and was originally applied to this language because it was new, while later, the term German was applied because the people speaking it were inhabitants of Germania. As to the real distinction of the terms "high and low Dutch," or "German," I would refer "Germany" to the American Encyclopedia as affording a much better description than I can give in a brief paper.

The nearest approach to the Dutch language is that now spoken in Holland, which for dignity, emphasis and power is much superior to the English language, and which is formed, not as the French and English largely are, from other languages, but from roots. For instance, Astronomy is *Sternkunde*, from ster, a star, and kunde, a science; and so with other words.

The language spoken in the land more properly and politically called Germany, is very rich and copious, but this does not prevent the dialects which give character to the distinctions named.

Fowler says in his "English Language": "The High Germanic to which the current German belongs, is spoken in the south part of Germany and is bounded on the east by the Lithuanic, Slavonic and Hungarian languages, while on the south it touches the Italian and French, and on the north it joins the Low Germanic divisions."

The division of the language received a great prominence by the writings of Luther, and has been distinguished by some of the greatest writers of modern ages.

"The Low Germanic comprises: 1. The Anglo-Saxon and the Modern English. 2. The Old and Modern Friesian. 3. The Modern Dutch. 4. The Old Saxon and the Platt Deutsch."

The Friesians occupied a territory south and west of the Anglo-Saxons and probably spoke nearly the same dialect. Encompassed on one side by the sea and on the other by the Saxons, they have retained their dialect to a remarkable degree, and none of the German tongues approaches as closely to the Anglo-Saxon as theirs.

"BROTHERLY LOVE" WRIGHT, AND HIS TRIAL.

Bro. James Wright, D.D., who was Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Scotland during the years 1786-7, was known in Masonic circles by the nickname of "Brotherly Love," given him in consequence of the earnestness and frequency with which he urged the practice of this virtue. In his ministerial capacity he was a prominent actor in a case of rather singular character. The bad weather in 1807 injured the crops so as to lead to a distressing advance in the price of food. It so happened that at the end of a certain week the weather brightened up, and a drying wind prepared the corn for being housed on Sunday. At the conclusion of the forenoon's service on the day referred to, the Rev. Dr. Wright stated to his congregation that he conceived the favourable temporary change in the weather might, without violating the sanctity of the Sabbath, be taken advantage of to save the crops. For this advice, which was adopted by several of his parishioners, he was denounced as a violator of the Fourth Commandment. The case was brought into the Ecclesiastical courts, but was eventually dismissed by the Synod of the district.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 16.—Vol. II. OCTOBER, 1874. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

The great event of the month has been the resignation by the Marquis of Ripon of his high office of Grand Master of English Freemasonry.

It appears that he has become a Roman Catholic, and has been received, the "Tablet" says, in the Oratory at Birmingham.

The "Times" is of opinion—and probably the "Times" is right—that, in the midst of the special and hostile policy of the Romish Church towards Freemasonry everywhere just now, a convert of such high rank and distinguished position as Lord Ripon would be required as a proof of his sincerity to take so marked a step.

We deeply deplore the fact itself on every account, and on every ground—public and private, social and Masonic. But there seems to be little practical good in "crying over spilt milk;" and probably in this, as in many other events in life, "the least said, the soonest mended." We can only record the fact with very sincere regret.

By the Book of Constitutions, the Past Grand Master becomes Ruler of the Craft until the next election. Our Royal Brother the Prince of Wales will be solicited by Grand Lodge to accept the Grand Mastership until the next regular election.

We omitted to state in our last what an admirable reception (save for one little untoward mistake), the Devonshire and Cornwall Prov. Grand Lodges had given our Royal Brother at Plymouth, on August 14th. Sixty-eight Lodges marched in procession, and it is calculated between 2,000 and 3,000 Masons were present.

The Grand Lodge (or Orient) of the Netherlands has prevailed upon their Grand Master, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands (now 77) still to continue in the office he has held for 57 years. He has consented to do so, and, we believe, much to the satisfaction of our Dutch brethren.

We purpose, as soon as the Calendars are out, to give a list of all the Grand Lodges in the world, with the number of Lodges; and though it would be very interesting, if possible, to ascertain the number also of Freemasons attached to our Grand Lodge, we fear that at present, owing to imperfect tabulation such an effort would not be crowned with anything like success, or correct as a statistical Return.

The voting papers for the two schools are out. The Girls' school election takes place October 10th, with 29 candidates and 15 to be elected. The Boys' school election takes place October 12th, with 44 candidates and 13 to be elected.

Editor.

THE AGE OF ANCIENT MASONIC MANUSCRIPTS.

BY A. F. A. WOODFORD, P.G.C.

I have read Bro. Norton's article on the question of the antiquity of MSS., in the last Magazine, and have thought it well, as he mentions my name more than once, to insert the following short paper on the subject.

We do not profess to encourage controversial articles in the Magazine, or to find room for statement and counter-statement, and therefore this little archæological contribution of mine must not be regarded by any as intended only as a rejoinder to Bro. Norton, but merely as clear and comprehensive a view of the present condition of the case, evidentially, as regards the Masonic MSS. as it is now possible to lay before the readers of the Magazine.

1. I do not profess to be able to follow the critical remarks of Bro. Norton on the age of the special MSS. he alludes to, as I cannot understand the grounds on which he arrives at the conclusions he announces to be his on the subject, and neither do I think that his criticism on the age of the MSS. is based on a very sure or safe foundation. From some remarks it is quite clear to me that Bro. Norton has never himself studied in the original the MSS. he treats upon, and until he has done so, as all experts would tell him, theories raised on "facsimiles" or printed copies are utterly valueless for any correct archæological or historical treatment of such evidences.

We must always bear in mind that a good many things, so to say, go together, and decide the question of the real antiquity of MSS.

There are many peculiarities, for instance, in both the appearance and character of MSS., which strike at once the eye of the expert student, as indubitable signs of special epochs, and such "indiciæ" are not reproducible in printed works, and nothing is so dangerous as to argue or dogmatize about the age of MSS. which you have not seen and carefully studied in their original form and fashion.

Bro. Norton apparently is anxious to establish that we in England, having the MSS., to study and collate, have by some mistaken theories of our own, exaggerated the antiquity of our MS. authorities, whereas he in America, from the published copies of them he has seen, is prepared to fix their true dates considerably later. As far as I am concerned myself, I entirely repudiate any wish to give any antiquity to our Masonic MSS. which "experts" will not equally grant, and I have studied them and compared them most carefully, with an honest desire after accuracy and truth.

Let us take, first of all, the famous Masonic Poem!

I have before stated that the MS. is, in my humble opinion, a 14th century MS., and in this, if I do err, I err in very good company, as Casley and Halliwell, and Mr. Wallbran were all of the same opinion.

It is true that Mr. Bond of the British Museum, a high authority, states that in his opinion the MS. Poem is of the early part of the 15th century; but even supposing the 14th century character of the MS. should be successfully invalidated, no one can possibly make the poem later than the early part of the 15th century.

I have recently been reading some of the valuable publications of the "Early Text Society," and have made a somewhat curious discovery. Among their reprints is one called "Instructions for Parish Priests, by John Myrc."

John Myrc was Canon of Lilleshall in Shropshire, a house founded by Richard de Belmeis, between 1144 and 1148, for a body of Arroasian Canons,

a branch of the Canons Regular of St. Austin, and who took their name from the city of Arras in France, where they were originally founded.

Myrc tells us he translated his poem from a Latin work, termed "Pars Oculi," but which so far has not been verified, though other books it seems mistakingly have been identified with it, as John de Burgo's, "Pupilla Oculi," and the "Manuale Sacerdotis" of John Mirœus.

The editor of the work for the English Text Society states that the date of the MS. is "not later than 1450," "perhaps a little earlier," "but the language is of a somewhat older date."

Of this MS. only three copies exist, so far known—one in the British Museum, and two in the Bodlean Library.

Now in this poem I have discovered, that from line 268, to line 300, his words are almost an exact counterpart of the Masonic Poem, as will be seen by the parallel extract I propose to give in our archæological corner as soon as may be. Curiously enough the Masonic expression of line 655 Masonic Poem is not found in Myrc's version.

There are some other lines here and there which are very much alike, and betray a common parentage. It is not quite clear that Myrc was the transcriber, though the author of the Poem. The final sentence tells us that the "tractatus qui dicitur 'Pars-oculi' de latino in anglicum, translatus per fratrem Johannem Myrcus Canonicum regularem Monasterii de Lylleshall," and then is added, "cujus animœ propitieter Deus. Amen."

This may be a personal entreaty of Myrc himself, or it may be an aspiration of a transcriber, which is far more likely, and we have no direct evidence when Myrc did translate the poem.

In all probability the writer of the Masonic Poem had seen another copy of Myrc's Poem, as there are one or two variations in the versions.

This in itself is interesting, as showing the bonâ fide character of the Masonic MS. Poem, and that its antiquity may be fairly placed clearly at the end of the 14th or beginning of the 15th century.

2. But Mr. Bond has also raised the antiquity of the Additional MS., which I will now consider.

Principally on Bro. Mathew Cooke's opinion, that MS. has generally been placed about 100 years later than the poem, though, to say the truth, I don't know exactly why.

The "Polychronicon" to which frequent references are made, was printed in 1482, and we have accepted the date as 1490 of the additional MS., though, when I saw the MS., I remember pointing out that it might be any part of the 15th century.

Mr. Bond seems to make it and the poem nearly contemporary, which fact if accepted, alters necessarily a good deal of our preconceived opinions and views as to the actual character of the MS.

Any very imaginative views about the additional MS. being the production of a Protestant are of course utterly swept away, as they were very much always of the cobweb school.

3. Dowland's form is a very remarkable form, of which the original has not so far been traced.

I have always said, and still say, on the authority of Mr. Wallbran, that the language is older language than that of any other form so far known, except the Poem and the Additional MS.

Let any one take it and collate it with the Lansdowne or the Harleian, or the Sloane, or the Antiquity, or the York, and he will see at once what I mean.

Its printed date is we know most late, and though Mr. Dowland gives the MS. a 17th century date, one should like to see the original.

We have been told in one printed copy of a Constitution, that it was 500 years old, and we know it to be among the Harleian MSS., and as I prefer my own eyes to that of Mr. Dowland or anybody else, until I see the original,

I shall accept the date from internal evidence, as the beginning of the 16th century.

With regard to Sloane 3329, I myself believe that though transcribed about 1715, it is a copy from a much earlier MS. of date the early part of the 17th century.

Mr. Sims states distinctly that the language is earlier that the 17th century, and I still adhere to the opinion expressed by Mr. Wallbran on this MS. I have simply confined myself to an archæological consideration of the MSS., and have excluded all extraneous matter, and have looked at the question simply from an "expert" view of the case. We need not go out of our way to introduce into the case any fancies or sensational topics, as Freemasonry has suffered too much from an unscientific treatment of her evidences, her documents, her history, and her archæology.

I have merely considered the MSS. as a student of MSS. would regard them, with no "arriere pensee" or favour of this view or the other; and, as far as I have been able to come to a conclusion, after some years of very careful study and thought, I have no hesitation in saying to-day, that, any attempt to question or reduce the antiquity of our Masonic MSS. is alike idle and hopeless, useless in aim, and unscientific in treatment, and entirely opposed both to the conclusions of the "expert," and the safe canons of a true criticism.

A chemist in Albany, a few days ago, expatiating on the late discoveries in chemical science, observed that snow had been found to possess a considerable degree of heat. An Irishman present, at this remark, observed "that truly chemistry was a valuable science," and, anxious that the discovery might be made profitable, inquired of the orator what number of snowballs would be sufficient to boil a teakettle?

THE NEW MORALITY.

(*Continued from page* 70.)

Come then, Religion, from thy peaceful shade,
Draw near in loving accents to upbraid;
Approach, in all th' engaging power of love,
And shed on earth thy radiance from above;
Unfold, in tender voice and mystic lore,
Those truths we once so happily learnt before,
And as thy healing words prevail around,
And kindly echoes swell the gentle sound,
May all thy sacred, saving influence own,
And in their hearts thy precepts sage enthrone,
As now they see the error of their way,
And hail in transport thy all brighter day.
And in thy train let Innocence appear,
A guest long wanted, often sought for here
In vain. At last may holy truth prevail,
Nor base chicanery the right assail;
May loving trust, may honesty profound
Light up the ruins on this earthly ground
Of many a moral building sadly low,
Where vice and cunning in profusion flow;
Where knavish artifice, like rankest weeds,
Here but too often in this life succeeds,
And spoils the crop, and most luxuriant grows
On this great field of life, in flowery rows,
So much so, that to the unskilful eye,
The tares seem wheat to many a passer by!
Alas! for us in this old land of fame,
Of glorious memories, of unspotted name,
Why should we witness with a grovelling day,
Old truths, old right, old honour pass away?
Why should we in this maddening rage for gold,
Admire the flaunting new, despise the old?
Why should we barter of truth and trust the power,
For the lip-service of a faithless hour?
So then, fair Innocence, once more draw near,
Visit these scenes of wrong, these sights of fear,
And round thy march may calm Religion throw
The happiest impulse of her purest glow!
Then we shall see, as fraud and craft depart,
How true is still the teaching of the heart;
How mercifully to man by God are given,
Amid life's toiling cares some hopes of heaven,
Some visions of a peaceful hour, thoughts all pure,
The anxious conscience, the conviction sure,
Until to us there comes, in startling fear,
The awful sense of God's dread presence near.
O blessedness for us, if Innocence at last
Shall o'er our minds its balmy influence cast!
At her approach, in all its dark disguise,
Cunning departs; deceit and heartless lies
Leave us for aye, and will and conscience free
From guile at last, O gladdening sight to see,
Our mortal race, in confidence and trust,
No longer vanquished by corrupting dust,
Casts all its shackles hence for evermore,
For it hath reached at last a sinless shore,
Where incorruption dwells, where trial's done,
Man and his Maker are once more ever one.
O far-off scene of a dear happy time,
O pleasant prospect in an age of crime!
Thou still canst soften and transport to-day
Our grieving minds to bliss yet far away;
Thou still canst offer to faith's ecstatic eye,
An hour of love, of rest, of peace of victory;

When the great struggle o'er, the heart at rest,
Thy people find the haven of the blest!
Now all is changed, our earth has ceased to be
Of sin and shame the sad epitome;
But sacred Law, in all its glorious might,
Asserts one ceaseless rule of hallowed right.
No more shall then some dull knave here succeed,
By hateful fraud, by many a prurient deed,
To shock the pure, the kind, the good to grieve,
Around the innocent a web to weave
Of treachery's lure; to harass, to debase,
Some unoffending mortal of our race;
Or with a brazen front, corruption's price,
Bring in a sad regime of lies and vice.
And then, as we believe, a gentler scene,
Will soon dispel the wrongs that here have been;
When, war-cries hush'd, and hostile banners furl'd,
The peace of Heaven falls upon the world,
And deeds of misery and wasting all are o'er,
Revenge and malice are prevalent no more,
Hatred's forgotten, bitterness unknown,
And clouds and blinding mists for ever flown,
A peaceful world, in gentlest array,
Hails the eternal dawn of an eternal day!
But must we wait till then? Cannot before
We stand all loving on you tranquil shore,
This world of ours, amid its scenes of strife,
Know something here of man's all purer life?
O yes, we say, one day—we know not when—
Fair Innocence shall smile on us again,
And gentle trust and loving faith appear,
And sympathy engaging, lowly fear;
And then on us shall dawn a radiant day,
The New Morality has passed away!
For man at last is longing all to own
His brethren's rights, as dear as are his own.
And so in peaceful guise and graceful mien
Our world is manifested. No more are seen
The baser struggles of the fleeting hour;
No more the accusing conscience oft must cower,
Or specious hypocrite, or the faithless friend,
Those weary heartaches which will never end;
But ours is perfect calm and peaceful joy,
Love without wavering, trust without alloy;
No more of tainted enterprise, of lawless will,
The deed of treachery, the voice of ill,
Slander's unheard of, mendacity is o'er,
The dangerous tongue is still to wound no more,
Warfare is ended, all angry tumults cease,
We are now beneath, thank God, the reign of Heavenly peace!

L'Envoi.

May, then, these lines recall to many still,
Amid the scenes and words of present ill,
Amid that sorry lust for sordid gold,
Mid startling violence, hearts all dead and cold,
Mid vice bedizened in unsham'd array,
Which stalks complacent before our eyes to-day;
Amidst the words and ways of noisy wrong,
The sophist's paradox, and the syren's song,
One path alone of virtue and of peace,
Of trust and tenderness as years increase,
Can lead us safely o'er the weary road,
To happier hours, to that blessed abode,
Where fond hearts meet at last, all safe above,
When time has ceased to be, and all is endless love!

MENTOR.

CELIA'S MOTH.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

"There he is, in the candle again!" exclaimed Celia, stopping her needles and whisking the half-finished stocking at a circling moth obstinately bent on perishing in the flame. "I wonder what moths were made for?—stupid things!"

"Made for the candle, perhaps," said Rory, with a peculiar inflection of his lazy voice.

Celia gave him an impatient glance, but resumed her knitting without answering.

"It's all very well to call them stupid," continued Rory presently, "but, if the truth were told, don't you suppose the candle likes the game, too?"

"No, I don't," answered Celia, shortly.

"Well, you ought to know," said Rory, with that queer accent again.

Celia threw down her knitting-work a second time. "I declare, Rory," she cried, "I won't be hinted at like this!"

"What can I do but hint—if you won't let me speak out?" said Rory.

"*Well, speak out, then*; make an end of it; maybe it's better so," said Celia.

Rory's reply to this was to get up and come around the table to where Celia sat; whereupon Celia, in her turn, quietly slipped round and seated herself in his empty chair. Rory did not dare to follow, but he looked at her in a discomfited and imploring way that raised the ghost of a smile upon her hitherto stern little mouth. But she immediately became judge-like again.

"Now, just sit down there," she said, "and say out what you have got to say."

"What's the use," muttered Rory, sulky at being out-manœuvred. "You know it just as well as I do."

"Know *what?* Say it out, I tell you!"

"Why that I—that you—O Celia! that I love you so much I *can't* say it!" cried Rory, a sudden boyish gush of tenderness melting through the little crust.

Here Celia dropped one of her knitting-needles, dived down for it, and came up with a red face. But her reply was practical in the extreme.

"Well, suppose you do, what does it amount to? I wouldn't marry a shirk, anyway."

This time it was into Rory's dark face that the blood flew, and he bit his lip. Celia's word had stung deeper than she knew, or meant, perhaps.

"What would you have me do?" he said at last.

"Anything!" answered Celia, energetically. "Get a hammer and break stones on the road would be better than nothing."

"But why should I work, since my father left me enough—"

"Why should you work?" interrupted Celia. "Why, for the sake of working. Yes, I know—more's the pity; your father did leave you just enough to dawdle along. Yes, *you do dawdle*, Rory—no use scowling like that; what else can you call the way you've spent your time ever since you came home? When it's rainy, you dawdle off with a fishing-rod; and, when it's pleasant, you dawdle under the trees with a book all day long; and then in the evening—"

"In the evening I dawdle round the candle," completed Rory, sarcastically.

"Yes, exactly; and I can tell you, Rory, the candle *doesn't* like it!"

"Doesn't it?" said Rory, getting up. "Well, good-night, then, candle; I won't dawdle round you any more this evening, anyhow!" With this speech he took his six feet of laziness out of the room.

Celia stopped the click of her needles, and listened for his tread on the stairs. She did not hear it, but what she did hear next minute was the outside door closing with a bang that indicated Master Rory to be in no very gentle mood. A smile and then a little frown came over Celia's face.

"Where is he off to now, I wonder?" she said to herself, not condescending, however, to go to the window and see what direction the truant was taking. "To Susy Tibbets', perhaps; he has done that once or twice before when I put him out—and he was put out to-night! Well, I can't help it; I can't see him running to waste so, and hold my tongue. If he chooses to revenge himself by going to Susy Tibbets', why, he must, that's all. I suppose he won't expect me to sit up for him; he knows there's the pantry-window for folks that stay out late courting."

But Rory had not gone to Susy Tibbets', albeit certain of being suffered there to hover round the candle as long and close as he liked. He had gone down to the mill-stream, to a mossy stone where he had been wont, as Celia said, to dawdle with a fishing-rod; but there was no fishing-rod in his hand now, and no dawdling in his mood either. That word "shirk" was still rankling within him: it was not by any means the first time that Celia had scolded him for being lazy, but that epithet somehow seemed to point and drive home the reproach in quite a new way.

Rory was lazy, there is no denying that. You saw it in the languid grace of his well-developed figure; in the peculiar curve of his lips; in the very way in which the heavy lids rose slowly from his eyes, as if it were hardly worth the trouble; in motion and outline, as in colouring, the Southern mother was betrayed in him. Yet, underlying all the tropical warmth and softness, was the firmer stratum that came from his New-England ancestry on the other side; and, just as you were surprised, when the black lashes were lifted, to see a pair of deep-blue eyes set in the olive face, so you were surprised sometimes to see those large, sleepy eyes kindle into a keenness of comprehension and energy foreign to his whole exterior. To repeat, the rock lay under all, only it lay so deep that it was seldom touched. But it had been touched to-night. He had left Celia in one of those flashes of anger not at all unusual with him; but he seated himself now on the stone by the mill-brook, with an uncommonly well-defined purpose of thinking it all out: "it" being Celia, himself, and his own position with regard to her and things in general.

What that was does not require many words to explain. Rory—and here it may be remarked that he did not owe his Irish name to any Irish blood, but to the inability of one of his father's farm-hands to—as he phrased it—get his tongue round the little fellow's name. For Captain Trent, with that peculiar taste in nomenclature not infrequently to be observed in the New-Englander born and bred, had called his boy Rosario, after the South-American settlement, where he had met his wife; and, this appellation being unmanageable to more tongues than Pat McGinnis', that worthy's solution of the difficulty had been speedily adopted by everybody. Rory Trent, then, was the orphan son of a South American Spaniard and a roving New-Englander, who had

been a sailor and a little of every thing else before becoming a settler in Buenos Ayres, where he made considerable money in sheep, which he afterwards lost in speculation. Shortly after his marriage, the fancy took him to return to his native town, which he accordingly did, richer than when he left it by a wife and a fortune. But he did not retain either very long. The dark-eyed Peruvian pined and drooped in that uncongenial air; and, before the village folk were tired of gossiping about her outlandish garb and ways, one bleak November day they were bidden to a hushed assembly, where "the foreign woman" lay, rigid enough now, her outlandish garb exchanged for colourless grave-clothes; then the black, frozen sods of the little New-England cemetery closed over the stranger from the far-away land of the vine and the palm, and there was nothing left to tell of her save that mound and a motherless little boy.

Captain Trent followed his wife before many years, but not until he had succeeded in making ducks and drakes of his recently acquired money by rash speculation, and the undertaking of New-England farming on a South American scale, with the result to be expected from more zeal than discretion. That accomplished—concluding, perhaps, that he had about exhausted this world—he betook himself to another, leaving Rory with the wreck of his property—just enough, as Celia had said, to let him dawdle along through life. Boy and property were confided to the care of the captain's half-brother, Jacob Wetherell, who was to give the lad a home during his minority, send him to college—this being expressly stipulated by the testator, with the exaggerated ideas of the advantages of that institution peculiar to those who have not shared them—and be altogether a father to the fatherless boy.

The provision of the will had been duly carried out: Rory, grown up, had passed his four years within the university walls, and left them the wiser, no doubt, by all that experience of prank-playing and authority-cheating which are among the benefits of a collegiate course. Otherwise, it cannot be said that he had particularly distinguished himself. He had just graduated, and returned home at the age of twenty-two, healthy, handsome, and lazy, with his life all before him, and no apparent notion of what to do with it beyond smoking, idling, and making love, in season and out of season, to his cousin Celia Wetherell.

As for this last pastime, no one, seeing Celia, would be disposed to blame him. She was the type we all know in New England, and shall hardly meet with out of it: a mixture of fun and gravity, sentiment and shrewdness; so pretty it seemed that she must be good for nothing, and so capable one felt that she ought to be ugly; kind, keen, and clever; fresh and sweet as an opening brier-rose, with all the rose's bloom, and some of its thorns—as luckless Rory could testify. Occupied herself from morning till night, she looked with extreme disfavour on his purposeless existence, as she regarded it. But then, as it happened, he had one purpose, and that was to make her his wife; so, when she said to-night, with such uncompromising plainness, that she would never marry a shirk, the words went straight home as no others could have done. He could not get rid of them; the mill-current seemed to ripple to their tune; they formed the basis both of the thoughts, of anger and mortification, that ran through his mind while he sat on the stone thinking it out, and of the plan that had taken shape before he returned home to let himself in at the pantry-window, unheard by anybody but Celia, who, though she would not sit up for folk that stayed out late courting, nevertheless did not sleep till she had heard said folk come in.

The next morning at breakfast Rory astonished his uncle Jacob by inquiring if there were not some books of his father's on South America somewhere about the house.

"I guess so," answered the old farmer, intent on the carving of a pink-and-white ham, artistically picked out with black-pepper spots. "But what do you want of South-American books, hey, Rory?"

"Only because I'm going there myself," was Rory's startling answer.

Celia improvidently dropped five large lumps of sugar one after another into her father's coffee-cup, and the old man himself left the knife quivering half-way in the ham.

"*You* going to South America!" he repeated, wrinkling up his eyebrows, the better to stare at Rory. "Why, bless the boy, he ain't waked up yet!"

"On the contrary, Uncle Jacob, I've just waked up," answered Rory, with a side glance at Celia. "And quite time, too. I must see something of the world, you know; of course I can't be always hanging round here doing nothing."

Considering that, at that time yesterday, Rory had not appeared to find the slightest difficulty in such a mode of life, it was no wonder if Uncle Jacob was somewhat surprised by the decided way in which this statement was advanced. But, as his nephew stuck to this plan, the old man, too, was soon brought round to regard it as, on the whole, an excellent idea. So the thing was settled, and Rory, with an eager energy which Uncle Jacob declared he had not thought was in the boy, set about his preparations forthwith, and gave no rest to himself or anybody else till all was ready.

"Good-bye, Celia," he said, as he held his cousin's hand at the moment of departure. "The moth's going where he won't trouble you again for one while, at any rate! The Lord knows if I'll ever come back, but, whatever happens, whether I live or die, you sha'n't call me a shirk again." Then he looked at her with his great, pleading, deep-blue eyes, which said all that pride tied his tongue from saying, kissed her thrice passionately, and was gone.

Celia, perhaps, if she could have ordered all exactly to her liking, would not have had her moth fly quite so far off, but she was not one to look back, her hand once put to the plough; she had spoken for Rory's good, come what might of it; if he was thereby lost to her, at least he was gained to himself, as she believed, and she was not going to regret her work because it had worked out beyond her anticipation. So she kept on cheerily along the round of her daily duties, those multifarious cares known only to farmers' wives and daughters, who, whatever happens, must be prepared for seed-time and harvest. Celia was as capable a little mistress as ever lived, and her quick eye and step pervaded the house like a spring breeze; she was here, there and everywhere, providing for the men, overseeing the maids, scolding them, too, sometimes, no doubt, all through the week, and then on Sundays ready in her place in the choir, with a voice and face as fresh as her go-to-meeting best, laid up in lavender and rose-leaves; leading, in short, the good, old-fashioned, orthodox village life, including, perhaps, the "sparkling" who knows? for she was not only the prettiest girl in town, but an only child, whose father possessed substantial charms of another sort.

Rory, meanwhile, was doing well "over there," as they called the great, far-away tropical country, whose distance in crossing he seemed somehow to have bridged over for those left behind in the red house under the Northern pines and maples. He had been very lucky, he wrote, in the partnership into which he had entered; was not making money with a rush exactly, but was certainly not losing it; was getting very rich in experience if not in gold. His letters were assuredly prosaic enough, they dealt less with description than with facts, and with sentiment least of all; the wildest stretch of imagination could not have made them into love-letters: they might have been read aloud on town-meeting day without raising a blush on Celia's cheek. Yet still there was always some allusion which nobody but herself could understand, something which, without any direct appeal, was meant to refresh old memories which might yet be alive in her heart. So at least the girl fancied, until she remarked certain other allusions, more frequent of late, to the cousin he had found over there, the cousin Juanita, who owned miles of vineyard, who had the largest eyes and the smallest feet, and was the best *bolero*-dancer of all the senoritas in that whole region. Then a doubt gradually formed itself in Celia's mind, a doubt strengthened by the innocent comment of Uncle Jacob, who had no more notion of any special tenderness between his daughter and his nephew than if they had been a pair of lovers in the moon instead of right under his silver-bowed spectacles. "The boy's following in his father's track," chuckled the worthy man, and in her heart Celia believed that her father was right. Then, over her knitting, she would try to make a picture for herself of Juanita, as she looked dancing that outlandish but no doubt bewitching dance, the bolero, and the Spanish girl's black eyes would flash and her little feet twinkle curiously all through the staid New-England conversation, till, finally, when Mark Wilson, or young Dr. Heath, or Lewis Saunderland from over the hill,

had said good-night and gone away, Celia would betake herself to her chamber, there to piece out the broken images again in dreams, and fancy she heard Rory's rich voice singing serenades under the thick-blossomed creepers, and saw the gleam of gold in Juanita's black cloud of tresses, till she started suddenly broad awake, with the sun in her eyes, and Peter's whistle in her ears, as he went out to fodder the cattle in the early morning. Then she would half smile as she rose and made her simple but dainty toilet, and, standing before the glass, shook loose over her face the thick waving locks that needed no foreign ornaments to give them the gleam of gold; then she would go lightly downstairs, for she must set the whole household machinery in motion, she must see that others ate and drank, and she must eat and drink herself; and, amid her multiplicity of occupations, she had no time to pine or pale, and so the new day would wear pleasantly enough to a close, like those that had gone before, and should follow after it.

So four years slipped away, and then—Rory came home, suddenly, without a word of warning: he wanted to give them a surprise, he said. And a huge surprise it was; only, after a little, he had dropped so completely into his old place, that it seemed as if he had never been away. So said Uncle Jacob.

"You ain't a bit changed, not a bit," went on the old man. "You're brown enough—yes, but then you always was coffee-colour you know, Rory, hey?"

"Yes, I know," answered Rory, returning the old man's laugh. "But I am changed for all that, Uncle Jacob. Ask Celia."

"Well, well, perhaps you be, perhaps you be," said the old man. "My eyes ain't what they were—nor my glasses neither. I shall have to buy a new pair, I guess." But the change in his nephew was one which no new pair of glasses—nor even of eyes, unless they had been Celia's—would have enabled Jacob to see.

"S'pose we sha'n't keep you long," continued he, presently. "You'll be in a hurry to get back again?"

"No, Uncle Jacob," answered Rory; "I've come home for good. I mean to try to turn to account here what I've managed to pick up out there."

"Aha! didn't I say so? Going to do just as his father did!" chuckled the old farmer, oblivious apparently of the fact that neither his father's agricultural nor matrimonial ventures had thriven in transplanting. "But you'll have to go back, though, to fetch your bride. When's it to be, eh, lad? when's the wedding coming off?"

"The wedding," repeated Rory, dreamily; then, with a start and a smile, "Oh, sometime next year, I expect."

"Then it really was to be," thought Celia, as she watched Rory's unconscious face. How strange that she, *she* should have been the one to send him half across the world to find a wife in this unknown cousin, who otherwise would doubtless have remained unknown to him for ever. Well, she did it for the best, she told herself, as often before, but this time she could not thus console herself quite so readily. And just then Rory's eyes turned suddenly full upon her, and she blushed guiltily, and got up and went into the kitchen, remembering all at once that Nancy Walsh was a raw girl, and was probably spoiling whatever she had in hand.

Two or three days passed by much as of old.

"Do you expect anybody to-night, Celia?" asked Rory one evening.

"No, not that I know of," answered Celia, rather in surprise; "why?"

"Nothing, only as Dr. Heath was here last night, and Lewis Saunderland the night before, and Mark Wilson the night before that, I was wondering if you had one for every evening in the week?"

"What nonsense, Rory!" said Celia, turning away in search of something in her work-basket.

"Is it nonsense?" said Rory. "I'm sure I hope so, for then we have a prospect of a quiet evening."

A very quiet evening they seemed to have a prospect of, for it was a long time before either of them spoke a word. They sat opposite each other, with the light-stand between, Celia knitting, and Rory lazily watching her quick little fingers fly in and out among the needles. Both, perhaps, thought of just such an evening four years before.

"There's your moth back again, Celia," said Rory, suddenly.

Celia looked up with a start, first at Rory, then at a large moth circling uncertainly round the candle-wick.

"Yes, but he's grown shy; he'll be off again in a minute," said the girl, unconsciously following out the thought in her mind.

"What odds will you bet on that!" asked Rory.

"Betting is wrong," said Celia, demurely.

"Not between cousins," returned Rory, with equal gravity. "This coral-headed pin of mine to—let me see—to that rose in your hair, that Mr. Moth stays and singes himself?"

Celia did not refuse, and silence consenteth. They kept quiet, and watched and waited.

Not for very long. The winged simpleton advanced, retreated, advanced nearer, executed a few zigzag flights and eccentric curves, then made a blind dash at the flame, and fell scorched on the table.

"Well?" said Rory, coming round to Celia, and his eyes looked straight into hers, while he detached the rose. That required time and patience, for it was a thorny bud, and, by the time Rory had finished, one of his fingers were bleeding.

"You pay dear for your whistle," said Celia.

"No dearer then I expected," answered Rory. "I knew it was a brier-rose," and again he looked at her. He did not go back to his former seat then, but drew a chair beside her, and leaning his elbow on the table where the moth was still feebly fluttering,

"Poor old fellow!" said Rory, looking down at it with a queer smile, "come and die in honey." And he picked it up, and placed it on the rose-leaves. "Moths like roses, too," he said.

"You're thinking of butterflies," said Celia, knitting most industriously.

"What's the difference?" said Rory.

"Oh, I don't know—ever so much!"

"Well, yes, so much, at any rate, butterflies are rovers and moths are constant—to the candle."

There was another long pause.

"Do you remember just such an evening as this four years ago, Celia," said Rory, at last, "when you called me a shirk, and sent me about my business?"

"Oh, Rory!" said Celia, reproachfully, "I did hope you wouldn't remember all my silly speeches against me."

"*Against* you!" repeated Rory. "Those were the kindest words you ever spoke to me. Made a man of me. Came just in time, too, for a little longer, and I should have settled down into a regular village lounger—like old Tim Wiley, perhaps—hanging about the stores, sitting on molasses-barrels, and drinking old Jamaica. Might have come to that, who knows?"

Both laughed.

"But, Celia," said Rory, presently, "I'm not a shirk now, and—is there any chance for me. You know you're all the world to me, dear."

The transition from molasses to sentiment was so abrupt that it confused Celia for a moment. Then she remembered Juanita, and her lips compressed. How dare Rory play with her like that?

"Rory," she said, quickly, "you ought not to talk so to me."

"Why not?" said unabashed Rory.

"Oh!—you know."

"No, I don't. Is it Dr. Heath or Lew——?"

"No, no! But—ar'n't you going to marry your cousin?"

"I hope so!" said Rory, fervently.

"Well, then!"

"Well," repeated Rory, "what of that?"

"What of that!" echoed Celia, with a wondering glance at him, as if to make sure he had not been taking just a drop of old Tim Wiley's specific—"why, you can't marry two people, and you know you said yourself the wedding would be next year?"

"Oh! you're thinking of Juanita? Yes, but her wedding won't be mine, you know?"

"Not—yours—?"

"Of course not! She's going to marry a Spanish fellow as light-heeled as she is. They danced into love together, and now they're going to dance into matrimony."

"Oh!" Scarcely to save her life could Celia have spoken more than one word, nor have looked up into the dusky blue eyes she felt were waiting for hers.

"Did you think *Juanita* was the cousin I hoped to marry?" said Rory, in a lower voice. "I've got another cousin--Cel—'

Silence; and Celia knitting as if for a wager. Rory leaned forward and captured both her hands in defiance of the darting

needle-points and the imminent risk of another wounded finger. "Celia," said he, "is it Dr. Heath or I?"

"It's—not Dr. Heath—" said Celia, and then knitting and needles became entangled in hopeless confusion, and I am afraid some of the stitches in that stocking had to be taken over again.

* * * * * * *

"Talking of Juanita, Celia," said Rory, bye-and-bye, "as I told you, your packing me off was the making of me; but, all the same, wasn't it something of a risk? How did you know but I *might* have turned out a butterfly instead of a moth?"

"No danger," laughed Celia, ignoring all her previous doubts and fears. "Once a moth, always a moth!"

Rory answered this saucy speech as it deserved. But his reply cannot be set down on paper.—*Michigan Freemason.*

A DREAM OF FAIR FACES.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Where is Ethelinda?
Married in the city.
Where is Dulcibella?
Gone! ah, more's the pity!
Where is little Minnie?
On a Scottish moor.
Where is laughing Clara?
At Ferozepore.

Where is cheery Phillis?
In Pacific seas.
Where is stately Margaret?
All at home at ease.
Where's melodious Myrrha?
In a far Welsh vale.
Where is gentle Carry?
Just about to sail.

Where is blue-ey'd Annie?
A happy Parson's wife.
Where is fast Diana?
In the country life.
Where is long-hair'd Lotty?
In Upper Grosvenor Street.
Where is gleaming Kitty?
Riding to the meet.

Where is Theodora?
On a Yorkshire wold.
Where is prim Priscilla?
Getting very old.
Where is our Matilda,
With her babies three?
Where is pensive Ethel?
Fishing in the Dee.

Where is pleasant Lucy?
In fair Naples' bay.
Where is gold-hair'd Edith?
On the Appian way.
Where is tender Sophy?
Teaching in a school.
Where is jesting Ida?
O'er a sisterhood in rule.

Where is bonnie Alice?
In the Manor hall.
Where is plump old Bessie?
At the Staubbach's Fall.
Where is smiling Constance?
Giving her first rout.
Where is flirting Fanny?
With a daughter coming out.

Ah! far away, far away,
Are those fair mates of mine,
On whom, in other happier days,
Far brighter suns could shine;
But still as pleasant visions,
Their shadows still are here,
Their forms are very fragrant,
Their memories very dear.

Yes; all those loving faces,
Warm hearts and sunny eyes,
Which filled my heart in other days
With a dream that never dies,
Are even now before me,
Though in this older day,
And though their tender gracefulness
Is in the far away!

CÆLEBS.

A City meeting was once held to receive a report from missionaries sent to discover the lost tribes of Israel, and Lord H. took the chair. "I take," said he, "a great interest in your researches, gentlemen. The fact is, I have borrowed money from all the Jews now known, and if you can find a new set I shall feel very much obliged."

CHARLES DICKENS—A LECTURE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

Delivered at the Working Mens' College, Ipswich, President, the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Sir Fitzroy Kelly.

LORD JOHN HERVEY, IN THE CHAIR.

My Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen,—As this is my third appearance amongst you in the character of a lecturer, I can hardly call myself a stranger, or apologise for coming before you to amuse and perchance instruct.

And yet I should hesitate to call myself your teacher, for I daresay there are many here who know more about the subject of my lecture than I myself; doubtless many who could put in better form the stray thoughts that I have sketched down at random as they come concerning the great novelist who has gone to "the bourne from whence no traveller returns." Your kind reception on former occasions emboldens me to hope, however, that you will listen patiently to what I have to say, that you will judge leniently of the speaker and his shortcomings, whilst he endeavours to lay before you a brief outline of the life of a great man, and so by kindly sympathy, help him to draw some mutual lessons of self-help from the career of one who was a true exemplar "of the nobility of labour, the long pedigree of toil."

Charles Dickens was born at Portsmouth in the year 1812. He was the son of Mr. John Dickens, a member of the Civil Service, who held a position as a clerk in the Navy Pay Department. At the close of the war, Mr. Dickens retired on a pension, and came to London as Parliamentary reporter for one of the daily papers. From "Men of the Time," we gather that his son Charles was placed as a clerk in an attorney's office; but a strong literary bias led to his obtaining soon after an engagement as a reporter on the staff of the "Morning Chronicle," then in the zenith of its fame, under Mr. John Black.

Mr. Augustus Sala, his henchman, who has written an admiring and admirable sketch of his friend and master, also speaks of his entering a lawyer's office, but seems equally ignorant with the author of the biographical notice I have quoted of Charles Dickens' earlier history. Sala alludes to the report, which he ridicules, that David Copperfield is in some parts autobiographical; but in doing so he only shows that he is ignorant of what Dickens himself kept secret, his early struggles with fortune, the trouble and neglect of which he was the innocent victim.

Turning to Forster's admirable life of the great novelist, we come upon a pitiful story of his wrongs, and at once discover the orign of his sympathy with the suffering, the outcast, the oppressed; at once find out the secret of his realistic pictures of poverty. By the way, he wrote a tragedy when he was quite a child, called Misnar, and used to sing comic songs wonderfully well. He was taken early to the theatre at Chatham, and he used to say that frequent visits revealed to him many wondrous things, even at his early age, of which not the least terrific were that the witches in Macbeth bore an awful resemblance to the Thanes and other inhabitants of Scotland, and that the good King Duncan couldn't rest in his grave, but was constantly coming out of it, and calling himself somebody else.

He went to a school in Clover-lane, Chatham, kept by a Mr. Giles, a Baptist Minister, where Forster describes him as a sensitive, thoughtful, feeble-bodied little boy, with an unusual sort of knowledge and fancy for such a child,

and with a dangerous kind of wandering intelligence that a teacher might turn to good or evil, happiness or misery, as he directed it. The influence of Mr. Giles appears to have been favourable, and Dickens himself remembered in after years, and not ungratefully, that his past schoolmaster had pronounced him to be a boy of capacity. He used to remember that it was in the playing field close to the school that he "first heard in confidence from one whose father was greatly connected 'being under government,' of the existence of a terrible banditti called the *radicals*, whose principles were that the Prince Regent wore stays, that nobody had a right to any salary, and that the army and navy ought to be put down, horrors at which he trembled in his bed, after supplicating that the radicals might be speedily *taken and hanged.*"

When he was about nine his father was recalled from Chatham to Somerset House. The earliest impressions received and retained by him in London were his father's money involvements, and how first he heard mentioned the deed representing that crisis in his father's affairs in fact which is described in *fiction* to Mr. Micawber. He knew it in later days to have been a composition with creditors; though at this earlier date he was conscious of having confounded it with parchments of a much more demoniacal description. One result from the awful document soon showed itself in family retrenchment. The family now moved to Bayham-street, Camden Town. The house Forster describes as a mean small tenement, with a wretched little back garden, abutting on a squalid court. A washerwoman lived next door, a Bow-street officer over the way. Charles Dickens seemed at once to fall into a solitary condition apart from all other boys of his own age, and to sink into a neglected state at home. "As I thought," he said on one occasion very bitterly to Forster, "in the little back garret in Bayham-street, of all I had lost in losing Chatham, what would I not have given, if I had had anything to give, to have been sent back to any other school, to have been taught something anywhere." He was at another school already, not knowing it, Forster adds. The self-education forced upon him was leading him all unconsiously as yet what for the future that awaited him it most behoved him to know. "How it came that being what he was," Mr. Forster writes, "he should now have fallen into the misery and neglect of the time about to be described was a subject on which thoughts were frequently interchanged between us." I know my father, he said, "to be as kind-hearted and generous a man as ever lived in the world. Everything that I can remember of his conduct to his wife or children, or friends, in sickness or affliction, is beyond all praise. By me, as a sick child, he has watched day and night, unweariedly and patiently, many nights and days. He never undertook any business charge or trust that he did not zealously, conscientiously, punctually, and honourably discharge. His industry has always been untiring. He was proud of me in his way, and had a great admiration of the comic singing. But in the case of his temper, and the straitness of his means, he appeared to have utterly lost at this time the idea of educating me at all, and to have utterly put from him the notion that I had any claim upon him in that regard whatever, so I degenerated into cleaning his boots of a morning and my own, and making myself useful in the work of the little house, and looking after my younger brothers and sisters (we were now six in all), and going on such poor errands as arose out of our poor way of living." Matters in Bayham-street got from bad to worse, and at last it was decided that Mrs. Dickens should open a school. A house was soon found at No. 4, Gower-street, N. A large brass plate on the door announced Mrs. Dickens' establishment. Dickens himself says "I left at a great many other doors a great many circulars,

calling attention to the merits of the establishment. Yet nobody ever came to school, nor do I recollect that anybody ever proposed to come, or that the least preparation was made to receive anybody. But I know that we got on very badly with the butcher and baker, that very often we had not too much for dinner, and that at last my father was arrested." The interval between the sponging-house and the prison was passed by the sorrowful lad in running errands, and carrying messages for the prisoner, delivered with swollen eyes, and through shining tears; and the last words said to him by his father before he was finally carried to the Marshalsea were to the effect that the sun was set on him for ever. "I really believe at the time," said Dickens to Forster, "that they had broken my heart." He afterwards took ample revenge for this false alarm by making all the world laugh at them in David Copperfield. He then describes a visit which he paid his father in the Marshalsea. "My father was waiting for me in the lodge, and we went up to his room on the top storey but one, and cried very much; and he told me, I remember, to take warning by the Marshalsea, and to observe that if a man had £20 a year, and spent £19 19s. 6d. he would be happy, but that a shilling spent the other way would make him wretched. I see the fire we sat before now, with two bricks inside the dusted grate, one on each side, to prevent its burning too many coals. Some other debtor shared the room with him, who came in by and by, and as the dinner was a joint-stock repast, I was sent up to Capt. Porter, in the room overhead, with Mr. Dickens' compliments, and I was his son, and could he, Capt. P., lend me a knife and fork. Capt. Porter lent the knife and fork with his compliments in return. There was a very dirty lady in his little room, and two wan girls, his daughters, with shock heads of hair. I thought I should not have liked to borrow Capt. Porter's comb. The Capt. himself was in the last extremity of shabbiness, and if I could draw at all I could draw an accurate portrait of the old brown great-coat he wore, with no other coat below it. His wiskers were large. I saw his bed rolled up in a corner, and what plates and dishes and pots he had on a shelf."

At home almost everything by degrees was sold or pawned, Charles being the principal agent in these sorrowful transactions. The same pawnbrokers' shops which were so well known to David Copperfield were not less familiar to Charles Dickens. At last even of the furniture of Gower-street, No. 4, there was nothing left except a few chairs, a kitchen table and some beds. Then they encamped as it were in the two parlours of the emptied house, and lived there night and day.

Between 1822 and 1824 a speculation which was in rivalry of Warren's blacking was got up, and a Mr. Lamert, a distant connection of his mother's, bought it. The chief manager, James Lamert, his cousin, seeing how he was employed from day to day, proposed that Dickens should go into the blacking warehouse, at six or seven shillings a week. At any rate the offer was accepted very willingly by his father and mother. Dickens writes in the fragment of autobiography which he has left, "It is wonderful to me how I could have been so easily cast away at such an age. It was wonderful to me that even after my descent into the poor little drudge I had been since we came to London, no one had compassion enough on me—a child of singular abilities, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt bodily or mentally, to suggest that something might have been spared, as certainly it might have been, to place me at any common school. My work was to cover the pots of paste blacking, first with a piece of oil paper, and then with a piece of blue paper, to tie them round with a string, and then to clip the paper close and neat all round, until it looked as smart as a pot of ointment from an apothecary's shop. When a certain number of grosses of pots had

attained this pitch of perfection, I was to paste on each a printed label, and then go on again with more pots. Two or three other boys were kept at similar duty down stairs, on similar wages. One of them came up in a ragged apron and a paper cap, on the first Monday morning to show me the trick of using the string, and tying the knot. His name was Bob Fagin, and I took the liberty of using his name long afterwards in Oliver Twist. No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship, compared these everyday associates with those of my happier childhood, and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my heart. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position, of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that day by day what I had learned and thought and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me never to be brought back any more, cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations, that even now, famous, caressed, and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children, even that I am a man, and wander desolately back to that time of my life."

Later on we find that the establishment at Gower-street was broken up, and Mrs. Dickens and the encampment went to live at the Marshalsea. Charles was handed over to the care of a reduced old lady, who afterwards figured as Mrs. Pipchin, in Dombey and Son. Poor Dickens has his pennyworth of bread and milk for his breakfast (he was out at the blacking warehouse all day), and his lodging he supposed was paid for by his father. He says, "I certainly had no other assistance whatever, the making of my clothes, I think, excepted, from Monday morning to Saturday night. No advice, no counsel, no encouragement, no consolation, no support, from any one, that I can call to mind, so help me God!"

Sundays he and his sister Fanny, who was in the Royal Academy of Music, passed in the prison. The author continues the recital of his boyish life, "I know I do not exaggerate unconsciously and unintentionally the scantiness of my resources, and the difficulties of my life. I know that if a shilling or so were given to me by any one, I spent it in a dinner or tea. I know that I worked from morning to night with common men and boys, a shabby child. I know that I tried, but ineffectually, not to anticipate my money, and to make it last the week through by putting it away in a drawer I had in the counting house, wrapped into six little paper parcels, each parcel containing the same amount and labelled with a different day. I know that I had lounged about the streets insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond." Charles felt so keenly being cut off so entirely from his family, that one Sunday night he remonstrated with his father so pathetically and with so many tears that he gave way, began to think it was all not quite right, and he was removed. Then he used to breakfast in the Marshalsea, and here it is said the family really knew more comfort than they had had for years. They were waited on still by the maid-of-all-work from Bayham-street, from whose sharp little worldly and kindly ways he took his first impression of the Marchioness in "Old Curiosity Shop." The landlord at his new lodgings, and his belongings figure as the Warland family in the same work. Bob Fagin was very good to him when he had an attack of his old disorder spasms, and on one occasion after a very sharp attack insisted upon walking home with him. They used to call Charles the gentleman, and treated him with some respect at the blacking warehouse. "I

was too proud to let him know about the prison," says Dickens, "and after making several efforts to get rid of him, to all of which Bob Fagin in his goodness was deaf, shook hands with him on the steps of a house near Southwark Bridge, on the Surrey side, making believe that I lived there. As a finishing piece of reality in case of his looking back, I knocked at the door I recollect, and asked, when the woman opened it, if that was *Mr. Robert Fagin's* house."

Dickens has himself left behind a graphic description of himself in the character of a reporter. It occurs in his speech at the Newspaper Press Fund Dinner, and I could not do better than reproduce it here had space permitted. David Copperfield is in truth in some sort autobiographical, and the reader of that *chef-d'œuvre* of Dickens'—his favourite work—will at once discover the points of similarity between the hero's life, and that of our hero—when we compare it with Forster's valuable work. He had an attraction of repulsion for the Seven Dials. He loved to go through the gloomiest and most out-of-the-way streets and dens of London, and there he pictured up that profound knowledge of the melodramatic side of life amongst the lower classes which he has exhibited in his works.

His reporting experience must also have taught him much.

Mr. Black, noticing Mr. Dickens' versatility and readiness, allowed him a theatre for the display of his graphic qualities, by inserting in his journal those sketches of every-day-life and every day-people which were afterwards collected and republished under the title of "Sketches by Boz in 1836 and 1837," when the author was only 24. It was three years previous to this, however, that they were commenced. Dickens himself, in his preface to the 1850 edition, thus speaks of them: "The whole of these sketches were written and published one by one when I was a very young man. They were collected and republished while I was still a very young man, and sent into the world with all their imperfections (a good many) upon their heads. They comprise my first attempt at authorship—with the exception of certain tragedies achieved at the mature age of eight or ten, and represented with great applause to overflowing nurseries. I am conscious of their often being extremely crude and ill considered, and having obvious marks of haste and inexperience, particularly in that section of the present volume which is comprised under the general head of tales." However inferior, they may be considered in composition to Dickens' later works, they helped to make his fame, and it was in consequence of the success which attended their publication that Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who had observed the graphic power of describing the ordinary scenes of common life, more especially in their most ludicrous aspect, requested Boz to write them a story, and the result was the publication of the Posthumous Memoirs of the Pickwick Club. It is said that Macrone who republished the Sketches, gave Dickens £75 for the copyright, and failing afterwards in business, sold it to another publisher for £1,100.

In the Charles Dickens edition of Pickwick the author thus speaks of its production: "I was a young man of two or three and twenty, when Messrs. Chapman and Hall, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the "Morning Chronicle," or had just written in the "Old Monthly Magazine" (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two vols. illustrated by George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be pulished in shilling numbers.

"When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the partner who represented the firm, I recognised in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the Magazine in which my first effusion, a paper in the sketches

called Mr. Minns and his Cousin, dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter box, in a dark office, up a dark court, in Fleet Street, appeared in all the glory of print, on which occasion I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen, and so fell to business." It had been stated that Mr. Seymour had something to do with the composition of this work, which Dickens distinctly and most emphatically denies.

(*To be continued.*)

COURAGE.

When hopes are fading fast,
When dear dreams flit away,
When mournfulness has cast
Its pall o'er us to-day;
When the brow is grave with care,
When smiles give place to tears,
When faces fond and fair
Have faded with the years,

There often comes to all
Thus weary and forlorn,
Mid the trials which befall,
By brooding cares o'erborne,
Some foolish doubts and fears
With the shadows which depart,
And trust half disappears
In the murmurs of the heart.

To many it is given,
In the visions of each day,
By dark misgivings riven,
To watch brightness fade away;
To see the golden gleam
Flit into darkness here;
To know that the happy dream
Is doom'd to disappear.

And then midst human sighs,
And then through earthly grief,
Under the gloomy skies,
When all seems beyond relief,
There falls upon our race,
As we keep our toilsome way,
The smile of an unforgotten face,
The glow of a brighter day!

Yes! amid desponding sorrow,
And amid depressing care,
Amid a long to-morrow,
Amid a dark despair,
A voice seems gently greeting us,
In accents full of love,
"Think of a happier meeting,
Remember rest above!"

Let faith and courage high
Still rule thy heart and mind;
Let not affliction's sigh
Affect thy will resigned;
But believe all firmly ever,
Midst every care and fear,
That nothing here can sever
You, from God most near!

And from our mourning heart,
And from our pining soul,
The dark clouds seem to part,
The heavy mists to roll;
The hanging wreaths have lifted
From before our aching sight;
The cloudy bank has shifted
Its place, for streaks of light.

Oh, then, courageous heart and will,
Amid thy daily strife,
Neath every form of good or ill,
In the wilderness of life,
O cheerfully lift up thy head,
The time is speeding fast,
The darker hours have fled,
No more thy sky's o'ercast.

No! all is full of light,
And all is full of love,
And all around is bright,
Brighter thy sky above;
For in *courage good and true,*
Thou hast march'd on thy way,
And before thy spell-bound view
Lies God's own "Better Day!"

A. F. A. W
H

THE CHANGE OF YEARS.

BY GENEVIEVE L. HOHENLINDEN.

Armette Aymer and Captain Korton, seated in the Captain's handsome turn-out, drove dashingly down the Waynesville Road, and, as they passed a small wood, a man stepped aside from the highway into a fence corner. The Captain's black horses trotted rapidly by, and their owner and Miss Aymer were so busily engaged in laughing and talking that they failed to see the handsome pair of eyes that were turned upon them. Miss Aymer's laugh rang out clear and musical; a bitter smile passed over Carl Vortez's face, and he at once pursued his way, while a look of deep despair settled in his eyes—those large, dark orbs of gray.

The moon was clear and full that summer night, and the blue sky was jewelled with glittering stars. On Farmer Aymer's front piazza Carl and Armette were standing. It was Carl who spoke.

"And this, then, is all you wanted of me—to be a plaything till a richer wooer came? Oh, it cannot be that my old friend has changed so much? Armette, I love you well."

Captain Korton's voice sounded in the room behind them, as he exchanged greetings with the farmer and his wife. Armette's face grew cold and hard in the moonlight, as she said in steady tones:

"Carl, go now; I am Captain Korton's promised wife. Next New Year's day sees me his bride."

Without another word Carl turned and passed out of Armette Aymer's sight, and life too, it would seem, for years passed before she heard of him again.

New Year's Day dawned clear and cold. Splendid was Armette Aymer in her costly bridal robes of trailing satin; but death was not more icy, nor paler, than the bloodless lips upon which Captain Korton pressed the marriage kiss.

Five years Armette Aymer Korton reigned mistress of a brown stone palace, but so cold, so unapproachable, that no one understood her, and even her husband knew no relaxing from her reserve. But his wife was queen of society, and though things were not just as he had thought they would be, he seemed to be content.

In the midst of a new excitement caused by the fame of a great man across the ocean, who won his honours by his writings, and by searching out things long hidden from men of science, Captain Korton died, and two years rolled on.

There was a brilliant assemblage of beauty, wealth, fashion, and talent, at Mrs. Granger's, one night, to welcome to the shores of America the renowned gentleman who had been making such a stir in the world of letters. Tall and noble looking, with chestnut hair curling around a massive white brow, under which gleamed a magnificent pair of full gray eyes, the noted man stood in the shade of the floating curtains at an open window. A woman's graceful figure glided in at the window, and a low voice called—

"Carl!"

With a half surprised glance, he bowed, and said—

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Korton?"

"This, Carl," she said. "When I sent you away that evening, so many weary years ago, when you asked me to love you, I trampled on my heart, and stifled my best feelings for the sake of wealth and position; but I loved you Carl, and with you my heart went also, though I married Capt. Korton, and am now his widow."

She stood before him in her beauty, with the faintest blush upon her marble-like cheeks, while her eyes shone with a radiant light. Did he love her still? Would her words move his heart? Had the changes of eight years worked no change in him?

He called to a lady just passing, and taking her hand through his arm, he said,

"Mrs. Korton, allow me to present to you my wife, Mrs. Vortez. Adele, this is an old acquaintance of mine, of whom you have heard me speak."

Armette's face grew deathly white. And who was this woman whom Carl Vortez regarded with a look of tender, trusting love, a look in which Armette plainly read a total forgetfulness of herself? A tall, graceful woman, a blonde of the faintest type, upon whose brow was stamped intellect. She was his helpmeet, his comforter, his friend, his companion, and his loved and trusted wife.

And Armette went back to her lonely life again.— *Waverley Magazine.*

A LITTLE COMEDY

Often played before with great success, and likely to be played often again, with similar happy results.

Scene: A Conservatory.

Time: 10.30 p.m. Winter. Music in the distance, and murmurs of voices. A dim light pervades the building, and the splashing of a fountain is heard.

Dramatis Personæ—Julia and Walter.

Julia—How pleasant is the change from glare and noise;

Walter (sarcastically,)—The songs of maidens, and the jokes of boys;

J.—Ha! "Mon cher misanthrope," unfold to me your pain,

W.—That you may tell it to the girls again!

J.—I'm a discreet confessor; come, begin;

W.—To doubt you, Julia, really were a sin;

J.—Well, that's a compliment; how civil we are grown;

W.—Yes, Julia, you forget we're now alone;

J.—Why when alone? I listen, state your case;

W.—O Julia! as I gaze upon your face;

J.—Is that the way you begin your explanation;

W.—Julia, now listen to my fervent protestation;

J.—Just like you men. I didn't hear what you said;

W.—You've got the prettiest flower on your head.

J.—I don't mean that—about our being here together;

W.—This house is a nice shelter in bad weather.

J.—Provoking man! you know well what I mean;

W.—What flashing eyes: you look just like a queen;

J.—Do I, indeed! are you my lord in waiting?

W.—I wish I was; how well you looked while skating;

J.—So others said; but I was thinking of my nose;

W.—And quite forgot a writhing victim's woes.

J.—Victim, who's that? Walter, it can't be you;

W.—What flirts you women are. We men are true;

J.—So true, that still from flower to flower you range;

W.—My heart will never, Julia, never change!

J.—Who talked about a heart, we haven't such things to-day,

W.—O Julia, I've a heart, believe it now, I pray!

J.—If you've a heart to offer, I accept it now;

W.—Then hear, fair maid, my most devoted vow;

—*J.*Oh! vows, like pie crust, are almost always broke;

W—.But never in this world were truer spoken!

J.—Suppose you now begin to talk some sense;

W.—I say, then, Julia, hear it without offence;

J.—I am all ear and eye, the senses all complete;

W.—Julia, you see a lover prostrate at your feet.

J.—Get up, don't make a scene; we will be friends;

W.—A friendship that in matrimony ends;

J.—Such is the fate of most poor bipeds here;

W.—O Julia, you are the very dearest dear!

"Obligato" and "Staccato" as before.

Young Etonian bursts in and shouts out at the top of his voice, "Oh! here are Julia and Walter spooning in the conservatory."

(*Curtain falls.*)

End of Act I.

ACT II.

A wedding; a wedding breakfast; smiles and tears; toasts and eloquence; old shoes and rice; tableaux vivant; travelling carriage;

Honeymoon!

"*Adveniant utinam sic mihi sæpe dies.*"

CÆLEBS.

ORATION BY M.W. GRAND MASTER VAN SLYCK, OF RHODE ISLAND.

America, St. John's Day, 1874.

On this auspicious day therefore, let us, in partial forgetfulness of whatever is imposing and commanding in the merely physical or external force and beauty of Masonry as an organized society, and even in its authority and dignity as a philosophic system, pass, with a wise and thoughtful regard, during the necessarily few moments for which I may claim your attention, to the theme which may be properly designated as the

EVOLUTION OF THE PRINCIPLE OF MASONRY.

By the limits of this occasion, I am restricted in the unfolding of the subject, to the few simple hints and suggestions, which can, at best, only stimulate your own thoughts in the direction of its fuller development.

The *principle* then, of Masonry, has been *evolved.* It was not, like Minerva, springing from the head of Jove, brought at once into perfect being. It was not a creation,—nor was it a work,—it was never *made.* It had no construction, but *growth.* The germ was found in the first form of manhood, springing from, and taking root in, its nature, as soon as there was another similar nature toward which its outgrowth could proceed. It might be apparently crushed by some outward obstruction—the heat and cold of climates might alternately wither and blast it. Under the processes of time, the forms of the social life might sometimes choke and hinder its growth; the tyrannies of government and the greater tyrannies of creed might repress its exoteric manifestations. Its bloom might be darkened under the lurid and sulphurous clouds of war, but the mighty *germ* was still there, beyond the possibility of decay, waiting only for the passing centuries to bring soil and climate to unfold and expand its growth and demonstrate its immortality.

However we may be disposed to treat the Darwinian doctrine of the development of man, as a physical being, from the ruder structural forms of animal life into a more perfect organism, it is surely not a mere fancy, but is entirely consistent with the facts and demonstrations of science, to regard his whole intellectual and moral life, as a progress and growth from crude and imperfect beginnings. There was a time, when looking toward others existing in his own similitude, he found them possessed of his own nature, his tendencies, hopes and aspirations. The suggestions of a common *paternity* arose in his breast. He and his fellows, not responsible for their own existence, *not* self-created, must own a common Creator and Father. Thus co-equal and co-ordinate in human contemplation were the germs of the great idea of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. A nobler product than that of the lower animal forms by which he was surrounded while it led man's thoughts *upward,* to the creative source, led them *outward* also toward the companions and fellows of a just and equal creation. If his reverence and filial love should rightfully *ascend* to the author of his being, so should his sympathies and yearnings, with equal right, be drawn out to those who were the obvious co-partners and sharers in the same existence. Even in the formative periods of the race, while men were segregated and unwelded into even primitive shapes of the social life, it was the idea of the common Father which drew them toward each other and which constrained them to meet as Brethren rather than as enemies. And however the principle of brotherhood was then subverted or suppressed as it has always been, even under the highest expansion of modern civilization, by the potent principle of *selfishness,* which was from the beginning and will be to the end, the great and often dominant *Anti*-Masonic principle, that self interest, in which as Rochefocauld observes, "the virtues are lost, as rivers in the sea," the suppression could not last, nor could the subversion be complete. In spite of selfishness, man found himself drawn and

bound to his Brother, by the ties of an equal creation, by a common hope and destiny, and under the processes of time and progress, by common interests of life. To associate with his Brother in the holy but narrow connections of the family, and thence in the larger, though still weak association of others remoter in blood, was to assimilate in the pursuit of mutual interests and the prosecution of mutual purposes. Naturally each individual would find others toward whom some peculiar regards and affections would flow, by means of which, as between them, fraternity and friendship would become correlative. Thence came mutual protection and action for each other's welfare in war and peace. Thence came the sign of recognition, which, unknown to all outside the sacred circle, carried its mystery of fellowship, alike in the brightness of noonday and in the darkest shades of night. Associated thus through the triumph of the higher sense of brotherhood over the lower sense of selfishness, men, by a logical progression, as well as through the necessities of practical life, were induced to regard, not simply their lower interests, but their education, culture, all mental and moral growths and expansions, the uplifting of individual life as objects and ends to be fostered by such association. As to the members of the brotherhood so formed, there must be union, a depreciation of self, aid and protection for others. The time must come when those not yet united by the bond, should know that a band of their fellow men had been formed, peculiar and exclusive; that it was held together by certain ties of connection not explicable to the common intelligence—that it was governed by law and inspired by high and holy purposes. In the earlier days of the race, while men led a nomadic or pastoral life, and all association assumed the simple forms and characteristics of the patriarchal system, a system of autocracy, under which the governing head ruled with a nearly absolute sway, the principle found little nurture or encouragement. Then followed the long periods of barbaric night and darkness, in which the jealousies of neighbouring races and tribes evoked and maintained a constant or chronic condition of war, under which human energies were bent only to waste and destruction. Emerging from the simplicities of the merely pastoral or patriarchal life, and satiated with the bitter draughts of war, the dormant sense of brotherhood awoke to some realization of human needs. The bud began to unfold and to expand its long hidden charms into blossom and perfume. See now, how the great sentiment or *idea* of *fraternity*, was from the beginning, knit to that of the *paternity*, and how co-ordinate these ideas were in their earliest external manifestations. The imaginative Hebrew race, basking in the sunlight of the Divine favour, recognised the *paternity* of the great Jehovah, the special Father of a chosen people, in imposing forms of worship and reverence, and these were inseparably connected with the rites and ceremonies which were the mere outward signs of their inward society or association as Brethren. To the Jew, the thunders of Sinai, the awful voice of God speaking to his peculiar servants, the utterance of the sacred prophets, the glories of Lebanon, the excellency of Carmel and the wonders of Jerusalem, blending in concordant melodies the human and the divine, were voices which proclaimed with equal emphasis, the yearning of the Hebrew soul alike toward its Brother and its Father. The subtle and philosophic Greek, turning perhaps with quicker impulse from the merely destructive barbarities of the early epochs, to the consideration of the problems of human life and to all metaphysical investigations, exhibited the same blending of the spirit of brotherhood with the spirit of reverence for the tutelary gods of his mythological system and the one higher God which alone could satisfy the demands of his philosophy; and the imposing rites of Eleusis, guarded with the most jealous care from the sight of the profane, disclosed to their devotees probably the grandest and most awe-inspiring ceremonial upon which the eye of antiquity ever rested. But neither the poetic Hebrew, nor the philosophic Greek could long be content with those exoteric forms of the manifestation of brotherhood, which were confined to mere worship or contemplation.

Under the expansions of the human mind and of the social life, men began *active* pursuits. It was not enough simply to *revere*, to *think*, to *be*. There was something to be *done*. The arts of construction arose from the necessities of the

social progress, no less than from the wants of the individual soul. Men must build temples for their Gods, statues for their heroes, and houses for themselves. The brotherhood must find its most emphatic forms of manifestation and organization among the *doers* and the *knowers*, who alone could construct the lofty temple as a symbol of worship and beauty, and the humble dwelling for its daily comfort and convenience. So far as mere organization was concerned, it might wisely enough for a time, be restricted to the skilled classes of workmen. The disposition by King Solomon, of the artists and builders employed in the erection of the first temple at Jerusalem, into a harmonious band of Brethren, moved alike by religious and fraternal impulses, toward the prosecution of their lofty design, with peculiar signs of recognition and under the control of equal laws and regulations, would be an arrangement in itself so wise, philosophic and practical, as to need no special evidence for its demonstration. Though no cabalistic scrolls have descended to later days, though no charters or constitutions of organization have been deciphered from musty plates in the excavations of the modern Jerusalem, and the historian may not place his finger upon a scrap of accredited evidence of an organic union of the Brethren of the Temple, it is yet far more difficult to *doubt*, than to believe in it. That the chosen men of him whom we hail as our first tutelary Grand Master and Patron, could, for the long period of their mutual plans and labours in the erection of the most stupendous edifice upon which the eye of man had looked, have prosecuted the work, with all its undeveloped hopes and possibilities of beauty and grandeur, and amid all its trials and anxieties, could have isolated themselves, working alone, pursuing only the ends of selfishness, with individual purposes and aims, even in the absence of documentary proof, is a far stronger test of credulity, than the assumption for these workmen, of the most complete forms of organization. How nearly such organization corresponded with the Masonic outgrowths of a later time, is, of course, a fair speculative question for the philosophic student and inquirer.

In the lapse of time, under the development of the Roman Empire, and looking to the peculiar tendencies of the race which governed it, which where, first, the mastery of mankind and the spread of the imperial domination by war and conquest, and second, the practical and constructive tendencies which pointed to architecture and its kindred arts, we find that the great sentiment of fraternity among the Romans, less religious indeed than the Jews or Greeks and other races which they were destined to supplant, was exhibited in those forms of organization which were allied to the constructive arts. The Colleges of Workmen, for whose existence history affords us the special sanction of her unquestioned evidence, and who had adopted for their own ritualistic observance, the profound Egyptian mysteries and ceremonies first brought by Moses to the Jews, then passing to Rome through the Greeks, were bound and associated by the strongest ties of mutual love and regard, and together sympathetically worked in the production of those ample and beautiful triumphs of architecture, which even in their ruin and decay have challenged the admiration of all modern beholders.

(To be continued.)

FREDERICK II.—A page who had not been long in his Majesty's service, one morning early made his appearance in the king's chamber; he had been ordered to awake him at that hour. "Your majesty," said he, "it is time to get up." "O, I am tired," replied the king, "wait a little longer." "Your majesty ordered me to awake you early." "Only a quarter of an hour more, and then I will rise," said the sleepy monarch. "No, sire, not a minute, and you must get up." "Well done," cried Frederick, leaping off the bed, "you're a fine fellow; that's the way to do your duty." At the close of seven years' war, Frederick, in company with his brother Henry, made a progress through Silesia. They visited, amongst other places, a convent for men. The prior, as a particular favour, begged permission to take young novices. The king graciously granted it, but, turning to his brother, he said in French, a language he did not suppose the prior to be conversant with, "We will send him a pair of donkeys; I have a couple of very fine ones." "I am exceedingly obliged to you," observed the prior, with inimitable coolness, "and my first duty will be to christen them Frederick and Henry."

Our Archæological Corner.

THE OLD MASONIC POEM.

(Concluded from page 69.)

So, after the nurture of the book,
In his face lovingly thou look.
Foot and hand thou keep full still
From clawing and tripping, is skill
From spitting and snuffling keep thee also,
By privy avoidance let it go.
And if that thou be wise and (1) Felle,
Thou hast great need to govern thee well.
Into the hall when thou dost wend
Amongst the gentles, good and (2) hende,
Presume not too high for no thing,
For thy high blood, nor thy cunning,
Neither to sit, nor to lean,
That is breeding good and clean.
Let not thy countenance therefore (3) abate,
Forsooth, good nurture will save thy state,
Father and mother, whatsoe'er they be,
Well is the child that well may the (3a)
In hall, in chamber, where thou dost (4) gon,
Good manners make a man.
To the next degree look wisely,
To do them reverence by and by;
Do them yet no reverence all in-a-row,
But if that thou dost them know,
To the meat when thou art set,
Fair and honestly eat thou it;
First look that thy hands be clean,
And that thy knife be sharp and keen;
And cut thy bread all at thy meat,
Right as it may be there it eat.
If thou sit by a worthier man,
Than thy self thou art one,
Suffer him first to touch the meat,
'Ere thyself to it reach.
To the fairest morsel thou might'st not strike,
Though that thou dost it well like;
Keep thy hands, fair and well,
From foul smudging of thy towel;
Thereon thou shalt not thy nose blow,
Nor at the meat thy tooth thou pick;
Too deep in the cup thou might'st not sink,
Though thou hast good will to drink,
Lest thy eyes would water thereby,
Then were it no courtesy.
Look in thy mouth there be no meat,
When thou beginnest to drink or speak.
When thou see'st any man drinking,
That taketh keed to thy carping,
Soon anon cease thou thy tale,
Whether he drinks wine or ale,
Look also thou scorn no man,
In what degree thou see'st him gone;
Nor thou shalt no man (5) deprave,
If thou wilt thy worship save;
For such word might there out burst,
That might make thee sit (6) in evel reste,
Close thy hand in thy fist,
And keep thee well from (7) "had y wyste."
In chamber, amongst the ladies bright,
Hold thy tongue and (8) spende thy sight;
Laugh thou not with no great cry,
Nor make no raging with ribaldry.
Play thou not but with thy peers,
Nor tell thou not all that thou hear'st;
Discover thou not thine own deed,
For no greatness, nor for no meed;
With fair speech, thou mightest have thy will,
With it thou mightest thyself (9) spille,
When thou meetest a worthy man,
Cap and hood hold thou not on;
In church, in markets, or in the gate,
Do him reverence after his state.
If thou goest with a worthier man
Than thyself thou art one,
Let thy further shoulder follow his back,
For that is without (10) lacke;
When he speaks, hold thee still,
When he has done, say for (?) thy will,
In thy speech [mind] that thou art (11) felle,
And what thou sayest, advise thee well;
But deprive thou not him his tale,
Neither at the wine, nor at the ale.
Christ then of his high grace,
Give you both wit and (12) space,
Well this book to con and read,
Heaven to have for your need!
Amen! Amen! so may it be!
Say we so all pour charyte.

(1) Felle; sharp, clever, crafty.
(2) *Hende; courteous.*
(3) Abate; cast down.
(3a) The; nurture
(4) Gon; go.
(5) Deprave; vilify, traduce.
(6) In evel reste; uneasy.
(7) Had; wyste; an exclamation of those who repented of anything unadvisedly performed.
(8) Spende; shut, consume.
(9) Spille; to mar; to destroy.
(10) Lacke; blame.
(11) Felle; sharp, clever.
(12) Space; leisure.

"Pray, my good man," said a judge to an Irishman who was a witness on a trial, "what passed between you and prisoner?" "Och, thin, plaze yer worship," says Pat, "sure I sees Phelim on the top of a wall. 'Paddy,' says he—'What,' says I—'Here,' says he—'Where?' says I—'Whist,' says he—'Hush,' says I, and that is all I know about it, plaze yer worship."

A LITTLE GOOD ADVICE.

I propose in the following article to offer a little good advice to all my friends who read these pages, especially the young.

And they must be kind enough to remember that these warnings of mine are gathered, so to say, from the accumulated experience of years, from the recollection of what I myself have witnessed, of what I myself have known during a longish career. For the writer of these lucubrations has to confess the melancholy fact that he is no longer young, and that time, which has weakened his once elastic step, and thinned his once flowing locks, has brought to him that sobering dose of experience, which perhaps, nay, certainly is, very good medicine for us all to imbibe.

Whether, then, his opinions are worth anything or worth nothing, whether his observations are correct or incorrect, he commends them in all their outspoken plainness, and their sincerely good intentions, to the courtesy and criticism of his kindly readers.

One of the most melancholy sights, I think we can often see here is, when a poor partridge or hare, from which the feathers or the fur have fallen in a little cloud, wings its flight, or skims over the ground away, to carry its wound perhaps incurable, to some distant covert or lay; and in a less degree, the same remark applies to the poor moth perversely circling the fatal flame, until at last, singed or maimed, it escapes literally "*φρεὶ Γῳ πνυί.*" And if such common but natural sights arouse our "emotional sensations" (to use a pet and fine phrase of the day, whatever it may mean), what shall we say of those male and female bipeds of our own "kith and kin," and species and acquaintance, who emerge from the "battues" of society and escape from the "ignis fatuus" of flirtation like wounded partridges or singed moths? Oh, incautious youth, what have you to do with such dangerous reefs and treacherous quicksands as surround the fairy Island of our modern Circe!

Yesterday you were full of animation and brightness, with buoyant spirits and merry chaff, and here you are to-day dispirited, silent, moody, and morbid, dissatisfied with yourself, with some nameless being, and with everyone else in the world.

You resemble a poor friend of mine whom I once found moping and melancholy, deeply depressed by some "gravis causa" of decided disappointment.

When I said to him, "Professor, what ails you?" he replied quite lugubriously, "Kitty has thrown me over." "What then," I said to him, wishing to be sympathizing and witty at the same time, "there are plenty of kittens and cats for the matter of that besides, in the world, so cheer up."

"Tomlinson," was his stern reply, "if you will chaff, chaff, but if you will be serious, be serious. I shall never recover from the blow."

How short-sighted we poor mortals be! Seven years afterwards I met the learned man again, who introduced me to his wife, Rose, and I was called upon to admire a little rosebud, which I of course said was the most perfect little blossom I had ever seen; and by this time, I doubt not, the olive branches round about that professorial table make up a baker's dozen.

Now, I have an opinion, which I know will not be popular with some, that it is a great mistake to marry too young; and that just now we are ticketing off our young men and young women far too rapidly, and far too prematurely. Hence arise in my humble opinion, ill assorted couples, inconsiderate attachments, hasty matches, and unhappy marriages. For what, after all, is a more felicitous period of life than our English girlhood, with all its charms of gentle-

ness and goodness, and how amiable and useful our girls can be and are to society, and to their surroundings. Many a village Sunday School owes much of its attractiveness to those who in the prime of youth and grace, do not think it beneath them to look after that little flock.

Many a kindly district visitor can, with a smiling face and gentle words, find an avenue to hearts cold and careless. What is really then a happier time for us all, for a family, or a neighbourhood, and for this cold-creamy, shallow-feeling society of ours just now, than the bright looks, warm hearts, tender sympathies, and guileless innocence of our young women.

Old folks are sometimes apt to grow hard, egotistical, and sneering, selfish and domineering.

They have enjoyed life (or they think they have), to its veriest dregs even, and now that to them existence is waning, and their powers are weakening, they are not unfrequently somewhat impatient of the more vivid hopes of life's young morn. They seem at times disposed to believe that young people are more gay, a good deal "faster" (to use a slang word), and not so obedient as they were; whereas in truth when they themselves were young, their seniors made exactly the same complaint of them. It is in fact the repetition of the old grievance of all passing generations, which, as they fleet and flit from us, hardly care to realize the stubborn fact, that, another generation younger and stronger, more hale and more active, is already treading on their heels.

So runs the world, however, away; and depend upon it, dear old "laudator temporis acti," the same faults are found by the old people now with their children, as their children will find some fine day with their children.

I am therefore going to give a little sound advice, and a little bit of my old mind, to some young and charming friends of mine.

Adopt, in the first place, the good old saying, "hurry no man's cattle;" and don't, in the second place, expedite too rashly that hour which casts the little bark on the untried ocean of matrimony, and which too often exchanges the liberty of life for the slavery of society, and the free charter of a social or family circle for the colder bondage of the world.

More ill-assorted unions, and more ill-matched couples, and more unhappy after-lives, arise out of precipitate and ill-considered marriages, in which old folks and young folks are equally blameable than, perhaps, socially from any other given cause. George meets Dinorah at an evening party. He is delighted with her, she knows something about him. Deep are the sympathy of music, the charm of conversation, and the language of the eyes.

George is delighted, Dinorah is confiding; Dinorah gets animated, and George goes home "spooney."

They meet next day; and the next day, and the next day, they see each other in the park or at a ball.

He soon betrays to his observant military friend "the Colonel," that he is done for, who repeats it at his club, with decided emphasis.

At last George plucks up courage, confronts the stern "pater," is remitted to the "Damosel," and rises from his knees, happy and enjoyed.

"Oh fortunati nimium!" Then come friendly congratulations, wedding presents, the awful day, a "plain gold ring, the parson, and St. George's;" the marriage breakfast, the speeches, the old shoes, the travelling carriage, the honeymoon.

It probably will not be the lot of this happy couple, as once happened to a joyous pair I saw alight from the nuptial carriage at the Waterloo Railway Station. The bridegroom, a thin young man of 24, with a somewhat "beery" look about him, jumped out, and "pulled out," literally, not handed out, a stout, good natured young woman of some years his senior. He was full of haste and imperiousness, and shewed little

consideration for her; she was shy and confiding, and did not like the rude eyes of a few smiling passengers.

As they walked up to the station, a railway porter said confidentially to me, a "largish lump of money has gone with that lot, Sir, I'm thinking." But to go back to our "moutons," George and Dinorah.

Six weeks after marriage they both wake up from a dream. George and his Dinorah don't hit it off; she likes society, he don't; she will go out, he prefers to stay at home; she don't like his friends, he don't like hers; and so they go on, until they mutually find they have made a great mistake.

Poor people, it is too late!

You and I know many Georges and Dinorahs in the circle of our acquaintance. I remember an amusing illustration of the good old proverb *true in things matrimonial as in others*, "the more haste the less speed."

At our weekly Board Meeting of the Guardians of the Tearum Union, a woman appeared and asked for relief. "Why," said the chairman blandly, "you seem young and able-bodied." "Deserted by my husband, Sir," was the concise reply.

"When were you married," asked again our civillest of chairmen.

"Three weeks come last Saturday. We met on the Monday."

"How long had you known your husband before you married him?"

"Two days," said the applicant coolly.

"When did he leave you," once more ventured to enquire our most careful of presiding officers?

"Day after our marriage," was the immediate reply.

There was a murmur at that board of astonishment and amusement.

Whether some of those excellent men somewhat envied the rapid close of this temporary arrangement, I dare not presume even to suggest, but that they were struck with the fact, is undoubtedly the case.

I hope some of my readers begin to appreciate the force of my remarks, and the reality of my illustrations. So I would say to many a fair young friend to-day, marriage is a lottery. Marriage, as a sporting friend of mine observes, is a "wire fence;" marriage is a "blind leap," and I am inclined to agree with him.

Nothing here, indeed, is sure or certain. No known means will give us always satisfactory ends, but caution and prudence, and "prevoyance" and common sense, and a little consideration, and a few sober counsels, may save many a laughing Phillis of to-day, from becoming the care-encumbered, and heavy-eyed Phillis of ten years hence.

And so, too, how many sorrows often flow, as we all know, from foolish and hopeless entanglements of the free, fresh affections of the young.

There is Mary, once so gay and full of speech, now a sad moping old maid, *whose whole interest is concentrated on* her white Persian and her French poodle, because she once bestowed her heart in vain on a fickle adorer, after two "soirèes dansantes," and a water party.

You know Reginald, now so heavy and woe begone?

Once he was the gayest of the gay, the leader of every bit of fun, in cheery days in the old Quod at College.

He met Jacintha Jennings, the Dean's fair daughter, he took to her, she smiled on him, they were always together, the little world in college and town said they were engaged. Indeed, Mrs. Jennings, a most cautious woman, told Mrs. Brideoake, wife of another head of college, that she thought her Jacintha had made up her mind at last.

Jacintha married, as we know, a young scapegrace, without a "sou," and our good friend Reginald has since remained a cross-grained old bachelor as musty as his books, only cheered up, as John the common-room man slyly says, when "I brings out the 1820 Port on gaudy days."

And then there is our fair friend Emma. Well, she is still single, good-looking and agreeable, but her whole life has been wasted, because she once,

at an archery meeting, received immense attention from a "man flirt," who soon after married a plain woman with £40,000. And lastly there is our little acquaintance, Fanny, once the merriest and wickedest little flirt in the world. She went one day to a Review at Aldershot, and caught a heart complaint from a very good-looking Lieutenant of a famous Lancer Regiment.

But of course he had no money, and she had none.

"Stern parients" on both sides objected; never heard of such an idea; not to be thought of; and one maiden aunt was very indignant and even unbecoming in her remarks. What were they to do, poor souls? He went to India, she staid at home; he distinguished himself in the mutiny; got a bad wound; the Star of India; his promotion; a liver complaint; and what was worse for Fanny, he married a Miss Nelly O'Hagan, daughter of the famous Brigadier O'Hagan, whose speech to a famous regiment was much admired at the time for its point and brevity, and may be judiciously remembered and imitated still.

"Robbers," said he, "come on," and they went on "more Latronum." See the dispatches.

Our fair little friend Fanny has never married. She says she is content to "wander on alone." She attends an ornate church, and is an indefatigable worker in the schools.

Who can say, after all, that she is unhappy? No one is or need be unhappy who does his or her duty.

And so, my fair friends and young swells, had you but waited a little before you rashly persuaded yourselves you were in love, how much of moonshine and melancholy and useless life would you have, humanly speaking, spared yourselves?

Therefore don't marry in haste to repent at leisure.

Remember love in a cottage does not, never did, and never will pay.

But if you have a modest competence (riches don't make marriages happy), and find a suitable person, in all the reality of considerate affection, and in all the earnestness of mutual sympathy, don't hesitate to take upon you the holy estate of matrimony, and then if you love wisely, you can never love too well.

THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

LOIS' STRATEGY.

"You shall marry him! It's all settled. Now don't go to whimpering, for it will be of no use. James Talbot is a good fellow, has plenty of money, and he likes you; and if you don't marry him, you shall leave my house to-morrow."

"O, Uncle Tom! You surely can't mean what you say! You won't make me have that horrid old bore?"

"What do you mean by calling one of my friends an old bore?" fumed Uncle Tom. "Lois, you are a silly child; you surely don't want that conceited fool, Gray?"

"He is no fool!" cried Lois. "He has more brains than the whole of the Talbots. I do love him, and I won't have your detestable Jim!"

"Yes, you will!" roared the old man. "Now go to bed and make up your mind to obey me."

Lois left the room and went to her own apartment to indulge in a hearty cry, and then she wrote a long letter to Louis Gray, a clerk in a bank, to whom she was engaged.

She was an orphan, and had not the slightest remembrance of her parents. Her uncle had adopted her, and she had lived very happily with him up to her eighteenth birthday, when he informed her that he had selected a husband for her in the person of Mr. James Talbot, an old friend and schoolmate of himself, who was, besides, quite wealthy. Talbot, being charmed with the fresh young beauty of Lois, asked her uncle's consent to his suit, which was gladly given. But with Lois it was

different. She loved Gray with all her heart, and was willing to sacrifice even the promised wealth of her uncle for him. But if she could marry him and still retain her guardian's favour, she could assist Louis very much; and she determined to win her uncle's approbation.

She sat for a long time, as if lost in thought, and then sprang to her feet with a joyful exclamation:

"I have it! I have it!"

Then she went to sleep.

The next morning Lois met Mr Louis Gray and told him of her uncle's opposition to him—of Mr. James Talbot—and then of her scheme by which she hoped to overrule Mr. Allison's objections. When she got home whom should she find there but her elderly admirer. Now Mr. Talbot had seen Lois but a few times, and then it was in company. He had taken a fancy to her on sight, however, and having heard so much of her from her uncle as well as others, he had resolved to marry her.

Lois retired to her room, decked herself in a hideous yellow dress, with flaming red bows at her throat and in her hair, and descended the stairs something like the manner in which an elephant would have accomplished the feat. She burst open the parlour door, and banged it behind her.

"Why, Lois—" began Uncle Tom, and then stopped.

Mr. Talbot greeted her with something like a frown on his face. Lois talked incessantly. Mr. Talbot said to himself:

"She won't suit me."

Directly dinner was announced. Mr. Talbot said he always judged people by their way of eating, and he considered himself a man of taste. He noticed that Lois ate like a glutton, and made an excuse for conversing at the same time.

Uncle Tom was so shocked at seeing his well-behaved niece acting so terribly, that he sat staring helplessly first at Lois and then at Talbot.

"A piece of the beef, uncle, some more of the potatoes, and a bit of chicken. Oh, I wish I had some cabbage," said Lois, sending back her plate for the fourth time.

Uncle Tom made a violent contortion of his left cheek and eye, but Lois would not see. Having finished dinner they returned to the library, and Lois excused herself.

"I really can't imagine what's the matter with Lois," said Uncle Tom, by way of apology.

Mr. Talbot made some sort of a reply, and then they talked on other subjects. Talbot soon after took leave, soliloquizing something after this fashion as he strode down the path in a tremendous hurry.

"Ugh! she eats and talks like a rustic. Why, she actually ate five rolls and began on the sixth, and goodness knows how much besides! From what I heard I supposed her to be a modest and retiring young lady; on the contrary, I find her to be as ignorant as a —I don't know what!" And he mentally resolved never to call again.

Uncle Tom summoned Lois to his presence. She came, looked sweet and lovely.

"Lois," said he severely, "I am ashamed of you! Here I have brought one of my very best friends to see you, and you acted like a country girl. I would not have cared so much had it been any one else; it was easy to see that Talbot was disgusted with your behaviour. And now you have lost all chance of ever winning him!"

"I wasn't aware that I had behaved in such an outrageous manner as you describe," said Lois, demurely. "I did all I could to make Mr. Talbot enjoy his visit."

"I should think you did!" roared Uncle Tom. "You chattered like a magpie. I never was so bored in all my life."

"I am really sorry that I unconsciously offended Mr. Talbot. I wouldn't have done so for the world," replied Lois.

This somewhat mollified the uncle's wrath, although he was moody and sullen for two or three days.

"I am going to bring Talbot to dinner to-day, and I want you to try and act a little more like a lady," said Uncle Tom some time after the above conversation.

Accordingly, he came, and Lois rushed to him, caught both his hands, exclaiming:

"Oh, I am so very glad to see you!"

Mr. Talbot had not looked for any such demonstration, and was quite surprised. He, however, stammered his thanks, and as soon as possible, left.

Uncle Tom was appalled. He thought Lois must be insane, and grew anxious about her.

"What's the matter, darling?" he inquired; "you must be ill, you behave so strangely."

Lois always answered that nothing ailed her. She would not allow him to call in a physician, and Uncle Tom, becoming seriously alarmed for her health, consulted his housekeeper.

"Do you know what troubled that girl?"

"What gal?" said Aunt Kitty, who had been Lois' nurse from the time she was a wee baby until a few days back.

"Lois, of course," replied Uncle Tom. "Who do you suppose I would be talking about?"

"It ain't none of my bizness," replied the nurse, "but I recken I do know what ails her."

"What is it? Tell me!" commanded the master.

The old woman hesitated, but having decided that the knowledge would not injure her young lady, answered:

"She is in love with as nice a feller as ever I see, and you are 'tirmined to make her have that old fool– that's all. She is pinin' for her lover, and you'll kill her, mind, if you don't let her hev her way. Now you have it."

"You don't mean that, do you?" he asked.

"I meant just what I said," replied Aunt Kitty, "and I hope you'll hev the good since to let her hev the young chap. What if he hasn't any money! You hev enuff to give him."

"She shan't have him!" squalled Uncle Tom.

"Very well; you asked me what ailed the gal, and I told you. You will drive her to the asylum in less 'an a year. Mind if you don't—poor dear?"

"Hold your tongue and get out?" cried the master in a fury. And the housekeeper, being used to such outbursts, left the room, well knowing that he would soon be in a better humour.

Uncle Tom paced the room for an hour, but at length he came down to see Lois looking wan and pale, (how she managed to become so I don't know), and he rushed from the house, telling her as he went that he would bring her a cure for her illness on his return. He came back in half an hour, and, knowing that Lois was in the library, he opened the door softly, and said:

"Here is something that will make you well again!"

At the same time he pushed a young gentleman into the room. He went away, but returned soon after, and Lois, throwing her arms around his neck, cried:

"O, you dear old Uncle! I knew you would like Louis! I knew you wouldn't make me accept Mr. Talbot—you good old uncle!"

"There, there! Stop, or I will send for Mr. Talbot yet," said Uncle Tom, trying to release himself from her caresses.

Well, all I need to say further is, that Lois and Louis were married, and that Mr. Talbot was at the wedding. You should have seen how funny he looked; possibly he began to suspect that Lois had purposely tried to disgust him; but if he did he kept it to himself. Uncle Tom was told after a long time, but he didn't seem to mind; he only said that when he had another niece, he would be posted in regard to her stratagems.—*American Voice of Masonry.*

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

We may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If we listen to all that is said as we go;
We'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do—
For people will talk.

If quiet and modest, 'twill then be presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen,
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean;
If upright and honest, and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue, in a sly, sneaking way—
For people will talk.

Then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They'll call you an upstart, conceited and vain;
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.

If threadbare your coat, or old-fashioned your dress,
Some one, of course, will take notice of this;
And hint rather close that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited, whatever they say—
For people will talk.

If your dress is in fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticize then in a far different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your bills are unpaid;
But mind your own business, and keep straight ahead—
For people will talk.

They'll talk fine before you, but then at your back
Of venom and spite there is never a lack;
How kind and polite in all that they say,
But bitter as gall when you're out of the way—
For people will talk.

Good friends, be advised, and do as you please,
For your mind (if you have one) will then be at ease,
Through life you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, 'twill be of no use—
For people will talk.

—*Loomis's Musical Journal.*

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF FREEMASONRY?

Reprinted from "All the Year Round," by the kind permission of Bro. Charles Dickens.

Extolled as the true faith; denounced as an offshoot of Satan; praised by crowned, and banned by tonsured heads; dreaded as a subtle policital engine, and admired for its profound indifference to politics; the essence of goodness according to some men, and the spirit of evil if you listen to others; Freemasonry is as complete a mystery to the uninitiated as when the mythical lady hid herself in the Lodge-clock-case, or the equally mythical American citizen was slain for tampering with the secrets. Listen to the words of wisdom, according to Bro. Stodgers, P.M., and you will learn that men may be Freemasons for years without penetrating the arcana of the Order; may attain divers dignities without comprehending their true import; may die in the fulness of Masonic parts without having emerged from Masonic babyhood; and often have spent as much time and labour on the art as would, to put it modestly, suffice for the acquisition of every European tongue, yet fall short of the supreme distinction of being "a good Mason." "Whether," as the elder Mr. Weller, and the charity-boy he quotes, respectively remarked of the institutions of holy matrimony, and of getting to the end of the alphabet, "it be worth while going through so much to learn so little," is, I hear the cynic whisper, entirely a matter of opinion; but that neither the labour involved nor its reward is under-estimated, the most superficial knowledge of the subject proves.

Brother Steele and myself have some right to our opinion, for we are Past Masters, Mark-Masters, and Royal Arch Companions—are officers of our Chapters, and Treasurers of our Lodge. What our mutual and horsey friend Tibbins irreverently calls our "plated harness," involves medals, jewels, and ornate ribbons for our manly breasts, aprons for our fronts, and broad collars like those worn by Knights of the Garter (but handsome) for our necks. The Victoria Cross is an ugly excrescence compared to the costly decoration given me as a testimonial to the Brethren of my mother Lodge; the clasps to the jewels of some of our friends exceed in number those of the oldest Peninsular veteran, and we calculate that we might now be Sanskrit scholars of some eminence had we thought fit to serve that language as faithfully as we have served the Craft. Upon sordid money considerations we scorn to dwell. Initiation fees, exaltation fees, fees for advancement, emergencies, subscriptions to charities, to Lodges, and for special purposes, make up a pretty sum to look back upon; and if the upshot of it all were but the amusement and gratification derived, I am not prepared to say that we have had full value for our money. Joyous evenings, periodical feasts (in which something else flows besides soul), mutual compliment, and pleasant friendships, may all spring from other sources than what Burns calls "the mystic tie." With the warmest appreciation of the pleasures of Freemasonry, I, for one, should renounce the whole paraphernalia of colours, aprons, and gewgaws, were I not satisfied of their practical value, and deeply impressed with their usefulness in stimulating to benevolent impulses and charitable deeds. This is, in truth, the chief virtue I care to claim for the Order, in this country and in these times. Abroad, the Freemasons, so fiercely cursed by his Holiness the Pope, may mix up democratic caballing with their ceremonials, and play an important part in the spread of liberal principles, but in England religious and political discussion

are alike forbidden in Lodge; and though in olden days, when skilled craftsmen worked together in travelling bands, leaving magnificent monuments of civilization and piety in their train, the objects of association were better understood, they were not more practical in their results than now. It is impossible to belong to a Masonic Lodge, or even to eat Masonic dinners with regularity, without helping to support some of the most noble charities in the land. You are caught, we will say, by the promise of a festivity, and the hope of enjoyment. You know a jovial set, and would like to be one of them, and you are in due course proposed, elected, and initiated in some Masonic body. From that moment you are a cog in a mighty wheel, and can no more help moving with the rest of the machinery in the directions of good works, than you can avoid wearing your apron when on duty in your Lodge. Your earliest lesson is that of charity and toleration; but the great advantage of the rules of the community you have entered, is, that no individual demerits or torpor can long withstand their beneficial tendency. Other precepts you may neglect or ignore. Your private life may be far from irreproachable. You may be depreciated by your fellow-members as "a knife-and-fork-Mason"—that is, one who cares more for the table of the tavern than the table of the law—and may be quoted by outsiders in proof of the evil effect of belonging to a secret society. All this rests with yourself. Even what we call the inner mysteries of our Order—mysteries which it takes so much time and application to master and comprehend—do not pretend to alter character. A selfish man will be a selfish Mason, a churlish man a churlish Mason, a conscientious man a conscientious Mason, to the end of time. It is wiser to disclaim all legerdemain, and freely confess that no purifying or awakening talisman is given to the Masonic neophyte. The knowledge imparted is moderate in extent, and the man obtaining it finds that he has but learnt the rudiments of an elaborate system, the true bearing of which is veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols. Those who sneer at Masonic symbols, who ask with conventional irony why Masons cannot accomplish the good they profess to seek without donning aprons and bedecking themselves with glittering baubles, should, to be consistent, denounce symbolism. Take the House of Commons, and note the precise formality with which old rites and customs are observed there, and say whether the solemn Speaker would look as wise and dignified in a shooting-jacket or a dressing-gown, and whether the quaintly wigged and gowned figures below him are not more appropriately attired than if they wore the paletot and wide-awake of country life. Regard the throne with its surroundings of velvet and ermine and jewels and gold; the pulpit with its conventional black and white; the bench with its time-honored robes; the bar with its wigs and gowns; or, turning to private life, remark how the symbolism of dress and ornament attends us from the cradle to the grave. The white draperies of the christening ceremony, the orange-flowers and favours of the wedding, the ghastly mockery of the nodding black feathers on the hearse, are surely as open to criticism as our Masonic blue and white aprons, or the gay ornaments. Freemasons, let it be remembered, rarely obtrude their finery on the outer world. There are other excellent societies, the members of which periodically break out in buff boots and green tunics, or march with linked fingers through the town, to the clashing of wind instruments, and behind banners bearing copy-book axioms of approved morality. But with Freemasons it is a point of honour not to wear the costume of their Craft, or any adornment pertaining to it, save in their own Lodges. To do otherwise—to flaunt collar, apron, or jewel in other places—is a serious Masonic offence, and one censured with severity by the authorities. The sole exception to this rule is some important public occasion, when a Dispensation is granted by the Grand Master of the Order, and the first stone of some great building is laid, or the remains of some distinguished Brother are committed to the earth. The exceptional character of these occurrences entitles us to the boast that our symbols are only worn for the benefit of those who understand them, and to whose technical knowledge they appeal. In some cases, they mark the rank of the wearer, like the soldier's uniform; in others, the practical good he has effected, like—shall we say—the bishop's mitre.

Each division of the Order, called a Lodge, is ruled over by certain officers, who

are appointed by its Master. To be eligible for this high post, you must have served in one of two subordinate offices for twelve months, and must be sufficiently skilled in what is called the "working," to conduct the elaborate rites creditably. The first condition is imperative; the second sometimes evaded, though neither the master accepting office, nor the Lodge electing him, acts up to the bounden obligation when this is the case. The cost of Freemasonry depends almost entirely upon the Lodge you join, and is governed by the habits of the Brethren composing it, and the By-Laws they have themselves agreed on. The broad rules controlling all Lodges, and all Masons owing allegiance to the Grand Lodge of England, are things apart from these By-Laws, though the latter have to be formally sanctioned as containing nothing opposed to the book of constitutions or the leading principles of the Craft.

(*To be continued.*)

"THE NIGHTINGALE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MASONIC MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir and Bro.—In the extract on the above subject from my unpublished poem on *Welcombe Hills; or, The Land of Shakespere*, given at page 51 of the *Masonic Magazine*, there needs a *comma* at the end of the line—

" he immortal bards of Greece before,"

and instead of "to *passion view* before us," in the next column we should have it "to *pass in view* before us." For these trifling errors the printer must take the blame. For the bigger blunder of omitting the following rather Masonic sentence entirely, in transcribing it for the press, I must bear the blame myself:—

> And beautifully HERIOD shows the wrongs
> Of tyrant power over the innocent,
> In that fine fable in his *Works and Days*,
> Wherein the cruel and "crook-talon'd" hawk
> "Bore in his pounce a neck-streak'd Nightingale,"—
> Caring more for his banquet than its song.
> For in all ranks of life there ever are
> Those who would shirk of labour their fair share—
> Of study, or of working at some craft—
> Merely to feed and sleep their life away,
> The sensual slaves of ignominious sloth;
> Or, when awake and active, use their skill
> Only to live by plundering mankind,—
> Their ears as deaf to Misery's plaintive cry
> As HERIOD'S hawk was to the Nightingale.

Yours very fraternally,

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Stokesley, Yorkshire, Aug. 10, 1874.

IN MEMORIAM.

The following lines were written by an afflicted Brother Mason, who has been confined to his bed for two years.

I.

His work is all done—completed the plans,
Which the Master designed for him here;
The column is broken;
The word *early* spoken,
Bids him, with trestle-board ready in hand,
Before the Grand Master appear.

II.

* * has been struck from labour called off,
He now rests upon earth's gentle breast,
The word's *sweetly* spoken,
"The Grand Temple's open;"
"Enter thou in, divested of all dross;"
"Enter thou in, thrice welcome! to rest.

III.

* * has been toll'd, and sweetly he'll sleep
Till the morn when we're all called to rise.
From the rest unbroken,
The word *truly* spoken.
Then will pierce the grave's gloom, and the complete
Temple give forth the Grand Master's praise.

IV.

So mote it be. So mote it ever be—
Heart to heart in the far-away land.
The circle, unbroken
By unkind word spoken
Here, will there forever united be,
With breast to breast, and hand clasping hand.

V.

Sleep, Brother, sleep; we would not awake thee
To the trials of life's toilsome way.
With Faith's surest token,
With trust firmly spoken,
In the Master we will ever revere;
We will bow to His will "e'en though He slay."

VI.

Aye, sleep; we will weave anew the bright chain
With thy memory linked in our love;
And when "the bowl is broken"—
The last earth-word spoken—
All discord conquered—conquered all pain,
We'll hail thee in the Grand Lodge above.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 17.—Vol. II. NOVEMBER, 1874. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

The principal event that we have to record, is the most gratifying announcement of the acceptance by our Royal Brother, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, of the office of Grand Master, vacant by the resignation of Lord Ripon, and his secession to the Church of Rome. By the Book of Constitutions, the Past Grand Master rules the craft, if willing to do so, until the next annual election, and the acceptance by our Royal and exalted brother of this his constitutional position and function, not only relieves our order from any interregnum, and the excitement of a sudden election, but manifests the warm interest and the fraternal sympathy the august heir to the throne has ever evinced for our ancient brotherhood. It is a subject of much rejoicing in the Craft that we have now at the head of our fraternity a royal ruler once again, and the hopes of all Freemasons will be in unison that we may long see the Prince of Wales presiding over our Grand Lodge with his well-known ability and his wonted urbanity and consideration for all.

We cannot help expressing our regret at the tone which some well-intentioned, but somewhat excited brethren seem to take with respect to Lord Ripon's mournful secession and resignation. Now his resignation under the circumstances was a matter of necessity, and the sooner it took place the better.

But while we may regret the fact itself, we have no right, it appears to us, to criticise Lord Ripon's conduct, much less to condemn his motives. Our best policy, as the only true Masonic course, is to treat Lord Ripon's resignation as a "fait accompli," and to pass it over in respectful silence.

Above all, we should take care not to strike any chord of intolerance or religious controversy, which may vibrate through our whole order, and result in most inharmonious cadences alike of thought and verbiage. So let us turn over this chapter of our English Masonic history in much, if we like, of "silent sorrow," but let no love of polemics, or contest, or abuse, or any scintilla of the "odium theologicum," mar in any way the happy toleration of our great and universal Brotherhood.

There is no foreign Masonic intelligence of any moment to record.

A young fellow offered to bet the principal of a young ladies' seminary, who was boasting of the proficiency of her pupils, that she hadn't a girl in her school who would "decline" a husband.

OUR MASONIC MSS.

No. II.

I give to-day the paralled passages out of the Masonic Poem and Myrc's Instructions for Parish Priests. They will strike all students.

I shall revert to the subject in the next Magazine, as other similarities may be found. I have discovered another myself between the Masonic Poem and contemporary MS.

I see that the Early English Text Society, in their last Report, fix the date of Myrc's MSS. at 1420.

Masonic MS., Line 620.

And putte away alle vanyté,
And say thy pater noster and thyn ave ;
Loke also thou make no bere,
But ay to be yn thy prayere ;
ȝef thou wolt not thyselve pray,
Latte non other mon by no way.
In that place nowther sytte ny stonde,
But knele fayre down on the gronde,
And, when the Gospel me rede schal,
Fayre thou stonde up fro the wal,
And blesse the fayre, ȝef that thou conne,
When *gloria tibi* is begonne ;
And when the Gospel ys y-done,
Aȝayn thou myȝth knele adown ;
On bothe thy knen down thou falle,
For hyse love that bowȝht us alle ;
And when thou herest the belle rynge
To that holy sakerynge,
Knele ȝe most, both ȝynge and olde,
And bothe ȝor hondes fayr upholde,
And say thenne yn thys manere,
Fayr and softe, withoute bere ;
" Jhesu Lord, welcom thou be,
Yn forme of bred, as y the se !
Now Jhesu, for thyn holy name,
Schulde me from synne and schame ;
Schryff and hosel thou grant me bo,
ȝer that y schal hennus go,
And very contrycyon of my synne,
That y never, Lord, dye therynne ;
And, as thou were of a mayde y-bore,
Sofre me never to be y-lore ;
But when y schal hennus wende,
Grante me the blysse withoute ende ;
Amen ! amen ! so mot hyt be !
Now, swete lady, pray for me."
Thus thou myȝht say, or sum other thynge,
When thou knelust at the sakerynge.

Myrc's Instructions, Line 268.

And put a-way alle vanyte,
And say here pater noster here aue.
No non in chyrche stonde schal,
Ny lene to pyler ny to wal,
But fayre on kneus þey schule hem sette,
Knelynge doun vp on the flette,
And pray to god wyth herte meke
To ȝeue hem grace and mercy eke.
Soffere hem to make no bere,
But ay to be in here prayere,
And whenne þe gospelle I-red be schalle,
Teche hem þenne to stonde vp alle,
And blesse feyre as þey conne
Whenne gloria *tibi* ys by-gonne,
And whenne þe gospel ys I-done,
Teche hem eft to knele downe sone ;
And whenne they here the belle rynge
To that holy sakerynge,
Teche hem knele downe boþe ȝonge & olde,
And hoþe here hondes vp to holde,
And say þenne in þys manere
Feyre and softely wyth owte bere,
"Ihesu, lord, welcome þow be,
In forme of bred as I þe se ;
Ihesu ! for thy holy name,
Schelde me to day fro synne and schame ;
Schryfte & howsele, lord, þou *grau*nte me bo,
Er that I schale hennes go,
And verre contrycyone of my synne,
That I lord neuer dye there-Inne ;
And as þow were of a may I-bore,
Sofere me neu*er* to be for-lore,
But whenne *þat* I schale hennes wende,
Grawnte me þe blysse wyth-owten ende.
AMEN.
Teche hem þus oþer sum oþere þynge ;
To say at the holy sakerynge.

A.F.A.W.

A ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

Among the many scenes of the war which have passed under my observation, my recollection enables me to give you an account of one of the most mysterious and strange adventures which I have ever heard of.

During the month of August, 1861, our Powa regiment was stationed at Rolls, in Missouri. Our company was detached from the regiment and sent to guard the railroad-bridge at the Mozeille Mills, which, it was rumoured, the guerillas of that town were preparing to destroy.

We had been upon the ground but a few days, when there appeared in camp early one morning a very old, decrepit mule, which made direct for the door of a stable that adjoined the Captain's quarters, from which it appeared it had been recently stolen by a guerilla, and carried away as a pack animal. Upon approaching the mule a letter was discovered secured to the throat latch of the bridle, which being addressed to the Captain, was immediately handed into his quarters. Upon opening the letter, its contents (written in the delicate handwriting of a female), consisted in the following singular announcement, "The Temple of Jerusalem was destroyed on the first Friday before the full moon." The Captain professed to understand it and said, "The guerillas will attack the bridge to-night," and immediately ordered the company to be mustered, and informed them of the imminence of an attack, which might be looked for at any moment. Ammunition was ordered to be distributed, the guards were doubled, pickets thrown out, and every precaution taken to guard against surprise. At the close of the day a drizzling rain set in, which continued until the following morning, causing the night to be intensely dark.

The picket stations had been thrown out into the country about half a mile from the opposite end of the bridge, where the main guard was posted behind a pile of railroad ties. It was our lot to be one of the six that composed the midnight guard at this station. We had been upon our post about an hour, when one of the men observed, "I hear footsteps." We listened, and presently heard the footsteps of several persons approaching with great caution through a dense undergrowth that skirted the opposite side of the road. The darkness of the night was so great that we could not see them, even when they were within forty feet of us, but we could distinctly hear, in a petulant but suppressed tone, "Jim, hold up that gun of yours; that's twice you have stuck that bayonet in me." At this moment we opened upon them with all our guns. There was no gun fired in return, but we could distinctly hear them for some time rushing, with receding steps, through the thicket, in the direction of a corn-field, in which stood a log cabin occupied by a woman and two children, the husband and father of whom was a Union soldier in one of the Missouri regiments.

The firing of our guns, which overshot the enemy, had aroused the entire command, and brought in the picket guard, when the log cabin alluded to was discovered to be on fire. Believing it to be the incendiary work of the guerillas, the captain immediately ordered a command of twenty men to double quick through the house, and endeavour to rescue the family, if in danger. Upon reaching the vicinity of the opening that surrounded the cabin, we discovered that a quantity of hay had been placed against the door and fired, and near the building a party of eight or nine guerillas armed with guns, were found grouped together, apparently listening to a speaker. Our party, which had divided at the edge of the corn, with a view of surrounding the cabin, now rushed in upon them, and succeeded in capturing three of their number. We had arrived too late to render any assistance to the inmates of the cabin, which had already sank down into a smouldering heap, beneath which the mother and her children had perished. After securing our prisoners, with a portion of a clothes line hanging from a branch of a tree, they were conducted to camp, when the captain immediately summoned a drum-head court-martial to try them upon the charge of murder, assuring them that if they were found guilty, they would be shot at sunrise, as a warning to their guerilla comrades. One of the party, a short, thick fellow, with a bushy head of red hair, and bloated expression of countenance, when asked by the court martial if he had any-

thing to say, sneeringly turned away, refusing to make any answer. The second prisoner, a tall, slender person, of dark complexion, with one eye concealed beneath a handkerchief that was tied diagonally around his head; while his face was scratched and scarred with fresh wounds, apparently the result of some bacchanalian brawl with his comrades, observed: "This shooting a feller arter he's a prisoner for fighting for the freedom of Missouri, and agin the Obelitioners, ain't according to law." Here a member of the court-martial asked him, "If the murdering of a helpless woman and her children at midnight hour, by burning them to death while sleeping, was fighting for the freedom of Missouri." The fellow turned away from this question with a dejected look, muttering "that her husband was an 'Abolitioner.'" The third person was a young man or boy, apparently about sixteen years old. From his dialect, and nationality of expression in his countenance, it was easy to discover that he was of Irish descent. He was well dressed, and appeared to be greatly distressed at his situation as a prisoner. He observed, with much alarm expressed on his countenance, "that he was an Irish boy, and that he had been in the United States but ten weeks, and had taken no part in the war; that the men who had burned the house had called upon him that evening, and asked him to join them in a coon hunt, and it was not until they were fired upon at the bridge, that he was aware of the character and object of the party. He would have left them then, but the night was dark, and he did not know the way home."

Here one of the court-martial arose, and informed him that his story partook of the character of all guerilla pleas of innocence, that it availed him nothing. He had been caught with others, in the very act of committing this cruel and unfeeling murder, and sentenced them to be shot at seven o'clock the next morning.

The prisoners were then ordered to the guard-room, a log dwelling, and placed in the cellar beneath the building. The remainder of the night was devoted to the making of coffins, and the digging of a grave of sufficient dimensions to hold them side by side. When the morning returned the rain ceased; the clouds had passed away, and soon the sun arose, with a warm and genial glow. All nature seemed refreshed with the murky shower of the night, while all around the blades of grass, the lilac bushes, and forest leaves, drooped under the sparkling rain-drops that glittered on their folds, and the birds carolled wild and loud their morning matins. All felt that it was a day to live and not to die in. The drum was beat at early dawn, mustering the company under arms to witness the punishment, and a detail of twelve men was made as executioners, under the command of a corporal. As the time drew near the execution, it was discovered that two of the prisoners had made their escape by forcing a passage through the partition wall of the cellar into the cellar of an adjoining house.

The boy, however, was still a prisoner, and all were determined he should be made an example of. Accordingly, about eight o'clock he was brought out to be conducted to the place of execution. Upon seeing the soldiers drawn up to receive him, he commenced wringing his hands, crying and calling to the captain, saying, "Oh! Captain, I am not guilty. Do not let them kill me. Don't, Captain, you can save me. I will give you my watch. My sister will give you money. Oh, God! oh, Holy Mother! Oh, Captain, speak to them quick; they are taking me away."

With a soldier upon each side of him he was now led by the arms towards the place of execution, still calling upon the captain to save him. When he discovered the coffin and the grave that had been prepared for him, he gave a wild frantic scream, and then seemed to realize for the first time that in a few minutes he would be no more among the living, for in a moment after he became calm, when, turning to the officer of the guard, he requested him to ask the captain if he would give him time to write to his mother in Ireland. The captain, who was standing on one side of the hollow square of soldiers that surrounded the prisoner, hearing his request, immediately answered, "Yes, let him have writing materials," which was immediately brought, when he kneeled down, placing his paper on the coffin-lid, and as his pen dashed off the words, "Dear mother," tears fell upon the paper, which in brushing away with his coat-sleeve, erased the words he had written, when springing to his feet, he commenced wringing his hands, saying, "I cannot

write. Oh, soldier, will you write for me!" addressing the corporal of the guard.

At that moment there arose upon the stillness of the scene, the wild, piercing shriek of a female, as she burst through the ranks of the soldiers, and swept out upon the hollow square, in the direction of the prisoner. It was an Irish girl, apparently about eighteen years old, without bonnet or shoes, her dress besotted with mud, and her long dark, hair streaming in the wind, as she rushed forward with a wild, heart-rending scream, saying "He is my brother! he is my brother?" In a moment she had crossed the square, and clasping her brother in her arms, she continued with an agonizing scream, "Oh, soldiers! oh, Holy Mother! Gentlemen! for the love of Jesus, do not kill him! he is innocent! he is my brother!"

I never wish to look upon a scene like that again, and many a hardy hunter from Iowa's border, while gazing on it, felt the involuntary tear course down his manly cheek. But we were surrounded by murderers and assasins. The hand that had received pay from a soldier for a draught of water, had been known to strike him in the back with a dagger as he turned away, and our officers had determined to make an example of the first murderer that fell into our hands.

The girl at length was ordered to be removed, when the soldiers advanced, and unloosed the grasp upon her brother. Her screams, her appeals to all for mercy were terrible.

They had dragged her but a short distance from him, when looking back and seeing a black-handkerchief already tied over his eyes, with one wild, frantic scream, she flung the soldiers from her, and bounding back to her brother, she tore the handkerchief from his eyes, and again enfolded him in her arms. As the soldiers were again removing her, the coat-sleeve of one of them was torn during her struggle and her eye fell upon a breast-pin that he had fastened upon his shirt-sleeve, perhaps for concealment and safety.

In an instant, all her physical powers were relaxed. In a calm, subdued, confident tone of voice, she observed, as she pointed to the pin, "Soldiers, let me make one more effort for my brother." The soldiers, startled at the strangeness of her manner, unloosed their hold upon her, and in a moment she bounded away to her brother, shielding his body again with her person, at the very moment that the guns were descending to receive the word "fire." Turning her back to her brother, and facing the file of soldiers, she stood forth a stately woman. There no scream, no tears, no agonizing expression, but calm and erect, she swept the field with her eye, and then advancing three steps, she gave the grand hailing sign of a Master Mason.

None but Masons among those soldiers observed it, and there were many of them in that command, who now stood mute with astonishment at the strange and mysterious spectacle before them.

There was a captain who came forward, and in a loud voice, said "that owing to the distress and interference of the young woman, the execution would be postponed until nine o'clock the next day."

The guard was then ordered to be doubled, and a strict watch kept on the prisoner during the night.

Notwithstanding this precaution, it was discovered in the morning, that both the boy and sister had made their escape. In what way they accomplished it is a mystery to the company.

During the early part of the evening, there was a meeting of the Masonic members of the company at the captain's headquarters, where the girl was examined, and found to have passed all the degrees.

When or how she acquired these degrees she declined to say. She and her brother had been in the United States but about ten weeks, having come from Ireland for the purpose of purchasing a farm, intending, when they had done so, to send for their mother and younger brother. The boy did not know his sister was a Mason, and only knew that his father, when living, was Master of a Lodge in their native town in Ireland.—*The Weekly Budget, U. S. Mason of March*, 1863.

FREEMASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

Woman—what is she made for? she, or is she not, or is she, and if so, why not? Can she, can she not, or can she, and if not, why can she? What does she think of and when and wherefore—certainly—why not?

NOUS AVONS CHANGÉ TOUT CELA!

How well I remember'd other times,
And idle hopes and fears,
When I met an ancient flame of mine,
I had not seen for years;
And tho' in another day and scene,
We met all full of glee,
I had lost for long all sight of her,
And she had forgotten me!

But I knew that face at once again,
And the gleam of that waving hair,
And the fondly look, and the winning smile,
And the presence soft and fair;
Yes, it seemed to be but yesterday,
But yesterday in truth,
Since we two consorted together,
In the hours of festive youth.

Well, time has changes for us all,
It severs friends and hearts,
It sends us all in different ways,
To play our separate parts,
And many once link'd in deep affection,
And many a fastest friend,
Ne'er meet again in this noisy life,
As onwards their way they wend.

How many have loitered in "Auld lang syne,"
By some refreshing shore,
Whose sand-castles the sea has wash'd away,
Poor builders, for evermore;
How many have laughed in frolic fun,
Beneath those stately trees,
Or in some pleasant canter on the turf,
Or before a favouring breeze!

How many have known each other well,
In the friendship of joyous days,
Who've met no more on this earth of ours,
In their widely severed ways;
Who have hardly heard of the welcome name,
Or looked upon that face,
Which shone for them as a meteor star,
In old days of glowing grace!

But let us not complain of change,
Tho' the years with our friends depart,
It cannot ever take from the true,
The sympathies of the heart;
It cannot shut out a vision
Of sweet faces and loving eyes,
It cannot deprive us of memory's charm,
Tho' it bring us weary sighs.

No, years may fade, and scenes may change,
And friends may pass away,
But the heart it ever will wander back
To friendship's ancient day;
Oh, happy law of love sublime,
Which never can disunite;
Our hopes and fears, and cares and dreams,
Have memories fair and bright.

CÆLEBS.

CHARLES DICKENS—A LECTURE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

(*Continued from p.* 113.)

Delivered at the Working Mens' College Ipswich, President, the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Sir Fitzroy Kelly.

LORD JOHN HERVEY, IN THE CHAIR.

It had been said that Mr. Seymour had something to do with the composition of this work ("Pickwick"), which Dickens, however, distinctly denies. The great novelist himself thus writes, with reference to the curious name he assumed, and the origin of which has been the subject of so much controversy:—

"Boz, my signature in the *Morning Chronicle*, in the Old Monthly magazine appended to the monthly cover of this book, and retained long afterwards, was the nick-name of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses in honour of the Vicar of Wakefield, which, being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and, being shortened, became Boz. Boz was a very familiar household word to me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

Touching Stiggins, Dickens observes in his preface:—"Lest there should be any well-intentioned persons who do not perceive the difference—as some such would not when 'Old Mortality' was newly published—between religion and the cant of religion, piety and the pretence of piety, a humble reverence for the great truths of Scripture and an audacious and offensive obtrusion of its letter, and not its spirit, in the commonest discussions and meanest affairs of life, to the extraordinary confusion of ignorant minds, let them understand that it is always the latter, and never the former, which is satirised here. Further, that the latter is here satirised as being, according to all experience, inconsistent with the former—impossible of union with it, and one of the most evil and mischievous falsehoods existent in

society, whether it establish its head-quarters for the time being in Exeter Hall or Ebenezer Chapel, or both."

It may appear unnecessary to offer a word of observation on so plain a head, but it is never out of season to protest against that coarse familiarity with sacred things which is busy on the lip and idle in the heart, or against the confounding of Christianity with any class of persons who, in the words of Swift, have "just enough religion to make them hate, and not enough to make them love, one another."

"I have found it curious and interesting," Dickens adds, "looking over the sheets of this reprint to mark what important social improvements have taken place about us, almost imperceptibly, since they were originally written. The license of counsel, and the degree to which juries are ingeniously bewildered, are yet susceptible of moderation; whilst an improvement in the mode of conducting Parliamentary elections—and even Parliaments too, perhaps—is still within the bounds of possibility. But legal reforms have pared the claws of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg; a spirit of self-respect, mutual forbearance, education, and co-operation for such good ends has diffused itself among their clerks; places far apart are brought together, to the present convenience and advantage of the public, and to the certain destruction in time of a host of petty jealousies, blindnesses, and prejudices by which the public alone have always been the sufferers. The laws relating to imprisonment for debt are altered, and the Fleet Prison is pulled down." "Who knows," Dickens suggests, "but by the time the series reaches its conclusion" — alluding to the Charles Dickens' edition of his works—"it may be discovered that there are even magistrates in town or country who should be taught to shake hands every day with common sense and justice; that even Poor Laws may have mercy on the weak, the aged, the unfortunate; that schools *on the broad principles of Christianity* are the best adornment for the length and breadth of this civilised land; that prison doors should be barred on the *outside* no less heavily and carefully than they are barred *within*; that the universal diffusion of common means of decency and health is as much the right of the poorest of the poor as it is indispensable to the safety of the rich and of the State; that a few petty boards and bodies—less than drops in the great ocean of humanity which roars around them—are not for ever to let loose Fever and Consumption on God's creatures at their will, or always to keep their jobbing little fiddles going for a Dance of Death."

Faulty in construction as Pickwick may be, it is nevertheless the most popular, as it is the most humorous, of all his works; and Professor Ward, who has written a very interesting lecture on the great novelist, expresses his belief that many people would gladly undergo a term of solitary confinement if only accompanied by the laughter-moving comedy which first made the fame of the man of genius whose life we are discussing.

The people who disparaged Dickens—and their name at the outset was legion—(for what man of genius was there who, when he rose to assert himself before the world, did not meet with opposition, contumely, reproach, and ridicule?) tried at first to make out that it was by sheer luck that Dickens at once established himself as a great novelist, that talent had little to do with it, and that if otherwise he would soon write himself out. Croker—fit name, indeed, for the great critic who so signally stultified himself in his judgment of Dickens—said that "he went up like a rocket and would come down like a stick." Sala, in his eulogistic sketch of "Boz," is very indignant at the ascribing to luck the success of his master, and in trenchant language disposes of the idea.

"When Charles Dickens was about midway in his career," says Sala, "it was a favourite device with those who decried him to exaggerate beyond measure the merits of Pickwick, to the disparagement of his later and more serious works, and to declare that he would never again write anything half so good as his first, his most facetious, but certainly his least artistically constructed novel. But these back-biters were speedily silenced when it was found that the great master of farce was likewise a great master of sentiment, that Dickens could be upon occasion not only irresistibly comic, not only slyly humorous, not only irresistibly quaint, but that he could be infinitely tender, graceful, and pathetic, that he could be dramatic, tragical, and terrible. The hand which drew "Mr. Pickwick in

the pound" gave us almost simultaneously "Fagin in the condemned cell." From the same teeming brain have come the death of little Nell and the marriage of Mrs M'Stinger; the description of Mr. John Smawkur's *swarry* and the picture of the Gordon riots; the terrific combat of Mr. Cammles and his sons, and the storm in David Copperfield; the christening of little Paul Dombey, and the murder of Mr. Tulkinghorne."

"I conscientiously believe," says Sala, "that had Charles Dickens never written Pickwick at all his tenure of the public mind and of the public love would have been as great and as promising of permanence as it is now. Where he had travelled longest, where he had looked deepest and learned most was in inner London. He was at home in all lodging houses, cottages, hovels, Cheap Jack caravans, workhouses, prisons, school rooms, and curiously from these localities, unseemly and unsavoury as they might be, he brought pictures of life and manners, and produced characters of men and women and children that have been the wonder and delight and edification of millions, not only of his own countrymen, but strangers at the uttermost end of the earth. He was the good genius who turned everything into gold. Upon offal and garbage, upon crime and misery, upon poverty and penitence, upon the dullest, densest, ugliest things the bright light of his amazing fancy shone, and of the social reptiles he held up to view only the precious jewels in their heads remained. He was a great traveller, as earnest and as eloquent a pilgrim, indeed, as that wanderer whom John Bunyan has shown us travelling from this world to the next. And he, too, like Christian, has got to his journey's end—to the cold, dark river with the shining city beyond."

Pickwick soon found an enormous sale, and its great success naturally led to a variety of offers being made to Mr. Dickens by the London publishers. He avowed his name as the author in 1838, and about this time Mr. Bentley, the publisher, engaged his services as editor of his miscellany, in the second number of which appeared the first instalment of "Oliver Twist." This story, published complete at the close of 1838, lets the reader into some of the secrets of life, as it used too frequently to be found in the Union workhouses, and in the dark haunts of thievery and villany which form so black a blot upon the modern Babylon. This, without doubt, is one of his *chef d'œuvres*, and I think, in pathos, in humour, in a description of the horrible and revolting, and in some of the few snatches of the lovely and humanising in life, it is one of the most powerfully-written works in the language.

This was a novel written with a purpose, and one cannot doubt but that its publication did great good.

In the last preface to the work Dickens himself thus speaks of his book: –

"Once upon a time it was held to be a coarse and shocking circumstance that some of the characters in these pages are chosen from the most criminal and degraded of London's population.

"As I saw no reason when I wrote this book why the dregs of life (so long as their speech did not offend the ear) should not serve the purpose of a moral as well as its froth and cream, I made bold to believe that this world once upon a time would not prove to be all time, or even a long time. I saw many strong reasons for pursuing my course. I had read of thieves by scores; seductive fellows (amiable for the most part), faultless in dress, plump in pocket, choice in horseflesh, bold in bearing, fortunate in gallantry, great at a song, a bottle, a pack of cards, a dice box, and fit companions for the bravest. But I had never met, except in Hogarth, with the miserable reality. It appeared to me that to draw a knot of such associates in crime as really did exist, to paint them in all their depravity, in all their wretchedness, in all the squalid misery of their lives; to show them as they really were, for ever skulking uneasily through the dirtiest paths of life, with the great, black, ghastly gallows closing up their prospect, turn them where they might; it appeared to me that to do this would be to attempt a something which was needed, and which would be a service to society, and I did it as I best could. What manner of life is that which is described in these pages as the everyday existence of a thief? What charm has it for the young and ill-disposed, what allurements for the most jolter-headed of juveniles? Here are no canterings on moonlit heaths, no merry-

makings in the snuggest of all possible caverns, none of the attractions of dress, no embroidery, no lace, no jack-boots, no crimson coats and ruffles, none of the dash and freedom with which the road has been time out of mind invested. The cold, wet, shelterless, midnight streets of London, the foul and frowsy dens where vice is closely packed and lacks the room to turn, the haunts of hunger and disease, the shabby rags that scarcely hold together; where are the attractions of these things? There are people, however, of so refined and delicate a nature that they cannot bear the contemplation of such horrors. Not that they turn instinctively from crime, but the criminal characters to suit them must be like their meat, clad in delicate disguise. A Massaroni in green velvet is an enchanting creature, but a Sikes in fustian is insupportable. A Mrs. Massaroni, being a lady in short petticoats and a fancy dress, is a thing to imitate in tableaux, and have a lithograph in pretty songs, but a Nancy, being a creature in a cotton gown and cheap shawl, is not to be thought of. It is wonderful how Virtue turns from dirty stockings, and how Vice, married to ribbons and a little gay attire, changes her name, as wedded ladies do, and becomes Romance. But, as the stern truth even in the dress of this (in novels) much exalted race, was a part of the purpose of this book, I did not for these readers abate one hole in the Dodger's coat or one scrap of curl paper in Nancy's dishevelled hair. I had no faith in the delicacy which could not bear to look upon them. I had no desire to make proselytes among such people. I had no respect for their opinion, good or bad — did not covet their approval, and did not write for their amusement."

I propose to introduce you to the hero of this story, 'Oliver Twist,' in the workhouse. It is a story which has moved many to laughter and tears.

Brother Holmes then proceeded to read "Oliver Twist" where he "asks for more," amidst much laughter and applause.

"It has been frequently said of Dickens," Bro, Holmes continued, "and with some show of truth, that whilst he pourtrayed the lower classes to the life, he could not describe a gentleman, and it is a singular fact that almost without an exception the upper classes, when drawn by him, are caricatures. The unfavourable light in which the patrician classes are as a rule depicted in his works was good-naturedly resented by Lord Houghton in his speech at the Liverpool banquet in 1869, and in the course of his speech that accomplished nobleman, whilst expressing a wish that the name of Dickens itself might one day be inscribed on the roll of Peers (and why was it not?), twitted him with the discourteous treatment the Peerage had hitherto received at his hands in a literary sense, and hinted that were he a member of the House of Lords he might learn to know the aristocracy better.

Mr. Dickens did not lose his temper, but he retorted somewhat sharply, "What amazing devil could have possessed Lord Houghton when he accused him of disparaging the Patrician Order?" Yet Earl Russell, the late lamented Lord Lytton, and Sir Alexander Cockburn were amongst his chief friends, and valued as highly as Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Leech, Mark Lemon, Maclise, and other of his intimates. It is hard to discover the reason for his persistent disparagement of the great in station, and I suppose one can only say that he could never have had fair opportunities of judging of the best of them.

Sala attempts to account for Dickens's prejudice, but fails, I think, to prove his case. Sala says that while many of the scenes and the characters depicted by Charles Dickens were painful, and even repulsive, those scenes were drawn with a distinct and deliberate purpose—that of exposing and denouncing flagrant social evils; and that in many cases the end he had in view, that of obtaining the redress of the evil he denounced, was either directly or remotely obtained. His novels acted upon journalism; journalism reacted upon public opinion; public opinion became a pressure, and that pressure was ultimately adequate to change or to abrogate old laws, or to enact new ones.

There cannot be the slightest doubt that Yorkshire schools were knocked on the head by the portraiture of Dotheboys Hall, were little children were really and truly "martyrised," and it is equally uncontrovertible that the movements to which we owe Refuges and Reformatories, the Industrial School Act, and the reforms in the Court of Chancery and the Ecclesias-

tical Courts, and the abolition of imprisonment for debt, received a direct and a powerful impetus from his writings. Let it be remembered that in this respect he did not (as is the case with most writers "with a purpose") follow public opinion. He led it. He depicted the horrors of a debtors' prison, and the cruelty and delay of the Court of Chancery, in "Pickwick," before Lord Eldon, so to speak, was cold in his grave, and four years before Lord Brougham obtained the abolition of Arrest on Mesne Process; and he returned to the charge long years afterwards in his doleful tableau of the Marhsalsea, and in his withering satire on the suit of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce. Continually to do battle with these social wrongs necessitated the production on the stage of his works of those who from those wrongs had suffered most grievously, and those sufferers generally belonged to the wretchedest and worst-favoured classes in the community. It would be difficult to imagine a more loathsome character than the ignorant, gin-drinking, abusive, venal harridan, Mrs. Gamp. Yet who shall say that the exposure of the malpractices of hospital nurses twenty-five years ago had not some part, and an important one, in bringing about the beneficent reforms which we owe directly to Florence Nightingale, and which have substituted patient, loving, tenderly sedulous "sisters" in our hospital wards and sick rooms for the careless, thieving, drunken beldames of the last generation? Thus bringing such creatures into the light he was constrained to listen to them to observe and to *report* them. He could have no special preference for the delineation of revolting scenes or ugly people. He revelled, on the contrary, in describing beautiful scenery or quiet households, or the happy sports of innocent children.

Bro. Holmes then proceeded to read "Mrs. Gamp in the sick room," (cap. 25, Martin Chuzzlewit). The lecturer continued :—

In 1840 or 1841 Dickens went to America, and there received such an ovation as, perhaps, had never been accorded before to any literary man. When he went to the Senate at Washington the whole House rose to do him homage. He was *feted*, cheered, followed, and addressed until he was nearly driven wild, and when he came home he wrote, in 1842, "American Notes for General Circulation," in which he gave his opinions about America and American institutions.

Dickens's statements were much controverted by our American cousins, and the book provoked a reply under the facetious title of "Change for American Notes." On his return from America Longfellow came to London and became his guest; and we get a glimpse of the multitude of his literary and artistic friends from the account of a dinner at Greenwich, which was given on his return from the Far West, at which there were present Justice Talfourd, Mr. Milnes, the poet, afterwards Lord Houghton, Proctor, better known as Barry Cornwall, Maclise, Stansfield, Captain Maryatt, Barham (Ingoldsby), Tom Hood, and Cruikshank.

Dickens did not much like America, and he said so. The tone of Martin Chuzzlewit, which he commenced in January, 1843, especially that part where Martin goes over there with Mark Tapley, is not calculated to make one much in love with Republics and Republican institutions. Dickens tells Forster how, just after his return, that they had forged a letter from him, which was extensively circulated in the States. "You are to understand," he says, "it is not done as a joke, and is scurrilously reviewed." Mr. Park Benjamin begins a lucubration upon it, with these capitals, "Dickens is a fool and a liar!" In truth the Yankees were furious with Martin Chuzzlewit, and it was decided that when the great actor, Macready, went over there, Dickens, who had proposed to see him off, should not accompany him, for fear that it might damage him afterwards, as no doubt it would have done. It is, however, only fair to say that, attached to the latest issue of this work, there is a manly retractation on the part of Charles Dickens of much that was then said, and he speaks in the highest praise of the vast strides which have been made of late years, and which he himself witnessed during his last visit in 1868.*

* As an instance, however, of the esteem in which he was held in America, it may be mentioned that between 1859 and 1861 he wrote a story called "Hunted Down," for the *New York Ledger*, containing about half one of the numbers of "Chuzzlewit" or "Copperfield," for which he got £1,000. Eight years later he wrote "Holiday Romance," for a child's magazine, and "George Siberman's Explanation," of the same length, and at the same price. No novelist was so splendidly paid before.

A curious fact connected with this work, "Martin Chuzzlewit," is that, although incomparably the best of Dickens's works, and immeasurably, in Dickens's own opinion, superior to those that had gone before, it did not at first take with the public. "Pickwick" had attained a sale of 40,000 copies; "Nicholas Nickleby," 50,000; "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge" got up to 60,000 and 70,000 copies, and "Martin Chuzzlewit," much the most masterly of his works, fell to 20,000 copies per month. When Martin announces he will go to America, a determination as suddenly taken by Dickens himself, the sale rose 2,000 or 3,000 copies, but the highest number when it closed was 23,000. Its sale since has ranked after "David Copperfield." He was paid £200 a month whilst it was in course of publication, but Messrs. Chapman and Hall, his publishers, in the midst of it, foolishly informed him that in consequence of its not being a success they should have to deduct £50 of that amount in pursuance of a condition in the agreement. This, of course, irritated and annoyed Dickens exceedingly. He was at this time much troubled with pecuniary difficulties, which have been hinted at before, and which were more the result of extravagance in others than through any fault of his own. However, as soon as the story was completed he broke off his agreement with Chapman and Hall, and entered into another with Bradbury and Evans, by which they paid him between £2,000 and £3,000; £2,800 was the exact sum for one quarter share in anything he might write for eight years.

He then went off to Italy with his family for some time, and wrote from thence his pictures of Italy.

He became first editor of the *Daily News* about 1844, in which, by the way, he first advocated private executions, since adopted, but gave it up after a few months to take up his former and more congenial pursuits.

(*To be continued.*)

"Good morning," said a compositor, to the head of a flourishing family; "have you any daughters who would make good type setters?"

PATTY'S CONFIDENCES.

When first I saw Patty Patchett, despite the alliteration, I thought her one of the prettiest young women I had ever seen. And so she was,—and so she still is, I, Theophilus Tomlinson, B.A., will maintain like Don Quixote, against the whole world.

As Mr. Weller, senior, remarked of a young woman in his time, Patty is both "plump and conformable" and she has a pair of eyes which are most expressive, and which she knows well how to make the most of, and a smile on her pleasant countenance always refreshing to see. In addition to these physical excellencies, she is one of the most artless, confiding, loving little creatures I ever knew anywhere.

Little she is not personally, but I make use of the adjective as a descriptive expression of her psychological character, and rather to describe fitly her trusting nature, which always leads her to lean on a stronger arm for help and support.

She is in fact, one of those cheery girls men always like, and Patty has had a host of adorers. Had I been a marrying man myself, I should long ago have made her Mrs. Tomlinson, and I am vain enough to believe that she would have accepted me, and she would be a real treasure to anyone.

But being a confirmed and cross-grained old bachelor, I have always remained on a most confidential footing, and maintained a most intimate friendship with the Patchett family, both of the older and younger generation.

One day I wended my way to Lavender Villa, a very pretty, suburban residence, surrounded by large gardens, where Patty the charming had hoisted her colours.

Excuse such a military term, but as I have once eaten the Queen's "bread

and salt," I have ever retained a warm interest in the old profession, than which, I make bold to add, you won't find a finer anywhere.

When I reached Lavender Villa, and was ushered in by a smart-looking waiting maid, I found Patty and Mrs. Patchett (excuse me putting the daughter before the mamma), in their pretty drawing-room, looking out on the well-kept croquet lawn, where Pippy and Poppy Patchett, two excessively lively and good-looking young damsels too were indulging in that exciting game.

And though I was received both by mother and daughter with their usual animation and friendliness, it seemed to me that there was a little reserve, for some reason or other—that somewhat of a "holding-back" had come over those two excellent females.

The slightest "nuance" of embarrassment was also perceptible in their manner; at least, so I thought. "What can it be I wonder? Never mind," I said to myself, "I'll find it out before I leave the house."

But after a little exchange of small talk, of general and local news, there was a pause in the conversation, not indeed, the "awful paws" of the little dinner-party, but a brief pause in which Patty looked at Mrs. Patchett, and Mrs. Patchett looked at Patty, and then they both looked at me.

I am not usually dull or stupid, and as a rule, our conversation at Lavender Villa was always very animated, but here we were apparently with nothing to say.

What could it all mean?

At last Mrs. Patchett said, in a somewhat hesitating way to me, "You have heard, Mr. Tomlinson, of course, of Patty's engagement?"

Of course I had heard nothing about it whatever, as that wary old lady knew very well, or perhaps I should not have been quite so cheerful.

"Patty's engagement," I replied, "no; I have not heard of it, indeed, Mrs. Patchett. That is a bit of news."

"Why, Patty," I added, "how many hearts you will break, like Miss Myrtle, by such a desperate announcement."

"Oh, Mr. Tomlinson," said Patty, blushing, and looking quite charming, with that gentle feminine air of deprecation which those gipsies know always becomes them so well, "I wanted to write to you to let you know at once, but mamma wished to tell you herself in person."

"We look upon you, Mr. Tomlinson," Patty continued, "as one of the family, one of our most cherished friends."

And here Patty looked up at me confidingly and beseechingly. So I professed myself delighted, and congratulated the mamma, and felicitated the daughter.

"And who is it, Patty," I said, "who is the fortunate man? Well, he is a very fortunate man, whoever he may be, in my opinion. Dear me! I've put it off until too late," I said, sentimentally to Patty, who was full of amiability and sympathy.

"Ah," joined in Mrs. Patchett, who now took up the running, "Ah, Mr. Tomlinson," with that satisfied air mothers always assume when they announce their daughter's marriage to their friends, male or female, "Ah, Mr. Tomlinson, a most excellent young man."

I bowed delightedly.

"Highly educated, of great moral worth. We should not have given our daughter to one of the fast young men of the day, for Mr. Patchett and I are most particular on that head, and I have brought up Patty as well as her sisters, most strictly and carefully. You have heard no doubt," added Mrs. Patchett, complacently, "of the Plumptons, of Plumpton Manor?"

She pronounced the words emphatically, "A very old Kentish family, as old as William the Conqueror; indeed, Burke in his History of the Landed Gentry, says they were Saxon Thanes."

"Pluffa, was the name of the Thane, was it not, Patty," she asked, and that young woman answered demurely, "Yes, mamma."

"Ah," I said, wanting a joke very badly, "do you think it was not 'Fluffy,' Mrs. Patchett?"

At which I observed that Patty's eyes twinkled most maliciously.

"No, Mr. Tomlinson," replied Mrs. Patchett, in a stately manner, which silenced all my jokes at once. "Pluffa was the Thane's name. Wilfred Plumpton is the present owner of Plumpton; he has a brother, a charming man; three sisters, fascinating girls, and one younger brother in the army, very good looking; indeed the whole family are most distinguished and pleasing."

And here Mrs. Patchett looked around, satisfied as a British matron, that she had done her duty in the matter.

So I asked cautiously, "Is he good-looking, and all that?"

"Well, no," answered Mrs. Patchett, somewhat slowly, "he is not absolutely good-looking, but then he is such a high-principled young man."

Poor Patty, who had held down her head somewhat at this enumeration of her "futurs" excellencies, seemed anxious to change the conversation. So she jumped up and said, looking at me, "Suppose, Mr. Tomlinson, you and I join Pippy and Poppy at croquet."

"Ah," said the mother, whose eloquence was not yet exhausted, "the dear girl will do very well. Plumpton is worth £4,000 a year, Mr. Tomlinson, clear, and there is money in the funds, to say nothing of expectations, and with what we give Patty, for all our daughters will have money, you know, she will be very well off. They will be able to get on on £7,000 a year."

Patty seemed now, as they say, to be quite "on pins and needles," and anxious to get to croquet, so I followed her, not at all reluctantly out of the window-door, into the garden, and was soon engrossed in shaking hands warmly with the lively Pippy and the vivacious Poppy.

But above our conversation and greetings we could still hear the echoes of that maternal heart and voice, "Excellent young man," "suitable marriage," "Patty's happiness," and "Patty's trousseau."

I observed that all this time Miss Patty had been looking most archly, and very dangerously for an excitable bachelor, but had said nothing.

While we were arranging our sides, she looked up in my face with a merry smile, and said in her confiding way, "Mr. Tomlinson, you know us all so well, you know what an excellent person mamma is, but she does, as you know too, what the French call "broder" everything. Wilfred is not good-looking, but he is very good. Wilfred has not got £7,000 a year, but he has got quite enough. Wilfred is a most worthy young man, but he does not say much, and you who like good talkers, might think him, perhaps, what you term 'slow.'"

"But you know," she added, "marriages are not made in Heaven generally, but in families, and I suppose that it is all right, but I do wish mamma would not talk about it so much everywhere."

"She has quite enraged Mrs. Vancouver, whose pretty daughter Fanny has just married Mr. Wilcox with £700 a year, by telling her that Wilfred had £7,000, and she could not have allowed her daughter to marry on a limited income. And she has put her friend Mrs. Higginson into a cold perspiration by assuring her that the position I was going to occupy was a very high one in society indeed, and that she thanked Heaven I should have nothing to do with trade. As poor Mrs. Higginson had just married her good-looking daughter Emma to a most respectable dry-salter, with £30,000, you may fancy how pleased she was. The truth is," whispered Patty, very confidingly, "I look upon marriage as a necessity, which takes place at one time or other. Wilfred is really a very nice young fellow, though he is plain and

ordinary in a general way, but he has a pretty place in the country, and a fair income. You know Charles Johnstone had little," and here poor Patty sighed, "and Harry Lumley had less, and Walter Clay positively nothing at all, and so as all my friends wished it, even my maiden aunt, and I feel certain we shall get on very well together, for he always gives me my own way, I thought I had better settle and become mistress of Plumpton."

How could I reply to such an artless confession, but in words of encouragement?

And so I said, "Oh, Patty, I am sure you will do very well, and make a charming wife, and Master Wilfred is a very lucky young man."

Poor Patty positively blushed.

"But how about literary tastes—you Patty, are so fond of reading, and take so much interest in such matters?"

"Oh," replied Patty quickly, "don't say another word, dear Mr. Tomlinson, 'sur ce chapitre sil vous plait.' Wilfred goes to sleep after dinner, and I am afraid that Wilfred snores; he don't like poetry, he never takes up a novel, though he does look into *Bell's Life*. But he is an excellent fellow, a first-rate magistrate, is chairman of the Board of Guardians, very much thought of in the county, and is a great authority on the Licensing question. "So," said Patty decisively, "We shall do very well."

We then talked of her presents, which seemed to be innumerable, and offered to send her a little "cadeau des noces," an offer she beamingly and gratefully accepted.

I attended my fair young friend's marriage, and no one ever looked better, or did better any way. No one ever walked up the aisle more calmly, or signed the Register more distinctly, or cut the cake more decisively.

She went off in her good looks in a charming dress, and a most becoming bonnet, amidst a shower of satin shoes and rice, and the uplifted hands of Mrs. Patchett.

She has made a most admirable wife. The last time I saw her, she was as full of fun and animation, and good looks, as ever. They were restoring their church, and she had raised an unheard of sum of money, by her smiles and words, winning ways and little notes. She had entranced the parson, and the archbishop considered her a very superior and sound principled churchwoman.

Wilfred Plumpton believes her to be absolute perfection, all his family are devoted to her, the neighbourhood consider her a charming creature, the poor have always a word and a smile for her, and our great man the Earl of Mountchesney, always talks of her, especially when his wife is not near, as that "deuced good-looking woman, Mrs. Plumpton."

After all then, very little often goes to make up happiness in this world, and if we are not all of us endowed with great gifts, and if we were not always looking out for perfection, what lives of uneventful comfort and contentment should we all be able to lead, whether married or single, in society, or in our families during the time we sojourn here. But I don't want to get sentimental, and so will only hope that my readers have felt some little interest in the Confidences of Patty Patchett.

THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

P. P. C.

What's in a name? some folks may say.
I ask what's in a card?
And yet to answer the question rightly,
Might puzzle the Laureate bard!
For as often happens in human life,
More depends on some little thing,
Than a philosopher might fancy,
Or a poet fitly sing.

Some people may say in an angry tone,
"Oh, here's Mr. Tomlinson's 'P.P.C.'
Well, we don't much care, don't repeat it,
If we never again should see
That dreadfully conceited man,
That goose! that terrible bore!
And we shall not cry our eyes out,
If he don't call any more!"

And Maggie may say to Sophy,
"Here's Mr. Cator's P.P.C.,
What a dreadful bore we all were out,
He and I so well agree;
I wanted to tell him lots of things,
And to talk about the ball,
How very provoking we miss'd him,
When he made his farewell call."

And paterfamilias may say to mater,
"Here's young Hodgson's P.P.C.,
I wish, mamma, you'd open your eyes,
And very particular be;
For I've a strong suspicion that Lucy
Is taking to that young man,
And give consent to such a marriage,
My dearest, I never can."

And Walter Vane, who's calling,
Says, "Why here is Bolter's P.P.C.,
I thought that that dreadful fellow,
Had gone across the sea;
He's making up to Ellen,
And he's always full of chaff,
So that when I stand quite sulkily by,
He and she do nothing but laugh."

"Oh, here are those dreadful Higsons,
Have been leaving their P.P.C.!
And here are those tiresome Tippers,
Have sent in their pasteboards three.
I am heartily sick of London,
And going out every night,
And I feel sure that the Cowes Regatta,
Will be the thing to make me right."

How vain are the hopes of mortals,
Their dreams as well as their fears,
How idle are all their longings,
Which float away with their fading years;
Yet how much often may here depend
On some trifle that may be,
No trifle perhaps to one or two,
And only a P.P.C.

CÆLEBS.

The Danbury *News* says that a New Haven editor last Sunday attended church. When the contribution box came round he was in a doze, but on being nudged, hastily exclaimed "I have a pass."

RECORDS OF THE PAST.

NOTICE I.

Masonic students, like Freemasonry itself, take always cognisance of all things pertaining to the history and archæology of the past.

For though it may be true that the annals of Freemasonry proper are independent and distinct, yet the true Masonic student despises none of the cognate branches of research and of science which tend in any way to illuminate the roll of ages, or to throw the clear light of historic truth on the legends and traditions of mankind! Hence all Masonic students must gladly welcome from time to time any discoveries or records of the past which, commended to us in their vernacular form and utterance, like the account of Dr. Schliemann's "Excavations of Troy" or "English Translation from Assyrian and Egyptian Monuments," place before us the result of great learned ingenuity, careful labour, and archæological discovery. In the *Times* of September 12th appears a very elaborate and able review of some "Records of the Past," which are taken from Egyptian and Assyrian sources.

From that most striking "resumè" of the toils and translations of many years and many writers we have culled for our readers a few extracts which, we think, may serve to afford them the same interest and gratification as they afforded us.

For to us we confess the monumental remains of Egypt and Assyria have always been fraught with much of awakening curiosity.

Those "speaking stones," as some one has termed them, equally above ground and below, are still to us living voices of a dead old past, which require only a key to unravel their strange annals and their solemn witness. After many vain attempts, after the idle and ridiculous suppositions of the

Jesuit Kirscher, for instance—strange that such audacity and ignorance should have dared to impose upon mankind, if not upon himself—the key to the Egyptian hieroglyphics has been found by Young and Champollion le Jeune, while the cuneiform characters of famed Babylon and Nineveh have yielded to the energy of Grotefend and Rawlinson, and other skilled interpreters.

We will now begin with the Assyrian hieroglyphics.

We do not, indeed, quite agree with the statement of the *Times* reviewer as to Assyrian discovery, though in the main, no doubt, correct, and it is in vain, we know, to seek to adjust the rival claims of contemporary decipherers. Probably the *Times* reviewer is right in making Grotefend and Sir W. Rawlinson the "*facile principes*" of cuneiform discovery.

Let us hear what he says.

In 1803 a German professor, named Grotefend, forged, in the recesses of his study, out of that much reviled inner consciousness, a key to the cuneiform. He had no bilingual inscription to use as a pick-lock, so he invented a logical *passe-partout* for the mysterious wedges which ornamented the walls and windows of Persepolis. The palace, he reasoned, was that of a King of Persia, and the title of this ruler was always "Kings of Kings." Such a phrase, he conjectured, would be shown by the repetition of a certain group with another group between them for the grammatical structure. The characters which preceded these he inferred would be the name of the monarch. Such was the natural magic applied by the learned German, and presto "Darius" stepped out of the wall. Provided with the value of the characters which formed Darius, he invoked the shades of the names of Xerxes and Artaxerxes. With these talismans the Persian cuneiform alphabet was evolved and the inscriptions read. Lassen and Burnouf, subsequent decipherers, only travelled round their studies and opened their books, while Sir H. Rawlinson climbed the rocks of Behistun and obtained, by paper impressions and other appliances, the scarp-recorded bulletin of Darius. But the Empire of Darius had a leash of official languages. At Babylon, the oldest capital, prevailed a courtly Semitic, the most ancient form of that branch of language. It was written in a complex cuneiform, a black letter wedge hand. Susa, on the contrary, spoke the Turanian tongue of the Medes, which it wrote in a set of simpler alphabetic wedges; while Persepolis, the seat of the later victories of Western Asia, discoursed in Iranian or Zend, reduced the puzzling syllabaries of the Babylonians and even the Median into a moderate alphabet. The Persians were more merciful to languages than to men. The haughty records of their Kings announced in all three languages to the conquered East the extent of their dominions and the grandeur of their actions. The order of the languages on the public monuments was first the Persian, then the Median, finally the Babylonian; and, as nearly 70 proper names were in the three languages of the same inscription at Behistun, the requisite elements for the elimination of an alphabet of Median and Babylonian had escaped the wreck of Empire. This obtained a solution in the hands of Sir H. Rawlinson, Hincks, Oppert, and Norris. The grammatical form and verbal roots of the Babylonian were brought to light, while Norris and Oppert interpreted the less important Median.

Such were the beginnings of the cuneiform interpretation, and which led year by year to still more striking and certain results.

In Assyria the spade aided the inquirers by exhuming the records of the Assyrian Monarchy. Botta, and later Oppert, excavated the Palace of Sargon at Khorsbad in an exhaustive and scientific style which leaves nothing for the future investigator. Layard, Loftus, and Rassam dived into the

mounds of Nimroud or Calah, and Kouyunjik or Nineveh, and found enough for 26 years of inquiry. Thousands of fragments of fractured clay tablets, inscribed with cuneiform characters, the destroyed archives and library of Assurbanipal or Sardanapalus, the son of Esarhaddon, were raised to the surface to exercise the skill of the interpreter. Two subsequent missions of Mr. G. Smith in 1873-4 have added about 5,000 additional pieces to the 20,000 dislocated documents which passed into the presses of the British Museum. To join them together has been the labour of years and an intimate acquaintance with their contents, and the task is by no means accomplished. Thousands of their companions still lie in the Assyrian mounds. Sooner or later they are sure to find their way to public museums. The contents of the inscriptions are not less extraordinary than the documents themselves, the products of the Assyrian kilns, for there the public documents were burnt to preserve them, and the letter, the account, or the title deed was jotted down on a lump of clay in form of a pin-cushion, and history written on a clay barrel-shaped cylindroid or hexagonal prism. Even lighter literature, such as songs and fables, was committed along with the laws and legends to the flames.

Such may be said to be the preface to the interpretation of Assyrian records, and we shall like much to know what these records are.

The most remarkable of these documents as yet deciphered are the tablets of Izdubar, or the legends relating to the Gods of the Twelve Signs of the Babylonian Zodiac, among which Mr. Smith discovered the celebrated account of the Assyrian Deluge, the descent of Ishtar or Aphrodite to Hell and her return to Heaven. The historical inscriptions gives the annals of Assyria from the reign of Shalmaneser to the fall of Nineveh, and mention seven contemporary Kings of Israel, the expedition of Sennacherib against Jerusalem, the submission of Gyges, and the conquest of Egypt by Assurbanipal or Sardanapalus; also the succession of the eponymous officers, by whose year of office all deeds and events were dated, from B.C. 650 to 908. Lists and vocabularies, elementary grammars, and bilingual documents have revealed the existence of another Assyrian language supposed to belong to the Turanian class, and provisionally called Accadian. The library of Assurbanipal was only one of the storehouses of Semitic erudition. Older repositories existed at Urukh and Babylon. Nebuchadnezzar subsequently founded a later collection, and the Arabs have tapped it in the neighbourhood of Bagdad. Among these records are also the cylinder, called Belino, from the name of its first possessor. It gives an account of the eight first campaigns of Sennacherib, and has been translated by Mr. Fox Talbot. These annals are fortunately written in a simple, easy style, and recite in a monotonous manner the wars, the conquests, the sieges, the fetters of brass, the decapitation of enemies, and the dragging away of captives, which were the highest aspirations of Assyrian politics. The great interest of this inscription is the success of Sennacherib against Hezekiah. According to the inscription the King of Judah had interfered in the affairs of Ekron, and Sennacherib shut him up like a bird in a cage in Jerusalem, having previously taken 40 strong cities and carried away captive more than 200,000 Jews. Sennacherib states that the King of Judah was overwhelmed by the splendour of the exploit, and only too eager to seek for reconciliation by offering an indemnity of 30 talents of gold, 800 of silver, besides furniture and other objects of value, including inmates of the Palace sent to Nineveh as a tribute to the Assyrian conqueror. As to Merodach Baladan, that King of Babylon, not unmindful of a former defeat, on hearing of the success of the King of Assyria, "to the city of Nagiti-Rakkin, which is

on the sea-coast, like a bird he flew." He, no doubt, was one of those "birds" which considered itself safer in the bushes of Babylon than the cages of of Nineveh. The style of this history is "high falutin," to use a Transatlantic phrase, and the failures of policy are not recorded, but prudently omitted from the description of the tide of fortune and universal success which engaged the pen of the Royal Historiographer. The Rev. A. H. Sayce, one of the translators, has given in the same volume the oldest will in the world—the private testament of Sennacherib, who, in lines enviably short and precise, bequeaths all his personal property to Esarhaddon, his son, who reigned in his stead. The annals of Assurbanipal, translated by Mr. G. Smith, are not less interesting for their account of the Conquest of Egypt and the light they throw on a hitherto dark passage of Egyptian history. Conquered by the Assyrians and wrested from the Ethiopians, who advanced up the Valley of the Nile and subdued the weak, priestly sovereigns and their successors of the 23rd dynasty, the Assyrians divided the Kingdom of the Nile into 20 petty principalities, on the principle of divide and rule, so that a jealous rivalry should compel their Egyptian vassals to place their dependence on the support of the Court of Nineveh and its garrisons stationed in Egypt. Too weak to expel the enemy, a powerful party in Egypt intrigued with the Ethiopian Kings, and facilitated the conquest of Egypt by Sabaco. Shabatuk, and their successor Tirhakah, This last Ethiopin ejected the 20 princes, and Assurbanipal marched on Egypt, defeated Tirhakah near Memphis, regained the country, and restored the old princes, including Necho, the father of Psammetichus, the King of Memphis and Sais. Assurbanipal, indeed, was more warlike than his grandfather, Sennacherib, and the annals of Cylinder A show him constantly in the field contending with the Kings of Elam and Tyre, who only provisionally submitted to the Assyrian sway, and were ready to avail themselves of fortunate conjunctures to combine against him with other revolters, or positively abjure dependence on Assyria. Besides his foreign difficulties and internal revolts, Assurbanipal had to contend with domestic troubles. The revolt of his younger brother, Saulmugina, convulsed the Empire; he allied himself with the open enemies of Assyria and discontented dependents of Assurbanipal.

Rich in the annals of Assyria, the collections are poor in those of Babylon, and their discovery is a problem for the future. It is only those who have pursued a special path of study who can appreciate the difficulty of stringing the "Orient pearls" of Assyrian students flung at random into the transactions of learned societies, pages of magazines, and sheets of the daily journals. To the general inquirer the uncouth names which appear regulated by no one rule of transcription, and the appearance of quaint characters, more like gridirons than letters, is not more inviting than the chase after the real Nimrod or the exact Sardanapalus. The series which has just been started will obviate this unnecessary labour. It offers the results of 30 years of research, and presents to the eye, in an unadorned and useful form, translations otherwise found with difficulty, if not almost inaccessible. The effects of these Assyrian discoveries have not yet been generally realised, for while not a scratch remains of the age even of Solomon, and the peculiar habit of the Jews of burying and so destroying their ancient rolls has scarcely left a scrap of leather of the Hebrew version of the Scriptures older than the Norman conquest of England, the clay books of Assyria go up to 20 centuries before Christ, and are contemporary records of the period they describe. Nineteen centuries after Christ are brought face to face with 19 centuries before, and the middlemen of history are sent to the rear. The history of

Central Asia has to be reconstructed out of original sources, and a crucial test has to be applied to the contemporaneous histories of Judea and Israel. The same observations apply to philological exegesis. It is useless to discuss the origin of languages from the later Sanscrit, of which no monument or script is extant older than 400 B.C., or to speculate on the language of the Court of Nebuchadnezzar, when hundreds of inscriptions dated in his reign and made in Babylon remain. These questions cannot be solved by a complacent or safe repetition of the criticism of the last century, and it is vain to ignore those new truths which sooner or later must bring conviction to every inquiring mind, and influence more than is at present suspected the future tendency of religious thought. Difficulties which cannot be ignored may be explained, nor does it follow that Assyrian history was always right and other histories wrong, though the contemporary statement always must have its value. But as to philology, contemporary evidence is simply final and absolute.

Surely such words as these are full of interest to every thoughtful student, Masonic or otherwise, though we may be inclined to receive them with some little reserve.

We propose in our next number to give a review of the Egyptian records of the past, which are equally interesting.

The *Times* has indeed done a good service to biblical and archæological studies by calling attention to these "English translations from the Assyrian and Egyptian Monuments," published by Bagster and Sons, Paternoster Row, under the sanction of the Society of Biblical Archæology. We shall hope to give extracts from them in some future numbers of the Magazine.

An Omaha paper innocently says that night schools are the order of the day at that place.

"FABELLA EXOLETA REDIVIVA."

ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION,

SEEN AT STAR-CROSS, IN DEVONSHIRE, THE 23RD OF JULY, 1823.

"'Tis true, 'tis certain, man, though dead, retains
Part of himself; the immortal mind remains:
The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aerial semblance and an empty shade.

POPE.

I am perfectly aware of the predicament in which I am placing myself, when in the present age of incredulity, I venture to commit to paper, in all sincerity of fulness of conviction, a deliberate and circumstantial account of an apparition. Imposter and visionary, knave and fool, these are the alternate horns of the dilemma, on which I shall be tossed, with sneers of contempt, or smiles of derision; every delusion practised by fraud or credulity, from the Cock-lane ghost down to the Rev. Mr. Colton and the Stamford spectre, will be faithfully registered against me, and I shall be finally dismissed, according to the temperament of the reader, either with a petulant rebuke for attempting to impose such exploded superstition upon an enlightened public, or with a sober and friendly recommendation to get my head shaved, and to take myself to some place of safe custody with as little delay as may be. In the arrogance of my supposed wisdom, I should myself, only a few weeks ago, have probably adopted one of these courses towards any other similar delinquent, which will secure me from any splenetic feeling, however boisterous may be the mirth, or bitter the irony, with which I may be twitted and taunted for the following narration. I have no sinister purposes to answer, no particular creed to advocate, no theory to establish; and writing with the perfect conviction of truth, and the full possession of my faculties, I am determined not to suppress what I conscientiously believe to be facts, merely because they may militate against received opinions, or happen to be inconsistent with the ordinary course of human experience.

It may not be unimportant to remark, that so far from my being subject to the blue devils and vapours with which hypochondriacs and invalids are haunted, I possess that happy physical organization, which ensures almost uninterrupted health

of body and mind, and which in the elasticity and buoyancy of my spirit, renders the sensation of mere existence an enjoyment. Though I reside in the country winter has for me no gloom. Nature has prepared herself for its rigours, they are customary, and everything seems to harmonize with their infliction; but for the same reason that the solitude of a town is desolating and oppressive, while the loneliness of the country is soothing and grateful, I do feel the sadness of perpetual fogs and rains in July, although they excite no melancholy feeling at the season of their natural occurence. To see one's favourite flowers laying down their heads to die; one's plantations strewed with leaves not shaken off in the fulness of age, but beaten to earth in the bloom of youth; here a noble tree laid prostrate, and there a valuable field of corn lodged in the swampy soil, (which were familiar objects in July last), is sufficient to excite melancholy associations in the most cheerful temperament. Confessing that mine was not altogether proof against their influence, and leaving to the caviller and the sceptic the the full benefit of this admission, I proceed to a single statement of the fact which has elicited these preliminary observations.

Actuated by the disheartening dulness of the scene to which I have alluded, I had written to my friend, Mr. George Staples, of Exeter, requesting him to walk over some day and dine with me, as I well knew his presence was an instant antidote to mental depression; not so much from the possession of any wit or humour, as from his unaffected kindness and amiability, the exuberance of his animal spirits, the inexhaustible fund of his laughter, which was perpetually waiting for the smallest excuse to burst out of his heart, and the contagion of his hilarity, which had an instant faculty of communicating itself to others. On the day following the transmission of this letter, as I was sitting in an alcove to indulge my afternoon meditation, I found myself disturbed by what I imagined to be the ticking of my repeater; but recollecting that I had left it in the house, I discovered the noise proceeded from the little insect of inauspicious augury, the death-watch. Despising the puerile superstitions connected with this pulsation, I gave it no further notice, and proceeded towards the house, when, as I passed an umbrageous plantation, I was startled by a loud wailing shriek, and presently a screech-owl flew out immediately before me. It was the first time one of those ill-omened birds had ever crossed my path; I combined it with the *memento mori* I had just heard, although I blushed at my own weakness in thinking them worthy of an association. As I walked forward, I encountered my servant, who put a letter into my hands, which I observed to be sealed with black wax. It was from the clerk of my poor friend, informing me that he had been that morning struck by an apoplectic fit, which had occasioned his almost instantaneous death! The reader may spare the sneer that is flickering upon his features; I draw no inference whatever from the omens that preceded this intelligence; I am willing to consider them as curious coincidences, totally unconnected with the startling apparition which shortly afterwards assailed me.

Indifferent as to death myself, I am little affected by it in others. The doom is so inevitable; it is so doubtful whether the parties be not generally gainers by the change; it is so certain that we enter not at all into this calculation, but bewail our deprivation, whether of society, protection, or emolument, with a grief purely selfish, that I run no risk of placing myself in the predicament of the inconsolable widow, who was reproached by Franklin with not having yet forgiven God Almighty. Still, however, there was something so awful in the manner of my friend's death, the hilarity I had anticipated from his presence formed so appalling a contrast with his actual condition, that my mind naturally sunk into a mood of deep sadness and solemnity. Reaching the house in this frame of thought, I closed the library window shutters as I passed, and entering the room by a glass door, seated myself in a chair that fronted the garden. Scarcely a minute had elapsed when I was thrilled by the strange wailful howl of my favourite spaniel, who had followed me into the apartment, and came trembling and crouching to my feet, occasionally turning his eyes to the back of his chamber, and again instantly reverting them with every demonstration of terror and agony: mine instinctively took the same direction, when, notwithstanding the dimness of the light, I plainly and indisputably recognized the

apparition of my friend sitting motionless in the great arm chair!! It is easy to be courageous in theory, but difficult to be bold in practice, when the mind has time to collect its energies; but, taken as I was by surprise, I confess that astonishment and terror so far mastered all my faculties, that, without daring to cast a second glance towards the vision, I walked rapidly back into the garden, followed by the dog, who still testified the same agitation and alarm.

Here I had leisure to recover from my first perturbation, and, as my thoughts rallied, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I had been deluded by some conjuration of the mind, or some spectral deception of the visual organ. But in either case, how account for the terror of the dog? *He* could neither be influenced by superstition, nor could his unerring sight betray him into groundless alarm; yet it was incontestible that we had both been appalled by the same object. Soon recovering my natural fortitude of spirit, I resolved, whatever might be the consequences, to return and address the apparition. I even began to fear it might have vanished; for Glanville, who has written largely on ghosts, expressly says,—"that it is a very hard and painful thing for them to force their thin and tenuous bodies into a visible consistence; that their bodies must need be exceedingly compressed, and that therefore they must be in haste to be delivered from their unnatural pressure." I returned, therefore, with some rapidity towards the library; and although the dog stood immovably still at some distance, in spite of my solicitations, and kept earnestly gazing upon me, as if in apprehension of an approaching catastrophe, I proceeded onward, and turned back the shutters which I had closed, determined not to be imposed upon by any dubiousness of the light. Thus fortified against deception, I re-entered the room with a firm step, and there, in the full glare of day, did I again clearly and vividly behold the identical apparation, sitting in the same posture as before, and having its eyes closed!!

My heart somewhat failed me under this sensible confirmation of the vision; but, summoning all my courage, I walked up to the chair, exclaiming with a desperate energy—"in the name of heaven and of all its angels, what dost thou seek here?"—when the figure, slowly rising up, opening its eyes, and stretching out its arms, replied—"A leg of mutton and caper sauce, with a bottle of prime old port, for such is the dinner you promised me." "Good heavens," I ejaculated, "what can this mean? are you not really dead?" "No more than you are," replied the figure; "some open-mouthed fool told my clerk that I was, and he instantly wrote to tell you of it; but it was my namesake, George Staples of Castle-street, not me, nor even one of my relations. So let us have dinner as soon as you please, for I am as hungry as a hunter."

The promised dinner being soon upon the table, my friend informed me, in the intervals of his ever-ready laughter, that as soon as he had undeceived his clerk, he walked over to Star Cross to do me the same favour; that he had fallen asleep in the arm chair while waiting my return from the grounds; and as to the dog, he reminded me that he had severely punished him at his last visit for killing a chicken, which explained his terror and his crouching to me for protection, when he recognised his chastiser.

SMITH.

SHADOWS.

Around our earthly pathway 'midst the hours which depart,
Through all the disappointments and sorrows of the heart,
With every fading happiness, and every fleeting year,
The Shadows of our life-time long linger with us here.

They fall upon our being, they hover o'er our way,
They visit us by night, and they company us by day,
They throw a mist or gloominess on all around us now,
Upon the stalwart presence, and on the placid brow.

Amid each gleam of sunshine, amid each hour of ease,
As well in fears that daunt us, as well in joys that please,
Those Shadows still are hovering, we find them everywhere,
Both in our happiest moments, as in those most depressed by care.

E'en youth in all its glowing hours, and scene fresh and fair,
Amid its hopes so precious, amid its gifts so rare,
Still finds those shadows falling upon its opening life,
Shadows of toil and trouble, of weariness and strife.

Maturer hours have come to us in all their strength and pride,
And we are marching on our way with true comrades at our side,

And yet they fall upon us, those shadows with their spell,
Alike on friends and future, the home we love so well.

Old age is ours with waning strength, and feebleness and fear,
Ours is but the memory of many a bygone year
And yet those shadows still confront our worn and weary way,
As we mind us of some parted hours, and many an ancient day.

From childhood's cradle to the dregs of impotent old age,
Through every change, and every chance of life's allotted page,
Those shadows rest upon each dwelling, and colour every scene,
Where human footsteps aye have stroll'd, where human hearts have been.

Mysterious law of mortals, which whispers to us still,
'Mid every joy and sorrow, 'mid every good and ill
"There has fallen on your haughty race this all unchanging doom,
Which turns your laughter into sobbing, your brightness into gloom?"

And must it always thus be so? Oh, will it never end?
Is there no brighter hour in store for us, O kindly friend?
Must all we love, the dearest here be doom'd to pass away?
Must all that's fairest and that's truest refuse with us to stay?

Must shadows ever float above the pathway of our feet?
Shall we never see a cloudless sky, or yon fair horizon greet,
Beyond whose shining line of light appear in roseate glow,
A fairer land and a happier home than are ours here below?

Oh yes, my friend, believe me, whatever others say,
Believe that there shall dawn for man a brighter, purer day,
When the shadows all have vanished, and the dark clouds are no more,
For all is bright and radiant upon that fragrant shore.

No more shall mists or shadows dim any more our road,
Which leads thro' the everlasting hills, to that all-blest abode,
Where our pilgrimage is ended, where sorrow is unknown,
Where grief and separation have both for ever flown!

Where the weary and the wanderer have found their long-sought rest,
Which ushers in the faithful pilgrim to the refuge of the blest,
Where the friends of youth, the friends of prime have met in peace at last,
And the hilly road is travers'd safely, the wilderness is past.

Yes, the darkling clouds are lifting, the shadows disappear,
Farewell to faithless sadness, farewell to doubt and fear!
For no longer tired or troubled, or erring or alone,
We stand in exultation before God's eternal throne.

A. F. A. W.

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF FREEMASONRY?

(Continued from page 128.)

Each Lodge meets several times a year, and in London the Members usually dine or sup together at the conclusion of their "work." The Master, the Past Masters, and the two Wardens, are all members of the Masonic Parliament; in this way every Freemason has directly or indirectly a voice in the government of the Order. Each Past Master has been Master of a Lodge for twelve months, and both Master and Wardens are elected by their fellows. The Masonic parliament meets four times a year, and is called Grand Lodge. Its debates are held in the really magnificent temple, Great Queen Street, London, which has just been rebuilt under the auspices of the grand superintendent of works, Brother Frederick Cockerell, and is the property of the Craft. It is presided over by a Grand Master, who is nominally elected every year, but who is eligible for re-election, and who is, as some masons think, unwisely, virtually appointed for life. Once in every year, some one is proposed and seconded as a fit and proper person to fill the position of Grand Master, and the votes of those assembled in Grand Lodge are taken. The present Grand Master of English Freemasons, the Earl of Zetland,* who succeeded the late Duke of Sussex, is so widely and deservedly popular, that he has held this position for more than twenty years. The propriety of limiting the Grand Master's eligibility for office, and electing him for four or six years, and no longer, is a point upon which there is considerable difference of opinion, and one which it is unnecessary to do more than allude to here. The Grand Master is aided by a council, and supported by Grand Officers, who may be termed the upper house of the Masonic Parliament. These dignitaries are appointed by the Grand Master, hold office for a year, have past rank, and wear distinguished insignia for life. All questions of Masonic law—and problems affecting these are of constant

* This article was written in 1866. Our recent Grand Master is the Marquess of Ripon, whose services to the Craft have been many, and whose high qualities of head and heart are well-known.—Ed.

occurrence—and, despite their brotherly love, even Masons occasionally quarrel—can be brought before Grand Lodge as the final authority. Committees of its members sit regularly to adjudicate and present periodical reports, advise on the bestowal of money gifts to necessitous Brethren, and on the answers to be given to those asking for interference or advice. The time devoted to the subject, by those who take a leading part in these councils; the patient, unwearying attention given to minute and frequently tedious details; the constant sacrifice of private interests to the common good; and the careful and laborious discussion which precedes every decision—all this would astonish those who regard Freemasonry as a mere plea for conviviality—It is a simple fact that busy professional men habitually devote a considerable portion of the time to business drudgery; that boards and committees meet to debate and divide; that in no case is remuneration or reward looked for. This voluntary self-absorption is not the least striking part of Freemasonry, for, at the meetings I speak of, neither convivial pleasures nor indirect personal advantage can be hoped for. It is sheer, dogged hard work, performed gratuitously and cheerfully by men upon whom the rules and precepts I have hinted at have made full impression. Let it be borne in mind that ten thousand initiations took place last year; that the income of the Craft exceeds that of many a principality; that its members subscribe to their three charitable institutions—the Freemasons Girls' School, the Freemasons Boys' School, and the Asylum for Aged Freemasons and their Widows*—some twenty thousand pounds annually; that the cares of administration and distribution devolve upon the busy men forming the committees and sub-committees named; and it will be readily seen that, apart from its "secrets" this time-honored Institution has worked, and is working, substantial and undeniable good. Its hold on earnest members is the best proof I can advance of the reality of its tie.

But it is time you saw one of the institutions we are so proud of. Let us take a railway ticket from either Waterloo or Victoria station, and after a twenty minutes' run, alight at Clapham Junction. A few minutes' bewilderment in the dreary, subterranean caverns of that mighty maze; a few abortive ascents up steps which are so ingeniously placed at the sides of the tubular dungeon we traverse, as to lure us upon wrong platforms, whence we are sent below again ignominiously; a short game at question and answer with the old crone selling oranges at the corner; and, crossing another railway bridge, we are in front of a spacious red brick building, on the lofty tower of which, besides the clock, are a pair of compasses and a blazing sun. We will not stop to talk further about symbols now. After admiring the spacious, well-kept garden of this place, and enjoying the sweet scents rising up from every flower bed, we make for the front door, when the sharp click of a croquet-mallet reaches us from the right, and turning a corner, we come upon a thoroughly happy party. Some twenty girls, from twelve to fifteen years old, are laughing merrily at the vigour with which one of their number has just sent the ball rattling through the little croquet-hoops. The healthy, happy, laughing group framed in by foliage, and relieved by the bright green of the velvety turf upon which they play; the frankly modest confidence with which we, as strangers, are received; the courteous offer to accompany us round the grounds and the house; the revelation that, this is the matron's birthday, everyone is making merry in her honour—are all a capital commentary upon the Masonic virtues I have vaunted. Next, we learn that some ladies and gentlemen are playing in another portion of the grounds, and in a few paces we are in their midst, being welcomed by house-committee men; are hearing that our chance visit has happened on a red-letter day, and that other Brethren are expected down. The speaker is an exalted Mason who has five capital letters after his name, and, as I have never seen him out of Masonic costume before, it does not seem quite natural that he should play croquet without his apron and decorations. This gentleman (who will, I am sure, accept this kindly-meant remembrance in the spirit dictating it) is so pleasantly paternal, his exuberant playfulness and affectionate interest in the games played, and in the pretty little players, is so prominent, that we soon forget his grander attributes, and settle down

* The Order has raised this year for the three Charities over £21,000 at the Annual Festivals.

to a quiet chat on the discipline and rules of the establishment. This is the Freemasons Girls' School. It clothes, educates, and thoroughly provides for, one hundred and three girls,* who must be daughters of Freemasons, between eight and sixteen years of age, and who are elected by the votes of its subscribers. The comforts of its internal arrangements, its spotless cleanliness, the healthiness of its site, the judicious training and considerate kindness of its matron and governesses, the themes we descant upon at length; the rosy faces and unrestrained laughter of the children bearing forcible testimony to us. The committee of management visit this school frequently and regularly, and their deliberations generally terminate in a romp with the school-girls. The little gardens, some with paper notices pinned to the shrubs, with: "Please do not come too near, as we have sown seed near the border"—Signed 28 and 22, written in pencil in a girlish hand; the healthy, cleanly dormitories; the light and airy glass-covered exercise-hall, where the young people drill and dance; the matron's private sanctum, which is like a fancy fair to-day in the extent and variety of gay birthday presents laid out; the tea-room where we all have jam in honour of the matron's nativity; the board-room, hung with the portraits of Grand Masters and Masonic benefactors, and which is placed at our disposal that we may enjoy a quiet chat with the two dear little girls in whom we have a special interest, are all visited in turn. Then a procession is formed, and "We love Miss Smoothewig dearly," and "So say all of us!" are sung, while Brother Buss, P.M., and P.Z., who has just come in, and Brother Putt, G.A.D.C., and his fellow house-committee-man, who has already welcomed us, beat time joyously to the good old "jolly good fellow" tune. This song is a little surprise prepared every year for the birthdays of governesses and matron, and the amiable assumption of delight at an unexpected novelty which beams from the latter's kindly face when the well-worn tune is sung, is not the least pleasant incident of the day.

The Freemasons *Boys' School* is at Woodlane, Tottenham, and in it from eighty to a hundred sons* of Freemasons are clothed, educated and provided for with similar comfort and completeness. The institution for the relief of aged Freemasons and their Widows, though neither so wealthy nor so liberal as the other two, provides an asylum for and grants annuities to the old and infirm.

These are some of the secrets of Freemasonry. The coffins in which, as many of my friends firmly believe, we immure young and tender candidates; the painful brandings which make sitting down impossible; the raw heads, red-hot pokers, and gory bones with which we heighten the awe-someness of our dreadful oaths; the wild revels and orgies which some ladies believe in, must be left in obscurity. Having shown the fair fruits of Masonry, I must leave you to form your unaided judgment of the tree which brings them forth. Besides, I dare not reveal more. The learned author of many volumes of Masonic lore has stated his firm conviction that Adam was a Freemason, and that the Order and its accompanying blessings extend to other worlds than this. I offer no opinion on any such highly imaginative hypothesis, but confine myself to the stout assertion that Freemasons have a tie which is unknown to the outer world, and that their Institution is carefully adapted to the needs, hopes, fears, weaknesses and aspirations of human nature. That it has unworthy members is no more an argument against the Order, than the bitter sectarianism of the Rev. Pitt Howler, and the fierce uncharitableness of Mrs. Backbite, are arguments against Christianity.—*All the Year Round*, July 14, 1866.

* At the present time 150 orphan daughters of Freemasons are educated in a happy home.

* Now, 176 Orphans are educated in that admirable Institution.

Mrs. Colt makes it a point, rain or shine, to take a walk through her pistol factory twice a week. The promenade is healthful and consolatory, especially when peoples are at logger-heads and want weapons.

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

Our Archæological Corner.

A correspondent of the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, says:

"Within the past few days I have been informed of a remarkable spectacle that was witnessed on midsummer's morning at Stonehenge. I am not aware that in any work on these megalithic circles is reference made, however remotely, to what I am now about to mention. On the morning in question a party of Americans, who had left London for the purpose, visited Stonehenge for the purpose of witnessing the effects of the sunrise on this particular morning. They were not a little surprised to find that, instead of having the field all to themselves, as they had expected, a number of people from all parts of the countryside, principally belonging to the poorer classes, were already assembled on the spot. Inquiries failed to elicit any intelligible reason for this extraordinary early turnout of the population, except this: that a tradition which had trickled down through any number of generations told them that at Stonehenge something unusual was to be seen at sunrise on the morning of the Summer solstice. This piece of rustic information put my informant, who is of an antiquarian turn of mind, on the *qui vive*.

"Stonehenge may roughly be described as composing seven-eighths of a circle, from the open ends of which there runs eastward an avenue having huge upright stones on either side. At some distance beyond this avenue, but in a direct line with its centre, stands one solitary stone in a sloping position, in front of which, but at a considerable distance, is an eminence or hill. The point of observation chosen by the excursion party was the stone table or altar near the head of and within the circle directly looking down the avenue. The morning was unfavourable, but fortunately just as the sun was beginning to appear over the top of the hill, the mists disappeared, and then for a few moments the onlookers stood amazed at the phenomenon presented to view. While it lasted, the sun, like an immense ball, appeared actually to rest on the isolated stone of which mention has been made, or to quote the quaint though prosaic description of one present, 'it is like a huge pudding placed on the top of the stone.' Another very important fact mentioned by an elderly gentleman who had resided for many years in the neighbourhood, was that on the setting sun at the Winter solstice a similar phenomenon was observable in the direction of certain other stones to the westward. Here, then, is the very remarkable fact that the axis of the avenue of Stonehenge accurately coincides with the sun's rising at the Summer solstice, and that another line laid down in the arrangement of the stones coincides with the setting sun at the Winter solstice. Unless it is conceivable that this nice orientation is the result of chance—which would be hard to believe—the inference is justifiable that the builders of Stonehenge and other rude stone monuments of a like description had a special design or object in view in erecting these cromlechs or circles, or whatever the name antiquarians may give them, and that they are really the manifestations of the Baalistic or sun-worship professed by the early inhabitants of Great Britain, a species of idolatry at one time also universal in Ireland, and to which the round towers of that country amply testify. This, of course, is returning to the opinion originally entertained as to the use and purposes of these early and widely-scattered monuments, and is at total variance with the opinion of so great an authority as Mr. James Ferguson, who, in his work entitled 'Rude Stone Monuments in All Countries and Ages,' disposes alike of the geologic-antiquarian theory which considers these stone monuments as an evidence of the progressive development of man from primeval savagedom, as well as that which ascribed their origin to the Druids, whose temples they were supposed to be. If, according to Mr. Ferguson, they were the hastily-erected trophies of victories, and set up by the people who lived in the very darkest epoch of our history—viz.: from 400 A.D. to 900 A.D.—not the least extraordinary characteristic, then, which Stonehenge possesses is the marvelous precision of its orientation. One cannot help wondering how, under such circumstances, this would have happened."

New York Dispatch.

Young ladies are so economical—they never throw away a good match?

ORATION BY M.W. GRAND MASTER VAN SLYCK, OF RHODE ISLAND.

America, St. John's Day, 1874.

(*Concluded from page* 118.)

Passing rapidly down to the mediæval period, after the power of Rome had compassed the conquest and re-organization of its Western Empire, and its arts and laws had entered into the civilization of Europe, we find the sentiment of fraternity seeking its external expression in the bands of builders, in whom the sentiment of the *paternity*, or religion, was more closely intertwined with the former, than in their Roman predecessors. Yet with them, the idea of building, or of doing—the arts of construction, the theory of working for the general prosperity, the advancement of society in its material interests was still inseparably connected with, as it was outwardly manifested in, the worship of the Divinity and the yearnings of brotherhood. They laid their skilful hands upon the lofty turret and spacious dome, fit shrines for God's glory and worship, but they withheld not the hand of melting charity in a Brother's need.

We may not pause to consider at length, how the brotherhood of English mediæval builders organized itself at York, into that special society from which the distinctive system of modern Masonry has been resolved, or how from the morning twi light of the race, that which was at first an *instinct*, then a *sentiment*, ascended at last, in the expansion of human nature, to the unimagined heights of an Institution limited only by the necessities of mankind. Yet at every point of history and under every sky and climate, we shall discover that the work has been a progressive one.

The first and simplest notions of mutual recognition and protection answered the needs of the rude forms of society and the primitive habits of life. They were soon extended to meet the larger needs of men gradually enlightened by education and experience. As the light of science began to dawn and the arts of life to be unfolded into shapes of beauty and symmetry, the *builders* of the world would add to their pre-existing bonds of association, the revelations of scientific truth, the speculations of philosophy and the cultivation of the spirit as well as the forms of art. Upon the reverential and protective foundation of Masonry, would be raised a structure of art, of philosophy, of history, literature and poetry, which would vindicate its claim to be ever linked with the progress of its kind and with every advance in human condition. It would thus draw to itself the richest symbolism of the world around it, and incorporate into its ceremonies and instructions the exuberant stores of nature and the choicest wealth of the spheres of intellect and of art. As men looked into the arcana of the earth or into the closets of the human soul, they found *mystery* written alike upon the processes of matter and of mind. The clearest perceptions of science were not sufficient to unravel the subtle threads by which even the atoms of matter are held together. The stupendous evolutions and combinations by which the different geological periods reveal the forces of nature were seen, as they are now seen, only as results, for no man could fathom or comprehend the processes. The subtle operations of chemistry, under which there seems to be no limitation to those transmutations and capabilities of matter which are bent to human uses, could be detected and followed by no alembic or instrumentality of comprehension. The laws and workings of the mind itself could only be faintly and imperfectly traced. Silence and secresy was thus written, as by an inexorable decree, upon the highest works of nature and upon the human soul. The whirlwind, the thunder and the tempest were but the noisy demonstrations of a temporary disarrangement of forces, visible and sometimes perhaps sufficiently understood ; but who could look into that silent but mighty chemistry, whose processes transmute the common dust into the glittering diamond—who could comprehend the still and subtle forces by which from the rudest earth, is evolved even the simplest flower? "The secret things belong to God." It was thus in accordance

with their constant experience and the analogies of nature, that those who had bound themselves in the underlying and original bands of brotherhood, should for the perfection of their existence as a scientific or philosophic society, invest or surround themselves with *secresy*, as at once a necessity and a charm. The circle of their association was to be a mystic circle within which only those worthy of the brotherhood could find that instruction in its arts and sciences, by which alone its true ends could be pursued. The knowledge of it should be hid from the common gaze, until mankind at large should make a title to whatever of good it possessed. The secret band, while it attracted the attention and desires of the profane towards the society, added strength and compactness to the union of the Brethren.

But the great brotherhood, now rejoicing in a scheme or system of science and government, in which its essential elements or ideas had found adequate expression, and held under imposing *forms* of union, could not content itself with *these* alone. It must propound the *independence* of man over the absolute control of both governments and creeds, and find room for the assertion of the individual soul. It could not yield in its political or religious life, to the tyranny of mere numbers, nor assent to the domination of a single will. It gave itself to the reasonable demands of country, and was true to King or government, but it thought for *itself*. Large and generous in its own toleration, it could not endure the intolerance of creed or doctrine, whether in Church or state. It worshipped God according to its own needs and perceptions of duty and held a Brother's right to do the same, with equal and unfailing jealousy. Doubtless from very early periods in the social life, men have been associated and held together for the prosecution of some common interests, but a close scrutiny will discover that these interests have been either strictly selfish, temporary or limited in scope and have not been founded upon that exalted sentiment of the *fatherhood* and the *brotherhood* which is the subject of our contemplation. Political leagues and societies have been established for the propagation of a dogma or policy—have been confined to the men of a particular era, country or party, and have excluded from their rank all men of other countries or opinions. Associations and churches built upon doctrines and creeds have, naturally and necessarily, been restricted to the firm and unhesitating believers in a special faith. However zealous may be the sectary in the interest of a Brother, his zeal is awakened largely for the propagation of the dogma which first prompted their union. The Protestant's sense of brotherhood is hardly sufficiently large and comprehensive *per se*, to enable him to take fully to his heart, his brother of the Roman Catholic faith, although he may wish him well—nor can he who holds to the rigours of the decrees and the enthroned and immutable justice of Heaven as his dominant creed, find full fellowship with him of the milder and more liberal doctrines. The simple truth is, that the creed is narrowed to the prosecution of its distinctive ends and aims, which do not and cannot comprehend and embrace man in the largest relations and possibilities of manhood. The boast of Masonry, in theory, at least, (and God grant that the practice may never fail) is, that it asserts its love and its charity to *man as man*, in spite of all differences of political, religious or social opinions. So long as a Brother loves and serves his country and owns the common Father, he cannot differ so widely as to policies, dogmas or creeds, that the all-embracing garment of fraternal love will not unfold him. It is no disparagement therefore, to churches, parties or creeds, which have their peculiar titles to human regard and utilities which subverse human interests, to say that they rest upon a narrower basis than that grand and comprehensive foundation which is laid for all races and enfolds all diversities, so that man, in his relation to his church or creed, must live a closer and more restricted life, than in that wide relation which seeks and finds fraternity in the more sweeping circle of a common manhood.

It has been well observed by a modern writer, that "the differences which deeply divide good people from each other's fellowship will never be got over by *mere* toleration. They must advance towards each other so as to see more clearly wherein they agree; must advance, not merely along the road of intellect, but by the path

of the heart; not merely to compare notes about doctrines, to lock horns of controversy and to push for the victory; but that they may see each other's moral features, discover each other's principles, and thus recognize the deep-seated family likeness, the unity of the spirit." He might well have added, that, in the conduct of nearly all associated bodies of men, the clear lesson of history is, that mere toleration easily lapses into intolerance where authority sits at the helm, or is the governing hand. The toleration of *brotherhood*, is a larger, warmer, kindlier spirit, which as gladly recognizes the right to differ as the right to agree.

Assailed, as the society of Freemasons has often been, by different organizations of sectarianism, it has never failed in its high allegiance to the religious *principle* enthroned above all sects and creeds. If religion be the tie which binds man to God, Masonry binds him with equal force of obligation to his *Brother*, and whatever may be the claim of the sectary through his dogma, doubtless to the true Mason, that is the noblest form or outgrowth of the religious element, in which work and worship accord, and where reverence for the eternal, uncreated Father is most certainly manifested in love and devotion to the created Son and Brother.

The instincts of the poets here teach us the lesson which the Scriptures so fully confirm. In the rigours of a winter night the lyre of Robert Burns rings out clearly,

> "The heart, benevolent and kind,
> The most resembles God."

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

"And the King shall answer and say unto them, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my *Brethren*, ye have done it unto me.'"

Freemasonry will never consent to the abrogation of the religious principle, which from the earliest days, has proceeded in the march of mankind, on parallel lines with its other sentiment of brotherhood, even though the special guardians of the former may assume its control and guidance in the beliefs and affairs of men. More than tolerant of all creeds, though wedded to none, Masonry will sustain what is good in all, for the life of the State, not less than of the church, in spite of the open attack of the secret intrigue of sectary or zealot.

In this necessarily hasty and imperfect sketch, which is in no sense an exposition of the beginnings and growth of the principle of Freemasonry, I shall have failed in my purpose, if I have not satisfied you, that the real claim of our now ancient Institution to the clear recognition of mankind, rests not indeed upon the consideration that all essentially good Masons are to be found within its ranks; or that many essentially bad men are not often in its fold—nor because the sentiment of universal brotherhood has not been asserted and fostered by other men and in other social organizations—but because with *us*, it has been most truly maintained and conserved —because *here*, as the great underlying principle of our foundation, its base has been broader and deeper—because its outgrowth has stretched to the embrace of all mankind—because its reach of all human interests has been wider and more comprehensive—because the breath of its life has been drawn from an ampler atmosphere and from "the heart's diviner regions."

The growth and progress of the Masonic principle and its domination in the affairs of men, may thus perhaps lead the philosophic mind to the anticipation of that day's dawning, when in the fulness of time, and in the ripeness of man's perfection through a complete education and development, it shall enfold within its arms of love, the whole family of the Father's household—a universal Lodge—"one fold and one shepherd."

It may thus be seen to what extent Masonry is independent of its mere surroundings, and how, at various periods of its history, it may have assumed different modes of expression or organization, without detriment to its essential *idea*. Instituted for the sustenance of the soul in its immortal longings, not less than for lower human needs, and "vital in every part," it will adapt itself from time to time, to any forms which may best demonstrate its every living principle.

Most Worshipful Grand Master, Our temple, built upon the old and imperishable foundations and rich with the garnered

treasures of all generations, stands proudly to-day, alike in the strength of its base and the beauty of its superstructure.

Nowhere more than in your own favoured community, have the principles or the policies of our Fraternity, received a brighter or truer illustration. It is for you to guard with viligance what the past has secured; to administer wisely and well the solemn trust which has descended to you from your Masonic predecessors. The State which holds the sacred dust of Webb, Carlile and Salsbury, of the Wilkinsons, the Atwells, and their compeers of an earlier day, and before whose eyes have passed and are now passing the enlightened and unwearied labours of Brethren like Doyle, your presiding Grand Master and his official associates, surely cannot fail in its most constant endeavours to guard, preserve and transmit to the future, what Brethren like these have so nobly won. And thus through you, and your trusty allies of all jurisdictions, may this grand Fraternity continue its beneficent work for mankind, with a purer Faith, a loftier Hope and a sweeter Charity,' till the last flash of the expiring sun!

THE PRESENT INFLUENCE AND FUTURE MISSION OF MASONRY.

BY BRO. I. N. DOLPH.

We live in an eventful period of the world's history. It sometimes seems that not only is the age of intolerance passing away, and the dawn of that age foretold by prophecy, when the nations of the earth shall blend in one common brotherhood, is upon us, but that through the vista of the near future we may behold the glory of the promised millennium.

Great events pass in swift succession. Nations are born in a day. Revolutions hasten on the march of civil and religious liberty. Science lays hold of and subjugates the forces of nature. The whole foundations of the past are shaken. "The world moves, and we as an Order move with it."

To hesitate is to be left with the irresistible progress of events.

As I have said, among the human agencies which have contributed to bring about this change in the condition of the world, the institution of Freemasonry stands preeminently at the head, both for age and influence; and yet it is but the dawn of the better age that is upon us. Even from the mountain tops of the highest civilisation, with the vision of faith, the first rays of the unrisen sun of the millennial day are but seen above the horizon. Selfishness is still the rule, and benevolence the exception. The work of our Order is but commenced—"A mighty work is laid upon us, and it is still unfinished." What are the lessons of the hour for Masonry? Evidently to bring the Fraternity up to a higher standard of excellence.

Our Order needs no innovations upon the ancient landmarks, no changes or improvements of its morals or dogmas. They inculcate only those moral sentiments that can never be behind the civilisation of the age. The doctrines of Masonry are eternal truths, as unchangeable as their Author. But we do not need to labour to make our Order all in practice that it is in theory; to comprehend the true spirit of its teachings; to bring every true member of the Craft up to the full stature of a perfect Mason. No carelessness or unskilfulness is excusable in the work upon which we labour. As our operative brethren wrought upon Solomon's Temple with such skill that every stone and timber, although prepared in the mountains and quarried, fitted with exact nicety in the place for which it was designed, so should speculative Masons select with care and prepare with corresponding skill the living stones for the symbolic temple of Masonry.

The rough ashlar from the quarry should be rigidly and impartially tested, and unless found to possess all the internal and external qualities required by the laws of Masonry, should be at once rejected. Perhaps there is more danger to the Craft in overlooking the moral qualifications required of a candidate for Masonry than any other. The first and most important of these qualifications is a "belief in God."

Masonry does not claim for itself a divine origin. It does not claim to be a religious institution in any strict sense, but it recognises the existence of a Supreme Ruler of the universe, and makes a belief

in Him a moral and religious test of admission into its lodges. It teaches morality, friendship, brotherly love, "faith in God, hope in immortality, and charity to all," but it does not assume to usurp the prerogative of the Church or the offices of the Ministry. It has no sympathy with that spirit that opposes or ridicules the Church, or seeks to exalt any society or system of philanthropy above religion.

Our laws contemplate that no Atheist, either practical or speculative, should ever cross the threshold of a lodge. While our Order can hold no affiliation with sects, and while we accord to every man, of whatever creed, freedom of opinion, Masonic toleration can go no further. That man is not fit material for a Masonic edifice who denies the existence of God, of a personal God, who created all things, and who reigns the Sovereign Ruler of all created things. It is impossible for such a man to become a true Mason, because he would not be bound by moral obligations, or subject to moral restraints. The Fraternity would have no adequate guarantee that he would keep the moral law, or perform the obligation or duties assumed by Masons. The great incentive to rectitude would be lacking, moral principle wanting, and his conduct dictated by convenience, self-interest, passion, prejudice, or fear. His attachment to the Order would be a pretence; his participation in its work a form, and his daily life a reproach upon the Order. Such a man would lack the true incentive to efforts to promote the common good or general happiness, and would be unworthy of the confidence of his brethren, without which there could be no true union, no real fraternity.

The true Mason is taught to reverence God and to look upon the duties enjoined upon him by Masonry as such, because they are enjoined by His revealed will, or are plainly in accord with His moral Government. He is taught that neither convenience, pleasure, self-interest, passion, or prejudice is to swerve him from the path of duty. Masonry thus becomes a mighty power for the improvement of the human race. It aggregates the influence, contributions, and labours of its numerous votaries in systematic efforts to teach the world the great lessons of charity, spread the light of knowledge, and in short to bring mankind up to that position of social excellence demanded by the purest morality. "It wields the great moral forces of Faith, Hope, and Charity for the regeneration of the race." Another no less important qualification for a candidate for Masonry is a belief in the immortality of the soul. Without this belief the moral law would possess no adequate sanction, and the most beautiful allegories and symbols of our Order would be meaningless. Masonry writes over her portals not the infidel motto, placed over the entrance to the cemeteries of France during the Revolution, "Death is an eternal sleep;" but the motto of Masonry is, "The soul is immortal." She consigns the mortal part of a deceased brother to the grave, but plants there the emblem of immortality, in faith that that which "is sown in corruption" will be "raised in corruption," and that the soul, the immortal part, will shine forth a living stone in that temple "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." But not only must a candidate for Masonry believe in the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, but every candidate for admission into the Fraternity must be obedient to the moral law; not simply to the decalogue, but to that law of good and evil inscribed upon man's conscience by the Creator—a rule alike binding upon every man by divine authority, and of universal obligation among all nations, tongues, and creeds. Masonry has been well defined to be the "universal morality which is suited to the inhabitants of every clime, to the men of every creed."

The Masonic standard of morality is as comprehensive as "the eternal immutable law of good and evil which the Creator himself in all his dispensations conforms." It is the law of which an eminent jurist says:—"This law of nature being coeval with mankind, and dictated by God Himself, is, of course, superior in obligation to any other. It is binding over the globe, in all countries and at all times. No human laws are of any validity if contrary to this, and such of them as are valid derive their force and their authority mediately and immediately from this original."

It is scarcely possible but that with the utmost care some unworthy persons should be admitted into the Order. Actual moral purity or fitness, as contradistinguished from character or reputation, like

the internal qualifications, can only be discovered by the statements of the candidate himself, and therefore human wisdom can provide no adequate safeguards from imposition. But that lodge is inexcusable which receives material not possessing the external moral qualifications required by Masonic laws.

No question of convenience, no ties of friendship, no fear of offence, no desire to advance the pecuniary interests of a lodge, should ever induce a lodge to overlook a lack of the moral qualifications of a candidate. A disregard of the physical, intellectual, and political qualifications would be no greater an innovation upon the landmarks, constitution, or laws of the Order, and would be far less dangerous in its results.

With such a comprehensive standard of morality, it is idle to attempt to specify what are Masonic offences; as we have seen, they include not only all violations of the laws of human society, but all infraction of the universal law of good and evil, which reason and the enlightened sentiment of the age discovers.

Thus it is that while the Masonic standard of morality is unchangeable, being no less than that fixed by the Grand Master of the Universe Himself, the reason and intelligence of one age may nevertheless discover and condemn that as an offence against the law which may have been tolerated in another. But in the present awakened state of public sentiment I feel more than justified in mentioning one Masonic offence which I fear more than any other calls for Masonic discipline in some of our lodges, and which if tolerated in any degree cannot fail to lessen the efficiency of our Order, if not to threaten its perpetuity. I refer to the Masonic offence of intemperance. As temperance is one of the cardinal virtues of Masonry, so intemperance, of necessity, is one of the worst of Masonic offences. It is so because it is the fountain from which flows corruption, and the source from which crime receives its inspiration; because, while Masonry labours for the elevation of man, the improvement of his physical, mental, and moral condition, and is engaged in practical charity—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, burying the dead, and educating the orphan—intemperance degrades man, destroys the physical, intellectual, and moral qualifications, without which a man can never cross the threshold of a lodge—impoverishes and ruins its votaries, makes widows and orphans, blasts the drunkard's hope for the future, and entails disgrace upon his posterity. This is a question upon which the voice of Masonry, of true philanthropy, of morality, and of the enlightened sentiment of the age, give no uncertain sound. Consistency, duty, the perpetuity of our institutions, the law of self-preservation, the spirit of our teachings, and the laws of our Order require that "the outer door of our temple be more guarded, and the inner temple purged, if need be," from this vice.

But to bring the Order up to a higher standard of Masonic excellence it is not only necessary to be more exacting in our tests of fitness of candidates, but if, when the working tools are applied to the rough ashlar, it is found wholly unfit for a place in the symbolic temple of Masonry, the "*strength*," "*beauty*," "*harmony*," and stability of the temple demand that it should be cast without the outer wall.

The material with which we as Masons build is prepared material; the walls of the temple we build should never be marred with unsightly stones. Cyclopean, Phœnician, and rubble masonry are unknown in speculative Masonry. As operative Masons hew to the plumb-line, so in speculative Masonry should the gavel of instruction and discipline be applied until the minds and consciences of its votaries are fitted as living stones for the Masonic edifice. It is better that the growth of the Order should be slow and healthful; built to the plumb-line of the original landmarks and the square of the constitutions and laws of the Order, than that a more rapid and less healthy growth should be secured by innovations upon our established usages, or a relaxation of Masonic discipline.

In conclusion, brethren, while we contemplate with pride the past history of our Order, and claim for it so large a share in the civilisation of the world and in the development of the philanthropic institutions of the age, and with the imagination view the still untrodden heights beyond, and survey the hopes that line the sky of its expanding destiny, let us not

forget to ascribe all the praise to the Grand Master of the universe. Let us acknowledge the Providence that has watched over us from the infancy of the Order and preserved us from external dangers, which has given us the victory over all our foes, prospered and preserved us as an Order, while so many of the proudest of the institutions of man have perished.

Let us thank Him for an enlightened philanthropy in advance of the age in which our Order has acted, and which exerted such an influence for good upon human society. In short, let us thank Him for whatever good we as an Order have accomplished for humanity, and taking courage, ever relying upon divine assistance, let us press with fresh zeal into the thickest of the moral conflict in which we fight, and however long the victory hangs in doubtful poise, be cheered with the thought that

"This is Thy work, Almighty Providence,
Whose power, beyond the reach of human thought,
Revolves the orbs of empire—bids them sink
Deep in the dead'ning night of Thy displeasure,
Or rise majestic o'er a wondering world.

—*American Freemason's Repository.*

ON THE STAIRWAY—11 P. M.

BY ELLA M. FITZPATRICK.

'Tis one of the sweet Strauss waltzes,
A dreamy, exquisite strain,
Though each passionate swell and cadence
Dies away in a wail of pain;
Arthur and Edith dancing—
I watch them from the stair—
Her flower-like head half drooping,
Till his breath just stirs her hair.

Blonde and brune; 'tis a picture
Fair, though I see through tears;
Arthur—my Arthur no longer!
I am tortured with doubts and fears
Only to see them together,
And I alone on the stair;
I hate her for all her beauty
Since she weaves it into a snare.

There's a lull in the sobbing music;
They're coming—the alcove's near;
If they choose to flirt on the stairway,
I cannot choose but hear.
Beside, this marble Psyche,
Who lifts her lily of light,
I will hide away from their glances,
Lest they read my grief aright.

Oh! innocent eyes upturning
To his fervid Southern face!
Oh! dainty fingers swaying
A fan with such perfect grace!
Did he read your tale as I do,
He would not bend so low
To whisper the mad, sweet sayings
That lighten your fair cheek's glow.

Her bright face dimples archly,
And Arthur listens now;
What is it she says that flushes
His olive cheek and brow?
Is she speaking of me? "Dear Mabel,
She loves you—and you?"
My heart stands still for his answer—
"I shall love her my whole life through."

I hear no more—in a transport
Of the bliss his words have brought,
I sit and weave sweet fancies
To the burden of my thought,
Till the opening strains of the "Lancers"
Call Edith away from the stair,
And I fly through the half-lit passage,
Lest Arthur should find me there.

Again through the crowded parlours
A dreamy waltz tune floats,
And Arthur and I are dancing
In perfect rythm with the notes.
Our steps, our thoughts, together,
As the music swells and dies;
While Edith sits on the stairway,
And smiles in mock surprise.

New York Dispatch.

"How many deaths last night?" inquired a hospital physician of a nurse. "Nine," was the answer. "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes; but one wouldn't take it."

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 18.—Vol. II. DECEMBER, 1874. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

Since our last Month's Summary, we have to deplore the death of the Duke of Leinster, G.M. of Irish Freemasonry. He had ruled over the Craft for sixty-one years, we believe, with unprecedented harmony and success. The geniality of his temperament and the courtesy of his manner made him many friends, and few rulers have deserved so well of the Order for his consistent kindness and toleration.

The Irish Grand Lodge has elected as his successor the present popular Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Abercorn. It is a most wise and opportune choice, as few persons, either by position or ability, by a kindly disposition, and by a pleasant presence, are more likely to uphold the dignity of the Irish Grand Lodge, or to maintain its true interests, than our noble brother. Indeed, we do not know where the Irish Freemasons could have found a more fitting occupant of the Grand Master's chair than in so distinguished a statesman, and so popular a nobleman. We wish him and the Irish Grand Lodge all prosperity.

We trust, too, that with a new regime, and with a new year, the Irish Grand Lodge will relax a little of its strictness as regards publication, which, as it is now maintained, passes often into the ridiculous.

The Irish Grand Lodge will not allow or grant any authorised record of its proceedings; and yet most minute reports appear in the Dublin non-Masonic journals, so that our contemporary, the *Freemason*, is actually compelled to borrow from a non-Masonic paper the report of the Irish Grand Lodge proceedings, which it is not permitted officially to receive or procure. We will hope for better things.

At home we hear, on all sides of us, of new lodges, and fresh applications for lodges.

Abroad we notice the same amount of material progress.

And yet there never was a time in the memory of this generation of Freemasons when our Order was so much attacked as it is just now, both at home and abroad.

We are told, too, that the Archbishop, if not Cardinal Manning, is about to issue another attack on Freemasonry in the "Contemporary" for December, so that we shall look forward with some little interest to what our latest and not least distinguished antagonist may say of us. That it will not be flattering we may fairly expect; that it will be effective we do not believe. Free-

masonry has outlived all such attacks, and we do not fear anything so able a person can say in depreciation of our good old Order. We, on the contrary, would rather say to that very able and astute ecclesiastic (if he would listen to a Freemason), "leave well alone"—leave us alone. Your attacks are utterly useless; your waste of words is all to no purpose. The answer to your incrimination and condemnation is plain and ready, and is, in fact, that good old advice, which cannot be too often remembered or repeated, "What have you to do with us; pray, mind your own business."

In England we are under the protection of our wise and tolerant laws; we are peaceable citizens, loyal subjects, friends ever of order and government, charitable, benevolent, tolerant; what have you to do with us? What have you to say against us? We do not antagonize you. We go on our way; you surely can go on yours—there must be room in the world for us both! We deny your authority to condemn, we doubt your knowledge of our system, and we repudiate any claim the Chief Pontiff makes over the whole world or his flock, and remembering former edicts as well as recent manifestoes, we have the very lowest opinion of the wisdom, or the fairness, or the propriety, or the truthfulness, which has dictated the anti-Masonic utterance of the Roman Curia. Therefore, leave us alone, for we are neither alarmed by anathemas, or impeded by condemnations. We shall pursue the even tenour of our way in charity and toleration and goodwill to all, no one being in any way competent to hinder the spread of our Order, and no one by any means being able to make us afraid.

Bro. W. J. Hughan has published his most interesting "Memorials of the Union of 1813," with Fifield Dassigny's Pamphlet, which we commend to the notice at once of all our readers, as the number for sale is very limited.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Masonic Magazine for August, September and October, 1873, being out of print, copies will be thankfully received by the Publisher, at 198, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

THE VOICE OF THE BUILDERS.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

First Wisdom spake: "I have contrived
The plan on which to build
A temple grand, with whose renown
The ages shall be filled;
Through whose bright halls your willing feet
To walk shall never cease;
For all my ways are pleastantness,
And all my paths are peace!"

Then STRENGTH gave voice: "It shall be mine
Its pillars to support,
To glorify in Heaven-built walls
From porch to inner court;
Mine to uphold its lofty roof
With emphasis sublime,
While temples built by man alone
Yield to the touch of time."

Then BEAUTY: "'Tis my sphere t' adorn
Your walls with living light;
To prophesy of coming days
Whose dawn shall be more bright
Than rose of morning, noon-day's gold,
Than light of sun or star;
Behold, upon the eastern hills
Your King's triumphal car!

"He comes in His imperial robe
And glittering diadem:
The stars are but seed-pearls upon
His garment's purple hem;
We serve Him where he entereth in,—
Our plans but shadow His;
Lo, Earth and Air and Sea give praise
For all that in them is!

"He holdeth all things by his might,
Appoints each star its track;
From the beginning God hath looked;
We turn the pages back.
Our God is WISDOM, He is STRENGTH,
And BEAUTY, three in one;
He gave us being, and controls
The work that we have done." *Keystone.*

OUR MASONIC MSS.

No. III.

I continue my collation of the Masonic Poem with other MSS.

My readers will perceive that "Urbanitatis," an old MS. Poem in the British Museum, is about identical word for word with the latter part of the Masonic Poem.

Both "Urbanitatis" and the "Masonic Poem" had a common origin, probably some Norman French or even Latin poem.

In the "Babies Book" of the early English Tract Society, where Urbanitatis is found, there are some Norman French directions and some Latin ones, which have a good deal in common with the exhortation of the Masonic Poem to good manners.

We have not yet, however, clearly got the original, as the person who wrote the Masonic Poem tells us that he had seen other MSS., and was therefore only a transcriber from several MSS., as I have always thought and said.

This form of "Urbanitatis" is transcribed about 1460, though probably somewhat earlier.

Urbanitatis.	*Masonic Poem.*
Who-so wylle of nurtur lere,	Furthermore yet, y wol yow preche
Herken to me & ye shalle here.	To yowre felows, hyt for to teche,
When thou comeste be-fore a lorde	When thou comest byfore a lorde,
In halle, yn bowre, or at the borde,	Yn halle, yn bowre, or at the borde,
Hoode or kappe thou of tho.	Hod or cappe that thou of do,
Ere thou come hym alle vn-to,	Yer thou come hym allynge to;
Twyse or thryse *with*-owten dowte	Twyes or thryes, withoute dowte,
To that lorde thou moste lowte,	To that lord thou moste lowte;
With thy Ryyth kne lette *hit* be do,	With this ryyth kne let hyt he do,
Thy worshyp thou mayst saue so.	Thyn owne worschepe thou save so.
Holde of thy cappe and thy hood also	Holde of thy cappe, and hod also,
Tylle thou be byden *hit* on to do;	Tyl thou have leve hyt on to do.
Alle the whyle thou spekest *with* hym,	Al the whyle thou spekest with hym,
Fayr and louely holde vp thy chynn,	Fayre and lovelyche bere up thy chyn;
So a*ftur* the nurtur of the book	So, afîter the norter of the boke,
In *his* face louely thou loke;	Yn hys face lovely thou loke.
Foot & hond thou kepe fulle stylle	Fot and hond, thou kepe ful stylle
Fro clawyng or tryppyng, *hit* ys skylle;	From clawynge and trypynge, ys sckylle;
Fro spettyng & sneting kepe the also;	From spyttynge and snyftynge kepe the also,
Be *priuy* of voydance, & lette *hit* go.	By privy avoydans let hyt go.
And loke thou be wyse & felle,	And yef that thou be wyse and felle,
And ther*to* also that thow gouerne the welle.	Thou hast gret nede to governe the welle.
In-to the halle when tho dost wende	Ynto the halle when thou dost wende,
Amonge the genteles gode & hende,	Amonges the genteles, good and hende,
Prece thou not vp to hyy for no thy*ng*,	Presume not to hye for nothynge,
Nor for thy hye blood, nere for thy kom-*yng*,	For thyn hye blod, ny thy comynge,
Noth*ur* to sytte, neth*ur* to lene,	Nowther to sytte, ny to lene,
For *hit* ys neyth*ur* good ne clene.	That ys norther good and clene.
Lette not thy co*n*tynaunce also abate,	Let not thy cowntenans therfore abate,
For good nurt*ur* wylle saue thy state;	Forsothe, good norter wol save thy state.
Fadyr & Modyr, what eu*ur* they be,	Fader and moder, whatsever they be,
Welle ys the childe *pat* may the:	Wel ys the chyld that wel may the,
In halle, in chambur, ore where thou gon,	Yn halle, yn chamber, wher thou dost gon,
Nurtur & good maners maketh man.	Gode maneres maken a mon.

To the nexte degre loke thou wysely
To do hem Reuerence by and by:
Do hem no Reuerens, but sette alle *in* Rowe
But yyf thou the bettur do hym knowe.
To the mete when thou art sette,
Fayre and honestly thow ete hit:
Fyrste loke that thy handes be clene,
And that thy knyf be sharpe & kene;
And cutte thy breed alle thy mete
Ryyth euen as thou doste hit ete.
If thou sytte be a worthyor man
Then thy self thow art on,
Suffre hym fyrste to towche the mete
Ere thy self any ther-of gete;
To the beste morselle thou may not stryke

Thowy thou neuur so welle hit lyke.
Also kepe thy hondys fayre & welle
Fro fylynge of the towelle,
Ther-on thou shalt not thy nose wype;
Nothur at thy mete thy toth thou pyke;
To depe in thy cuppe thou may not snyke

Thowy thou haue good wylle to drynke,
Leste thy eyen water there by,
Then ys hyt no curtesy.
Loke yn thy mowth be no mete
When thou begynneste to drynke or speke;
Also when thou sest any man drynkyng
That taketh hede of thy karpyng,
Soone a non thou sece thy tale,
Whethur he drynke wyne or Ale.
Loke also thou skorne no mon
In what thegre thou see hym gon;
Nor thou shalte no mon repreue
Yyf thou wylt thy owen worshyp saue,
For suche wordys thou myyth out kaste
Sholde make the to lyue in euelle reste
Close thyn honde yn thy feste,
And kepe the welle from haddy-y-wyste.
In chambur among ladyes bryyth,
Kepe thy tonge & spende thy syyth;
Lawye thou not with no grette cry,
Ne rage thou not with Rybawdry.
Pley thou not but with thy peres;
Ne telle thou not that thou heres,
Nor dyskeuere thou not thyn owen dede
For no myrth nor for no mede;
With fayr speche thou may haue thy wylle,

And with thy speche thou may be spylle.
Yyf thou suwe a wordyer mon
Then thy self thou art on,
Lette thy Ryyth sholdur folow his bakke,
For nurtur that ys, with-owten lakke.

To the nexte degré loke wysly,
To do hem reverans by and by;
Do hem yet no reverans al o-rowe,

But yef that thou do hem knowe.
To the mete when thou art y-sette,
Fayre and onestelyche thou ete hytte;
Fyrst loke that thyn honden be clene,
And that thy knyf be scharpe and kene;
And kette thy bred al at thy mete,
Ryyth as hyt may be ther y-ete.
Yef thou sytte by a worthyour mon,
Then thy selven thou are won,
Sofre hym fyrst to toyche the mete,
Yer thyself to hyt reche.
To the fayrest mossel thou myyht not strike,
Thaght that thou do hyt wel lyke;
Kepe thyn hondes, fayr and wel,
From fowle smogynge of thy towel;
Theron thou schalt not thy nese synte,
Ny at the mete thy tothe thou pyke;
To depe yn the coppe thou myyght not snyke,
Thagh thou have good wyl to drynke,
Lest thyn enyn wolde wattryn therby—
Theen were hyt no curtesy.
Loke yn thy mowth ther be no mete,
When thou begynnyst to drynke or speke.
When thou syst any mon drynkynge,
That taket hed to thy carpynge,
Sone anonn thou sese thy tale,
Whether he drynke wyn other ale.
Loke also thou scorne no mon,
Yn what degré thou syst hym gon;
Ny thou schalt no mon deprave,
Yef thou wolt thy worschepe save;
For suche worde myyht their outberste,
That myyht make the sytte in evel reste.
Close thy honde yn thy fyste,
And kepe the wel fro "had-y-wyste."
Yn chamber, amonge the ladyes bryght,
Holde thy tonge and spende thy syght;
Lawye thou not with no gret cry,
Ny make no ragynge with rybody.
Play thou not but with thy peres,
Ny tel thou not al that thou heres;
Dyskever thou not thyn owne dede,
For no merthe, ny for no mede;
With fayr speche thou myght have thy wylle,
With hyt thou myght thy selven spylle.
When thou metyst a worthy mon,
Cappe and hod thou holle not on;
Yn churche, yn chepyns, or yn the gate,
Do hym revera[n]s after hys state.

When he doth speke, holde the style ;
When he hath don, say thy wylle ;
Loke yn thy speche thou felle,
And what thou sayste a-vyse the welle ;
And be-refe thou no mon his tale,
Nothur at wyne nere at Ale.
Now, criste of his grette grace
Yeue vs alle bothe wytte & space
Welle this to knowe & Rede,
And hauen to haue for our mede !
Amen, Amen, so moot hit be,
So saye we alle for charyte !

Yef thou gost with a worthyor mon
Then thyselven thou art won,
Let thy forther schuld sewe hys backe,
For that ys not withoute lacke ;
When he doth speke, holte the stylle,
When he hath don, sey for thy wylle,
Yn thy speche that thou be felle,
And what thou sayst avyse the welle ;
But byref thou not hym hys tale,
Nowther at the wyn, ny at the ale.
Cryst then of hys hye grace,
Yeve yow bothe wytte and space,
Wels thys boke to conne and rede,
Heven to have for yowre mede !
Amen ! amen ! so mot hyt be !
Say we so alle per charyté.

A. F. A. W.

MARGARET'S TEST; OR, CHARITY ITS OWN REWARD.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

"If ever I marry," said Margaret Bailey to her cousin Olivia, "it will be a man who does not live entirely for himself, but who, out of the benevolence of a charitable heart, will not pass unheeded the cry of the widow and orphan who call on him for relief."

"You speak warmly, Margaret."

"Because I feel it. I have always thought that a charitable man would make a good husband."

"But how will you be able to judge of this? You are an heiress, and of course have many suitors. Do you not believe that any one of them would be willing to don a charitable mood for awhile, if they supposed that upon this issue depended the hand of the wealthy heiress?"

"Perhaps you are right," said Margaret, thoughtfully; "but," added she, suddenly, "an idea has just come into my head, by which I think this embarrassment can be avoided."

"What is that?" asked Olivia, curiously.

"Let me confess, in the first place, that among all who are generally considered suitors for my hand, perhaps fortune would be the more appropriate word, there are none whom I would think of as a husband except Herbert Lee and Henry Ainsworth. The former, you know, is wealthy, the latter a clerk, dependent on his income, which I should judge is not large. Now, I have a mind to subject these two to a test."

"A good idea, but how will you manage it?"

"You know there is a poor family in Allen Street—the one of whom we heard to-day, consisting of a widowed mother, who is sick, and three young children. Now I am going, anonymously, of course, to recommend them to the charitable offices of both Herbert Lee and Henry Ainsworth, and we will see the result. They will not recognize your hand-writing; therefore I want you to take pen and paper and write a note at my dictation."

Olivia procured writing materials, and her cousin dictated as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—Though a stranger to you, I take the liberty of calling your attention to the case of a poor family now living in a single room in Allen Street, who in consequence of the illness of the mother, who has hitherto supported them by plain sewing, are reduced to extreme want. A little aid at this time would be to them like the visit of an angel from Heaven. Will you extend it? At least call upon them, and you will be convinced that this is but a simple statement of the truth.

CHARITY."

The note was copied, and despatched through the post office to the address of both gentlemen.

Perhaps three days afterwards Herbert Lee called at Margaret's residence. Margaret adroitly led the conversation to objects of charity and charitable institutions.

"Ah," said Lee, "that reminds me of an odd circumstance. I received a letter the other day, recommending to my notice a poor family in Allen Street; it was signed Charity, and very earnestly advised me to go and see them."

"And did you go?" asked Margaret, quickly.

"Not I!" was the laughing reply. "I haven't time to waste in hunting up all the destitute families in the city. I should have my hands full."

"But the family may be suffering from want."

"If they are, Charity would be in better business in relieving them himself than in sending anonymous letters of advice to others."

Would Herbert Lee have laughed so merrily if he had known the effect of his want of feeling on her whom he was most anxious to please?

"I think, after all," said Margaret, when Herbert had withdrawn, "*that I must go* and see Mrs. Green myself. If Henry Ainsworth is no more charitable than Herbert, she will fare hard."

The ladies arrayed themselves for a walk. A few minutes brought them to the residence of the poor widow of whom they were in search.

To their surprise they found, on being admitted, that a cheerful fire was glowing in the stove, while a pleasant smell of dinner filled the apartment. On a table by the side of the widow were some medicines. The hearth was brushed up, and the room, though scantily furnished, presented a neat and comfortable appearance.

Margaret looked around in surprise.

"I was led to believe," said she, "that *you were in great want.*"

"So we were," said Mrs. Green; "but, thanks to the generosity of a noble young gentleman, who stepped forward to our relief, we are no longer so."

"Indeed, who has thus befriended you?"

"His name is Ainsworth, he sent for a doctor for me, and at his own cost purchased food and coals; so that, by the blessing of God I hope soon to recover my health, and then all will go right once more."

After a little more conversation, Margaret and her cousin withdrew, leaving with Mrs. Green some money for her present necessities.

That evening Herbert Lee offered his hand to Margaret Bailey, and, to his surprise, no less than his discomfiture, was rejected.

A week afterwards Henry Ainsworth made his appearance. He seemed unusually thoughtful.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Margaret, gaily.

He looked at her earnestly a moment, and then replied:—

"I will indeed tell you the subject of my thoughts, and ask you to forgive me afterwards. It is, I know, an act of presumption for a poor clerk to speak of love—of marriage to a wealthy heiress, but I cannot keep it secret longer—I love you, Margaret, with truth and sincerity. Do you pardon me?"

"No," said Margaret, promptly, "for you have said nothing that requires it. And if you indeed think me worthy of taking, you may have me and welcome."

"*Do I hear aright?*" was the delighted reply. "How have I deserved such good fortune?"

"Listen, and I will tell you. I had resolved never to marry one unless I was convinced that he was charitable. Last week you received an anonymous letter recommending a poor family to your charitable notice. I find you have visited them and relieved their necessities. I feel that I can safely trust my happiness in your hands, since you have so nobly stood the test."

"Truly," said Henry Ainsworth, as his eyes lighted up with gratitude, "charity is its own exceeding great reward."

IS THE POPE A FREEMASON?

BY THE EDITOR.

Much attention has been given lately, for many reasons, to this question, both by our Order and the press, not at all unnaturally we think, though the answer be not so easy to give as some of our good brethren may be hastily disposed to think.

It cannot be replied to, for instance, off hand or without some authority, as that is only to repeat the old random and mistaken system of Masonic

asseveration which has been productive of so much evil to the Order historically and archæologically in the opinion of all Masonic lovers of truth, and especially of non-Masonic writers, both of the past and of the present. It appears, therefore, to us, to be our bounden duty to endeavour to prove the assertions so often made and so readily given, to the very bottom; to sift the mass of authorities and declarations made with so lavish a hand, so as to separate the wheat from the chaff, and without paying any attention to reckless assertions, to ascertain what is absolutely true, if possible, not merely what we wish or assume to be the case.

And all this, it appears to us, that we ought to do as careful students, thinking Masons, for the sake of Masonic veracity.

It seems from an editorial in our contemporary, the *Freemason*, that the matter has again been referred to Philadelphia, U.S., for investigation; but in the meantime let us see what are so far the "proofs" submitted to us. What are the "scintillations of evidence?" For some years, it has been openly asserted, Pope Pio Nono was a Freemason. Bro. Chalmers I. Paton, for instance, in the *Freemason* for April 2, 1870, (see vol. iii. *Freemason*, page 163), states that "some two years ago I explained the fact that Pius IX. was initiated into the Order of Freemasonry. I shall in the course of a very short time send to the *Freemason* further particulars."

And accordingly, in the *Freemason* for June 25th, 1870, (vol. iii., page 310), Bro. Paton communicates an article headed, "The Pope a Freemason."

But when we look at this carefully, hoping to find proof, we find nothing whatever but a repetition of Bro. Paton's own opinion, and which it appears he had communicated to the *Scotsman* two years previously, namely, in 1868.

Did we say that there was no proof? That is not quite correct, for as evidence Bro. Paton bases his statement on the negative fact, that the "truth of Pius IX. being himself a member of the Order has never been disputed by any member of the Roman Catholic Church, in a private or public manner," and on the positive fact that to "myself it has been admitted by one who has had a conversation with the Pope personally on the subject."

Without appearing too inquisitive or too sceptical, (we are only searchers after truth), we should like to know, we confess, to whom the Pope made such an admission, and what were the exact words of the venerable Pontiff.

For we fear that we must say that Bro. Paton's evidence is not conclusive, and his facts are not satisfactory, as they rest entirely upon his own "ipse dixit," and are therefore opposed to all the true conditions and critical canons of historical inquiry. At present we ourselves are unwilling to pronounce any opinion one way or the other.

We wait for evidence, as we feel sure that is the only possible way of rightly answering the question or of finally disposing of the subject. We want something more than negative probabilities and suppositious averments.

The Pope is said to have been made a Mason at Rome, at Havannah, and at Philadelphia, for into these three "locales," all the present evidential facts seem to resolve themselves. It is possible that the Pope was made a Freemason surreptitiously in Rome, in the days of his early liberalism, when he was a friend of Guiseppe Mazzini, and not hostile to "Giovene Italia."

Indeed, some writers have said that Pio Nono was once admitted into the "Carbonari" or one of the Italian secret societies.

But so far no evidence whatever has been adduced of such a reception. Other writers have, however, publicly declared that the Pope was made a Freemason in Spain, at Madrid, though we believe all that the Spanish Grand

Lodge has ever asserted is, that when Nuncio he was a visitor at more than one of their Lodges.

In 1870, the *Libertad del Ponsamiento*, a Madrid Masonic Journal, quoted in the *Freemason* of December 3rd, 1870, (vol. iii., page 625), made the following statement:—"Few persons know, and that is the reason we take this occasion to relate the fact, that the present Roman Pontiff, Pope Pius IX., owes his elevation to the see of St. Peter to the influence of Masons, whose 'principles he promised to sustain.' Pius IX. was initiated into the 'Sons of Hiram,' 'Los Hijos de Hiram,' under the symbolic name of 'Savola.' He became a Knight of the Red Cross 18°. There are existing Lodges at Madrid which he visited during his residence in Spain, and many brethren who remember the facts."

It is not quitecertain from this record where the Pope was initiated; on that point it is silent; but from the use of the symbolic name "Savola," it must have been, if the fact be true, in a Lodge under the Italian or Spanish system. Indeed, we believe the "symbolic name" is mostly insisted on in Spain, though it is still used, we have been told, but not universally, in Italy.

But the same record goes on to say, and the fact, if correct, is most important:—

"Bro. Soussingeas has shown us a fine portrait of the Pope in full Masonic regalia, with the following inscription underneath in Latin: "Et excommunicate fratres meos meâ culpâ,' which the translater says means, 'If my brethren are excommunicated, it is my fault.'"

We should like to know more of this picture, and a little more of the Latin inscription, which, to say the truth, seems at first sight, rather canine.

In the *Freemason* for March 26, 1870, vol. iii., page 145, appears a statement taken from the *Philadelphia Keystone* of about the same date, quoting the *New York World* of the 10th March, as publishing a translation from the *Era Paoli Sarpi* of Venice, to the following effect:—

"Freemasons will be interested to know that Mastai Ferretti, better known as Pope Pius IX., once belonged to their order, having joined it in Philadelphia when he was Papal Nuncio to this country, and that he continued to be a Mason two years after he became Pope."

"This," as the *Keystone* then said, and we say to-day, "is a very interesting question," and the *Keystone* gives in consequence some equally interesting information, to which we deem it well to refer our readers.

In 1868 it appears that the then Grand Master of Pennsylvania (Richard Vaux) received from the editor of the *Monde Maconnique*, a Parisian Masonic journal, the August number of that periodical.

In that number was an article entitled, "Initiation de Vie IX," taken from *L'Umanitaris*, and which the editor terms "the first document intended to prove the initiation of Pope Pius IX. into the mysteries of Freemasonry."

This document is a letter which the Masons of Messina in Sicily are said to have addressed, in 1865, to the Very Rev. Monsignore Aglotti, capitular vicar of that diocese.

It asserts that Mastai Ferretti, while Gregory the 16th was Pope, was sent on a mission to America, North and South.

That after his mission was ended he went to Philadelphia, and was then and there made a Mason. The year, however, is not given. This letter of the Messina Masons proceeds to give extracts from the speeches of Pius IX, then Nuncio, on various occasions, as when he says, "I am fully convinced that Masonry is one of the best, 'plus belles,' associations that is known in the world."

This is probably from an Italian original.

On another occasion he is alleged to

have said, "I shall ever be a warm defender of this sublime Order, whose mission it is to moralize the universe, and to relieve and protect suffering humanity."

The Editor of the *Monde Maconnique*, sent with his paper a letter to the grand Master, calling his attention to the article, and asking him to forward to the *Monde Maconnique* a certified copy of the facts and proceedings of the Lodge initiating M. Ferretti.

To this letter the Grand Master replied November 23rd, 1868. In that reply he stated that "from time to time he had heard a report that the Pope was made a Freemason in the United States, but that he had always regarded it as an idle story."

Since, however, so respectable a Masonic authority had published what purported to be the letter of the Freeemasons of Messina, and vouched to be authentic, in which such statements were publicly made, an examination would be instituted by the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, Bro. John Thompson.

That investigation was made when these facts appeared.

There was a Lodge, "Le Temple des Vertus Thelogales," No. 103, held in the City of Havannah, under a warrant from the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Pennsylvania, of 17th December, 1804.

From a list of its members, it appears that on January 15th, 1815, Juan Aug. Ferretti was made a Mason, and that on March 21st, 1817, he withdrew from membership.

It appears also that there was a Lodge, "Las Delicias dela Havannah," No. 157, held also in Havannah, under the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and on March 27th, 1818, J. A. Ferretti joined that Lodge.

On November 17th, 1819, Martin Ferretti was made a Mason in No. 157. These names are, it appears, copied from the Grand Secretary's Register in the Grand Lodge at Philadelphia.

Thus the questions arise, do these names refer to the Pope and his brother? Was Juan Aug. the name of the Pope's brother?

Is Martin a mistake for Mastai? We should endeavour to ascertain these facts, as otherwise some facetious Roman will be sure to say that it is all "my eye and Betty Martin."

The "Luce del Terreno" of Palermo has recently repeated this story, and our contemporary, the *Freemason*, has, we believe, referred the matter to our accomplished correspondent, Clifford McCalla, Esq., Editor of the *Philadelphia Keystone*, and asked him to investigate the whole matter. Until we receive his reply, we shall leave the question where it is.

We have stated simply the facts of the case, as we think the whole subject demands a full and impartial inquiry, and demands a decisive settlement.

AN AFTER DINNER CONVERSATION.

My old friend Jorum and I have long been the fastest of friends. We knew each other at school in ancient days on St. Catherine's Hill; we knew each other at college; we lived in the same set; we played in the same eleven; we rowed in the same boat; and this pleasant friendship of boyhood and youth has been cemented in maturer years, since it does so happen that we have been neighbours in the same county; habitual associates amid the genial hours and sterner duties of life.

I am still an elderly bachelor, surrounded by my books, and many cherished "Lares and Penates" in an unpretending but not uncomfortable dwelling.

Whereas Jorum, the king of good fellows, the cheeriest of companions, and the warmest of friends, ever "on

hospitable thoughts intent," married a few years ago, much to the consternation of his nephews and nieces, as well as of an old maiden aunt, a "sonsie lass," as the Scotch say, of three-and-twenty.

I will not say what my old friend's age really is, though, as he and I are contemporaries, and I have long fallen into the "sere and yellow" leafage of advancing years, I may simply remark that Jorum, excellent fellow as he is, is nevertheless not "dans sa premiere jeunesse."

His wife is a charming person, and Jorum is very happy.

But his wife has a mother, and that mother, like a good many more wives' mothers, is a strong-minded, resolute woman, ruling everybody, with a decided opinion of the debt of gratitude Jorum owes her for giving him her dear daughter, and by no means without a very clear idea, too, of improving both the opportunity and the occasion.

Accordingly she likes to take, and does take, the lead in everything, and thinking it constitutionally bad for Jorum to be too much now in the company of his bachelor friends, surrounds him with her select and agreeable circle of family relations and connexions.

The consequence is that poor Jorum, when he meets any of his quondam comrades, those whom he knew so well and liked so much, looks downcast and woebegone, as much as to say, "Ah, Master Shallow, Master Shallow, what far pleasanter days were those when you and I heard the chimes at midnight, or even of the cool, calm, virtuous morning!"

I had not seen Jorum for some time, not, indeed, since I went to stand as godfather to his firstborn, Theophilus John Jorum, named after me and an uncle of Mrs. Jorum's, and which young hopeful is, I may observe, "en passant," one of the most howling little brutes I ever set eyes upon or listened to, in my long life.

But then, as Jorum always says to me, "sotto voce" of course, "His dear mother and his dear grandmother, Tommy, my boy," (my real name being Tomlinson, Theophilus Tomlinson), "have such lungs!"

However, the other day I received a letter from Jorum to say that his mother-in-law was going on a visit to another daughter of her's, equally well married, and in a most interesting condition, as Jorum added, "hourly expected."

And then he told me that if I would drive over and stay for a week with them, Mrs. Jorum and he would be greatly pleased.

As regards Jorum himself I knew he was speaking the truth, and though not feeling quite so sure about Mrs. Jorum's "inner mind," I wrote a cheerful and affirmative reply at once, and on the appointed day bowled over in a dog cart to Jorum Hall.

Old Jo, as we used to call him, was evidently on the look-out for me, for he met me at the lodge gates, and said, "Tommy, you and I will walk up to the hall; it will do you good to stretch your legs a bit, and I want to show you some fine shorthorns, and a neat two-year-old."

So sending my portmanteau and the dog-cart on, Jorum and I walked up arm-in-arm, glad to find ourselves together once again.

Jorum seemed quite pleased to welcome me, and yet somehow he also appeared to be a little nervous about something.

At last he spoke out with an effort, and looking on the ground. "Tommy, Mrs. J. is an angel, but I think you had better know, she is a little queer in her temper at times. I think it's the nursing, though she does take a deal of porter, which Dr. Hoggins says is good for her. Don't be annoyed if she gets a little sharp!"

"Oh," I replied, gaily, "don't you be alarmed Jo, a bachelor like myself is a citizen of the world, and I always do get on with the women, for I never contradict them."

But to say the truth and to do them

ustice, they are really "as good as gold."

Jorum immediately brightened up, and by this time we had reached the front door.

So in we walked and found Mrs. Jorum in the library in a most becoming dress, who welcomed us both warmly, and myself most kindly.

She was "quite pleased," she said, "to see so old a friend of her husband's again, and it was so good of me to come over, she did so like a chat."

At that moment tea was brought in, and Jorum to his horror, (for he manfully eschewed tea) saw me drink two cups of tea and dispose of two thick slices of bread and butter.

"Bless my soul, Tommy," at last he said; "remember dinner's at seven."

After a little while, the lady retired full of grace and benignity, as she said to "Baby," and after a few moments more Jorum took me up to my room, for he said "You will like to know where you are going to hang out."

"Ah," he said, "it does me good to see you, Tommy, my boy, once more; it does so put me in mind of the 'days that we went gipsying,' and a good many other things besides, old fellow, 'a long time,' yes a very long time 'ago.'

Having shewn me into a most comfortable-looking room, which by the way I had often slept in under the "ancien regime," he left me, evidently pleased, but still a little worried about something.

I was soon in my dressing gown and slippers before a snug fire, and had a comfortable snooze until Thomas came in with the hot water and things to dress, at 6.30.

Roused up by his entrance and the dressing bell, I (as our mutual friend Horsey Johnson is so fond of saying), "titivated myself up," and walked into the pretty drawing-room as the clock struck seven.

When I got there, I found Jorum and Mrs. J. in an animated conversation, she uncommonly well dressed, and looking particularly pleasant and genial, and I excused Jorum from that moment and for ever more.

Dinner was now announced, and in I walked with my fair hostess.

The dinner itself was A1, everything was in perfection, but somehow something seemed "out of joint," with my good friend the host.

He said very little, and looked "distrait," whereas she was full of conversation and chaff too, and abounding in amiability.

"A very superior woman," I mentally exclaimed, "Jorum evidently misunderstands her, just as some husbands don't perfectly appreciate their wives."

But my good friend kept looking most unhappy until the lady gracefully retired, saying as she left us, "I expect you two gentlemen to coffee, remember, in half-an-hour."

As soon as the bright vision had, departed and left us in comparative gloom, old Jorum said to me confidentially, looking at me at the same time, "Charming creature, Tommy. I am a very lucky fellow!"

"Charming indeed," I answered him, "and so agreeable, warm-hearted, and well-informed."

"So she is, my boy," poured out old Jorum, in voluble words, "so she is, my boy; but do you know the reason why? do you know the reason why? Her dear mother is not here." And here Jorum chuckled, and winked suspiciously and sagely at me.

"Tommy, my boy," he added immediately afterwards, solemnly, "I really can't do with that dear mother of her's any longer. I can't, no, I can't. There never was such a woman for hearing her own voice and having her own way. She bullies my wife, she bullies her daughters, she bullies her maid, she bullies the servants, she bullies the nurse, she bullies the baby, and I'm blessed if she don't try and bully me. Everybody's afraid of her. Now, you see, my wife is quite a different being when her dear mother ain't here; she is what she really is, an angel in petticoats. But what can I do, Tommy?"

"Speak to her," I said, "calmly and quietly."

"Well," he replied, "I was speaking to her quietly when you came into the drawing-room, but it did no good!"

"What were you telling her," I asked.

"Well, I only just observed to her how still the house seemed now that her dear mother was gone, and she flared up immediately, and said I was an unfeeling brute. Luckily you came in, or I don't know what she might have said, as she was getting the steam up."

"Ah," I observed, "you are to 'brusque' with her; that's not the right way to go to work. Women, like some birds you and I wot of, require to be 'circumvented.' You must get to leeward of them, old boy," I added; "if you and I between us can't get the better of that old gal, 'we ain't what we used to was,' that's all!"

Jorum plucked up courage immediately, and said, "What a thing it is to have a friend like you, Tommy. Well, it's not the first scrape you've got me out of, old chap."

At this moment the door opened, and the stately butler announced "Mrs. Jorum's compliments, and begs to let you know that coffee is in the drawing-room."

"Have a whitewash, Tommy," asked Jorum?

"No, thank you, Jo," says I; and so we both "toddled" into the drawing-room.

Nothing could exceed Mrs. Jorum's amiability and evident desire to make herself agreeable, she was full of fun and "gaiete du cœur."

All that cheery evening Jorum was in ecstacies, and I was myself delighted.

I told one or two stories, "more meo," at which Jorum roared, and Mrs. Jorum was greatly amused, even at one about an inconvenient mother-in-law, and so the evening passed over most comfortably. We all were pleasant and pleased, and at last we all went laughing to roost.

When we met at breakfast in the morning, to Jorum's utter astonishment in walked Mrs. Jorum, full of smiles, and in a most becoming "peignoir." "Excuse my dress," she said, "but I thought I would come down, though my dear mother always objects."

Jorum winked at me immediately.

In a moment or two the olive branches appeared. My little godson was duly kissed and admired, and received his knife, fork, and spoon, and the others were made happy with some toys, and were "highly commended."

At last I said cautiously, as if "apropos des bottes," "I wonder, Jorum, that you don't take Mrs. Jorum and the children to the sea-side for a short time just to change the air, or as the doctor's say, to 'inhale the ozone.' The weather is so nice and charming, it would do you all a 'power of good.'"

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Jorum, aloud, "what a capital idea, Mr. Tomlinson. Do take us, Jo, but," then she checked herself, adding—"my mother."

"Oh, never mind her," replied Jorum, boldly and decidedly, "she is doing well where she is, and when her work is over there, she can go home for a little. I'm certain they must want her energetic superintendence at home again. She has been a long time away.

And Jorum actually chuckled and looked hard at me.

I hardly knew what to expect. But to my intense astonishment, and I must add gratification, Mrs. Jorum did not make any reply at all to this rash sally of Jorum's.

But turning to me she quietly remarked, in a business way of speaking, that she thought the trip to the sea-side would do the children good, and that she was much obliged to me for suggesting it. "Julia," she said, "is looking thin; Theophilus does not sleep well," (as I knew to my cost, for the little brute had howled nearly the whole night), "and Henry's appetite was not what it used to be. Even baby, actually, would do with change of air.'

And so she wound up with saying, "Let us go."

"Yes," quite roared out old Jorum, delightedly, "we will go at once, and we can write to your dear mother, and tell her we are all gone, and that after we leave the sea-side we intend making a "round of visits."

Mrs. Jorum opened her eyes widely, but still said nothing.

"We'll concoct the letter after breakfast," added Jorum, joyously, "and Tommy shall help us. He's a capital hand at that sort of thing."

So soon after breakfast, in Jorum's little room, we wrote the prettiest, and yet most decisive letter to a mother-in-law, that ever was penned.

How Mrs. Jorum's dear mother would like it when she read it, I do not think it needful to attempt to realize.

After Mrs. Jorum had gone to "baby," Jorum said to me in triumph, "You're quite right, Tommy, Mrs. J. is a trump card. She quite admitted last night, she is so sensible, that her mother had become too domineering, and that we must learn to live independently. My dear Tommy," he continued, "how can I ever be sufficiently grateful for your admirable hint of the sea-side. You've put it in as well as the old 'governor' used to put down the wickets."

They say "Virtue is its own reward," and I had the intense satisfaction of seeing Jorum and his pleasant wife, and the olive branches and the servants, all safely off by the express, to "Sliddle-on-the-Sea."

I said to myself as I left the station, like the Roman Emperor, I can safely aver, "non perdidi diem."

If any of my readers are suffering from that trying malady, a too impressive mother-in-law, let them go to the sea-side, bag and baggage, nurses and children, without her. Not that I wish to speak disrespectfully of so important a class of the female community, but like all great institutions in this free and favoured land, that mother-in-lawdom, so very marked and active in some cases, requires, as all such great institutions always do, amendment and reform.

No cloud has ever since dimmed the matrimonial journey of Jorum and his fascinating wife, and she often says, laughing to me, "Oh, Mr. Tomlinson, you are the best of doctors. Do you remember your famous prescription to go to the sea-side? It had complete effect."

THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

HOW MAY I KNOW YOU TO BE A MASON?

BY BRO. M. MAGIL.

Not by blabbing and prating of what I don't know,
Not by wearing gold pins, and making a show,
Not by trying to make all creation believe
That I am a Mason, and Craft honours receive.

Not thus must I show that I was made free,
Not thus can I satisfy or make the Craft see
That I am a Mason, both trusty and true.
To answer the question, good work I must do.

There are tokens and signs which I must employ,
And which used aright all cowans defy,
None but true Masons can these recognise,
None but true brothers their value can prize.

These signs well presented, my skill is perceived,
And as a Freemason, I will be received;
I can draw right angles, perpendiculars raise,
Or lay horizontals to receive just praise.

You may know by my signs, that I am well bound,
Solemn pledges in each, by true brothers are found;
Each sign gives assurance which Masons can prize,
While cowans its meaning cannot recognise.

By tokens I also can prove I am right,
As well in the dark as in clearest daylight,
I can satisfy all who are skilled in our art,
That in tokens or signs, I can well take my part.

Our tokens are friendly, and prized by the true;
The grip of such brothers no cowans can view,
And yet 'tis so simple, so pleasant to make,
That in its performance kindest feelings awake.

You may know of my claim to Masterly skill
By my step, or my speech, or by signs, if you will.
From my feet to my head, my ear or my eye,
And yet, if not free, all your skill I defy.

When brother grasps brother, as Freemasons can,
'Tis when we see friendship linking man to man;
Then tokens and pledges of love are renewed,
And the soul with true greatness is largely imbued.

The Canadian Freemason.

RECORDS OF THE PAST.

NOTICE II.

We continue the highly interesting resumé, from the "*Times*," of these important publications.

"The second volume of the records contains Egyptian translations, and among them some of the most important inscriptions of the Valley of the Nile. The hieroglyphs were soon known after the revival of learning in Europe, and many objects inscribed with them were in European capitals, but all attempts at deciphering them failed at the hands of the learned charlatans who essayed the task. A torn bilingual page of black granite, found by the French at Rossetta, in 1799, by a fortunate coincidence, was at the same time a monument of British success by its transfer from Alexandria to London. When Young, in 1818, discovered that the miscellaneous articles which appeared as hieroglyphs in an oval ring only spelt the name of Ptolemy, the secret of the language was exposed to view. But it required the genuis of the French Champollion le Jeune to advance with a bound, of which Young was incapable, to the real deciphering of the texts, the elimination of the grammar, and the exposition of the history. Since the death of Champollion, a school of followers and improvers has arisen, and in no country has the study been pursued with greater zeal and success than in England. Egypt, indeed, has not such Biblical attractions as Assyria, and the principal points of interest in her history are the extreme limits of her chronology, and the probable period of the Exodus, the light thrown on the later contemporary history of Central and Western Asia, and the comparison of her religious thought and ritual with that of the other Semitic nations, her imitators, and her neighbours. Still, the monuments of Egypt present an almost unbroken chain for more than 20 centuries before Christ, and heiratic papyri, only slighly more coherent than tinder, of that antiquity are known, so that a mass of literature—monumental on rocks, and literary on paper—has come down as the jetsam and flotsam of the stream of history. On the whole, it is more interesting in its variety than the Assyrian, for in addition to historical composition, treatises on morals and medicine, geometry and religion, novels or polite literature for youthful princes, songs, chants, and dirges diversify the matter, spur the flagging ardour of the student, and pique the latent curiosity of the public. The number of texts published during the last half century has placed an unexhausted quarry at disposition of the student. The researches conducted by the numerous Egyptologists have reconstructed the history of Egypt on a sound basis, done much to fathoming the depths of time between the dawn of civilization and the present day, and partly penetrated the esoteric meaning of the outward and visible signs of the Egyptian religion. The contents of the second of these volumes are the combined efforts of most of the principal English and other Egyptologists. Of the historical contributions to this volume may be cited the annals of an officer named Una, in the service of the Monarchs of the fifth dynasty, engaged in the warlike operations of conquering some of the neighbouring tribes or nations by means of an army of negroes, levied from the tribes of the Upper Nile. These black troops were officered and drilled by the Egyptians, and were quite a success, plundering the towns of the enemy, and cutting down the vines and fig-trees of his territory. It is the first historical mention of the negro. Besides his military exploits, Una was occupied in the construction of the pyramids and coffins of his royal masters, and had ascended the Nile in a war galley, higher than ever Egyptians had reached before, in search of the necessary materials. The annals of Thothmes III., a monarch who reigned

at an interval of 12 dynasties—for Egyptian history counts by dynasties and not years—are not less interesting. Thothmes was the greatest warrior King that Egypt possessed. From his earliest youth the battle-field was his home, and war his pastime. No sooner had he abjected the Hykshos from the borders of Pelusium than he marched amid the blazing suns of Asia to the conquest of the alluvial lands of the Euphrates and the Tigris. Tablets as the landmarks of his empire he placed on the banks of these rivers. The Princes of Palestine and the Kings of Assyria paid an annual tribute or revenue into the Egyptian Exchequer. His great exploit was the battle of Megiddo, which was fought in the 23rd year of his reign, between Thothmes and the Kita, then the most powerful people of Central Asia. Thothmes fought in his war chariot in full Egyptian armour, and defeated the enemy with immense slaughter. It was in vain they fled to a neighbouring fortress. It was taken and assured to Thothmes the supremacy of Asia. At this time the tombs of the heroic dead at Thebes have on their brilliant walls the scenes of conquest and the lively description of the deeds of the illustrious mummies. They address the visitor as if living, in the first person, not in the wail of the departed, but with the pride of the living. One of the most remarkable of the staff of Thothmes was a General Amenemheb. He had marched at the side of his sovereign from the Nile to the Tigris. At the the siege of Khadesh he had led the forlorn hope, many prisoners he had taken with his own hands, and killed a wild horse driven against his division. When Thothmes hunted elephants in the plains of Mesopotamia, Amenemheb had cut off the trunk, and captured the leader of the herd which rushed at Thothmes. Next to the annals of Thothmes, the often-repeated campaign of Ramses II. against the Khita appears in the series translated by Professor Lushington. As a literary composition it is of the highest order; it rises to the dignity of an epic poem, and the scribe Pentaur, the author raises the mortal Ramses to the skies. Alone in his war chariot, surrounded by 2,500 of the enemy, Ramses—another Achilles—withstands their entire force, revives the drooping courage of his charioteer, and, dashing through the ranks, regains his host, to lead it, inspired by his example, to the total defeat of Asia confederated in arms against him. The most important and extensive of the Ethiopian inscriptions record the conquest of Egypt, by the monarch Piankhi, whose seat of government was Napata, or Mount Barkal. The Ethiopian conqueror descended the Nile, and expelled a number of petty Princes in the 8th century B.C. These were probably the vassals of Assyria, for while by professions of piety to the Egpytian gods he so conciliated the priesthood that Thebes threw open her hundred gates to welcome his arrival, it required the arguments of mounds, and battering rams to enter the walls of Memphis. That city, defended by Tnephachthus, the father of Bokchoris, evidently an able commander of foreign troops, succumbed only to a bloody assault, as Hermopolis had already done to investment and catapults. Its Monarch, Nimrod, who bore a Babylonian name, submitted reluctantly to Piankhi, and delivered up his family and his horses to the victor. The Ethiopian despised the women, and reviled the horses. If Nimrod found any favour in his sight, it was owing to the abstinence from a fish diet, which entitled him for some occult reason, to more consideration than the other princes. This historical piece is one of the most interesting of the series, and is well translated by Canon Cook, of Exeter. An imaginary tour of an Egyptian adventurer or hero, translated by M. Chabas, gives a vivid idea of the state of Palestine about the time of the Exodus, its Arabs and its camels, and the griefs to which a wandering warrior might come on the road. Passing by the Lamentations of Isis, by M.

De Horraik; and the hymn to Ammon, by Mr. C. W. Goodwin, the collection ends with two works of fiction. It is startling to find that long before Milesian tales and Greek novels, and contemporary with other Semetic ideas, romance engaged the Egyptian scribe. A stirring romance in the days of Joshua is a startling addition to a subscription library. The *Tale of the Two Brothers,* known as the D'Orbiney papyrus, has long been known to scholars, both by the various tranlations made of it, and the fac-simile which has been published by the British Museum, into which collection it passed. The first translation of it was made by De Rougé, in 1852, and the later ones are only improvements on his labours. In the present volume the translation is by Mr. Le Page Renouf. This story bears some resemblance to the history of Joseph in the house of Potiphar; the ill-regulated affection of the wife of the elder for the younger brother, and her false impeachments of his virtue are, however, very faint similarities. The death of the younger brother, and the creation of a wife for him by the gods, the departure of his heart into the cone of a cedar, his change into a bull, a persea tree, and a chip, belong, however, to quite a different class of thought; and the reading of King Seti II., for whom, when heir apparent, it may have been made, dealt decidedly with such stories as may be heard in the coffee-houses of Cairo to-day. The *Fate of the Doomed Prince* is another of the same kind; the evil prognostics of the seven cows of Ather; the spiteful fates of Egyptian myths; his departure to Mesopotamia, and scaling the tower of the Ninevite Princes; his marriage with the fair one; his escape from the first threat, the death by the bite of a serpent, and from the second threat of being devoured by a crocodile; and, last of all, his probable death from his dog, ally it with the same class. The text of this is unedited, and is found on one of the papri purchased of Miss Harris. Romance writing was evidently always in its cradle in Egypt; it never threw off its supernatural wraps, and the hero of a tale was always a Prince, as in the French romances till the days of Louis XIV. The translation of the *Doomed Prince* is by Mr. Goodwin. The other translators are Dr. Birch and Mr. Maspero. It is not necessary to make verbal criticisms on a work intended for general reading and popular instruction, and these efforts must be accepted on the whole as a true translation, although the dragomen are not sworn to the veracity of their work. Probably, as time rolls on it will be felt that the day is at hand when this old Semitic and Hamitic literature shall take its seat side by side at Universities with Greek and Latin. In all European countries the language and literature of Egypt and Assyria are always publicly taught by professors specially appointed for the subject.

PEARLS AND BLACKBERRIES.

"No!" said Dr. Darling slowly—"no; I can't believe the evidence of my own senses?" And as he enunciated the words with impressive distinctness, he looked solemnly at Harry Clifford.

He might have found a worse looking individual to fix his regards upon than this young M.D., who had taken his first lessons in bones, muscles, and human anatomy, with the therapeutics belonging thereto, in the little office across the hall, and was just preparing to hang up a shingle of his own; for Harry Clifford was tall and shapely, with red-brown hair and huge auburn moustache, and merry eyes that laughed like springs of water in the sunshine.

Dr. Darling took off his spectacles, folded them, and deliberately placed them in their case, still without taking his eyes from his neophyte. Harry Clifford smiled, but he looked a little embarrassed notwithstanding.

"She would have you in a minute, if you were to propose," pursued Dr. Darling, dropping great red-hot splashes of sealing-

wax over a sheet of blotting-paper, and stamping them with his monogram seal in an aiml ss sort of way.

"Yee but I tell you, Sir, I don't want to propose," and Harry stared at the intertwined D. J. D.'s, as if they were the most interesting things in the world.

"You don't want a pretty girl for a wife?"

"Not that pretty girl in particular, doctor."

"Nor fifty thousand dollars," added the doctor, pronouncing the three momentous words in a manner that made the sound very weighty indeed.

"I would not object to the fifty thousand dollars in itself, Sir; but as a mere appendage to Miss Bradbury—"

"I believe the boy is crazy," ejaculated Mr. Darling. "Well, well," as the Scotch proverb has it, "a wilfu' man maun hae his way, and I shall interfere no farther. By the way, Harry—"

"Yes, Sir."

"You are going to the city this afternoon"

"That is my present intention, Sir."

"Stop at Depierre's, will you, and leave Mrs. Darling's pearl brooch to be mended. I ought to have done it a week ago, but a man can't think of everything."

"Certainly, doctor;" and Harry Clifford deposited the pearl brooch, an old fash ioned ornament of massive gold, set with tiny seed pearls, in his waistcoat pocket.

"Rather a careless way to carry jewellery, young man?" said Dr. Darling, elevating his eyebrows.

"Oh, I never lose anything," asserted Harry, in an off-hand manner.

The morning sun was casting bright flickering threads of gold across the kitchen floor; the morning-glories and Madeira vines, trained across the casement, stirred softly in the mid-July air; and Ursula Percy, Mrs. Darling's orphan niece, was busy "doing up" blackberries.

Fresh as a rose, with hazel eyes, softened to intense blackness at times, by the shadow of their long lashes, and smiling scarlet lips, she stood there—her calico dress concealed by the housewifely apron of white dimity that was tied around her waist, and her black curls tucked remorselessly back off her ear—looking demurely into the bubbling depths of the preserving kettle, like a beautiful parody on one of the witches in Macbeth; while on the whitely scoured pine table beyond a glittering tin vessel was upheaded with the beautiful jet black fruit, each separate berry flashing like the eyes of an eastern belle."

"Ursula!"

The pretty young girl started, very nearly dropping her skimmer into the preserving kettle.

"How you startled me, Harry!"

Harry advanced into the kitchen, with an admiring look at the bright face flushed with a litle blush and a good deal of stove heat.

"You are always at work, Ursula!"

"I have got to work, Harry, to earn my own living," Ursula Percy answered, with a slight uplifting of her exquisite black brows. "I am not an heiress, like Miss Bradbury."

"Confound Miss Bradbury!" exclaimed our hero. "I hear nothing but Miss Bradbury the whole time."

"She is a very sweet young lady, Harry," replied Ursula, in slightly reproving accents.

"I dare say; but—what a lot of blackberries you have here, Ursula."

"Forty quarts," said Ursula, demurely. "Aunt Darling always enjoys them so much in winter."

Harry put a honey-sweet globule of fruit in his mouth.

"Blackberries are a delicious fruit, Ursula."

"Very;" and Ursula skimmed diligently at the bubbling cauldron.

"Especially when you are doing them up," added the young M.D., with rather a clumsy effort at compliment.

Ursula did not answer. Harry walked up to the range and took hold of both her hands.

"Harry, *don't!* The blackberries will burn."

"Let 'em burn, then; who cares?"

"But what do you want?" she asked, struggling imploringly to escape, and laughing in spite of the grave look she would have assumed.

"To see your eyes, Ursula."

She lifted those soft, hazel orbs to his face—then withdrew them with sudden shyness.

"Do you know what answer I read in those eyes, dearest?" he whispered, after a moment or two of silence, broken only by

the hissing and simmering of the boiling blackberries.

"No."

"I read *yes!*"

"Oh Harry, I dare not. Uncle and aunt are so determined you shall marry Miss Bradbury."

"And I am so determined *not* to marry her. Is a man to be given away as if he were a house and lot, or a bundle of old clothes, I should like to know? Ursula—"

"Harry, they *are* burning? I am sure of it. I can smell them. Oh, do let go my hands."

Harry Clifford deftly seized up the big iron spoon, and stirred the boiling depths vigorously.

"It's all imagination, Ursula."

"No, it's not; and if they are the least bit scorched they will be spoiled for Aunt Darling."

"But Ursula—"

The creaking sound of an opening door beyond, suddenly dissolved the *tete-a-tete.* Ursula almost pushed Harry out of the kitchen.

"You will be on the piazza to-night when they have all gone to the concert?" persisted Harry, asking her through a crack in the door.

"Yes, yes; anything—everything—only go!"

And Harry went—beginning to realize that love-making and preserving do not assimilate.

"Your pearl brooch, my dear?" Oh, I remember now. I gave it to Harry more than a week ago to have it mended. I dare say its done by this time;" and Dr. Darling turned expectantly to our hero.

"I—I'm very sorry," began Harry; "but the brooch disappeared in the most unaccountable manner from my vest pocket. I know I put it there—"

"Yes," dryly interrupted the elder gentleman, "I remember seeing you put it there, and you assured me at the time that you never lost anything. So the brooch is gone, eh?"

"Yes, sir, it's gone; but Mrs. Darling may rest assured," added Harry, with a glance at that lady, "that I will replace it at the very earliest opportunity."

"Oh, it is of no consequence at all," said that lady, with a countenance that said plainly, "it is of the greatest consequence."

"Perhaps we shall find it somewhere about the house."

But the days slipped by one by one, and the doom of the pearl brooch remained involved in the deepest mystery. Harry bought another one, and presented it to Mrs. Darling with a complimentary speech. Mrs. Darling laughed and pinned it into the folds of the thread lace garb she wore at her throat.

"But it's so strange what can have become of the other," said Mrs. Darling.

It was in the golden month of September that the old doctor and Mrs. Darling made up their minds to ask Miss Bradbury to tea.

"Will have pound cake and preserved blackberries," said Mrs. Darling, who always looked at the practical side of things.

"And if Harry don't come to terms now, he never will," added her husband, who didn't.

"Now get out the best china, and the chased silver tea set, Ursula," said Mrs. Darling.

"And wear your pink French calico, it's the most becoming dress you have," said her uncle, with a loving glance at the bright little brunette.

And Ursula Percy obeyed both of their mandates.

Miss Bradbury came — a handsome, showy young lady, with a smooth, "society" manner that made Ursula feel very "counterfeited" and common indeed.

"Delicious preserves, these," said Miss Bradbury.

"They are of Ursula's making," said Mrs. Darling, and Harry passed his plate for a second supply.

"I remember the day they were boiled or baked, or whatever you call it," said he, with an arch glance at Ursula.

Suddenly old Dr. Darling grew purple in the face, and began to cough violently. Every one started up.

"He's swallowed the spoon," cried Miss Bradbury.

"Oh! oh! he's got the apoplexy!" cried Mrs. Darling hysterically.

"Uncle! dearest uncle!" piped up poor little Ursula, vaguely catching at a glass of water. But Dr. Darling recovered without any more disastrous symptoms.

"It isn't the spoon, and I don't come of an apoplectic family," said he. "But upon my word, this is about the largest blackberry I ever came perilously near swallowing!" and he held out his wife's pearl brooch boiled up in the blackberries.

There was a momentary silence around the table, and then it was broken by Mrs. Darling—one of those blessed old ladies, who never see an inch beyond their own spectacled nose.

"My goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Darling, "how could it have ever come into the preserved blackberries? I—do—not—see—."

"But I do!" said Dr. Darling, looking provokingly knowing. "Yes; I see a good many things now that I didn't see before."

And Harry glancing across the table at Ursula was somewhat consoled to perceive that her cheek was a shade more scarlet, if possible, than his own.

He followed the old doctor into his office, when the evening meal was concluded—Ursula didn't know how she ever would have lived through it, were it not for Mrs. Darling's delightful obtuseness, and Sophy Bradbury's surface-charm of manner—and plunged boldly into the matter.

"Doctor—" he began valiantly; but the old gentleman interrupted him.

"There's no need of any explanation, my boy," he said, "I know now why you didn't want to marry Miss Bradbury. I don't say that I blame you much; only I came very near choking to death with Ursula's blackberry jam!"

And Dr. Darling laughed again until, had his spouse been present, she would surely have thought a second attack of apoplexy among the inevitables.

"Little Ursula," he added, "who would have thought of it? Well, you shall have my blessing."

The pearls were all discoloured, and the gold of the old-fashioned brooch tarnished with the alchemy of cooking; but Ursula keeps that old ornament yet, more tenderly treasured than all the modern knick-knacks with which her young husband loads her toilet-table. And every year, when she preserves blackberries, Dr. Darling comes to tea, and makes ponderous witticisms, and pretends to search in the crystal preserve dish for a "boiled brooch."

But then jolly old gentlemen will have their jokes.—*American Masonic Advocate.*

"SO MOTE IT BE."

"So mote it be!" What memories throng,
Whene'er we hear those mystic words,
What hopes, what aspirations strong
Stir the heart's deepest inmost chords,
To hear, in mystic harmony,
The craft's response "So mote it be."

When first as youthful neophytes,
With fear the dangerous path we trod,
And humbly kneeling, prayed for light,
Professing there our trust in God,
We heard in tones of sympathy,
The deep amen, "So mote it be."

Supreme Conductor, wheresoe'er
A craftsman turns in prayer to Thee,
In mercy lend a listening ear,
Give Faith, give Hope, give Charity:
And let the craft from sea to sea,
Respond amen, "So mote it be."

Where craftsmen on the level meet,
Or part uprightly on the square.
In mystic form each other greet,
And raise their hearts to Thee in prayer—
Join every soul in harmony,
While we respond "So mote it be."

CHARLES DICKENS—A LECTURE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

(*Continued from p.* 139.)

Delivered at the Working Men's College, Ipswich, President, the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Sir Fitzroy Kelly.

LORD JOHN HERVEY, IN THE CHAIR.

At the same time he wrote and published his charming Christmas Carol, the profits of which he expected to be £1,000, but which brought in only between £400 and £500. At this time he was greatly in fear of being ruined past all mortal hope of redemption; and this was, in fact, Forster says, the turning point in his career.

The Christmas Carol afterwards sold 15,000 copies, and brought him in £726, but his after-Christmas numbers, of which this was the original, and which were sold for as many pence as this was shillings—the numbers might be counted not by tens, but by hundreds of thousands. In November, 1865, Dickens wrote to Forster to tell him that his Christmas tale for that year, "Dr. Marigold's Prescription," had gone up in the first week 250,000 copies.

There was fame with a vengeance!

In 1844 we find Dickens showing his great interest in such institutions as the Mechanics' Institute and Working Men's Colleges by taking the chair at two great meetings at the Mechanics' Institution, Liverpool, and at the Polytechnic Institution, Birmingham, where he spoke ably and well, as was his wont; for not only was he a great novelist, but he added the rare gift of being able to give expression to the power that was within him, and was alike a great reader, a great speaker, and a great writer.

As a speaker Dickens was particularly effective, especially when he was soliciting aid for some excellent charity.

Forster gives a very good example when he mentions the case of the Hospital for Sick Children, which was established in Great Ormond Street at a large, old-fashioned mansion, with spacious garden, which had been fitted up with more than thirty beds. During the four or five years of its existence out-door and in-door relief had been afforded by it to nearly 50,000 children, of whom 30,000 were under five years, but want of funds having threatened to arrest the merciful work, it was resolved to try a public dinner by way of charitable appeal, and for president the happy choice was made of one who had enchanted everybody with the joys and sorrows of little children.

Dickens threw himself into the service heart and soul. There was a simple pathos in his address from the chair quite startling in its effect at such a meeting, and he probably never moved any audience so much as by the strong personal feeling with which he referred to the sacrifices made for the hospital by the very poor themselves, from whom a subscription of £50, contributed in single pennies, had come to the treasurer during almost every year it had been open.

The whole speech, indeed, is the best of the kind spoken by him, and two little pictures from it, one of the misery he had witnessed, the other of the remedy he had found, should not be absent from the picture of his own life. Thus he spoke:—

"Some years ago, being in Scotland, I went with one of the most humane members of the most humane of professions on a morning tour among some of the worst-lodged inhabitants of the old town of Edinburgh. In the closes and wynds of that picturesque place—I am sorry to remind you what fast friends picturesqueness and typhus often are—we saw more poverty and sickness in an hour than many people would believe in in a life. Our way lay from one to another of the most wretched dwellings, reeking with horrible odours, shut out from the sky and from the air—mere pits and dens. In a room in one of these places, where there was an empty porridge pot on the cold hearth, a ragged woman and some ragged children crouching on the bare ground near it—and I remember as I speak, where the very light, refracted from a high, damp-stained wall outside, came in trembling, as if the fever, which had shaken everything else, had shaken even it—there lay, in an old egg-box which the mother had begged from a shop, a little, feeble, wan, sick child, with his little wasted face, and his little hot, worn hands folded over his breast, and his little bright, attentive eyes—I can see him now, as I have seen him for several years—looking steadily at us. There he lay, in his small, frail box, which was not at all a bad emblem of the small body from which he was slowly parting—there he lay, quite quiet, quite patient, saying never a word. He seldom cried, the mother said; he seldom complained. 'He lay there seemin' to woonder what it was a' aboot.' God knows, I thought, as I stood looking at him, he had his reasons for wondering. Many a poor child, sick and neglected, I have seen since that time in London; many have I also seen most affectionately tended in unwholesome houses and hard circumstances where recovery was impossible, but at all such times I have seen my little, drooping friend in his egg-box, and he has always addressed his dumb wonder to me what it meant, and why, in the name of a gracious God, such things should be?

"But, ladies and gentlemen," Dickens added, "such things need not be, and will not be, if this company, which is a drop of the life-blood of the great compassionate public heart, will only accept the means of rescue and prevention which it is mine to offer.

"Within a quarter of a mile of this place where I speak stands a once courtly old house, where blooming children were born and grew up to be men and women, and married, and brought their own blooming children back to patter up the old oak staircase which stood but the other day, and to wonder at the old oak carvings on the chimney-pieces. In the airy wards into which the old state drawing-rooms and family bed-chambers of that house are now converted, are lodged such small patients that the attendant nurses look like reclaimed giantesses, and the kind medical practitioner like an amiable Christian ogre. Grouped about the little low tables in the centre of the rooms are such tiny convalescents that they seem to be playing at having been ill. On the dolls' beds are such diminutive creatures that each poor sufferer is supplied with its tray of toys; and looking round, you may see how the little tired, flushed cheek has toppled over half the brute creation on their way into the ark, or how one little dimpled arm has mowed down (as I saw myself) the whole tin soldiery of Europe. On the walls of these rooms are graceful, pleasant, bright, childish pictures. At the beds' heads hang representations of the figure which is the universal embodiment of all mercy and compassion, the figure of Him who was once a child Himself, and a poor one. But, alas! reckoning up the number of beds that are there, the visitor to this child's hospital will find himself perforce obliged to stop at very little over thirty, and will learn with sorrow and surprise that even that small number, so forlornly, so miserably diminutive compared with this vast London, cannot possibly be maintained unless the hospital be better known. I limit myself to saying better known, because I will not believe that in a Christian community of fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters it can fail, being better known, to be well and richly endowed."

It was a brave and true prediction, Forster adds. The Child's Hospital has never since known want. That night alone added greatly more than £3,000 to its funds, and Dickens put the crown to his good work by reading on its behalf his famous Christmas Carol. It was from this date (1858) may be reckoned his taking to public reading.

Writing to Forster from York during the time of his readings, Dickens says:—

"I was brought very near to what I sometimes dream may be my fame, when a lady, whose face I had never seen, stopped me yesterday in the street and said to me, 'Mr. Dickens, will you let me touch the hand that has filled my house with many friends?'"

The effect of his readings seems to have been most amazing, and the prices paid enormous.

In Dublin he says, in a letter to his eldest daughter, they had offered frantic prices for stalls. Eleven Bank notes were thrust into a pay-box at one time for eleven stalls. "Our men were flattened against walls and squeezed against beams. Ladies stood all night with their chins against my platform. Other ladies sat all night upon my steps. We turned away people enough to make immense houses for a week."

At Belfast the success was quite as great. He had enormous houses, and turned away half the town. Writing to his sister-in-law, he says, "I wish you and the dear girls could have seen the people look at me in the street, or heard them ask me, as I hurried to the hotel after the reading last night, to 'do me the honour to shake hands with Misthur Dickens, and God bless you, sir; not ounly for the light you've been to mee house, sir (and God love your face) this many a year!'"

He says he had never seen men go in to cry so undisguisedly as they did at the Dombey reading; and as to the Boots and Mrs. Gamp, it was just one roar with me and them, for they made me laugh so that sometimes I could not compose my face to go on."

A little incident illustrative of his worth in the eyes of perfect strangers ought not certainly to go unrecorded.

In 1870, not long before his death, a correspondent had written to him from Liverpool describing himself as a self-raised man, attributing his prosperous career to what Dickens' writings had taught him at the outset of the wisdom of

kindness and sympathy for others, and asking pardon for the liberty he took in hoping that he might be permitted to offer some acknowledgment of what not only had cheered and stimulated him through all his life, but had contributed so much to the success of it. The letter enclosed £500.

Dickens was greatly touched by this, and told the writer, in sending back his cheque, that he would certainly have taken it if he had not been—though not a man of fortune—a prosperous man himself; but that the letter, and the spirit of its offer, had so gratified him, that if the writer pleased to send him any small memorial of it he would gladly receive it.

The memorial soon came. A richly worked basket of silver, inscribed, "From one who has been cheered and stimulated by Mr. Dickens' writings, and held the author among his first remembrances when he became prosperous," was accompanied by an extremely handsome silver centre-piece for the table, of which the design was four figures, representing the Seasons. But the kindly donor shrank from sending Winter to one whom he would fain connect with none but the brighter and milder days, and he had struck the fourth figure from the design. "I never look at it," said Dickens, "that I don't think most of the winter."

At his first reading in Liverpool 2,300 people come to hear him, and hundreds were turned away from the door. In 1862, at his readings in London, he took £190 a night. For his last batch of readings, of which there were thirty, he was paid £50 a night and all expenses by Messrs. Chappell, who undertook the management, and who made £4,720 profit. At his second readings in America in 1867 Dickens made £1,300 a week! He made a great sensation with his reading in three short parts from "Oliver Twist," in which he introduced the murder scene with vast effect. Mr. Fang, the magistrate in "Oliver Twist," was taken from Mr. Laing, the Hatton Garden magistrate, who was afterwards removed from the bench.

The subsequent order in which Dickens's works were published was, I believe, the following:—

Of his Christmas books "The Chimes" appeared in 1845, the "Cricket on the Hearth" in 1846, "The Battle of Life" in 1847, "The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain" in 1848. "Dombey and Son" came out in 1847-8, "David Copperfield" followed in 1849-50, "Bleak House" in 1853, "Little Dorrit" in 1856, which was followed by "A Tale of Two Cities," "The Uncommercial Traveller," and "Great Expectations," which last three were reprinted from *All the Year Round*. In 1850 Mr. Dickens had started "Household Words," which he conducted for some years, but in consequence of a quarrel with his publishers—the cause of which we need not seek now—he brought it to a close in 1859, and established in its place *All the Year Round*. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans also started at that time *Once a Week*, which at first was very ably written and illustrated, but has since very much fallen off. *All the Year Round* is still conducted by Mr. Dickens's son, and is a very high class periodical. *

Dickens earned a high reputation as an amateur actor, and was passionately fond of the stage. He often organised performances to aid the funds of the Guild of Literature and Art—of which he was one of the founders—or some other good object, and made handsome sums for charitable purposes in that way.

Touching the originals of some of his great characters, I might mention that Walter Savage Landor, the poet, figured as Lawrence Bythorn, whilst Harold Skimpole was no less the representative of Leigh Hunt. The derary writing of Skimpole, as Forster calls it, was taken from Haydon, the painter.

This character gave great offence to Hunt's friends, and Dickens afterwards apologised for making the fictitious character too like fact.

* I am glad to find that Charles Dickens the younger is a brother of our ancient and honourable society, and it must be a matter of regret to all lovers of the craft that his illustrious father, who was at heart a true Mason, never sought admission to our ranks. I believe one of his brothers was initiated into Masonry many years since. His great friend the late Lord Lytton, who assisted him in his plans for the institution of the Guild of Literature and Art, was a Mason, and, indeed, President of the Rosicrucian Society, which is composed of Masons, though I believe not looked upon as a Masonic degree, and it is surprising that, amidst such associations, and possessing such a large, benevolent heart, and such world-wide sympathies, he should not have joined the most benevolent and most liberal association in the world.

I suppose almost every one knows that the renowned Mr. Micawber was a sketch from life, and taken from Dickens's own father, Mrs. Dickens herself being the unconscious original of Mrs. Nickleby.

Thackeray was a warm admirer of Dickens, and a warm friend also, I believe.

But Thackeray became famous when he was forty, Dickens at half that age.

The one wrote for a highly polished, elaborately educated, and cynical public, the other wrote for all mankind.

Hence the difference!

There is an admirable lecture by Professor Ward, recently given before the Manchester Institution, and of which I should have liked to give some extracts, but I have been compelled to cut it out for fear of wearying my readers. In concluding that address the learned Professor says:—

"Modestly, as becomes a man speaking of the labour of his life, Charles Dickens once summed up the spirit of his endeavours in these words:—'I felt an humble and earnest desire, and shall do till I die, to increase the stock of harmless cheerfulness. I felt that the world was not utterly to be despised, that it was worthy of living in for years.'"

Professor Ward adds, "Yes; this is the task which he set himself, and the task which, by God's blessing, it was given him to perform."

Dickens had many imitators, and vampires who sucked his blood figuratively. At one time he prosecuted one or two of these gentlemen for pirating his works, but he soon found out what others have discovered, that the law is often a great wrong doer, and that it is as uncertain in its results as it is expensive in its operation.

One thing must not be forgotten. Dickens has never, so far as I know, had to bring actions against newspapers for describing his books as indecent or profane, as have other authors, whose names have recently been brought rather prominently before the public.

It is a curious but melancholy circumstance that the most objectionable novels of the present day are written by ladies, and it would be an interesting fact to know how much of their popularity depended upon the impropriety.

Of Dickens it may be said he painted vice, but he never painted it in glowing colours. He introduces us to Virtue, but it is virtue which is human and loveable, often allied with weakness and eccentricity, but because it is human and not angelic we recognise it as true, and we love poor Tom Pinch or honest Mark Tapley, though we laugh at them, and despise Pecksniff and Stiggins, and the whole tribe of hypocritical pretenders to religion as much and as heartily as we abhor Bill Sykes, Quilp, Fagin, and the rest of the outspoken exponents of vice in all its hideous deformity.

Of Dickens's private character it is enough to say that he was a good father and a firm friend, and if there were domestic troubles which vexed him sorely, let us not, now the grave has closed over him, seek to rake up old sores and raise new scandals.

He died somewhat suddenly on the 9th of June, 1870, and was buried, at the express wish of the whole British people, in Westminster Abbey.

I feel I cannot do better than give a short passage from the eloquent sermon of Dean Stanley, preached on the Sunday following:—

The Dean selected as his text the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus (Luke, 16th 19), and in the course of a powerful and eloquent sermon, he observed there were some passages in Scripture which demanded special notice, as there were incidents in human life calling for special observation, from the breadth and depth of feeling which they awakened in a congregation. "Such was the ceremony of Tuesday, the day of Dickens's funeral," the Dean said, "when the gifted being whom we all lament was carried to his grave. The story of the text is a real one, but, nevertheless, a tale of pure fiction from first to last, and it is well we should see that the Bible sanctions that mode of instruction."

The Dean then spoke of the great Sir Walter Scott, whom he characterised as the glory of fiction and the glory of Scotland; and, passing to the consideration of the effect produced by the writings of Charles Dickens, and how we should regard them, said:—

"View these wondrous works of genius, enjoy them as God's special gift to us, and

remember that their reflected life is life to us. This leads me to the further question of the special form of this gift in him whose loss the country deplores in grief so genuine as to be in itself matter for serious reflection. What was there in that gift to call forth this widespread sympathy? What was there in this sympathy and that which created it worthy of our thoughts on this occasion? I profess not to sit in judgment upon the character and career of this distinguished man. That must be left to posterity. Neither is this the place to speak at more length on those lighter and more genial qualities which were such as to render his death like nothing else besides than almost an eclipse of the gaiety of nations. There is a time to laugh and a time to weep. Laughter is in itself good; yet there are moments when we dare not indulge it. It has been said that the drollery and merriment which the man brought out threw the trivial side of life into too strong or bold relief. While he descended into disgraceful scenes which he described, he still breathed the pure atmosphere around him. In that long series of shining tales, amidst all its comic and satiric veins, there was a profoundly philanthropic tone of which he was in his own way a special teacher. Those struggling men, this vast mass of unseen suffering we have need to be reminded of. He who spake as never man spake saw, in his far-seeing glance, into our age as far as his own. What was needed then is far more needed now, and to meet those wants we require those pre-eminent gifts possessed by the eminent writer who lies there. Through his genius the rich man, who fares sumptuously every day, was brought to see Lazarus at his gate. On people in the workhouse, neglected children, and starved and ill-used boys, in remote schools far off from human sight, a ray of hope was thrown; for an unknown friend had pleaded their cause with a voice which rang through the palaces of the great as well as through the cottages of the poor. The little workhouse boy threads his way pure and undefiled through the mass of wickedness around him; the orphan girl brings the purity of Heaven into the hearts of all around her. He told us, in very new words, the old, old story, that there is in the worst of mankind a note of goodness. If he has brought rich and poor together and made Englishmen feel more one family, he will not have lived in vain, nor will his bones have been laid in vain in this mausoleum of the English people."

"When, on Tuesday last," the Dean continued, "in the deep, still silence of the summer morning, we stood beside that open grave, it was impossible not to feel that there was something more sacred, more interesting than the earthly glory, and brighter and higher than the historic mausoleum, and that was the return of an individual soul to the hands of its Maker. Many are the hearts both in the old and the new world, which are drawn towards his last resting-place; many are the flowers which will be strewn; many the tears shed by the grateful affection of the poor whom he served, and by the fatherless and those who have none to help them."

May I speak a few sacred words, which will come with new meaning and deeper force, because they will come from the lips of our lost friend, because they will come from lips now closed in the grave. They are extracted from the will of Charles Dickens, dated May 12th, 1869. After the most emphatic injunctions respecting the inexpensive, and unostentatious, and strictly private manner of his funeral—injunctions which were carried out to the letter—he thus continues:—

"I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb. I conjure my friends not to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claim to the remembrance of my country, upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto. I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its expressed spirit, and to put no faith in any man's new construction of its letter here or there."

"In that simple and sufficient faith," said the Dean, in concluding, "he lived and died. In that simple and sufficient faith he bids you live and die. If any of you have learned from his works the value of—the eternal value of—generosity, purity, kindness, and unselfishness, and learned to show these in your hearts and lives, then remember that these are the

best monuments, memorials, and testimonials to the friend whom you have loved, and who loved with all exceeding love his friends, his country, and his fellow men. These are monuments which he would not repress, and which manifestly the poorest and youngest have all in their power to raise to his memory."

Professor Jowett, who preached an eloquent sermon at the special evening service after his death, in speaking of him, said :—

"Men of genius are different from what we suppose them to be. They have greater pleasures and greater pains, greater affections and greater temptations than the generality of mankind, and they can never be altogether understood by their fellow men. We do not wish to intrude upon them or analyse their lives and characters. They are extraordinary persons. We cannot prescribe to them what they should be, but they are so few we cannot afford to lose them."

It would be well if some men were as charitably disposed as the learned professor.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

One word at closing. A laudable ambition urged on Dickens, so that from the little blacking maker he rose to be one of the greatest literary men England has ever seen—who was even caressed by royalty, and whose creations were beloved, wept over, and bewailed by hundreds of thousands wherever the English language is spoken, where the sun never sets.

Indomitable perseverance, unwearied application, united with genius, placed him on the pinnacle of fame. In a free country he attained a position of great eminence. He might have got into Parliament. I believe I am right in saying that he was offered knighthood and declined it. Lord Houghton hoped he would be a peer, and so he ought to have been; for the reason our peerage holds so proud a position before the world is because its ranks are constantly replenished by the admission of the greatest warriors, the most learned lawyers, the most eminent statesmen, or the most gifted *literateurs*. This is the secret of the security of the Constitution. We want no Republic whilst we have a limited Monarchy, where the most eminent are sure of advancement, and where even the peasant born, if he be the possessor of God's great gift of genius, may one day stand on the steps of the throne. In a country like our own, where the nobility of talent is recognised as amply as the House of Peers, and where greatness and goodness are alike invested with the purple—instance Lord Napier, of Magdala, Lord Clyde, Lord Lytton, and Lady Burdett Coutts—we want nothing to assure us that after all there is something in the old proverb, that so far as England and the Constitution are concerned, "whatever is, is best."

The feeling of contentment, the satisfaction with the powers that be, comes to us all the more readily when we remember, that we have the best Queen in Christendom, the best form of Government in the world, the greatest liberty of any nation on the earth, and the most deservedly popular heir to the throne some day to reign over the happiest, the most contented, and most loyal people in the world.

Perhaps at this moment I may be addressing some embryo Dickens. To him I would say, "Learn the lesson of his life." Remember he wrote for a purpose, not only to amuse. Remember the good he did, the shams he attacked, the evils he exposed, the wrong doings he unveiled.

Remember that, spurred on by an honourable ambition, he never forgot to do his duty, never failed to perform his task like an upright and honourable man. I believe Dickens to have been a good as well as a great man (the things, unfortunately, are often as wide as the poles asunder), and if we only all of us work as steadily, honestly, and unweariedly as he did, we shall, either in this world or the next, reap a like reward.

LIGHT, BEAUTIFUL LIGHT.

BY M. F. BIGNEY.

Light, beautiful light!
Light, the reflection of Deity's smile,
That wakeneth worlds from the chaos of night,
And brighteneth ocean and isle!
Fleet as thought o'er the waters careering,
Iris-hued pearls in thy pathway appearing,
Gemming the foam, while the depths thou art cheering.
Light, beautiful light!

Light, beautiful light!
Light as it lingers o'er forest and field,
That tinteth the flowers to gladden the sight,
And brighten the emerald shield!
Thou to the gardens in glory descending,
Mystical beauties for ever art blending,
While to the fruit trees rich treasures thou'rt lending,
Light, cherishing light!

Light, gladdening light!
Light that converteth to diamonds the dew,
That wakens the morn with a hymn of delight,
As if 'twere created anew!
When over nature thy mantle thour't flinging,
Groves become vocal, and birds with their singing,
Gush forth in thy praise, like a fountain upspringing,
Light, gladdening light!

Light, truth-telling light!
Light as it comes from the radiant spheres,
That shadows dispels with its silvery might,
And dangers and phantoms and fears.
Bright through the lattice thy matin rays streaming,
Startles the maid from her passionate dreaming,
Showing the true from that only in seeming.
Light, truth-telling light!

Light, heavenly light!
Light, as in brightness it beams on the mind,
That seems with a pencil of glory to write
High lyrics of hope for mankind!
Mortals the mystical tablet divining,
Still for the fair and holy are pining,
While thy best thougths thou art upward inclining.
Light, heavenly light!

N. Y. Dispatch.

TO THE EDITOR.

"ON DISTINCTIONS OF LANGUAGES."

Sir,—With the contributions of "Distinctions of Languages" I have been both pleased and interested, because the study of languages has a charm for me which no other pleasure can lay claim to, dialects being closely allied with the study of languages, more specially with what we are pleased to designate "modern languages," and none calling forth one's surprise and frequently facial risibility more than the diversities of our own. The study of dialects and languages is said to be very dry; but then those who labour in this field get at the "sap" of speech, and the same time materially help to master the avidity of one's studies.

Upon the article in the *Masonic Magazine* for September on "High and Low Dutch," I should like to make one or two remarks—from the fact of being acquainted with "Vaterland" bis Aachen nach Wien, Baltic, and Tyrol, and for many years also have "studied" her peoples and their dialects, and spent much time on the frontiers of Holland and Rhenish Prussia. Dialects spring from countries bordering one upon another, and these different kingdoms speaking other tongues; but from the continual intercourse, especially the border folks, hence arises the cause of dialects, and thus the purity of each separate language becomes abused and impure. It is in the interior of a kingdom where the pure and true vernacular is spoken, and the purity of pronunciation is heard. For instance, if I wished my sons to acquire pure German I should send them to Halle, certainly not to Berlin, neither to Aachen, Bonn, Neiwied, nor Switzerland. Again, I think that where there are many ruling heads in a great country speaking one common language—like Germany, for instance; she, until recently, was governed by a host of princes, dukes, and little kings, and each of these small states had a *twong* the same as they had a currency of their own, which puzzled many to understand; but since the amalgamation these two facts are dying out.

Permit me to say, that I think there is a great misunderstanding as to the meaning of the word "Dutch" and the word "Deutch;" "Deutch" literally meaning German, and not "Dutch." The Dutch are Hollanders, and not Germans; but the Germans are called Dutch after this fashion: when an unlearned person hears any language spoken, he will say I do not understand Dutch, meaning German; but would cause you to believe that the Hollanders are Deutchers, when they are really and truly no such personages. Allow me to further add, that I am somewhat surprised to see that a "German" should ask to "know" what is the "distinction between high and low German?" What, let me ask the German interrogator, does he understand, and is understood in his country by "Hoch Deutch and Platt Deutch?" Surely, he must know that "Hoch Deutch" simply means the pure spoken German; and that "Platt Deutch" is low German, is border dialect or lingo. "Platt Deutch"

appears to be understood as such, more especially by those peoples who reside near to the frontiers of Holland and in Rhenish Prussia, stretching away from Aachen to Cleves and the near laying districts. Finally, I must beg very essentially to differ from your honourable contributor in his opinion, "That the Dutch (Hollandish) language is for dignity, emphasis, and power, much superior to the English." There is not an "Aechter Deutcher" or Hollander who would venture to say so; and, I would state, that it is not the opinion of the very learned high professor of the high school of Berlin, "For," he says, "that for terseness, boldness, fulness, and comprehensiveness, there is no language extant that you can express yourself so completely and so freely as in that of the English language." This is also my humble opinion. Trusting that our mother tongue may ever hold this exalted pre-eminence, that we may be enabled thus to convey to other climes our Masonic zeal, and find "everywhere a home,"

Yours fraternally,
T. BURDETT YEOMAN, 18°.

N.B.—Germans speaking disparagingly, and by comparison, call the Hollandish tongue "Platt Deutch."

[Platt Deutsch is not confined, as our good Brother seems to say, to special districts; nor is it to be considered as merely "Border Dialect;" it extends all over Germany, and is the national "lingo," so to say, of the working classes.

Halle is not, moreover, the purest German speaking town, we should feel inclined to say "Hannover and Braunschweig."]—EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF FREEMASONRY.

(From *The Craftsman, and Canadian Masonic Record.*)

The following lecture was delivered in Pembroke, P.Q., on the occasion of the festival of St. John the Baptist, by Bro. Rev. E. H. Jenkyns:—

This subject must be interesting as a historical subject, and is well calculated to furnish us with practical lessons of wisdom for the present. However unworthily we may treat such a subject, it cannot fail to interest us to investigate into the effects and impressions produced by a system which has ever counted the most refined, cultured, and scientific minds of the world as its most enthusiastic disciples. It must be something worth while to search into the principles of a system which has played so conspicuous a part in the grand march of civilization; which so nobly put forth its might to rescue Europe and the East from the tomb of a dark and dreary superstition; which nobly maintained its character for liberty, intelligence, judicial, and comprehensiveness of views, when the night of ignorance brooded over the nations of Europe; and which, when the divine rights of man were almost obliterated, yet presented a broad, clear platform upon which man should meet and deal with his fellowmen. Such a subject cannot be without its lessons, and we trust our survey of it may not be without profit.

It is a customary expression with us, that when a man is of a very bad character of disposition, that his mind is essentially bad; and so, on the contrary, we say of a good man that his mind is essentially good. In the same sense we speak of the spirit of Masonry as the grand controlling principle of soul, which reveals its active operations, and which connects it with every good word and work. There is a disposition amongst men to overlook, disregard, or forget even the noblest principles, and to fall below the requirements of acknowledged standards, and instead of moving according to the exact square or plumb, they move in a zig-zag or shuffling manner. And it is no disrespect to the brethren present, to say that in many respects we fail to come up to the requirements of Masonic standards. And as we glance at the fundamental principles of Freemasonry, as these have been from time to time laid down in the ancient charges, this fact will appear still more apparent.

It is to be regretted that some Masons see nothing in Masonry but certain forms and ceremonies, and that it presents opportunities of social gatherings of the brethren. The very language of the Masonic Ritual ought to convince such brethren that Freemasonry teaches by symbols. When Freemasonry became a speculative rather than an operative fraternity, the temple of Solomon, in its construction, completion, and dedication, became the great symbol of the Brotherhood. That building was not remarkable for its size, for we find that the temples of Isis and Osier were of much

larger dimensions; but the surpassing excellence of that building over all others consisted in its cost, and in the magnificence of its decorations. Built of enormous blocks of white marble, put together with all the architectural symmetry and harmony which the most ingenious workmen could devise, it was a monument of skill and ingenuity. In the superb glory of that temple; the order manifest at its creation and the gorgeous ceremony of its dedication—in all these things the true craftsman sees the symbols of a still more glorious temple, with its golden streets. And the Mason who does not look beyond the mere forms and ceremonies of the institution fails, utterly fails, to realize the import of its teachings. Its sublime truths are indeed mysteries to him. But no brother can fail to become a better and a wiser Mason if he carefully pauses on his way through the degrees, and studies the allegories and symbols so profusely set before him. If he turns to the right or to the left, the lessons of truth are there before him, and it only remains for him to study their deep and hidden meaning. It is necessary that I should state these facts, because whatever good effect, or whatever good impression Masonry is calculated to produce are all but lost upon the careless or unthinking Mason. The system has certain lessons of practical wisdom to teach, and a certain impression for good to produce, or else, how shall we account for the hold which it has upon the learned, the great and the good of all ages and nations. A system which has outlived centuries of conflicts, of defeats and victories, and which has become so extended in its ramifications, must certainly contain within itself living principles of paramount importance. To bring to light some of these principles, and to show their practical bearings upon us as Masons, is at present our object.

When a candidate once passes the door of a Masonic Lodge, he is made to feel that whatever distinctions prevail in the outside world, within that lodge all are equal. It is quite true that in a Masonic Lodge we have certain distinctions, which are secured by moral worth, and, it may be, intellectual culture; yet, nevertheless, the broad fact remains, that we, as Masons, are all equal, and meet upon the common basis of a brotherhood. This fact will appear patent to everyone who realizes that Freemasonry is not an association, order or institution, but a fraternity. So that within a Masonic Lodge the poorest Mason may feel himself as the equal of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. A Mason is made to feel at the very threshold that he is a poor candidate in a state of darkness, and that all that lies before him in the world of Masonry has to be acquired by patient labour, close observation, and by a spirit willing to learn. Such an ordeal is well calculated to take from a man all vain conceit, and all silly, puffed-up ideas of superiority. Here, also, in this fact lies the grave responsibility of a Freemason when about to cast his vote for the admission of a candidate for initiation. By such a vote you are about admitting one into the fraternity, and as a matter of course, into the most intimate and confidential relationship to yourselves. It behoves you, therefore, to weigh the matter honestly and fearlessly, and to act according to your well-founded convictions. On such an occasion it is necessary that every Mason should lay aside all prejudices, and to weigh such an one in the scale of righteousness, to see whether he comes up to the weights of the temple, and to come up to the requirements of our ancient usages. If by reason of carelessness or unfaithfulness, an unworthy man is admitted, you do yourselves and the fraternity at large an irreparable injury. Then again, on the other hand, if by reason of prejudice, a narrow mind, a mere matter of feeling, a good and true man, well calculated to grace our mystic gatherings, is rejected, you yourselves, and the fraternity at large suffer a grievous loss.

The more attention I devote to Masonic Ritual, the more am I convinced, that if we faithfully and honestly carry out its requirements, we cannot fail to maintain for our institution the distinguished and honourable position which it ever has held. In the entered apprentice degree the candidate is required to declare his belief in the existence of God, because He is the source of all knowledge, and the fountain of all light, and how can a man enter upon the search of that which he does not believe in? His existence is the central fact of human life, and every other light or knowledge is only a broken reflection from the great sun. Therefore it is that no one can take even the first step in Masonry until he declares his belief in the great I am, of

whom the tetra-grammon is the symbol. And the Mason's first prayer is for the gift of divine wisdom, that he may be enabled to display the beauties of virtue, to the praise and glory of that holy name. It has been wisely said by one of the greatest philosophers of antiquity, that "reverence for the Supreme Being is the foundation of all religion." This spirit of reverence for the Supreme Being is fully recognized in Masonic Ritual, and enters largely into all its teachings. Nor do we wonder at this, for we find that even the cultured minds among the heathen of old would never allow the names of their gods to be profaned; but informed as are Masons as to God's glorious character and excellent glory, how much more weighty are our obligations to reverence his holy name. And it is a question which every one must individually settle, whether a Mason who takes the name of the Supreme being in vain and profanely, whether he is not by reason of such conduct unmasonic and recreant to the solemn pledge which he has made.

Following immediately after this confession comes, as a matter of course, a Mason's obligation, to remember the Sabbath, and keep it holy. I do not mean to infer from this that a Mason is bound to keep the Sabbath either in the Jewish or Christian manner; but the Sabbath, as a wise provision of Providence, is a fact recognized by all enlightened creeds, from the Brahmin upwards, and is founded in the very requirements of human nature. This fact is recognized and enforced in that sacred Volume of the Law, which is ever open in our lodge, and is a fact fully established by the historic traditions and lectures of our organizatiou. These all tell us that the Almighty Builder of the Universe having accomplished his six days work, rested on the seventh. He blessed, hallowed, and sanctified it. He thereby taught man to work industriously for six days in the week, but strictly commanded him to rest on the seventh. Do you ask why in the divine economy this arrangement was deemed necessary and beneficial? We answer it was in order that man might contemplate the wisdom, goodness and providential arrangements of his great Creator, and that he might offer praises for his unspeakable gifts to the children of men.

> "In holy duties let the day
> In holy pleasures pass away;
> How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
> In hope of one which ne'er shall end."

As we advance upward through the Masonic degrees, we shall find new landscapes continually presenting themselves to our view; we shall perceive a new colouring in every gleam of light, and a new emphasis in every deepening shade of Masonic mysteries. Without dwelling too minutely upon the symbols of all the degrees, I cannot but call your attention to the facts indicated by the 3rd degree. In this we are taught the grand and glorious truths of the resurrection of the dead, and the life which is eternal. It clearly symbolizes that death is not the end of man; but that this corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality. This is the spirit of Masonry. To deny the truth of the resurrection and the life to come is to open the door to all licentiousness. If this body is simply to drop of, or be laid aside for ever in death, what matters how we use it in this life? How narrow must be such a one in his views, and how dwarfed in intellect and human sympathy, who can see no prospect beyond the earthly horizon; what low ambitions control him, and how essentially weak he must be in the great conflict of life. If you as Masons would act well your part in life; if you would live in full sympathy with your fellow men and with the spirit of the age in which you live, then look well and earnestly to the future, and to the final approval of the great Master. The man who does this becomes, as the ancients would say, athanatos or immortal.

> "Corruption and the grave
> Shall but refine the flesh,
> Till my triumphant spirit comes
> To put it on afresh.
> Arrayed in glorious grace,
> Shall their vile bodies shine;
> And every shape and every face
> Look heavenly and divine.
> For it is not all of life to live; nor all of death to die,
> For beyond this vale of tears; unmeasured
> By the flight of years, there is a life above."

(To be continued.)

THE SOLOMONIC ORIGIN OF FREEMASONRY.

BY ALBERT G. MACKEY, M.D.

One of the most important results of the revolution which is now taking place in the

literature of Freemasonry is the disintegration of its historical elements, so that what is pure and recognised history may be separated from what is merely mythical or symbolical. The legends are all still retained, but they are beginning to be regarded, not as the foundations of history, but as the material for the development of symbolism.

It would not be well for the philanthropic tendencies of the instiution if its legends and myths were to be eradicated. Such iconoclasm would result in its eventual destruction, because these myths and legends constitute the very essence of its symbolism, and it is its symbolism that gives to Freemasonry all its identity—separating it in character and design from every other secret association—and all its beauty as the most perfect of all human inventions for the teaching of truth.

William Taylor, in his *History of German Poetry*, has expressed his regret that the Protestant Reformation did not begin in Italy rather than in Germany, which would have been the case if it had been delayed for a few years. He thought that the ideality of that Southern people would have preserved many beautiful and useful symbols in the religious service of the Church, which were needlessly rejected by the unimaginative Teutonic mind. So, too, the early Puritans of New England, confounding the symbolic teaching of the cross as the emblem of man's redemption with its adoration by the Papists, cut its figure from the national standard of England; and the disciples of Knox in Scotland, while properly abolishing the corruptions of the Roman worship, unfortunately extended their destructive energies to the classical specimens of sacred art which adorned the old cathedrals.

There is little fear that such a mistaken spirit of iconoclasm will ever distinguish the reformation of Masonic literature. Masons have been too well imbued with the symbolical idea, its true use and import, ever to make the mistake of rejecting its mythical legends because they are to be no longer received as authentic histories.

Therefore, I say that, while juster and more rational views of Masonic history are now beginning to be entertained, its legends will always remain as a part and parcel of its intellectual structure. Even the important legend of the third degree may no longer be regarded as an historical narration. We may fail to find the event corroborated by contemporaneous authority, sacred or profane, and yet the legend will never be abolished. It will continue to be taught as an essential part of Freemasonry, as the legend "*by excellence*" on which the whole system of symbolic instruction is founded, and as something that cannot be cast away without casting away with it the whole system of Masonic philosophy.

There is a puerile credulity which holds every myth to be a history, and finds no difference in the proofs that make the Duke of Sussex to have been a Grand Master, and those adduced to bestow the same title on Adam, our common father. Now the scholars who are waging at this day energetic and successful war against this Masonic superstition as it may well be called, must not be supposed to be desirous of abolishing the system of Masonic symbolism. On the contrary, they would leave that system precisely as it is, but they would give to it a newer and truer character. They are no iconoclasts. They break no images. They leave every image standing in its niche; but they view the image in its real light. They continue to repeat and to teach the myths and legends; but they no longer repeat or teach them as historical narratives, but simply as developments of a symbolic idea. So, while the ignorant Catholic peasant falls down and worships the Madonna of Raphael, the more enlightened Protestant views and admires it as a work of art, and derives from it suggestive ideas of the human love and human character of the Holy Child, and of the maternal sympathies of the Holy Mother.—*New England Freemason.*

(*To be continued.*)

DOWN BY THE SEA.

Tired and sick of the dusty town,
Longing for quiet, I hurried down,
Hoping to find sweet Lilian free—
Free to accept my love and me,
Down by the sea.

I read her name in the register,
Took tea, then went in quest of her;
But learned, by some young people's talk,
She had gone upon the beach to walk,
Down by the sea.

I had conned my love speech o'er and o'er—
I meant to kneel upon the shore,
Then, with the pathos of despair,
Beg her to love or kill me there,

Down by the sea.

My heart beat wildly in my breast
As hotly o'er the path I pressed;
I saw a white-robed figure stand
Tracing some letters on the sand,

Down by the sea.

Perhaps my name was written there,
And by that hand so wondrous fair!
Now would I end all doubt and see
What fortune had in store for me,

Down by the sea.

Softly I crept up to the place—
So dark I scarce could see her face—
"O, Lilian!" cried I, frantic'ly,
"Pity a wretch who dies for thee,"

Down by the sea.

As down I plumped upon the sand,
Pressing hot kisses on her hand,
A sooty face looked into mine—
I knew the cook in "just no time,"

Down by the sea.

A pair of lips of monstrous size
Muttered some words of *sweet* "surprise,"
While I, with dizzy brain and sick,
Sought my hotel in "double quick,"

Down by the sea.

I left for town that very night,
Of Lilian never got a sight;
She's married now, and far away,
While I'm a bachelor to-day,

Down by the sea.

COUNSEL TO LIVE MASONICALLY.

Before concluding my address, the last probably which it will be my privilege to present to you, permit me to refer briefly to the importance of a faithful adherence in principle and practice to the sacred tenets and cardinal virtues of our institution. It may seem trite to say that these are of far greater importance than its ritual; and yet the fact remains and is a reproach to Masonry that Masons here and there, and among them some who spare no pains to make themselves perfect in the ritual, are sadly indifferent to its moral precepts and obligations. Do not understand me to depreciate the value of high acquirements in the ritual. We should all be bright Masons. Let it be remembered, however, that the brightest ritual can never hide a tarnished character. The ritual is only the shadow of the real body of Masonry. It is the casket which contains the jewels of Masonic principle and character. Too many of us carry caskets in which the jewels are either wanting or so defaced with careless handling that we dare no longer call them jewels.

I am aware that to some Masons these admonitions are distasteful, and will probably be received with some impatience. They will say that Masonry is not religion, and that it is not to be so preached and enforced. I answer that it is true that Masonry is not religion, and that any man who accepts it as such makes a mistake which may be fatal to his happiness here and hereafter. But I answer further, that Masonry is a pure, high-toned morality, to the practice of which every brother has voluntarily, and in the presence of that God in whom he has avowed his trust, solemnly pledged himself. The obligations thus assumed cannot be set aside or neglected without condemnation and loss of character both to the individual and to Masonry.

Further, any brother who, after faithful instruction and warning, finds himself unwilling to abandon immoral practices, becomes a proper subject of Masonic discipline, and where a lodge unfortunately includes in its membership a controlling immoral element and influence, there can be no question as to the propriety of promptly arresting its charter.

We are not to content ourselves, however, with merely abstaining from immorality. It is especially the duty of Masons to carry into daily life the tenets of our profession, which are brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth. It has been represented to me that some of the brethren have been careless in this direction. We should not wait for invitations to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, or rally to the s pport of a falling brother. Our eyes should be open to see and our ears to hear and our hands ready to supply the needs of those in distress. I am persuaded that any failure in duty in this direction will be found mainly in our larger towns, where the pressure of business and other preoccupations sometimes seem to leave little

time for other duties. I am glad to be able to say, also, that I believe the average standard of morality to be fully as high in our jurisdiction as in any other, and that it is advancing from year to year.

The words of admonition which I have expressed are intended to aid the advance referred to, and to arrest tendencies in the opposite direction, which seem to exist in a few localities.

In conclusion, brethren, allow me to congratulate you on the present, and to encourage you in your efforts to extend the blessings of our institution. May your labours be abundantly rewarded, and may the time soon come when Masons everywhere will recognise their obligation "to be *good men and true, and strictly to obey* the moral law."—Brother Thos. H. Logan, G. M. of W. Va.

INCINERATION.

THE DYING WIFE'S APPEAL.

When the day of my destiny's over,
Oh! lay me not in the cold tomb,
Nor bury me under the clover,
Let fire my corpus consume.

Then after my body's cremated,
And my substance is done to a turn,
Let my ashes be carefully dated,
And packed away safe in an urn.

And when your collection increases—
To add to it surely you must,
As uncles, aunts, cousins, and nieces,
All die and bequeath you their dust—

Oh! say that with care you will tend it,
And watch it with love and with hope
Of a bright resurrection. Don't vend it
By selling the *potash* for soap.

And my spirit shall ever be near you,
My caloric to you I will lend,
To brighten the flames that will sear you
When survivors your burning attend.

W. M. L.

CHIPPINGS.

If you want to see a black squall, just look at a negro attacked with the colic.

Note-shavers succeed financially because they take "so much interest" in their business.

Why were the monks of old seldom warm? Because they were nearly always "cowl'd."

When does a candlestick resemble a tombstone? When it's set up for a *late* husband.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because if he's the first in pity, he's the last in help.

A young woman who put vitriol on her scalp to remove dandruff, says it was the dandruffest experiment she ever tried.

"I wouldn't have left, but the people kinder egged me on," said a man who was asked why he quit his Kansas home in a hurry.

Grace is a modest girl, and refuses to wear low dresses. "Mamma," she remarked to her maternal, "that is more than I can bare."

The expression of a nervous woman's face, upon getting into a dentist's chair, is something that no man can imitate until he gets a letter from his mother-in-law, sharply inquiring if that spare room is ready.

A fellow in Norwich was bitten by a dog. As soon as he recovered from his fright he declared he would kill the animal. "But the dog isn't mad," said the owner. "Mad!" shouted the victim exasperatingly, "what has he got to be mad about?"

"Your handwriting is very bad indeed," said a gentleman to a friend more addicted to boating than to study; "you really ought to learn to write better." "Ay, ay," replied the young man, "it is all very well for you to tell me that, but if I were to write better, people would find out how I spell."

A chap went to a pork shop to buy pork on credit. First he bargained for a lot of pigs' ears; next, the tradesman seeming willing to trust, he bought a pig's head; then, growing bold, he said, "I believe I'll take that ham." "No, you won't," replied the shop-keeper, "you are head and ears in debt now."

Mornington

Mornington

H. M. Madden

Geo. Askin

William Foster

Waverley

Sam'l Foster

Wm Willing Jnr

John Parker

Jn. P. Foley

Geo. Lloyd Love

John Grierson

Henry Thos Foster

Chas Bousfield

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

Since last month the great event in Freemasonry has been the Quarterly Communication, on the 2nd December.

Our Royal Brother, the Prince of Wales, officially then accepted the offer of the temporary Grand Mastership, and appointed the Earl of Carnarvon his Pro-Grand Master, and Lord Skelmersdale the Deputy Grand Master.

These appointments were made amidst the unanimous applause of the Brethren, and the Earl of Carnarvon was installed as the Deputy Grand Master.

Our Royal and august Brother, the Prince of Wales, was then nominated, amidst the acclamation of Grand Lodge, as Grand Master for the ensuing year.

The next Quarterly Communication, and the Annual Festival, will be of the deepest interest to the Order.

Beyond this we have little to note, as English Freemasonry is otherwise peacefully progressive.

Archbishop Manning's brochure on Freemasonry has not yet appeared, and for a time there seems to be a lull in manifestoes and allocutions. The truth is the Roman Catholics have been doing too much, and giving way simply to "high falutin," which never pays in the long run. May they be wiser in 1875.

It seems, from our respected contemporary, the "Philadelphia Keystone," that there were, according to the last official reports, 2,632 Chapters in the United States, and 112,362 Royal Arch Masons.

Freemasonry in America seems to be progressing, like as with us in England, with rapid strides, and the startling fact remains, that probably the Freemasons in the United States are now not much less, with all deductions, than 700,000 in numerical strength. The Craft in America has lately had to deplore the loss of several old, and excellent and valuable members of their Order. Among these may be cited P.G.M. Anthon, of New York; P.G.M. Read, of Pennsylvania; P.P.M. Perkins, of Louisiana; and Bro. Ames, P.G.M. of Minnesota.

Another denomination in Scotland, called the Christian Church, we fancy a very obscure sect, has denounced the Freemasons. But as they apparently consider that most other religious bodies are "sects of carnal invention," we are in pretty good company; and though they evidently are of opinion that we are "booked for something uncomfortable," we fancy that we shall survive their remarks.

Despite all adversaries and anathemas, the good old Craft seems to be "fighting a good fight" just now. May all of prosperity attend it everywhere in 1875.

We deeply regret the reported suspension of the publication of "Mackey's National Freemason," for want of adequate support. We trust that its motto may soon be "Reviresco."

Pictorial World Christmas Number.

This, the first Christmas Number, is certainly most attractive. The engravings are excellent, and in addition to a dozen or more by our best artists, two double-page Presentation Plates are given—the one by G. C. Kilburne, of the "Children's Party," is so graceful and natural in its composition that parents and children will delight in the possession of such a work of art; the other is a bold engraving of the well-known Academy picture by F. G. Cotman, of "Noah Receiving the Dove." The number in addition contains stories by Hain Friswell, Mortimer Collins, Shirley Hibberd, Walter Thornbury, Thomas Archer, George Manville Fenn, Henry S. Leigh, &c., and consists of thirty-two pages in a coloured cover, forming the cheapest and most attractive production for sixpence that we have seen.

OUR MASONIC MSS.

BY REV. A. F. A. WOODFORD.

I give another extract from a MS. of the early part of the 15th century, showing how contemporaneous were these exhortations to good manners, one of which forms concludes the Masonic Poem. Though this Harleian MS. be not identical with "Urbanitatis," or the "Masonic Poem," it has many analogies, and much general resemblance.

It seems impossible to doubt but that the Masonic Poem is a transcription of the very early part of the 15th century at latest, and represents a very much earlier version, probably translated from Latin or Norman French.

Brit. Mus.
Harl. Ms.
541, fo. 207.

Kepe thy cloth clene the by forn,
And bere the so thou have no scorn,
Byte not yi mete but kerve it clene,
Be welle ware no drop be sene.
Whan yu ety st gape not to wyde,
That yi mouth be sene on yche a syde
And son beware I rede of on thyng
Blow neyr thi mete nor yi you drynk.
And yif thi lord drynk at yat tyde
Drynk yu not but hym a byde,
Be it at coyn be it at noone,
Drynk yu not tyll he haue done.
Upon yi trencher no fyllth yu see,
It is not honest as I telle the.
Ne drynk behynd no manne bakke,
For yf yu do thow art to takke.
And chese come forthe be not to gredy,
Ne cette yow not thereof to hastely.
Caste not yi bones ynto the flore
But ley yem fayre on yi trenchore.
Kepe clene yi cloth by fore ye alle
And set yu stylle what so be falle.
Tyll grace be said unto ye ende,
And tyll yu have wasshen wt yi frend.
Let the more worthy yan thow,
Wassh to fore ye and that is yi prow
And spitte not yn yi basyn
My swete son yt yow wasshist yn.
And aryse up *soft* and stylle
And jangyll nether with jak ne jylle,
But take yi leve of the hede lowly,
And yank hym wt thyn hert hyghly.
And alle ye gentylles togydre yn same
And bare the so thow haue no blame.
Than men wyll say therafter,
That a gentyllman was heere.
And he gt dispiseth this techyng,
He is not worthy wt oute lesyng,
Neither at good mannes tabull to sitte
Ner of no worship for to wytte,
And therefore chyldren for charyte,
Lovyth this boke though yt ly til be.
And pray for hym yt made it thus,
That hyt may helpe swete I H C. [Jhesus]
To lyve and dye among his frendes.
And never to be combred wt no fendes,
And geve us grace yn joy to be
Amen, Amen for charytee.

Explicit { Lerne or be lewde
Qō [quoth ?] whytyng.

LUCY MATILDA JANE.

I do not know, at least I do not feel sure, whether the little story I am about to tell will be fully appreciated by my many readers; but, as I think it always best not only to "adorn a tale," but to "point the moral," I offer it in all good feeling to those who are in the habit of perusing the pages of our Masonic magazine.

Lucy Matilda Jane, when I first knew her, was a "strikingly good-looking gal," as young Timmins would always call her, of sweet seventeen or "thereanent."

She was the youngest of a family of five, famed for the tastes and "proclivities" of its fair daughters.

Maria was musical; Kitty was given up to severe reading, and was well up in Darwin and Lyell, Neile and Leebie; Henrietta was the business one of the family; Laura was always occupied in working carpets, &c., for the church; and Lucy Matilda Jane read a good deal of French, German, and Italian, and was very sentimental.

All the girls were good-looking, and as Mr. Wapshott used to say (he is one of the Wapshotts of Wapshott), "They all resemble their dear mother, though in different ways. Yes," he would add, "my dear friend, Tomlinson," putting his hand on my arm, and looking into my face as if to entreat credence for his gushing words, "that woman is really an angel, and all my girls take after her in one thing or the other. Maria has got her hair,

Kitty her teeth, Henrietta her hands, Laura her eyes, and Lucy Matilda Jane her *en-bon-point.*"

"Ah," he would add, moralizingly, "what a blessing, my friend, is a good wife, —one who talks for you and every one else; one who arranges for you and every one else; one who manages for you and every one else; one who spends your money for you and leaves you nothing to do, but to give her a *cheque* when she wants one.

"It is a great help to a husband to find a wife who has a will of her own—a good, steady, resolute woman, who knows what is what, and is not to be 'put upon' by any one.

"There is only one point on which her and I don't quite agree; for as I always give her 'her head,' and prefer a 'snaffle' to a 'curb,' as my old friend Hartington expressed himself, as she always has her own way, she and I get on admirably together.

"I do not approve of the way in which she and my daughters decide everything without any reference to me, about the young gentlemen who come to my house. The consequence is, Tomlinson, that these girls are all going positively, in my opinion, to throw themselves away. They have got some nonsense into their heads about 'compatibility of tempers' and 'similarity of tastes.' I think they pick such ideas out of the German novels; just as if matrimony was not a matter of family arrangement and material consideration. They will all have fortunes, as the world goes; but they are so perverse that, though I talk to them of marrying for position and wealth, they positively, Tomlinson, tell me that I am mean and mercenary. Maria is devoted to a young man who plays on the flute, and has only £400 a year. Kitty is full of a young professor, with long hair and dirty nails, and a flemish account at his bankers; but who talks glibly of the 'natural law of relation.' Henrietta is devoted to a rising young solicitor, who spouts law until I am sick of it; Laura is devoted to the curate of St. Walker-Without; while Lucy Matilda Jane, my 'youngest and my fairest,' thinks of nothing but the army and a penniless lieutenant in a marching regiment.

"It is in vain for me to interfere; they all equally resent my remarks, and repudiate my authority; and that minx, Lucy Matilda Jane, told me the other day that she considered money 'dross,' and 'affection' everything, and then she sung out, as if to clinch the matter.

'Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream.'

"I gulped down my grief and my disgust, Tomlinson, in a full glass of some very fine old Madeira, which has been twice round the Cape, and has not a touch of acidity in it; and when I spoke to my wife, that best and most sensible of women, on any other subject, I got no help and no satisfactory reply; indeed, in my opinion, I only obtained a most unbecoming answer. 'Girls will be girls;' 'girls and young men will go together;' 'like will follow like;' 'where tastes agree, it's half the battle.'

"If I still remonstrate at the perversity of youth, on the tendency to hasty matrimony, all the consolation I receive is, 'You had much better mind your own business, Wapshott, and leave the girls alone.' Now, do you think, Tomlinson, that this is a becoming response to me? the head of the family, from the partner of my joys and woes, my happiness and income (of which, by the way, she spends more than her share)."

All I could reply was, as the one-eyed bagman says in "Pickwick," and it is a great and certain truth, "Women is queer critturs," Wapshott.

"Yes, Tomlinson, so they are," replied Wapshott, decidedly, as if this truism had for the first time deeply struck him. "I spoke to Mrs. Wapshott confidentially the other night, to use a French expression, 'en bonnet de nuit,' and tried to get her to see things as I did. But all I could get her to say was, that I was once young myself; that 'young men would admire young women;' that 'courting was a necessity;' and that 'for her part she had always been an advocate for matrimony;' and when I murmured something about their being too young to marry, she actually told me, her husband of many years, that she was 'entirely in favour of marriages of affection,' and 'that it would be a very bad world if there were nothing but old fogies, or old bachelors and old maids in it,' and after that she went to sleep. Since then I have given up the contest, and only shrug my shoulders, and endure as calmly

as I can, as my friend Professor Von Exelheim says, smoking his long pipe and sipping schnapps, 'This greatly to be deprecated position of affairs.'

"But I have always felt, Tomlinson, as a man and a Briton, that I was both master in my own house and head of my family," continued Wapshott, addressing me earnestly; "and the other day, as you will remember, my friend, I asserted my rights and my position in a most masterly way."

I thought I did remember very well, indeed; too well to please me, in fact; but I made no reply, and he continued his oration.

"You will bear me witness, Tomlinson, I am sure," he proceeded to say, "how completely for once I upset my wife's arrangements and calculations." Here he paused for a reply, but I still held my tongue, nodding to him affirmatively with my head, though I too truly called to mind how the great idiot, as I thought him, had 'upset the apple cart,' and spoilt a good dinner; and more even than this, I had a lugubrious reminiscence how that infatuated man's interference on that special occasion had blighted my own tender hopes and aspirations.

For I may as well let my readers into a secret. I had myself a very great admiration of the "fraicheur" and "naivete" of "Lucy Matilda Jane." I will not say that I was "spooney," but I was very near; her good looks had made a deep impression on my antique heart, and the little gipsy knew it, (all women always do find it out), and just from time to time gave me enough encouragement, (when her odious Philip wasn't by,) to make me believe that she had a little interest in myself, an elderly, stout, middle-aged gentleman, with spectacles and a limping leg. All this floated over my vision while Wapshott took breath, and you must accept it, as the French say, "en parenthese."

But, turning to me, and taking hold of a button of my coat, Wapshott recommenced his vivid flow of words, ignoring my painful retrospect and my suppressed sulkiness:

"I did it well, old boy, didn't I? You remember how I said to Mrs. Wapshott, 'Mrs. Wapshott, as our party is assembled, I think we had better arrange the table. Nothing adds so much to a good dinner as a well-arranged dinner party.' I said this because Mrs. Wapshott and those girls had actually arranged that the five adorers should sit by the five adored ones.

"'Spoons, spoons, spoons,' as old Tommy Walker remarked.

"It is most important, I continued, that the right people should sit next the right people, and all that sort of thing.

"'Wapshott,' she replied, tartly, if you remember the scene, as I don't doubt you do, [didn't I, that's all], 'leave all such matters to me, if you please. My grandmother always arranged dinner parties admirably, and I have inherited her talent. Do be quiet, and mind your own business. Take out Mrs. Mulgrubber, and make yourself very agreeable to her, while I try to do the same, if I can, to that brute her husband.' She said this, of course, 'sotto voce.' But I was not to be so beaten. I was very hurt, but I felt, as the immortal Nelson once observed, as the "superior being," I was expected 'to do my duty.'

"So I waited calmly for my hour of self-assertion, saying to myself, 'For once, Mrs Wapshott, I will be lord and master here.'

"Dinner was announced. You remember, Tomlinson, don't you, how, to Mrs. Wapshott's startled consternation, I said out loudly and clearly and composedly, Mr. Gubbins (that was the solicitor), take out Maria.' Henrietta and Maria, and Mr. Gubbins and Mr. Langthorne looked miserable. 'Mr. Langthorne, take out Kitty.' Kitty and Mr. Bumpstead looked at me ferociously. 'Mr. Bumpstead, take out Henrietta; Mr. Johnson, take out Laura; and Tomlinson, take out Lucy Matilda Jane.'

"The poor curate being thus left out in the cold, and having thus separated the turtle-doves, they all followed silently and dumfounded into the dining-room.

"I had hardly taken my seat or said grace before I heard Mrs. Wapshott say out loud to Mulgrubber, 'Now, we will see how you gentlemen can arrange a dinner party,' and that infamous fellow had the audacity before my very eyes, to say with a simper to my wife, 'No one ever arranged a dinner like you, Mrs. Wapshott; not even my angel, Caroline, there.'

"I thought that Mrs. Mulgrubber would have jumped off her chair at such a speech in such a voice; but no, she quietly asked for a glass of sherry (my best brown), and composed herself with 'gusto' to her 'potage à la Reine.'

"I am bound to confess to you, my friend, as you well know, that that dinner was not a lively one, for everybody was apparently dissatisfied with his and her neighbour, and was glum and silent.

"I began to wish sincerely that I had not interfered with Mrs. Wapshott's arrangements, as up to that evening our dinners had always been 'the thing' in all respects. But you remember the scene and the party." And here Mr. Wapshott seemed to finish his story, as if he had said all.

I did indeed remember it, and what an ass Wapshott had made of himself, and what a "fiasco" of a superb dinner. He spoiled my appetite at his festive board; he prevented me becoming a member of his genial family.

Up to that evening I got on admirably with Lucy Matilda Jane, but she was now downright savage. She kept watching her lieutenant and Laura, and answered me in monosyllables. I tried chaff, sentiment, poetry, the belles lettres, music, and the drama, all in vain. Everybody's eyes followed everybody else's movements.

"Oh, you ommadhown," I remember saying to my host (to myself), "my chance is gone, 'je suis plauté la.' How could you be so great a gander as to interfere with Mrs. Wapshott?"

It was quite clear to me by this time that the girls were simply furious, and meant business, and meant mischief. All the while Mrs. Wapshott sat serenely smiling, but throwing in a word of pity for the suffering victims.

Old Wapshott completely collapsed, and when the ladies retired in their silks and satins, the gentlemen had a bad time of it, I assure you, as everyone was put out, and when at last we got to the drawing-room and coffee, it was too clear to me that "l'heure du Berger' had arrived. Indeed, Wapshott's sage interference had only expedited the denouement. The five despondent swains were soon by the side of their sympathising "damozels," and stayed by their sides the whole evening, defying Pere Wapshott and everybody else.

Lucy Matilda Jane and her lieutenant actually got together in a corner by themselves, and he talked to her, and she knitted all the evening, and their conversation was low and confidential, such as engaged young ladies rejoice in with engaged young men. The other four heroes seemed equally well employed, and their fair companions equally well contented.

I never passed a less pleasant evening, and left the house savage with the world, and with Lucy Matilda Jane, with her lieutenant, with myself, and, above all, with that dreadful goose, old Wapshott.

Will it surprise my readers to be told that the upshot of Mr. Wapshott's skilful interference was that all the five Misses Wapshotts were married to their five young men the same day?

In vain did poor Wapshott talk of reflection; idly did he advocate delay; uselessly did he talk of "haste" and "expense," and the like. Mrs. Wapshott said to him, with all the dignity of a Roman matron, "No, Mr. Wapshott, you would arrange the dinner, and I will manage the wedding!" —and manage it she did with a vengeance.

They were all wedded amid a profusion of orange blossoms and bridesmaids and groomsmen, as never was before witnessed, and never will be witnessed again. St. Ambrose Square still rings of it to this very hour.

Such a wedding breakfast I never before or since attended; such a cake I never before or since have seen; such speeches I never before or since have heard.

The only unhappy person was old Wapshott, whom nothing could apparently console.

Mrs. Wapshott was, on the contrary, all smiles and cerise and point lace, most hearty and benign.

Poor old Wapshott! What a lesson for him, and to all married men mad enough to interfere with their wives' arrangements, and especially in "affaires du cœur."

Would you believe it? That gipsy Lucy Matilda Jane has lately written to me to ask me to become godfather to her "premier ne," as nothing, she said, would give Philip and her greater pleasure, and that she proposed to call the imp Philip Theo, for, as she added, Theophilus, dear Mr. Tomlinson, is too long.

What could I say?

What could I do!

Of course I consented, and took the customary fork, knife, and spoon, emblematic, as I felt the latter article, of "bigotry and virtue," of him who signs this little story.—Yours most obediently,

THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

MASONIC SONG.

BY BRO. C. G. MACKENZIE.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Come Brethren of the mystic tie,
Let songs of joy arise,
For Faith and Hope and Charity
Point upward to the skies.

And while the level and the plumb
Shall teach us lessons rare,
We still shall keep our secret dumb
And act upon the square.

Then sing our Points of entrance
For they are virtues rare;
The lovely form of Temperance
We'll guard with prudent care,

And Fortitude with firmest heart,
And Justice good and fair,
Shall teach us manhood's noble part,—
To act upon the square.

And while Fraternal Love abounds
Within each Truthful breast,
May each relieve a Brother's wounds,
And comfort the distressed.

Then sing the tenets we profess,
For they are jewels rare;
And thus the world we still shall bless
By acting on the square.

Then sing for Freedom's holy light,
With Fervency sincere;
So we may prize that emblem bright,
Of honour which we wear.

While every eye points to that home,
Let Zeal each bosom warm;
From Mother Earth we all have come,
And to her must return.

TWO SIDES OF LIFE.

There is a shady side of life,
And a sunny side as well,
And 'tis for every one to say
On which he'd choose to dwell;
For every one unto himself
Commits a grievous sin,
Who bars the blessed sunshine out,
And shuts the shadows in.

The clouds may wear their saddest robes
The sun refuse to smile,
And sorrow with her troop of ills,
May threaten us the while;
But still the cheerful heart has power
A sunbeam to provide;
And only those whose souls are dark,
Dwell on life's shady side.

American Freemason.

WAS THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON A FREEMASON?

By the kindness of a Brother, a member of Lodge 494 (Ireland), we are enabled this month to give as our frontispiece some remarkable signatures taken from the original bye-laws of Lodge 494, and also a copy of the three bye-laws adopted by that lodge on the 21st day of July, 1772, A.L. 5772, Irish style.

The first of the signatures on our frontispiece is that of Garrett, the first Earl of Mornington, who was admitted to Lodge 494 in the town of Trim on the 31st day of August 1775, and was subsequently Grand Master of Ireland in the year 1777, and died on 22nd May, 1781, and was succeeded by his son Richard Colley, the second Earl, whose signature appears second on our frontispiece, and who was admitted to the lodge on the 4th day of August, 1782, there being admitted on the same day General Pomeroy, Lord Delvin, and Sir James Erskine. Richard Colley, the second Earl of Mornington, became like his father the first Earl, Grand Master, and presided over the Order in the year 1782 and subsequently as Marquis of Wellesley, from the year 1821 to 1828, and was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The most highly prized of all these signatures is that simple "A. Wesley,"

this signature being that of a young lieutenant then in the 12th Light Dragoons stationed in Dublin, who only came of age in May, 1790, and was selected as a member of the Irish Parliament for the Borough of Trim in the August of that year, as the Dublin Directory of 1791 contains the following entry amongst the Irish members elected in the general election of August 1790 : — "Trim.—The Hon. A. Wesley in the room of the Hon. Wm. Pole Wesley. Residence, Quarters, Dublin."

Doubtless many of our readers will be surprised to learn that this young lieutenant the "Hon. A. Wesley," M.P. for Trim in 1790, and a member of Lodge 494, was no other than the great Duke of Wellington, the family name having at a subsequent period been changed to Wellesley. The exact date of the Duke's being made cannot be ascertained, this minute book of the lodge having been lost since 1856, and it is not recorded in the Grand Lodge records; but by the minutes of the lodge it appears the lodge met in Trim, on the 16th Feb., 1795, the Rev. Wm. Elliot in the chair. Bro. Reynolds, the Treasurer, announced that "the following were the seven subscribers to the lodge special subscriptions: —Rev. W. Elliot, the Hon. A. Wesley, John Mockler, Wm. Carshore, James Allen, George Askin, and Henry Reynolds." Consequently, the Duke must have joined the lodge shortly before the 16th of Feb., 1795, the following note being made by Bro. Reynolds on that day :

"The warrant under which this lodge sits bears date the 7th day of May, 1772, and in Masonry 5772, his Grace the present Duke of Leinster, Grand Master of Masons then in Ireland. The warrant committed to Alex. Wood, Esq., Mr. H. Reynolds, Gent., S.W., and J. Chapman, Esq., J.W., and under which warrant from the commencement of the body to this time 122 members have been regularly admitted, and of such respectability as may appear by the roll book of this lodge.—H. Reynolds, Sec. 16th February, 1795."

The roll book here referred to is the book containing the bye-laws of the lodge, of 21st July, 1772.

Bro. Furnell, 33°, in his "Recorded History of Irish Masonry," at page 45, states that "On the 7th of December, 1790, the Duke of Wellington was initiated in No. 494, at Trim," and on reference to the "Directory" of that year, it is found to be the second Tuesday in Dec. 1790, being the night for the lodge meeting. This information he must have got from one of the old 494 Bros., as he so published on 12th July, 1842, only four years after the lodge moved to Dublin, and when all the minute books were with Bro. Carleton.

The following short history of this lodge has been furnished to us by the same brother.

This lodge was originated by William the Marquis of Kildare, Grand Master of Ireland, and who subsequently became Duke of Leinster. The warrant bearing his signature as the Grand Master is dated 7th May, 1772, A.L. 5772 (Irish style), and was granted to Alexander Wood, Esq., Henry Reynolds, Gent., and John Chapman, Esq., to hold a lodge in the town of Trim, and County of Meath.

This warrant is still used by the lodge.

On the 31st of August, 1775, the then Earl of Mornington joined the lodge, and on his becoming G.M., in 1777, presented the lodge with an apron of a very peculiar make, and in this apron the Masters of the lodge were always installed until the year 1856, since which period it has been lost.

From the obtaining of the warrant the lodge from time to time met in the town of Trim with varying success down to the year 1838; but in that year it having become reduced to three brethren, named Samuel Scott, who was admitted on the 23rd of December, 1796, Bro. Cristopher Carleton, admitted on 27th December, 1797, and Samuel Beckett, admitted 24th June, 1826. They having on the 4th of June, 1838, affiliated Brethren Wm. Carleton, Thomas Murphy and G. B. Grant, all belonging to Lodge 2, Dublin, and on the 7th of June, 1838, presented a memorial to G.L., setting forth "that the said Christopher Carleton, Samuel Beckett, and Samuel Scott, were the only survivors of the members of the lodge resident in Trim, and that each of them was then over 70 years of age, and no longe r able to take any part in Masonry, but were anxious the warrant under which so many distinguished Masons were made should not be recalled, and they therefore prayed that Wm. Carleton, Thomas Murphy, and G. B. Grant, should be at liberty to remove the warrant to Dublin."

The prayer of this memorial having been granted by G. Lodge, this fine old lodge met for the first time in Dublin, on the 12th of June, 1838, when our late esteemed Bro. Wm. Carleton became Secretary, and proposed as one of its first candidates our much esteemed Bro. Edward C. Carleton (30th) the present Clerk of the Peace for the county of Dublin, who on his brother William's decease became Secretary of the lodge, and which post he filled most efficiently until the year 1853, when he ceased to take an active part in Masonry, and to him we beg to tender our thanks for the foregoing information.

During the period of our Brother Edward Carleton's being Secretary, he proposed to the lodge that they should obtain the sanction of his Grace the Duke of Wellington to call the lodge "The Wellington Lodge." Bro. Carleton having communicated this resolution to his Grace, received a reply from him declining to allow the lodge to be called after him, "inasmuch as he never was inside any lodge since the day he was made."

In the year 1856 this lodge having again (owing to some unpleasantness among its members) got reduced to three members, the warrant was sent into Grand Lodge "in trust, on the 1st of November, 1856," but was again taken out by our much esteemed Brother Wm. Allen (32°) who thereupon became Secretary, and is still, we are glad to say, not only an honoured member of this lodge, but of every degree in Irish Masonry up to the 32nd.

The present officers of the lodge are, Bros. Joseph St. Clair Mayne, Master; Rev. S. F. Cresswell, D.D., S. Warden; Wm. Kingsbury Drury, J. Warden; Frederick Barlow, S. Deacon; John Lopdel, J. Deacon; Thomas D. Knox, Inner Guard; John Morgan, M.D., Director of Ceremonies; John Hemsley, Organist; Isaac Usher, Treasurer; Archibald H. Jacob, M.D., Secretary; Rev. Dr. Cresswell, D.D., Chaplain.

RULES AND ORDERS

To be kept and observed by the several and respective Members of Lodge No. 494 *in Trim.*

21st July, 1772.

1. Resolved, that we the Master, Wardens and rest of the Fraternity of Lodge No. 494, now in Lodge assembled, considering that Concord and Unity is the foundation, whereon the Harmony, Tranquility, and happiness of any society do depend. Do therefore declare that the Glory of our God, the Honour of our King, the well-being of our Brethren, the protection and advancement of our Ancient and Honourable Craft, are the sole motives for forming these rules which shall be binding on us and all others who may hereafter become members of this Lodge, and that these rules shall be read at the coming in of every new Brother, or as often as the Master shall think fit.

II. Ordered, that each and every member of this Lodge so meet at the house or place appointed by the Master and majority of this Lodge, to hold a lodge on every second Tuesday at the hour of six until nine from the twenty-ninth day of September to the twenty-fifth day of March, and from the twenty-fifth day of March to the twenty-ninth day of September at the hour of seven until ten in the afternoon, and if the Master absent himself on said lodge nights after the hour of meeting he shall pay one British shilling to the box of this lodge, each Warden for the like offence ninepence, each deacon eightpence, and each member not attending on lodge nights sixpence over and above the lodge dues, except he make a lawful excuse.

III. Ordered, that if any member of this lodge do presume to curse or swear or take God's name in vain while the lodge is open, each offending member shall pay two shillings and twopence to the Treasurer's box.

IV. Ordered, that every member of this lodge do pay to the Master for the time being seven shillings and one halfpenny each quarter day, as and for his quarterly dues of this lodge, out of which the master is not to spend each lodge night more than tenpence for each brother which shall be present on such night, and the rest at the end of each quarter to be deposited by the Master in the box of this lodge to be distributed in charity, or as the Master and the majority of the brethren shall think proper.

V. Ordered, that one month before each of our Patron Saint's days new officers be chosen. The Master shall name three of the brethren, one of whom to be chosen Master by ballot, and the Wardens to name two

each and be also ballotted for as Wardens, and such officers be returned to the Grand Lodge on or before St. John's day in June every year.

VI. Ordered, that any old Mason who is desirous of becoming a member of this lodge must be recommended by a member of the same, to be a person of unblemished character, and be ballotted for and thereby gain the unanimous consent of all the members then present. Each person so admitted shall pay as a fine of entrance eleven shillings and fourpence halfpenny to the box and one shilling to the Pursuivant of this lodge.

VII. Ordered, that any person who is proposed to be be made a Mason in the lodge must be ballotted for the lodge night after he is proposed and gain the unanimous consent of all the brethren then present, and that no brother may plead ignorance, it is further ordered that the said person's name, occupation, and place of residence be inserted in the summonses for the night of ballot, reserving nevertheless power to the Master to summon a lodge of emergency and therein insert the name of the person proposed, who, on good cause may be ballotted for and made that night, and such person so admitted shall pay £2 5s. 6d., and one British half-crown to the Tyler, out of which the Master is to defray the usual expenses, procure aprons for the Master and Wardens, and register the said brother in the Grand Lodge book. And if the Secretary, on notice from the Master, shall neglect to have the said brother so registered on or before the second lodge night after said brother is compleated, he shall be fined one British half-crown.

VIII. Ordered, if any person applies to be made a Mason in this lodge, if the person he applies to shall make him clandestinely or be aiding or assisting in the aforesaid method, such person so offending shall be expelled this lodge, and notice thereof shall be given to the Secretary of the Grand Lodge.

IX. Ordered, that every member of this lodge do meet at a dinner on each of our Patron Saint's days, and every member shall pay towards said dinner 3s. 3d. every absent member to pay as if present, that said dinner be provided by the Master and Wardens in conjunction in such manner and in such place as they shall think fit, and that immediately after dinner the old officers do install the new ones in their places. The Master refusing to serve shall pay 5 British shillings, and on refusal of a Warden 3 British shillings, and of a Deacon 2 British shillings to the box of this lodge.

X. Ordered, That each member of this lodge do obey the Master in all reasonable matters, and call him worshipful during lodge hours, and any person not observing the Master's usual signal for silence, or who shall interrupt a lesson, spoil harmony or behave himself in any respect unbecoming a sober brother shall for every such offence pay 13d to the box of this lodge.

XI. Ordered, that if any person belonging to a regular lodge shall be desirous of becoming a visitor of this body he shall be accepted unless there shall appear just cause to the contrary, and such visitor shall be clear of the reckoning on the first visit.

XII. Ordered, that the Junior Warden or whoever acts for him shall have the care of the reckoning, and give notice when there is as much liquor in as comes to each man's proportion, and if the same be over-run, he shall be liable to pay the overplus. No person is to call for liquor without the leave of the Junior Warden, otherwise he shall pay fourpence.

XIII. Ordered, that all dues, fines, and forfeiting be cleared off the last lodge night in every quarter at farthest, on due notice being given by the Secretary, or be excluded this lodge.

XIV. Ordered, that the Pursuivant attending this lodge do receive for his trouble one British shilling each lodge night over and above all Emoluments which he may be entitled to under the foregoing rules, together with all such other gifts and grants from this lodge as he or any future Tyler or Pursuivant may merit.

XV. Ordered, that if any member be guilty of any crime or irregularity not specified in these rules he shall be dealt with as the Master and majority of the brethren present shall think proper, and that all these rules and each of them do stand and remain in full force unless altered by a majority in full lodge assembled, provided any of them do not make void or take away the energy or force of any of the rules, orders, or regulations of the Grand

Lodge as far as they extend to inferior lodges.

Signed at our lodge room held in Trim aforesaid, the 21st day of July, 1772, and in Masonry 5772.

Alexr. Wood, M; Hen. Reynolds, S.W; John Chapman; Robt. Carshore; John Boulger; Walter Evans; Thos. Crawley; John Edwards; Ad. Carshore; John Mockler; Fras. Forster; Nichs. Wisdom; Wm. Carmichael; Christr. McAlister; Langn. Doyle; Will. Evelyn; Robt. Fleetwood; Danl. Doyle; Wm. Taylor; Wm. Bathursth; Ed. Hen. Duncan; John Seaton; John Pandy; Pons. Gouldsbury; Wm. Atkinson; Geo. Lowther; Jaz. Somerville; Wm. Hopkins; Hen. Green; John Hopkins; Thos. Drew; Christr. Bor; Ben. Chapman; Duke Giffard; Robt. Henry; Thos. Kelly; Patk. Rooney; Fras. Forster; Edwd. Purdon; Blaye Wm. Mitchell; Chas. Purdon; Chas. Barry; Thos. Purdon; *Mornington*; Clol. Rowley; Edwd. Mockler; Chas. Roberts; Matt. Fox; Thos. Walker; Michl. Daniel; Dnd. Loftus; Wm. Foster; Ham. Gorges; Meade Swift; John Christian; R. G. Gorges; Dom. Dunn; Barry McGusty; Geo. Lowther; Richd. Allen; M. Neligan; John Purdon; Robt. Wade; Richd. Friend; Edwd. Tonge; John Salt; Michl. Tisdall; Robt. Marman; Beryn Woodward; Phil. Smith; John Robins; Wm. Hen. Finlay; Wm. Ould; *Mornington*; Wm. Elliott; Hen. Williams; Edwd. Smith; Robt. Higgins; Delvin; J. Erskine; John Maiten; Francis North; Robert Uniacke; Richd. Boyle, Rt. Perceval; John Young; Robt. Waller; Richd. Mockler; E. Malone; Wm. Carshore; Jas. Allen; John Pomeroy; Richd. Horner; John Williams; Thos. Smith; Richd. Ladley; Wm. Allen; Wm. Madden; Geo. Askin; Wm. Foster; *A. Wesley*; Saml. Forster; Wm. Millingspeer; John Parker; John Js. Edes; Geo. Cleghorn; John Grierson; Hen. Thos. Burton; Chas. Bomford; Edwd. E. Chambey, 23rd Aug. 1796; Saml. Scott, 23rd Aug. 1796; Thos. Brown, 13th Sep.. 1796; Thos. Taylor, 13th Sep., 1796; Thos. Williams, and John Williams, 20th Dec.. 1796; Jas. Harrington, 24th Feb., 1797; Jas. Pratt-Seltbett, LL.D.; Thos. M. Claughry, 27th Dec., 1797; Stephen. Price; Con. Carleton; Thos. Shore; Wm. Hinds.

"Oh! the Mistletoe Bough!
Oh! the Mistletoe Bough."—*Old Song.*

What dreams, fair lady, are mine to day?
As Christmas is drawing near,
How many years have pass'd away
Since in a December drear,
You and I were in an ancient hall—
I think I see it now—
Wherein was hung by a hero tall
A charming Mistletoe Bough.

Do you remember, or do you not
Our pleasant games that eve,
Or mid your cheery and sunny lot,
Or the memories that grieve,
Have you forgotten, forgotten quite
Each whispered word and vow,
Or has it pass'd out of mind as out of sight
That white-berried Mistletoe Bough?

I mind me, as the Laureate sings,
Mid our Christmas games and quips,
And with the Romance recollection brings,
Of a "meeting of the lips,"
When we each of us loudly, loudly swore
Amidst that jovial row,
That we would be faithful evermore
To the sign of the Mistletoe Bough.

Alas! that time is gone and sped,
Fair lady, many a year,
You have been long since happy wed
To a hero bold and dear,
And I, a lonely Bachelor still,
Yet remember that fair broad brow,
And often mid my good and ill
Recall that Mistletoe Bough.

And in this genial Christmas time,
When fun and frolic, jest,
And gay charades in prose and rhyme
Rejoice the youthful breast,
The tender memories of the hour
Still recall the "when and how,"
When those eyes of yours in their vivid power
Shone beneath that Mistletoe Bough.

So, youthful dames and maidens fair,
Don't despise the mystic charm,
But for all who "boldly do and dare,"
It's a Talisman from harm;
Yes, with "bon devoir" and devotion
You can be happy there, I trow,
So with the lip-service of emotion
Gather under the Mistletoe Bough.

Cælebs.

SAVED FROM PRISON.

"THAT reminds me," remarked Bro. Schmoker, "of an adventure that befell me some twenty odd years ago, while returning from a business trip to New York."

The above was the introductory to a new story brought out by the closing sentence of an adventure in the Sierra Nevadas, just related by the Grand Lecturer, Bro. Leming, who was on an official visit to our place. We had been to the lodge that evening listening to an exemplification of the work. Closing at an early hour, some half dozen of us, at the invitation of Bro. Burch, repaired to his office for the purpose of spending a little time in social chat, before the final separation for the night. Bro. Schmoker being a dealer in the article, stopped at his store on the way, and took in a fresh supply of cigars, knowing full well that all but myself were his namesakes, at least by habit and education, if nothing more. Bro. Leming had spent several years of his life on the Pacific slopes, and had experienced many hair-breadth escapes. He had just completed the recital of one that occurred during a stage ride over the mountains, by which he came near losing his life, the conclusion of which "reminded" Brother Schmoker as stated at the opening. Said he:

I was, and had been for several years, living at Lancashire, Ohio, plying my regular avocation of manufacturing and dealing in cigars. It was my usual custom to make a trip to New York about once a year, for the purpose of purchasing stock, and as railroads were not so common in those days as at present, I did a portion of my travelling by the old-fashioned stage-coach. The term "over the mountains" used to be as familiar as "household words" to residents and tradesmen of the towns along the Ohio river, from Pittsburg down, even as far in the interior as the place of my residence. We steamboated it as far as steamboats could run, and then took stage over the mountains, to connect with other conveyances on the eastern side.

It was during my return from one of these annual trips to the metropolis that an adventure happened, which came near putting me behind the bars of a Pittsburg prison, the particulars of which I shall never forget so long as I retain my senses; more especially as I was wholly innocent of the charge brought against me, backed as it was by circumstantial evidence of the strongest kind. And to Masonry, brethren, am I indebted for saving me from incarceration in a felon's cell.

Of course, Pittsburg was a little out of the usual route to New York from our place, but on this particular occasion, after transacting my business, I returned by way of that city, to secure some hands to work in the factory. Passing through Baltimore and arriving at Cumberland, I took passage in the stage by the old plank road over the mountains to West Newton, where I expected to take boat for the "iron city."

The stage was full, and among the passengers was a rough, disagreeable fellow, whose name, as I subsequently learned, was Crabbs. He seemed determined to make all about him as uncomfortable as possible, by his bragging, swaggering manner; and to add largely to the disagreeableness of the situation, he managed, at every halt of the stage, to take in a considerable quantity of whiskey. The fellow had a double-barrelled pistol in his possession which he frequently exhibited, giving at each exhibition a different account as to how he came by it, until every one in the coach became annoyed, disgusted, and in fact alarmed lest some accident should happen from the weapon, which was apparently loaded. This state of affairs continued until just before reaching the Youghiogheny river, which is the principal feeder of the Monongahela, when an accident happened to the stage, by which we were detained several hours—so long in fact that we did not arrive at the end of our route, West Newton, a little town some thirty five miles above Pittsburg, until midnight.

Being obliged to wait over for the morning boat, we sought the only hotel in the place, which we found already pretty well filled with guests. Naturally quiet and unobtrusive, I was the last one to receive attention. The landlord informed me that my only chance was to share a bed with this man, Crabbs. At first I positively declined the honour, but on ascertaining that the landlord's statement was correct, I very reluctantly consented. We were imme-

diately shown to an ordinary-sized hotel bedroom, containing, besides the bed, a couple of rickety chairs, a bureau surmounted by a broken mirror, and a threadbare carpet on the floor. The room had but one window, and one door, the one at which we entered. I noticed all these things particularly, as there was a presentiment in my mind that "something was going to happen." The midnight hour; the suspicious character thrust upon me for room mate; the strangeness of the place all tended to impress me very unfavourably. However, I removed my outer clothing, laying it across one of the chairs, and with the door ajar, crept into bed. Being greatly fatigued, tired nature soon found repose in refreshing sleep. How long a time elapsed I cannot say, perhaps a couple of hours, when my bed-fellow hit me a violent blow with his elbow, which roused me to perfect consciousness at once.

"I have lost my money," said he.

"How much had you?"

"Fifty dollars."

"I think you must be mistaken about the loss. I am certain no one has entered the room since we retired. You will probably find it all right in the morning."

"I tell you it has been stolen," and he fumbled about some time, but finally quieted down again, and I fell into another sleep, which lasted without further interruption until daylight, when he suddenly leaped from the bed, declaring that his money, amounting to one hundred dollars had been stolen. I also arose, dressed myself, and went below. Meeting the landlord, I related what had transpired during the night, declaring my belief that the fellow was an impostor and a cheat. Crabbs soon followed me, and intimated that I had stolen his money. Would have me arrested, &c., on our arrival at Pittsburg. The boat was to leave at eight, consequently a half hour after breakfast found us all aboard, anxious to be under way.

The day proved to be a pleasant one, and the rugged mountainous scenery of the Youghiogheny and Monongahela rivers particularly attracted my attention. The boat had a fair load of passengers, both men and women, and it very soon became evident to me that the man Crabbs had quietly circulated the report among them that I was a thief, as all eyes were upon me with that peculiarly suspicious look that always attaches to a suspicious character. Even the bar-tender, when I asked for a cigar, had the boldness to insult me with the remark, "You can afford to smoke good cigars, after making such a haul." It annoyed me very much, and I kept aloof from the other passengers as much as possible. I was standing at the stern of the boat leaning against the railing, admiring the beautiful landscape, that presented an ever varying appearance, when two Virginian gentlemen stepped up and publicly accused me of the theft. Crabbs stood near me with his hand on the stock of his pistol. My first impulse was to spring upon and toss the scoundrel overboard. I could have accomplished the feat easily enough, but a second thought interfered in time to save me from committing an act that might have resulted in terminating the fellow's life. I patiently bore the jibes and insults, that continued to increase in volume with every hour. Knowing I was entirely innocent of the charge, I carefully avoided every provocation for a disturbance, that my accuser was constantly trying to fasten upon me. I was a stranger among strangers, and the circumstances were very much against me.

The conviction seemed to be firmly fixed in every mind that I was a thief. What could I do but wait patiently our arrival in Pittsburg, where I felt certain something would turn up to clear me from the foul aspersion. What that something might be I could not clearly define. I was a stranger even there. I could, however, telegraph home for references.

Time, with never-ceasing tread, at last brought us to high twelve and the boat to Pittsburg. I went directly to the Monongahela House, and after registering, entered the dining-room for dinner. The meal being finished, I started to go out and was met at the door by a rough-spoken policeman, who at once placed me under arrest. He searched my person and baggage, but found only fifteen dollars in money, all I had about me, together with bills and receipts covering my recent purchases in New York.

I was immediately taken before the mayor, and with the view of making the best possible defence, asked for an attorney. Colonel Samuel Black was recommended to me, who being present, consented to act in my behalf. A private interview

was asked for and granted. We repaired to a small room, adjoining the mayor's office, and the colonel's first words, after closing the door, were

"Are you a Mason?"

"I am," responded I, promptly.

It afterwards appeared that on entering the room he noticed a little gold slipper, which, though seldom wearing, I chanced to have attached to my vest on that occasion.

He proceeded to question me in a way peculiar to Masons, but not being satisfied, sent out for a Dr. William Quail, who examined me further. I considered myself pretty bright in those days, and could answer readily almost any question asked relating to the lectures of the three degrees. Still undecided, the Grand Lecturer whose name I have forgotten, was sent for, who put me through a rigid course of sprouts. After consultation, the three approached me with extended hands.

"Bro. Schmoker, we believe your statement and will stand by you. The circumstances of the case certainly wear a black look, but we shall at least see you through until you have an opportunity to prove yourself innocent of the charge, or they to prove you guilty."

We returned to the mayor's room. The plaintiff swore positively that I had stolen his money, upon which the official was obliged to bind me over for trial, which was set at ten a.m. next day. Those true-hearted Masons, Bros. Black and Quail, became responsible for my appearance. A half hour previous I was to them an utter stranger. Still, with every appearance of guilt upon me, they trusted implicitly to my honour as a Mason, not to leave them in the lurch. Being set at liberty, I telegraphed home to parties who were known in Pittsburg, but for some time, to me unexplainable reason, received no replies. I slept very little that night, I assure you. Morning arrived, and yet no tidings. Ten o'clock found me at the court-room, unprepared for anything like a plausible defence. The jail and state prison began to stare me in the face. It seemed as though everything conspired to convict me of that of which I was not guilty. Without a word from my friends, with no other assurance than the mere word of one who claimed to be a Mason, otherwise a total stranger, those two brethren renewed my bail, and the trial was put off twenty-four hours. Their confidence remained unshaken. The Masonic, when all other ties failed, saved me from a felon's cell.

An hour after the adjournment of court, several dispatches arrived from Lancaster, not only in answer to mine of the previous evening, but from other prominent citizens, that set everything right, as far as my identity and integrity were concerned. The charge of theft, however, still remained against me.

I left the hotel after dinner and walked leisurely towards the landing, cogitating upon the events of the previous forty-eight hours, and trying to conjure up something that would release me from my predicament. The boat on which I had come down the previous day had, in the meantime, made a round trip to Newton and back. The thought struck me that by going on board I might gain something favourable to my case. The crew, some of whom recognised me the moment I set foot on the gang plank, shouted out—

"That fellow's money has been found!"

It appeared that when the chambermaid went to make the beds, she found the money—one hundred and ten dollars—under the pillow. Saved! saved! said I, mentally, in great delight.

A policeman, in company with the plaintiff, went back to Newton on the boat, and obtained the money. It was found right where the fellow, in his drunken maudlin condition, had placed it.

This, of course, ended all further proceedings. I was immediately discharged, and the mayor, the fellow who accused me of the theft, and others, united in written testimonials fully exonerating me from all guilt. Bros. Black and Quail became my warm and steadfast friends, and for some time a correspondence was kept up between us. They were a couple of true-hearted men as ever drew the breath of life, and that transaction placed me under obligations that I never expect to be able to repay. Colonel Samuel Black was an educated man, having graduated with distinction at a college in Washington, Pa., served all through the Mexican war as a colonel of volunteers, and on the breaking out of the rebellion, was among the first to enlist in the Union army. His career, however, was of short duration, being shot while leading his men into

action during a battle fought somewhere in Virginia. As a lawyer, he was eminent; as a friend, warm-hearted and true; as a man and Mason, none excelled him.

Dr. William Quail was surgeon to Col. Black's regiment in the Mexican war, and for many years was an active member and an officer of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. Like Bro. Black, he was held in high esteem by all who knew him. All honour to them both.—*Masonic Review.*

THE SOLOMONIC ORIGIN OF FREEMASONRY.

(Continued from page 190.*)*

Among these legends, one of the most important is that which finds the actual, historical origin of our Order in the Temple of Solomon. Of all the mythical narratives connected with the history of Freemasonry, this is the one which it will be the most difficult to eradicate, because it is the most intimately connected, from beginning to end, with the entire system of Masonic symbolism.

Forty years ago, Chemin Dupontes, one of the most philosophical of the French Masonic writers, had said: "The opinion which supposes that we are the direct descendants of the workmen at the Temple of Solomon is one which I shall presume to call superstitious and vulgar; and yet it is taught in many Masonic works, in poems which are not destitute of merit, and is the ordinary text of the discourses of most of the orators of our lodges. It may, in fact, be called the *conventional error* of Freemasonry." He rejects the theory, of course, and recalls to mind that there were other associations with which the idea of a temple was familiar. Thus, the knights of the Middle Ages called the institution of chivalry a "Temple of Honour," and he mentions one society in particular, which existed at Rennes, in France, in 1784, and which was named the "Temple of the Country," a society consisting of many of the nobility and men of letters of the province. The object of the society may be best gathered from the inscription placed in front of the presiding officer: "Here God is served without hypocrisy, the King without venality, and the country without ambition." In all of these, and similar instances, the temple, says Dupontes, was but a figure, and so it is with us; and he therefore expresses his surprise that modern Masonic books should so seriously enter into the complex details, and repeat so many mystical stories on the subject of the material construction of the Temple at Jerusalem.

In the four decades that have passed since the French philosopher wrote these words, the sentiment which they express has been gradually but perceptibly gaining strength. And now it is scarcely to be doubted that no Masonic scholar of any reputation would risk that reputation by a serious attempt to defend the Solomonic theory of the origin of Freemasonry.

And yet there has been and there can be no abandonment of the Temple legend. It is still retained, and must ever be retained, in the ritual. It is and must ever be referred to as the most important, the most philosophical, and the most attractive source of our system of symbolism. The historical and the mythical elements of Freemasonry are so intimately connected, so closely interwoven with each other, that the one is essentially necessary to the other, and both are required to make up the complete and perfect whole that makes Masonry what it is and always has been. They are like the Siamese twins, into the connecting cord of whom so much of the vital organization of each had entered that there could be no separation without imminent, and indeed positive, death to each.

Then, as regards Freemasonry, the Temple of Solomon is a myth and not a history. To claim that the former, with its present organization, with its lodges, and its degrees, comes in a direct, uninterrupted, and unchanged descent from the latter, is to claim what cannot be proved, and which, if not impossible, is at least so improbable and so contrary to the current of historical evidence, as to be unworthy of serious discussion. To the Mason the Temple of Solomon is a spiritual idea, and as such it forms an indispensable part of his system. The Freemasonry of the present day is built on the symbolic idea of that great Temple which, of all the religious edifices of the ancient world, was the only one that was dedicated to the worship of the true God.

The critical problem, then, which we have hereafter to resolve, is not how did Speculative Masonry descend from the Operative Masonry of the Solomonic Temple, but rather how did the idea of that Temple first become incorporated into the modern Masonic system? At what period was the allegory first invented? This problem is full of interest, and alone would furnish an ample field for discussion.

If we adopt the now more popular belief that our Speculative Masonry will find its true origin in the operative stone-masonry of the Middle Ages, we shall be impressed with the pertinent fact that the idea of the Temple of Solomon was not altogether unknown to those mediæval workmen, and that their master builders preserved the reference to it in many of their architectural symbols. The "Compagnonnage" of Germany, and especially of France, which was undoubtedly a close resemblance to Freemasonry, and which is supposed to have been an organization of the Craftsmen in rivalry of, or in defence against, the corporations of the Masters, traced its origin to the Temple of Jerusalem, and had many legends connected with that building. Indeed, one of its divsions was called "the children of Solomon."

Most probably the introduction of the idea of the Temple of Solomon into Freemasonry is partly, perhaps wholly, to be attributed to the natural connection that existed—so far as there was a common religious purpose—between the labours of the Christian workmen on their cathedrals and those of the Jewish and Tyrian workmen on their great Temple. The idea of the cathedral suggested the idea of the Temple, and the labours and labourers on each became fancifully and allegorically identified. Everything in the ancient Temple worship was applied to the modern cathedral worship. Everything in the labours on the one was transferred in idea to the labours on the other, and the workmen of Strasburg and Cologne began at last to be confused with those of Jerusalem and Tyre. And then, when the organization of the Order which now prevails was established, and its present form given to it, it was an easy and natural task to introduce the Temple of Solomon, so long familiarised as an idea, into the ritual, and to adopt the mediæval myths connected with it, which in time were gradually accepted as historical narratives. Modern researches and modern scepticism are beginning to take them back to their original condition.

We may then say, I think, that, while we are not permitted to recognise the Freemasons of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, as the legitimate descendants of the "stone-squarers" of Solomon and Hiram, yet we must admit that the Freemasonry of this day is a symbolical development of the Temple which was constructed at Jerusalem. And therefore, whatever may become of the historical question we can never abandon the symbolic idea, and must still truthfully call the Temple allegorically the type of the Lodge.—*Mackey's National Freemason.*

THREE THINGS.

Three things to admire:
Intellectual Power, Dignity, and Gracefulness.

Three things to love:
Courage, Gentleness, and Affection.

Three things to hate:
Cruelty, Arrogance, and Ingratitude.

Three things to delight in:
Frankness, Freedom, and Beauty.

Three things to wish for:
Health, Friends, and a Cheerful Spirit.

Three things to avoid:
Idleness, Loquacity, and Flippant Jesting.

Three things to pray for:
Faith, Peace, and Purity of Heart.

Three things to contend for:
Honour, Country, and Friends.

Three things to govern:
Temper, Tongue, and Conduct.

Three things to think about:
Life, Death, and Eternity.

American Freemason.

MASONIC UNITY.

The ancients considered the number *two* "accursed," because it was the first departure from unity. The Romans dedicated the second month of the year to Plato, the god of hell, and the second day of the month to the manes of the dead. The Thebans in their armies had a band of men, whom they called "the holy band": they consisted of such only as were joined together in the bonds of love, and "as would live and die together." These were considered the strength of their armies. The mythological dispute between Neptune and Pallas, who should have the honour to give the name to the city of Athens, teaches the important truth which we are setting before the brethren. It was resolved, that he should give the name, who could find out that which might conduce to the benefit of the city. Upon this, Neptune presented them with a stately horse, the symbol of wars, bloodshed, divisions, tumults; but Pallas came with an olive branch, the emblem of peace, love, and unity. Very properly Pallas was chosen to be the guardian of the Athenians, for love, peace, and unity, would most promote the prosperity and safety of their city. All communities see the force of the words of the well-known adage, "Union is power." And speculative Mssonry, in one of its phases, is a system of charity, *i.e.*, love. The Masonic anthem, founded on the Sacred Law, runs thus—

Behold! how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well;
For brethren such as Masons are,
In unity to dwell.

Hence charity or love is the chief corner stone of our Masonic Temple and upon it is to be erected a superstructure of all the other virtues, which make "the good Mason." And not without foundation, the boast or the glory of our Order is that a Mason however destitute, if he is "worthy," may find in every clime a brother, and in every land a home. How unseemly then, to say the least, are divisions and discord among the brethren. How prejudicial to the interests of the Craft are variances in the brotherhood. When feuds have marred the peace and harmony of Masonic meetings, how detrimental have they proved to the advancement of our Holy Order. If you can pluck a beam from the body of the sun, it will then have no light; but if you sever a river from the spring, it will soon be dried up; if you amputate a member from the body, it will soon perish. Likewise, if you remove charity, or unity from the Fraternity, the latter must lose its vitality. As with the Athenians in the days of Pallas, so in our day, the prosperity of our Fraternity depends upon love and unity to cement our affections, and peace to compose the differences, that may profanely spring among us.

"By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall." A Great Master-builder has proclaimed the glorious Masonic truth,—"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity (love), I become as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal." Consequently unity must be assiduously cultivated by us, "the brethren of the mystic tie," to whatever Constitutions we may belong, for

"We are brethren a',"

and by our vows we have become a band of brothers, bound in one fraternal bond of love and one fellowship of mind. The number *two*, in accordance with our Masonic teaching, is more than accursed, for it denotes "darkness and the evil principle." Let us therefore in the spirit of "a holy band," send it to the place where its divinity dwells, and let us with fraternal determination keep it among "the shades of the dead." Leave discord, quarrels, Billingsgate, to the low-minded. Let the *canaille*—to whatever tribe they may belong—delight in their base revellings; but let us as brethren, who have a good fight to fight among scoffers and fault-finders, imitate the hero of Trafalgar, who the day before the famous battle, took Collingwood and Rotherham, who were at variance, to the spot where they could see the fleet opposed to them, and said, "Yonder, are your enemies, shake hands, and be friends, like good Englishmen." Let every Mason who is anxious for the prosperity of his Order, feel the truth of the Masonic maxim,—"That for harmony should his Lodge be opened,—in harmony should it work,—and with harmony be closed."

In the last century—as in the present—there were many ignorant defamers of our Craft. Freemasonry was said by those

captious individuals to be a mere convivial Society. Freemasonry, however, declares that the members of the Craft "ought to be moral men, good husbands, good parents, good sons, and good neighbours; not staying too long from home, and *avoiding all excess.*" No doubt there are individuals in "the popular world," who for reasons which need not be specified, are piqued and and annoyed at Freemasons, and, therefore, they try to vent their indignation and spleen by contumely and vituperation. The Fraternity may well afford to treat with contempt the aspersions of these ignorant defamers. The crying down of the Institution by the Cowans will do it no harm. The members of the Sacred Order need not mind. They know that they meet for higher purposes than those of conviviality. After the grave labours of the lodge are brought to a close, the brethren respond very properly to a call from the south, and "moderate refreshment" is not denied. But let the Cowans remember, that the inhabitants from earth's distant lands, form—

In happy, holy bands,
One brotherhood.

And they meet for the exercise of brotherly love, truth, justice, and other Masonic virtues. Let the Cowans who try to traduce our Masonic character, remember that Freemasonry teaches the brethren to assuage grief and relieve distress. If a brother be in want, every heart is moved. When he is hungry, we feed him; when he is naked, we clothe him; when he is in trouble, we fly to his relief. We strive to confirm the propriety of the title we bear, and convince the world, that *brother* among Masons, is more than the name.—*American Freemason.*

THE LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE.

BY ELLA F. CLYDE.

The room was a model of comfort, and the breakfast as perfect as it could be. Mrs. Winter looked very pretty in her tasteful attire and coquettish little breakfast cap. And yet, there was a slight frown upon her brow; while her liege lord steadily read the morning papers between his sips of coffee. This couple had been married but a little more than a year.

"It was such a foolish thing to do, George," said the lady, breaking a silence of some duration, "it was not as though time hung heavily on your hands, but that, with your business, and social duties, there was no necessity for your becoming a Mason."

Mr Winter preserved a diligent silence. Probably he thought the subject already exhausted.

"And then, you know," she went on, "that I greatly disapprove of it."

"Mary," he said, "I can only repeat what I have already told you; you are giving way to a foolish prejudice. You will think differently some time. Now let me hear no more about it."

The lady drew a long sigh; her face assumed a look of injured innocence, and the breakfast was continued in silence.

George Winter was a kind-hearted, but a thoroughly unyielding man. Once impressed with the idea of right, everything, even his own interests, went down before it. Not so with Mrs. Winter. Wilful and impulsive, if she was slightly selfish, it was the fault of circumstances. She had been spoiled as much as the only child of wealthy parents could be. With no careful, training hand, what wonder if the weeds grew thick among the flowers of her nature?

She sat, this morning, long after her husband had gone, in the cosy sitting-room, looking with wide-open eyes, out upon the street. She was but vaguely conscious of the passers-by, her mind being deeply absorbed. She *could not* understand why she should be crossed, *nor* comprehend her husband's absurd persistency. All day long she was vexed and out of humour, but in the afternoon she dressed herself with unusual care, and received Mr. Winter with her sweetest smiles.

She kept up a graceful flow of conversation all through dinner; but, in the evening, after he had donned his dressing-gown and slippers, and comfortably esconsed himself in the easy chair before the fire, she drew a low stool to his side, and said:

"George?"

"Well, Mary."

"Tell me the secret."

"What secret?"

"The Masonic secret."

He laughed out, and replied:

"You absurd woman."

"No, but George, I'm in earnest."

"Mary, do be reasonable," he said.

"I am reasonable; you should not know anything you cannot tell your wife."

He leaned back, humming a low tune.

"George, tell me, I won't tell."

"I have *nothing* to tell you."

There was a long pause, Mr. Winter looked into the fire. Presently the stillness was broken by a sob. He threw his arms around her, and said: "Why, Mary, you are not crying? How foolish!"

"I am not foolish, you won't do anything I want you to, and you are a Mason, and I hate it."

"But it is a noble Order, my dear, and it does a world of good. It may save my life sometime; it has done such things scores of times. Just think, away back in the Indian warfare of our country, during a battle in which was the celebrated chief Brant, an officer in distress threw up his arm, and accidently made the Masonic sign of danger. He was not a Mason, but Brant took him for one, and spared him, though an enemy. So, you see, that is one instance."

"Oh, yes, I know, you have told me all that before, but you will never need their help,—and besides, that man was not saved by being a Mason," she said triumphantly.

"He became one afterwards, though."

"I do not care whether he did or not. I want to know the secret. George, you ought to tell me; you know I would keep it."

"Mary, there is no reasoning with you." He withdrew his arm from around her and leaned back impatiently.

She arose, stood by the fire, and petulantly said: "You refuse me then?"

"I told you before I had nothing to tell: now, for goodness sake, let the subject drop."

"Very well," was all she said, but her eyes were unusually bright, and two red spots burned on her cheeks. She was thinking, as she stood there, "I have made his home bright and pleasant. I have lived only for him; and he cares nothing at all for my wishes. For the future, it shall be the world. I shall give myself up to society; *there* at least, I can be appreciated."

* * * *

'It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute."

sang Clarice Grantly. Mr. Winter, turning over her music, gave a slight sigh. Miss Grantly would have been pleased to attribute it to her own fascinations, but, casting her dark eyes up at him, at the words,—

"Trust me all, or not at all,"

she saw an absent, wistful look on his face. Clarice Grantly was an unconscionable flirt, and Mr. Winter was fair game, especially when his wife was by to follow them with her eyes. But the young lady had sense enough to perceive that the zest was all on her side. Mr. Winter was but a passive participant in this flirtation. Her song finished, she let her fingers wander carelessly over the keys of the instrument, striking light chords and bringing out touches of harmony. It was an excuse to watch him furtively. His thoughts were far enough from her. They had gone back over the months in which "the little rift within the lute" of his domestic life had been slowly widening. He could trace it clearly to the night of their conversation about Masonry. Since then, neither had ever alluded to the subject. He had trusted, at first, that the iciness of his wife's demeanour would wear off; but, as the weeks went on, and it seemed to become a part of her nature, he gradually resigned himself to it. He never told her how he missed her little caressing ways, or how her scrupulous politeness wounded him, he simply accepted the situation as fate. He failed to understand her unconquerable thirst for society, but always accompanied her. This summer he inwardly pronounced Newport a bore, although in his outward demeanour he was as great an idler as any there.

"Mr. Winter," said Miss Grantly, and her voice aroused him; "You are in a brown study."

"Not at all, Miss Grantly, your music set me thinking."

"Then I'll not sing to you any more; you completely forgot me."

"Do let me retrieve my error.

"Yes, take me out on the balcony," she said rising, "it is so warm in here."

There was a half-veiled triumph in her magnificent eyes, as she placed her hand on his arm, and allowed him to lead her from the room.

Mrs. Winter barely glanced at them as they passed, but her companion lowered his brows. Clifton Stanley was too high-toned a man to tolerate such a flirtation. He had come to Newport because Clarice Grantly came, and he had watched her actions with suprised pain. He felt a sincere sympathy with Mrs. Winter, and although to-night they were not very good company for each other, they were perhaps better than they would have been for any one else.

"I would not sit so calmly," said a young married lady, "and see Clarice Grantly carry off my husband by storm."

"Pooh!" said another, "Mrs. Winter is very well entertained; don't be a goose, my dear, they are a sensible couple."

If they were a sensible couple, Mr. Clifton Stanley's opinion was at fault. He sought out Clarice later in the evening, and remarked:

"I want to say something to you."

She flashed an inquiring look from under her long lashes.

"It is for the peace of two people. You are certainly thoughtless; you can never intend to monopolize so much of Mr. Winter's attention."

"Has she been telling you her woes?" asked Clarice, laughing.

"Of course not. I speak from my own observation."

"Then your observation should show you that I am not the cause of any want of peace between them, besides," shrugging her shoulders, "how can I help it if a man is attentive?"

With her laughing face, she looked like some sprite, in her dusky beauty; but Clifton Stanley knew her to-night, as he had never known her before. He turned away with a distant bow to Mr. Winter, who just then approached.

That night, Clarice Grantly taking down her hair before her glass, laughingly said to the image of herself: "He would like me to stop flirting. I might as well try to stop breathing. I will flirt; and I'll bring Clifton Stanley to my feet, too."

The days rolled on, and brought little change. The sea air hardly seemed beneficial to Mrs. Winter; she was losing her fresh colour, and her taste for society was waning. Clifton Stanley was growing morbid and gloomy, too. When he conveniently could he cut Mr. Winter direct. On one such occasion, the latter remarked to a friend: "What's the matter with Stanley? I can never make him out."

"Flirtation with Miss Grantly!" Mr. Winter's eyes were opened. Stanley was a man for whom he had the highest respect. Not for the world would he have injured him.

Mr. Winter walked down to the beach alone. "Flirtation with Miss Grantly!" It had been marked then, and his wife was utterly indifferent. He wondered, bitterly, if this life was always to last.

* * * *

"Let us hurry down to the beach. There's a storm coming up, and they say there's a boat out, with a man it it."

The words startled a number of loungers in the parlour and balcony. Eager for novelty, ladies and gentlemen hurriedly attired themselves, and hastened down to the beach.

The low, moaning noise of the sea had increased to a roar; great, black clouds were fast gathering, and the waves came dashing and foaming, far up on the beach. They could see the boat, tossed and buffeted about by the waters.

"The wind is blowing inland," said one, "she ought to drift ashore."

"She will capsize in a moment," said another, "what madness to venture out to-day!"

"Does any one know who it is?" asked Clifton Stanley.

"Winter," they say, "he was the only one who went out."

A sudden cry rang out, "Did you say it was my husband?"

"I think we can save him," said Stanley. "I am going to take a boat. Who will go with me?"

"Oh, it's foolhardy, Stanley; we can do nothing. See, over she goes, at last."

"Are you men?" exclaimed Clifton Stanley. "Come, my friends, this is wasting time. Who'll go with me?"

Seeing him determined, one or two others voluntered, and the anxious crowd on shore watched them put off.

Straining every effort; now riding on the crest of a wave, now sinking, while the mass of water threatened to overpower

them, the little crew bravely made their way.

Among the spectators on shore were two conscience-stricken women; Mrs. Winter, pacing wildly up and down, and Clarice Grantly, standing with livid face and clasped hands.

"They've got him! hurrah! they're coming back!"

These were moments that seemed hours of anxious waiting; some moments of terrible despair, before the brave deliverers landed, and lifted their unconscious burden from the boat.

They found themselves suddenly exalted into heroes,—they were courageous young men.

Late in the afternoon, Clairce Grantly, standing in the reception room, saw Mrs. Winter pass. She called to her, "How is your husband now?"

Mrs. Winter's heart was too full for bitterness.

"He is recovering rapidly, Miss Grantly. Oh, I can never be thankful enough."

"I want to know—can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you? Oh, hush! I have only myself to forgive, if I ever can ——"

"Oh, Mr. Stanley, will you step in here—I have had no chance to thank you," she said, as he complied with her request. "My husband and I must ever regard you as one of our dearest and best friends."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Winter," he said, his lip curling a trifle as he saw her companion, "I never was an intimate friend of your husband. I fear I never can be."

"And yet you risked your life to save him."

"Yes, he was a human being. A still greater reason, he was a Masonic brother."

Mrs. Winter left the room with bowed head. Entering her own, she knelt by her husband's side, weeping passionately, and exclaimed:

"Oh, George, forgive me, forgive me!"

He drew her to him, and replied:

"We have both something to forgive. Never mind, Mary, in the future we'll do better, and try to forget all this sad time."

Miss Grantly, in the reception room, recalled Clifton Stanley, as he turned to leave. "One moment," she said, "I am not so bad as you think me. I was nearly wild with fear for you this afternoon. You liked me once—can't you do so again?"

Her face was gloriously beautiful in its soft penitence, but he leaned calmly on the back of a chair, and coldly answered, "Miss Grantly, I loved you when I came here, and you knew it. But never mind that now. My wife must be a woman of high principle, of pure, noble nature—good evening."

And he left her, standing there alone, with her bitter disappointment. And yet, her fate was as she made it. The shadows of twilight gathered thicker and thicker. A song floated out from the parlour; a song she knew,

"It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute."

Canadian Voice of Masonry.

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! Strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Trust no party, sect, or faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Trust no lovely forms of passion,
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion;
Trust in God, and do the right.

Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding—
Trust in God, and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God, and do the right.

American Freemason.

THE SPIRIT OF FREEMASONRY.

(*Continued from page* 189.)

At this stage of my discourse I deem it necessary to say something about the position which Freemasonry occupies in relation to the many forms of religious faith which prevails in the world. Masons, generally, have looked upon this matter as very uninteresting, and have felt that it is a ground abounding with quag-mires and dangerous pit-falls. And it is quite possible to heat such a subject in such a manner as to engender strife rather than to minister profit. Be this as it may, I deem it necessary that there should be an honest expression of opinion even on this subject. What is Freemasonry? Is it a religious faith, or is it a sort of national religion based on researches into science, art, and nature? Does it aim to supplant the Christian or any other religion? Or is it a sort of eclectic and comprehensive system which has gathered to itself the beautiful and true of all other systems. To all these questions we answer emphatically, no. It is not a religious faith, neither is it intended to propagate any religious tenets. It maintains certain principles or doctrines which every Mason must subscribe to, which are intimately connected with a man's duty to his fellow men, and which involves his responsibility to God, but beyond these it does not obtrude itself upon any man's religious convictions. To the man of latitudinarian faith, who cannot recognise the obligations of its principles, it is evident that Freemasonry does not present a basis sufficiently broad for him to stand on. To the man of narrow views and contracted sympathies, Masonry is too Catholic and undefined for him to accept. Where Freemasonry, as in our case, is connected with Christianity, it is Catholic in the most comprehensive sense of the term, allowing the utmost difference on all minor points; but it ever insists on the one great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself." If we correctly understand the object of the fraternity or recognise the principles which it enforces and requires, we cannot fail to perceive that the broad and Catholic mantle which Masonry throws over men who are widely separated in their religious habits and convictions, forms one of its grand distinguishing and glorious characteristics. Men in this age seem to have an inherent right to parcel off Christianity into gardens and plots of their own inventions, and to fence them around in such a manner as if the whole world lying beyond was heathen and very wicked. They never imagine that beyond the little hill which bounds their view the world still extends, and God still has children. I yield to no man in maintaining my religious convictions, and neither in this place nor elsewhere am I prepared to abandon any of them; yet I feel that in this lodge we possess a mutual advantage, we meet upon one common ground, and learn to respect, and, I trust, love one another. Whatever may be the state of parties politically or religiously outside of this place, within we can all meet as men and as brethren, acknowledging the same obligations and united in one common cause. Will any one assert that this is not a great advantage? What other school is well calculated to teach mutual respect and toleration notwithstanding many differences? Freemasonry is therefore an arena wherein we learn a broad Catholic and tolerant spirit. It has certain principles of religious faith which it will not, cannot abandon, but beyond these it recognises the beautiful and the true, in all systems and in every religion. In the spirit of research and in the investigation for knowledge it encourages you to fearlessly but honestly launch your Iberian bark upon all seas. It teaches us all to go forth and wrestle strongly and patiently with the inscrutable problems of being and life, and to imitate those spirits of whom the poet speaks:—

"Great spirits yearning in desire,
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

In conformity with this tolerant feature of Masonry we are taught in one of the ancient charges that no private piques or quarrels must be brought within the door of the lodge; far less any quarrels about religion, or nations, or state policy, we

being only as Masons of the universal religion, we are also of all nations, tongues, kindreds, and languages, and are resolved against all politics, as what never yet conduced to the welfare of the lodge and never will. From the very first institution of family control it has been a history of changes and conflicts as to the form of human government. One of the peculiar features of Freemasonry is that all accepts, submits to, and loyally supports whatever of civil government may for the time be legitimately exercised over it. And thus it is that a Freemason, whether his lot be cast in a Republican commonwealth, or under the most arbitrary and autocratic form of government is, nevertheless, a true and faithful citizen of each. We must not, however, infer from this that a Freemason has no political convictions, or that he has no right to pronounce judgment upon political questions of the day. He has this undoubted right in common with all other citizens; but he has no right as a Mason to obtrude these questions within the doors of the lodge. In the lodge he knows no politics, is silent as to questions of forms of government; has nothing to say about rights to be secured, or grievances to be redressed. But once he leaves the lodge he has a right to discuss these matters in a loyal spirit, and pronounce his honest and fearless judgment upon political questions of the day. This point appears quite clear from our ancient charges, and has been very generally practised by Freemasons everywhere. It is well for us to bear this fact in mind. For the last two or three years political questions in Canada, and, I may say, especially so in this country, have been discussed with so much acrimony and personal abuse, that there is danger lest some of this same spirit may find its way into our lodges and embitter the relationship of one Mason with another. I am happy to say that I am not aware of any such state of feeling existing in this lodge; yet I feel that even here we need to be cautioned in time lest such a state should unhappily prevail. It is to be lamented that men cannot exercise mutual toleration in respect to political convictions. You cannot make a coward out of a man who has the blood of a hundred generations of warriors flowing in his veins; you cannot make a man who, by some original bias, youthful training, and matured reflection, is a liberal into a tory; neither can you make a man who, by association, training, and disposition, is a tory into a reformer. And if men can conscientiously be the one or the other, then certainly the wise lesson to learn is to mutually respect one another and try to cultivate a more tolerant spirit. How small, therefore, must the Mason really feel who feels aggrieved and chagrined because a brother has exercised his undoubted right. For myself, I can truly say, though all Masons should have different convictions from myself on political questions, yet, I pray God, I may never fall so low as to think less of them, or cease to love them the more on this account. It is quite possible to make Freemasonry a sort of high sounding display of sentimentalism without any honesty of intention or sincerity of profession. We may, by our conduct and hollowness, make it so; but it is, nevertheless, a practical thing. It professes to be the embodiment of what is manly, noble, and of good report, and in fact it is so, and has ever maintained its character in these respects.

Time will not permit me to discuss the influence of Freemasonry in the cause of civil and religious liberty; in the advancement of art and science, and in the great educational movements of the past and present, as well as in the work of universal benevolence. Our object is to deal with our subject in a practical manner. I feel that the institution cannot maintain its ancient and honourable reputation, increase the number of its members, or promote the high and noble object of its founders, unless its laws are strictly observed and its principles exhibited in their practical application. Freemasonry is a practical system, and unless we look upon it as such, and endeavour to carry out its requirements in a practical manner we do ourselves and the institution a great injury. What more practical lesson can we learn than those furnished by what are commonly termed the five points of fellowship. By the first we are taught the duty of brotherly love to each other; by the second we are instructed in our devotions to God; by the third we are taught that when a brother entrusts to our keeping the sacred thoughts of his bosom, prudence and faithfulness should place a sacred seal upon our lips;

by the fourth we are taught that when adversity has visited our brother, and his calamities demand our aid, we should cheerfully and liberally stretch forth the hand of kindness to save him; and by the fifth we are taught that while with candour and kindness we should admonish a brother of his faults, we should never revile a brother behind his back, but that, on the contrary, when he is attacked by others, we should support and defend him as far as we honourably can. The wisdom and excellence of these precepts no one can for a moment doubt. They are all founded on our ancient charges, illustrated by our symbols, and enforced with great solemnity. And yet honesty compels me to state that in a great many instances these precepts are sadly neglected, and in some cases grossly overlooked. In speaking on these obligations and duties, I feel that my position is a peculiarly happy one. During all the years I have been connected with this lodge, my intercourse with every member of the same has been eminently satisfactory, and undoubtedly a very happy one. I am not aware that the least unpleasantness has ever disturbed our mutual understanding or marred our harmony, so that I can look with a hearty feeling of brotherly regard and love upon all the brethren of this lodge. Nay, more than this, I can also say, that I have a sad feeling of regret that many of the brethren, who once graced our assemblies, are no longer in our midst. But I feel that it is not always so. Sometimes we hear a word or two spoken disrespectfully of a brother, or a prejudice stirred up against him, which are very unbecoming, if not unmasonic. Surely, if any brother has a difficulty with another, or some slight misunderstanding, it is his duty to go to such an one in the spirit of a brother and remonstrate or explain. This duty is clearly inculcated by Masonic Ritual, and is also founded upon every consideration of common sense. If the offence is of a more serious nature, so that the aggrieved brother cannot thus arrange the difficulty, why then does he not follow out Masonic requirements, by laying the matter before the lodge. The brother who has, or thinks he has such a grievance, and does not lay the matter before the lodge, shows on the one hand that he has a weak cause to maintain; or entertains such unfriendly feelings towards the lodge that he can have no confidence in its members, or in the righteousness of their judgment. It is the interest, and it should be the aim of every Mason to study how best to promote and preserve peace, to foster and feed love in the sacred retreat.

Finally, then, brethren, the true Mason must be faithful and true, temperate and kind, considerate and careful. He should be conscientious and honourable in all his dealings, and free from the vices of intemperance, lust, passion, deceit, and fraud. And if we each and all will but exemplify the principles of the institution, we cannot but receive great advantage, and secure for it a lasting and honourable distinction, and finally, when we quit this scene of labour have the approval of the Grand Master above.—*The Canadian Masonic Record.*

GRAND PRIORY OF CANADA.

Address of the V. H. and E. Sir Kt. Col. W. J. B. McLeod Moore, *Grand Cross of the Temple, Grand Prior of the Dominion of Canada. Delivered to the Sir Knights assembled in Grand Priory at the Masonic Temple, Ottawa, on the 15th October, A.D.* 1874.

Officers and Members of the Grand Priory, Fratres of the Canadian Branch of the United Orders of the Temple and St. John of Jerusalem—Greeting:

You are too well acquainted with the very sad and melancholy circumstances which caused the postponement of the annual assembly of Grand Priory; the illness and subsequent death of our lamented Grand Chancellor V. E. Sir Knight Thomas Bird Harris, which took place at his residence, at Hamilton, from typhoid fever, on the 18th of August last. The memory of our honoured dead is ever dear to us, but none among them have passed away more deeply regretted than our late friend and eminent frater. Widely known and esteemed he held the highest and most responsible offices in the Masonic orders of Canada; his loss is deeply deplored as one of the foremost of our representative masons; faithful to every duty imposed upon him, his conciliatory and unassuming manner,

and extensive knowledge on all Masonic subjects caused his opinion to be courted and respected. In his immediate connection as our Grand Chancellor with myself I ever found him zealous, ready, and able to assist, with a matured tact and judgment, in promoting the best interests of the Order, and in reconciling conflicting opinions ; in a word, his heart was in his work, and he neither spared time nor labour in whatever he undertook, indeed it is much to be feared, that his self-imposed burden was beyond his strength, and that the anxieties consequent on his close and unremitting application to the duties of his various offices insensibly undermined his health, and led to his lamented removal, at a comparatively early age, and in the full vigour of his great usefulness. Our late frater was born in Bristol, England, on the 22nd of July, 1819, and in his 30th year removed to Canada and settled at Hamilton as his subsequent residence. The various offices he so long and honourably held in the Masonic body are matters of history in the Canadian craft, and will be recorded by many a sorrowing hand. Suffice it here to say that he was installed a Knight Templar and Knight of Malta in the Genessee Encampment at Lockport, State of New York, in April, 1854, and in 1855 obtained a warrant from the S. Grand Conclave of Ireland to open an Encampment to be attached, according to the regulations pertaining to that jurisdiction, to Barton Lodge, Hamilton, at that time No. 231 I. R., of which he had been W.M. This warrant was subsequently exchanged for one under the S. Grand Conclave of England and Wales, under which he opened as Eminent Preceptor, the Preceptory so well known as the Godfrey de Bouillon of Hamilton, and although occasional elections of other preceptors have been made from time to time, the fratres seemed ever glad to resort to his lead and presidency, as evidenced by his reinstatement in that office on eight different occasions ; in the Provincial Grand Conclave, which preceded the erection of Canada into a Grand Priory, he held the offices of Prov. Grand Chamberlain, Prov. Grand Prior, Deputy Prov. Gr. Commander and Prov. Grand Chancellor, and under the Grand Priory those of Grand Chancellor and Provincial or District Prior of the Western Division or District of Ontario. He was also appointed by patent in 1868 to the rank of a Past Grand Sub Prior of the S. Grand Conclave of England and Wales. By his death a foremost place is vacant in our ranks, a true friend and brother has passed for ever from amongst us, but whose name will ever be remembered and respected by every Canadian Templar, as well as by every Mason, of whatsoever degree, throughout the length and breadth of this vast Dominion. Rest in peace ! our Brother and Companion ! and enjoy the reward of the faithful Soldier of the Cross !

It was with much regret I had to direct our late Grand Chancellor to announce to you the death of our Most Eminent and Supreme Ex-Grand Master William Stuart, Esq., of Aldenham Abbey, on the 7th July last, in the 76th year of his age, and to require that all members attending this Grand Priory, should appear in appropriate mourning, and also to continue to wear it in private preceptories for the next three months, as a tribute of respect to departed worth, and I feel convinced I only anticipated your wishes, by at once writing in your name letters of condolence to his widow and eldest son, Col. William Stuart, a Provincial Prior of England. Our Ex-Grand Master was of a distinguished lineage, being the eldest son of the Hon. and Most Rev. William Stuart, D.D., Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, his grandfather being the illustrious statesmen and minister of George III., John Earl of Bute, who married the daughter of the celebrated and accomplished lady Mary Wortley Montague, daughter of the Duke of Kingston. A distinguished compliment was conferred on the Grand Priory of Canada, in my person as your Grand Prior, in his presenting me, as a special mark of favour, with the insignia of office as an accompaniment to my patent as Grand Prior.

In our own immediate circle a most estimable Brother, Sir Knight James V. Noel of the Hugh de Payens preceptory at Kingston, who was with us at the last meeting of the Grand Priory, has passed to his final rest respected and regretted by all.

And now, even at the time of writing, the electric wires flash the melancholy tidings of yet another and still more illustrious brother taken from the ranks of Masonry, the venerated and venerable The

Grand Master Mason and Great Prior of the Templars of Ireland. His Grace the Duke of Leinster, paid the debt of nature on the 9th October, at the advanced age of 83 years. For upwards of half-a-century our gifted, noble, and illustrious brother ruled the whole Masonic body in Ireland with dignity and paternal care, commanding our respect and esteem by his life-long devotion to the best interests of the Order, lately crowned in so striking a manner by his resignation as Grand Master of the Irish Templars in favour of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and to serve under him as Great Prior. In recording this slight notice of respect to his memory, it does not rest with me to dilate upon his noble and excellent qualities, or the great and numerous acts of benevolence and good will he has shown to members of the Craft, acts which gained for him such love, veneration, and respect, as but few in his high position have ever attained. It is with gratified pride I look back upon him as having been my immediate Templar chief and fellow countryman. My family were from his own county, and their estates near his own seat of "Carton," and I was installed into the order of the Temple under his jurisdiction in October, 1844, in the "Boyle" Co. Roscommon Encampment attached to Lodge 242 I.R., now one of the most influential and flourishing of the preceptories on the Roll of the National Great Priory of Ireland, and of which I am still a member.

I had hoped at this our Annual Assembly to have congratulated you on the formation of a National Great Priory for the Dominion so long and anxiously looked for, and regret not being able to do so; but in reality there has been no delay in carrying out this desirable object, beyond what the Statutes render necessary, as approbation can only be given at the regular meetings of the "Convent General," which has not yet taken place for this year. The time of H.R.H. the Grand Master has been, and necessarily must always be, so much taken up that he has not had an opportunity of assembling this Grand Council of the Order; but I am assured by his Lordship the Earl of Limerick, Great Prior of England, that he will personally support the claims of the Canadian Templars, and I therefore look upon our National Priory as an established fact. The delay of a month or two cannot make much difference, and it appears to me if matters could be decided and carried on hastily in England, important decisions might be arrived at, of which the distant branches of the Order might be quite ignorant until the matters were settled. Any expressions of regret on my part at being unable to announce the establishment of our National Priory is, like your own, constrained by loyalty to H.R.H. the Grand Master, while we wait his leisure.

One point, I am happy to say, has been decided, viz.: the extent of jurisdiction of this Grand Priory. By the terms of my patent as Grand Prior the whole of British North America is included, but as the late Hon. Alex. Keith, of Halifax held a warrant from the former Grand Conclave of England as Provincial Grand Commander for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick it was not considered desirable during his lifetime to merge those Provinces into that of the Grand Priory. The death of this distinguished Brother and Knight on the 17th December last removed the difficulty, and I at once wrote to the authorities in England claiming those territories, and in reply from the Grand Vice-Chancellor and acting Registrar was informed that the Council of the Great Priory had at once decided that from the date of Provincial Prior Keith's death the territory over which he had presided came under my jurisdiction. By this three additional preceptories have been added to our roll, and I trust that on the formation of our National Priory the Scottish preceptory at St. John, New Brunswick, and the Irish one at L'Orignal, Ont., will be induced to join us—it being most desirable that there should be no conflicting jurisdiction in the Dominion.

I have found it necessary to divide the Province of Ontario into three districts to enable the Provincial Priors to superintend the preceptories more easily—the Eastern Division, comprising Kingston and all preceptories east of the River Trent; the Central Division, comprising Toronto and all preceptories west of the River Trent; the Western Division, comprising Hamilton and all preceptories west of the Credit River. These, with a separate District for Quebec, and another for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, make a present partition of Canada into five Districts to be increased

with the addition of further preceptories requiring additional supervision.

I have prepared a charge to be delivered to the Provincial Priors, setting forth at some length the duties of their high office. In a Dominion of such vast territorial extent as Canada, it can only be by a distribution of authority that a due supervision can be maintained. In their several Districts or Divisions the Provincial Priors represent the authority of the Grand Prior, and the subordinate Preceptories are not so numerous but that at a comparatively small sacrifice of time all may be occasionally visited, and the regularity of the work, the observance of the Statutes, and a greater interest in the Order, prompted both by example and precept. I am sure these administrative officers will thus give me their hearty co-operation in my endeavour to lay the foundations of our Grand Priory on such true principles, that it may prove worthy of its approaching high position of being erected into a National Great Priory, co-equal with those of the beloved mother land—this charge is printed as an appendix to my address.

I regret to find that some of our Preceptories have failed to make their returns, namely, the "King Baldwin," Belleville, "Moore," Peterborough, "Mount Calvary," Orillia, "Palestine," Port Hope, and "Richard Cœur de Lion," London, while the "Harington," of Trenton, is under virtual suspension—it is hoped this neglect has been or will be at once attended to—it will be one of the subjects, as well as many others calculated to uphold the credit as well as the interest of all, which will fall under the supervision of the Provincial Priors.

I lately granted a preliminary warrant to open a Preceptory at the village of Dunville, Ontario, under the name of the "St. Bernard de Clairveaux," in the district of the Grand Chancellor, who constituted the Preceptory and installed as Eminent Preceptor Sir Kt. W. H. Braund, with every prospect of its being a flourishing addition to the Order.

On the 23rd of January last I granted a dispensation to remove the Sussex Preceptory and Priory of Stansted to the village of Dunham, Province of Quebec, when I consecrated the Preceptory and installed as F. Preceptor Sir Kt. Edson Kemp.

By-laws for this latter Preceptory have been carefully got up and printed, after having been subjected to the most thorough revision, in which all the recent changes in the Order are embodied, with directions for the duty of the Registrar and the requirements of aspirants (candidates). I strongly recommend these by-laws to the notice of Preceptors, as I regret there appears to be a want of interest shown in details, many of the preceptories still adhering to old forms and names, although I had hoped the circular issued in April, 1873, had fully explained the changes now become law. From some instances that have come under my notice, the statutes of the Order do not appear to have been fully complied with, and in one Preceptory a most irregular and improper proceeding took place, viz., after the ballot had been twice passed and the candidate rejected it was directed by the Preceptor to be passed a third time, thus leaving an impression that it had been previously arranged by every means to insure the election against the express wish of some of the members. By such proceedings the Order becomes discredited, and from want of a judicious and proper selection of its members sinks in value and opinion, as it frequently happens that it is bestowed without any kind of reasonable motive or due consideration, but solely to content idle curiosity or for the sake of good fellowship. The popular view taken would seem to be, that, as Freemasonry is a public institution we have no right to refuse any one who comes with fair credentials. This is a great fallacy. The Order of the Temple, necessarily circumscribed in numbers, is a select brotherhood, and we have no right to admit into it those whom we would not willingly introduce into our own families.

The ceremony of constituting a preceptory and the installation of officers and of opening and closing preceptories I have had re-arranged, with the able assistance of the "Sub-Prior," and the proper steps will be taken for their distribution to the heads of the Order for the information of all the members.

My correspondence during the past year with various portions of the Order in England, Ireland, and the United States has been most satisfactory, and testifies to the interest taken everywhere in the advan-

cement of our Christian Orders. While all do not hold the same views, and many consider that the adoption of exclusive principles on social grounds, and the requiring from candidates a profession of Trinitarianism, are antagonistic to its connection with Freemasonry, it must be borne in mind that these Orders are strictly Christian, and based upon the leading doctrines of the Christian religion; it surely ought to be the pride of all its members to raise, not lower the social standard, and to maintain the Order within its proper sphere, not by endeavouring to give it the literal character of the "Religious and Military Order," as in the olden time, but by confining ourselves to the place it has now assumed, which the changes of society has rendered necessary, and by practising one of its fundamental principles, charity towards each other, prove to the world the sincerity of our ties of brotherhood.

Various phases of opinon no doubt exist in the Order which those who hold them might fairly express, but I much fear, that in some of the discussions which have taken place, relative to the recent revision motives have been attributed and statements made, not borne out by facts, by persons jealous of the increasing prosperity and influence of the Orders.

Anticipating our being shortly formed into a National Grand Priory, I propose appointing a Committee to draw up a code of statutes for our future guidance, and to report upon such matters as may be conducive to the prosperity of the Order in Canada. One subject has been frequently brought to my notice which had better be decided on, viz, the advisability of introducing an out-door costume, to be worn on special occasions, although I am personally opposed to all public displays as detracting from the dignity of the Order, and can only repeat what I have said on former occasions—that it is for the best interests of the Order to avoid publicity as much as possible. The Committee must be guided in the selection of an appropriate and uniform style of dress by the necessity of modifying the exhibition of the peculiar distinguishing badges of the Orders. Public demonstrations of this kind are seldom if ever indulged in by the Order in the British Dominions, as they are very apt to draw down the ridicule of the common sense practical outsider. As bearing upon this subject I quote the following extract from the interesting and instructive report on foreign correspondence of the Grand Commandery of Maine, U.S., by V. E. Sir Kt. Josiah Drummond:—"To the Order in general we repeat our caution against the existing tendency to substitute the *show* of Templarism for its *substance*. In yielding to the demand for outward demonstrations we attract to us those who care only for *display*, and repel those who practise our *principles*." And in the last number of the *Craftsman*, under the heading of "Masonic Funerals," an interesting passage is given from the report on foreign correspondence of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, which, after ably discussing the circumstances under which these solemn rites of Masonry are to be performed, and never in conjunction with other societies, concludes as follows: "In truth, the less we appear in public, no matter for what purpose, the better."

Turning for a few minutes to the interesting subject of the recent reorganisation of the Order which has not only become law, but of that law we are so shortly to be the administrators on our own behalf in Canada, it may be as well to follow up the remarks in my last annual Address and again revert to some of the objections raised to such reconstruction, and the objects sought by the Commissioners, in the union of the Great Priories of England and Ireland.

Amongst the objections is that of the name "United Religious and Military Orders." Now the Orders were originally composed of "Military Monks" partaking both of the character of "Soldiers and Priests," and they had also in the Templar Order, a class *exclusively clerical* who devoted themselves to the civil and religious affairs of the Order and took no part in warfare. History informs us that the Orders of the Temple and St. John were, during the Crusades, antagonistic to each other, and frequently engaged in open warfare; but after the suppression of the Templars, their Order, although proscribed by the Pope, still enjoyed possessions in Scotland, and retained conjointly with that of the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, lands in common, and it was not until the era of the Reformation that the whole possessions of the combined Templars and Hospitallers were declared forfeited to the

Crown, on the ground that the services, required on oath by the Preceptor, were to defend and maintain the *Roman* Catholic faith. From this union, that existed before the Reformation, the name United Orders has been adopted. It requires no great stretch of faith to believe that on their dispersion, many of the members, who we know had joined the reformed religion, may have sought a connection with the Masonic Society to preserve the memory of their chivalry from oblivion, as we find that after this period the Order of Knights Templar and of Malta were always given together in Encampments connected with Freemasonry: hence the mistake and confusion of name in styling them, as was formerly the practice, "Knights Templars *of* St. John of Jerusalem," whereas the two orders are quite distinct.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE STEPS.

YOUTH.

In rosy morn of Life's fair day,
Our eager footsteps lightly tread
In search of Wisdom's pleasant way,
By works of buried sages led.

Those finger-boards on Truth's high road
We closely scan, and lightly feel
The passing hours, ambition's goad,
While changing fancied life for real.

MANHOOD.

Our youthful hours are pass'd too soon—
When the warm meridian sun—
Fit emblem of our lives, the noon—
Proclaims our earnest work begun.

From our trestle-board—Divine light—
Our hearts, the ashlars fresh and rough,
Are modelled ashlars smooth and bright,
And are prov'd by the line of truth.

Actions are but the chisel's dent,
Forming the ashlar with beauty;
The chisel works till life is spent,
Forced by the mallet of duty.

As Fellow crafts, by deeds of love,
We recommend our art sublime;
In helping others mount above,
Ourselves the mystic ladder climb.

AGE.

In age—as like the setting sun—
Our hopes enlarge, as swiftly now
The sands of life are almost run,
And 'neath the weight of years we bow.

In happy contemplation then
Our few remaining days we live,
And feel those quiet joys no pen
Can tell—ripe age can only give.

Our work, complete, shall pass the square,
And be in the new temple lain,
When we with confidence repair,
The wages of our lives to claim.

As living stones, approved by Him,
To New Jerusalem taken,
Our souls, now purg'd of guilty sin,
Form that spirit-house in Heaven.

Masonic Jewel.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PERSECUTION OF FREEMASONS.

We find the following narrative in the *Christian World*:

"The city of Bahia has of late been the scene of a violent personal controversy. It would appear from the letter of a correspondent of the *Imprensa Evanglica*, writing from Bahia, under date of May 27th, 1874, that while the Brazilian Empire has been convulsed with the war

of the clergy upon the Freemasons, and the Government's retaliatory measures, there has been comparative quiet in the particular diocese of the Archbishop and Primate of Brazil. In spite of the fact that there have been published official lists of the Freemasons, many of whom are members of Roman Catholic 'Brotherhoods,' no one has until now been disturbed. 'Almost every day,' says the correspondent, 'there die Masons without being denied the so-called spiritual aids of the Church, and without any one opposing their interment in holy ground; nor do I know that on an occasion of baptism any person has been rejected as a godfather because of his being a Mason.'

"It happened, however, on the ninth of May last, that one of the most prominent Masons in Brazil, Dr. Guilherme Pereira Rebello, Director of the Lyceum, died, and was shortly after buried, his funeral being attended both by Roman Catholic priests and by members of the Order of Masons. A few days later there appeared in the *Chronica Religiasa* a document in the form of a solemn Abjuration, purporting to have been signed by the deceased on the 1st of May, and running as follows: 'I, Doctor Guilherme Pereira Rebello, declare that I renounce Masonry, on account of its being prohibited by the Roman Catholic Church of which I am a son; and as to the mystery of the most Holy Trinity I submit to all the decisions of the same Holy Church.' The paper was signed by witnesses, whose signatures were duly attested as genuine, and corroborated by the public seal.

"So far all was simple enough But lo! on the 14th of May, there appears a second document, emanating from the same pen, equally attested by witnesses, and authenticated by the public seal. In this second document, which is dated May 8th, and is addressed to the Grand Secretary General, to all the Masons in general, and to his relatives and friends, Dr. Pereira declares that should he succumb to the illness with which he is now afflicted, and should any paper appear which purports to be a retraction or abjuration of Masonry, 'that paper must not be received as authentic, since he will never consciously acquiesce in such demands.' He, however, thinks it 'very possible that his signature may have been appended to such a paper in the midst of other papers which he had been signing in his capacity as Director of the Lyceum.' Finally, he declares himself 'an Apostolic Catholic, educated and dying in the faith, maintaining the doctrines he has hitherto maintained, and regarding Freemasonry as a holy and purely beneficial association, a fruitful off-shoot of Catholicism.'

"If, as his old friends assert, Dr. Pereira Rebello was an honourable man, incapable of stooping to dissimulation, much less of uttering a direct falsehood on his very death-bed, the question as to the authenticity of the former of the documents, is a very curious one. Did the priestly attendants of the dying man skilfully manage to procure his signature by submitting the paper in question in the midst of other papers of an altogether different character? So assert the Freemasons of Bahia, fortifying their assertion by pointing out the dilemma in which the Ultramontanes found themselves. To refuse funeral rites to a man of so much distinction and influence, was a perilous step; and, on the other hand, to concede them to a person who had but recently written very forcibly in defence of Freemasonry, and was himself notoriously a member of the Order, seemed a total sacrifice of self-respect and dignity. While the matter is still involved in much obscurity, it certainly looks strangely like one of those priestly tricks commonly designated as 'pious frauds.'"

Brazil is not the only locality where such proceedings are being enacted, nor are they confined to Catholic countries. The same jesuitical tricks are being played in the United States. Much indignation has been excited in Keokuk, Iowa, and its vicinity, by the discovery of a high-handed outrage of this description. The particulars, as reported to us from there, are as follows: Bernard Slevin has resided in Oskaloosa, Iowa, for the last twenty-five years, and had accumulated a property of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars, some say a great deal more. He was a member of a Lodge there for many years. Last spring his health failed and he went to Keokuk for medical treatment. After remaining a short time at the hotel where he had been accustomed to board, he removed to the house of a saloon keeper with whom he became acquainted about two years since. There the Roman

Catholics had him in their power. They induced him to join their church, take the sacrament, renounce Masonry and make a will bequeathing all his property to those new friends? A few weeks ago a Brother Mason was visiting him, when Slevin related what had happened, and said that he had made his will and was kept there without his consent; that he was still a Mason and wanted the Masons to take him away. An informal meeting of the two Lodges in Keokuk was immediately called and a committee appointed to visit him and inquire into the matter. They found him at the bar, half dressed, drinking with other men, with a roll of bills in his hand, and the proprietor dealing out the liquor. When the committee made known their business he retired with them to another room where they conversed together for an hour. He seemed confused and excited and appeared to be under the influence of some drug as well as liquor, but he declared that he wanted to leave that place and desired the committee to take him away. They promised to do so the next morning. A report was made to the Lodges and a committee of two was appointed to procure a carriage, call for him in the morning, remove him from the influences which then surrounded him, keep him until he became sober and calm, and then ascertain what his real wishes were. The committee endeavoured to carry out this plan. Slevin prepared to go with them when the saloon keeper interposed and refused to permit it until he had seen the priest. He was sent for and soon appeared in a state of great excitement. As soon as his eyes met Slevin's it was apparent that he had him completely under his control. He extorted from him an acknowledgment that he had joined the Roman Catholic Church, that he had renounced Masonry, that he was well treated and desired to remain where he was. Although satisfied that these were not his real sentiments and wishes, his Masonic friends were obliged to leave.

As a last resort the Commissioners of Insanity were petitioned to make an examination. They found him in such a state that they could not decide what should be done further than to remove him to a comfortable and quiet boarding place until the following Monday, when further consultation should be had. He was accordingly moved on Friday. The priest and his followers tried every means in their power to get possession of him again, but in vain. A physician was called in on Saturday, but on Sunday night the patient died. To all with whom he conversed he expressed satisfaction at his removal, declared that he loved Masonry and the Masons, averred that he had made a will under compulsion, and expressed the hope that the Masons would stand by him until he was able to make another.

The breath had hardly left the poor man's body when the priest produced the will and demanded the remains. By the terms of the will the body was given to the priest, together with the sum of $2,000. The other bequests were $2,000 to the sisters of Charity of Keokuk; $2,000 to the Sisters of Charity of Ottumwa; $3,000 to the wife of the saloon keeper (a stranger) and $100 to her child. The priest was made residuary legatee, and named executor without surety.

Much indignation is felt throughout the whole community at these shameful proceedings, even Romanists denouncing the conduct of the priest. So strong is the feeling against him that the Bishop has determined to transfer him to another parish.

The Sunday after the death of Slevin, the priest delivered a violent harangue against Masonry and denounced Masons in vulgar and indecent language.—*New England Freemason.*

IMMORTALITY.

BY BRO. EDWIN R. PAYNTER.

This earth cannot be man's abiding place,
Our lives were never cast up by the sea
Of vast eternity to float a space,
Then in its depths to sink and cease to be.

Else why do glorious aspirations leap,
Like angels from the temple of our heart,
And, ever wandering, for ever keep
Our souls dissatisfied with this world's part?

Why does the rainbow, with its heav'n-born hues,
Set in the clouds, God's covenant to express,
So soon depart, and leave us but to muse
Upon its past and favoured loveliness?

Why are the stars, which 'round the midnight throne
Of heaven hold their nightly jubilee,
So far beyond our finite being shown
To mock us with their glorious majesty?

Why do bright forms of beauty, like sweet dreams,
Present themselves to view, and then depart;
Leaving affection's thousand strong, deep streams
To flow in Alpine torrents to the heart?

Beyond this world our destiny will be,
In realms where rainbows never fade away,
Where stars, like islands, slumber on the sea,
And bright forms in our presence ever stay.

Freemason.

Chippings.

A DOZEN FRIED.

I was out late one night, said Squills, so I took home a dozen fried. If Mrs. Squills has one weakness stronger than another it is for a dozen fried, nice and brown and not too much batter.

I set the pacificators down on the outside mat, so as not to burst too gorgeously on her all at once, but directly I got into the room I knew there was something up.

Mrs. Squills had piled up all the pillows in a heap and was propped up, reading.

"Good evening, my dear."

Mrs. Squills replied not. She is a woman of a good deal of natural dignity, said Squills, when she's getting up steam. The silence was becoming oppressive, so I remarked in tones that were deferential:

"Lodge kept unusually late, my dear."

I thought this was a good time to introduce the dozen fried, said Squills, but the storm burst.

"So you went to the prize fight, Mr. Squills?"

I pledge you my sacred word and honour, said Squills, the baby could have knocked me down with a feather. Nature, overshocked, failed to sustain the legs of her Squills, and I sat down.

"Went to what, my dear?"

"Don't prevaricate, Mr. Squills. In the depths of your degradation, be a man. How did I come to know it? That is my business, Mr. Squills. I know it, and that ought to be enough for you.

"How can you sit there and look me in the face?"

I wasn't looking her in the face, said Squills, far from it.

"And not sink through the floor into the front parlour, Mr. Squills, is a miracle. A nice lot of friends you've picked up. Mr. Benjamin McLooney and Mr. Patsy O'Allen. How do I know their names? I read the newspapers. How should I know?

"The next thing you'll be a stakeholder, sir, or a second. Bother? No bother about it, sir. Where's the difference I should like to know, between you paying five dollars and—

"You didn't pay five dollars? Don't tell me you didn't. And there's Tom wants new boots. What? You think you are getting the booting. Don't cause me to despise you, Mr. Squills, under such circumstances. And Gussy wants a winter bonnet to match her dress, and the house wants painting next spring, and all the coals not in, and the pew rent is due, and Charlie ought to have a quarter's dancing, and—what's that? You got in for a dollar? What?"

You should have heard that "what?" said Squills.

"Do you dare sit there and tell me that you sneaked your way into a dog fight for a dollar! It wasn't a dog fight? Yes, sneaked is the word, Mr. Squills; defrauding those poor fellows who were trying to make a few dollars to support their families. I should be ashamed. Oh, that the mother of children should live to hear that her husband had sneaked his way into a dog fight for a dollar."

It was too much for her, said Squills, and she sunk back in among the pillows.

If ever there was a moment in the story of a woman's wrongs, when a dozen fried could be introduced as atonement for the past and indemnity for the future, said Squills, that moment had arrived. I placed a dozen fried before her, and said affectionately, "Fanny!"

She looked around and said:

"Squills!"

The appeal was too touching to be successfully resisted, and I never saw the mother of a family hoist in a dozen fried at two o'clock in the morning with greater determination.

The next morning I had to shell out for Tommy and Gussy and the pew rent.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE LETTER G.—Some years ago a flashily dressed individual made his appearance one evening in the reception room at the Masonic Temple at Boston, and intimated his desire to visit the lodge then in session. It so happened that a well-known Brother was sitting near the door chatting with the Tyler and keeping his weather eye open for impostors, in accordance with a habit he has acquired from many years' experience in keeping watch over the strong boxof the Grand Lodge. He greeted the new comer cordially, and invited him to be seated until a committee should come out and examine him. "Oh! it's no matter about that, I'm all right," said the applicant, making strange passes with his hands and curious contortions of his visage. "Oh! yes," said Brother Mc, "I've no doubt of that, but they always examine strangers who desire to visit the lodge. It's a mere matter of form, you know." "Well, I'm ready for 'em," said the visitor confidently. "Certainly," said the watchful Brother, "you're all right. I should know that at a glance. By the way, that's a very handsome breast pin you have," said he, examining with great interest a huge gilt letter G, which the visitor had conspicuously displayed on his shirt bosom. "Ya-as, that's a Masonic pin," replied the wearer, puffing out his breast. "Indeed? Letter G? Well, now, what does that mean?" "Letter G! Why that *stands for Gerus.alem* —a sorter headquarters for us Masons, you know." The committee found their work had been performed, and used the letter G rather freely. They advised the visitor "to get up and git."—*New England Freemason.*

The family jar is frequently a jug.

Bored, yet Happy—A girl with her first pair of ear rings.

An old lady thinks that a good many of our modern "songs" thoroughly deserve to be call "strains."

A western paper announces the death of a lady celebrated "for the purity of her character and complexion."

An exchange informs us that the authorship of *Beautiful Snow* has at length been definitely settled. It is by J. Frost.

A young widow in New Orleans, being asked after her husband's health, answered, with a soft, quiet smile, "He's dead, I thank you."

If a man really wants to find out what's in him let him go to sea. The first rough weather will generally enable him to ascertain it.

An old maid suggested that when men break their hearts it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts immediately, and grows in its place.

"How many regular, steady boarders are there in this house?" asked a census taker of a servant girl. "There's fifteen in all, sir, but not morn'n four of 'em is steady persons, sir."

"Is Mike McCloskey in the ranks?" asked the commander-in-chief, as the army stood in line of battle. "Here, gineral," said Mike, stepping to the front. "Then let the engagement begin," said the general. That is the way Mike tells the story.

"I say, Sambo, can you answer dis conundrum? Suppose I gib you a bottle of whisky corked—shut wid a cork how would you get de whisky out widout pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle?" "I gibs dat up." "Why, push the cork in—yah! yah!"

A plain-spoken woman recently visited a married friend, and said to her, "How do you contrive to amuse yourself?" "Amuse!" said the other, staring, "do you know that I have my house-work to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see you have it to do, but as it is never done I conclude you must have some other way of passing your time."

A traveller in Vermont, stopping at a hotel recently, ordered supper. The meal was a very inferior one, and at its conclusion, which was soon reached, he stepped up to settle for it. "Well," said Boniface with alacrity, "I hope you had a good supper." "Yes," replied he, musingly, "the supper averaged first rate; the butter was strong and the tea was weak."

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 10.—Vol. II. FEBRUARY, 1875. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

The principal event of the last month has been the Installation of that justly popular nobleman, the Duke of Abercorn, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, as Grand Master of Irish Freemasonry. The attendance was very large, the appearance of Grand Lodge most imposing, and the speeches of Bro. Shekleton and of the new Grand Master were most admirable and most Masonic. We congratulate the Irish Grand Lodge once more on their wise and opportune choice; we congratulate our Irish brethren on having so efficient and genial a ruler, to replace the venerable "Geraldine." May all of prosperity wait on Irish Freemasons, and Irish Freemasonry.

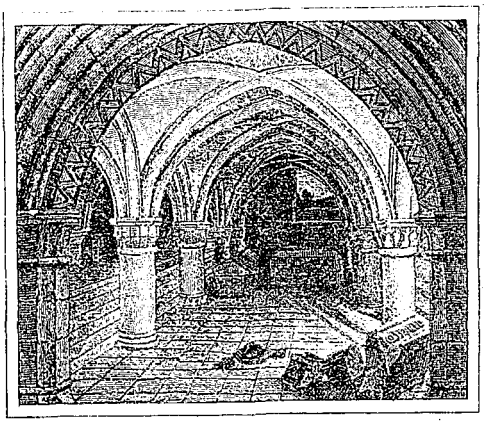
The question of the Pope's Masonic membership seems to be pretty decidedly settled by the able article of the *Philadelphia Keystone*, which we have thought well to print in this month's Magazine, and which, we believe, is from the pen of its accomplished editor, our kind confrere and correspondent, Bro. Clifford P. McCalla. Our opinion entirely coincides with his. There is clearly so far no evidence that can be relied on of the Pope's affiliation. The statement of the Sicilian Lodge that the Pope was made a Mason at Philadelphia, in a lodge called "Li Figli de Hiram," is disproved by the simple fact that no such lodge ever existed. If the "local habitation and name" of such a lodge could have been substantiated, another question would have arisen, was it, "a priori," likely that a Papal Nuncio would attend an illegal assembly, (illegal to him as a Pontifical representative), whether at Philadelphia, and above all Madrid? Such an assertion must be a great trial on our belief, at any rate we who know the "customs of war in like cases," the habits of diplomats, the rules and regulations of the Roman Curia. One should, however, like really to know whence the Italian Freemasons got their alleged Masonic speeches of the Pope from? from what records? from what minutes? The name of "Scevola" suggests a Spanish origin to the "canard." In Italy we do not believe that they give symbolical names. An Italian Bro. tells us so, but they still do in Spain. In fact the only available evidence of the Pope's initiation is the Havannah story of "Martin Ferretti." So here the matter must stop, as we feel bound to say we do not believe the fact, not that it matters much either way. We trust that we shall hear no more of these ill-timed manifestoes and sentences of expulsion from Italy, as they only tend to throw ridicule on true Freemasons.

A Defence of Masonry, published by Bro. Kenning, has recently appeared, which deals with the recent attacks on our Order, and the actual position and true teaching of Freemasonry. The price, 2s. 6d., places the little work within the reach of our Order generally, and Bro. Kenning's endeavours to promote the cause of Masonic Literature deserves recognition and support at the hands of the Craft.

Bro. Constable has also put forth a very interesting and well-written Lodge History, namely, that of the well-known Tranquillity, which we commend to the studious notice of all our Brethren. We hope sincerely that it will be largely patronized by our Brethren, as such histories are very important aids to Masonic Archæology, and form the materials on which the true Masonic Student builds up his painstaking work. The work will well repay perusal, and Bro. W. J. Hughan's able preface will commend it to the notice of many of our readers.

We do not think that there is much more Masonic intelligence worth noting, either at home or abroad.

Our Lodges will soon now resume their active working. May all good go with them, and pleasant reunions and prosperous gatherings be their's, alike in the Metropolis, and in the Provinces.



CRYPT OF YORK MINSTER,

Where it is said that the Freemasons anciently held their Assemblies.

We give the above engraving by the kind permission of the York Brethren, and of Bro. Todd, as we think that it may prove interesting to the Craft at home and abroad.

We call attention to the accompanying commentary on the engraving, as there can be no doubt that it is an authentic record, and adds value to the representation, and confirms the old tradition of the York Brotherhood.

It is just possible that in this minute of the York Grand Chapter we find the continuation of an old practice of the York Grand Assembly.

There is no reason why, "a priori," it should not be so, and we think it more than probable that such was the case, and if it were so, we find another proof of the close relationship existing between the Church in those days, and the Masonic Guild.

"According to tradition, the Freemasons in ancient times held their meetings in the Crypt of York Cathedral, represented in the above engraving.

"In the minute book of the Grand Chapter formerly held at York (which is in the custody of the York Lodge), there is a record that on Sunday, May 27, 1778, the Royal Arch Brethren assembled in the ancient Lodge, now a sacred recess within the Cathedral Church of York, and then and there opened a Chapter of Free and Accepted Masons of the Most Sublime Degree of Royal Arch.

"This, in all probability, was the last occasion when a Masonic meeting was held therein."

We trust that, from an archæological point of view, this extract from the York Grand Chapter Minute Book, will justify our printing the Vignette for the information and approval of the Brethren.

IS POPE PIUS IX. A FREEMASON?

Every few years the question is sprung upon the Fraternity—is the Pope a Freemason? We have a number of original documents bearing upon this subject in our possession, and we have examined others, *pro* and *con*, and give below such light as they afford, to the readers of the *Keystone*. We may premise, however, that *we* do not consider the question *so important* as some of our contemporaries seem to. Whether *any* single man is a Freemason is not important; it may be curious or interesting, but it is nothing more. So far as the Pope is concerned, we should respect him far more as a man if he were not a Freemason, for then he would not have proved recreant to his voluntarily assumed obligations, by his excommunication of his Brethren, merely because they were Brethren.

The London *Freemason* of October 31, 1874, has an editorial on this topic, from which we quote as follows; and in reply to it we do what we can to answer the question it propounds. The *Freemason* asks:

IS THE POPE A FREEMASON?

"A most important question. Yet how can we answer it? We have heard it repeated so often lately, with great emphasis and energy of expression, that it is by some taken to be an admitted and an ascertained fact. Indeed, one or two Italian and Sicilian Lodges have, we believe, on the faith of the story, expelled, as far that is as they could do so, Bro. Pio Nono from Freemasonry. Now we confess to have some doubts on the subject, and we should greatly wish to have those doubts removed. If the fact be a fact, let it by all means be established, but on the rules and laws of evidence, so far, the actuality of the Pope's Masonic affiliation is, in our humble opinion, 'not proven.' It has been stated that he was made in Italy, a young man, just as it has been averred, that in his juvenile years he displayed proclivities for 'Giovene Italia.' It has been announced that when on an ecclesiastical mission in one of the South American Republics, he was initiated under one of the symbolic systems, or the 'Rite Ecossaise.' But up to this hour when we write, no one, as far as we are aware, has ever thought well to supplement these loud assertions by simple and satisfactory evidence. If the fact be really so, it surely can be proved to the satisfaction of all true Freemasons, and all honest men. If it be merely a device of partisan warfare; a 'fraus pia' for the purpose of discrediting an antagonist, the sooner such an indefensible system is put a stop to the better, especially amongst Freemasons, who so deeply prize honour and truth at all times and in all things."

Let us first examine the affirmative evidence. We have just received from Bro. Signor Anselmo Carpi, of Leghorn, Italy, an original document, in the Italian language, issued July 16th, 1874, by the Lodge "*Luce del Tirreno*," with the seal of the Lodge attached, which Lodge is under the jurisdiction of the Grand Orient of Palermo, Italy. We are also under fraternal obligation to W. Bro. A. Gallico, of London, England, for a literal translation of this paper, which is such an extraordinary document that we spread it before our readers, entire. It is as follows:

Mastai Ferretti, K. of the R. C. †, *now Pope Pio IX. Letter of the W. Lodge "Luce del Tirreno," under the jurisdiction of the G. O. Palermo, to the Freemasons spread throughout the world.* 1874. *To all Brother Masons throughout the world and to all the world at large. The Lodge "Luce del Tirreno," Or, Rio (Elba), under the High and W. auspices of the Supreme Council of the G. O. of Italy of Scotch Rite A. and A., established in Palermo, sends Health, Strength and Unity.*

The chief of the Roman Catholic Church, forgetful of the holy precepts bequeathed by our G. M. Jesus, and setting aside the very just teaching of the Apostle Paul, wherein he exhorts all men to speak the truth, and never to lie (we find it written let your communication be yea, yea, nay, nay), has recently launched severe anathemas against our noble institution; the more to be condemned inasmuch as he, Pio IX., ought to remember how much he owes to our Order, and how much he formerly wrought in its behalf; but unfortunately to Pope Mastai gratitude is not esteemed a virtue, and truth finds no shelter under the guilded domes of the Vatican! Be it known, therefore, that we, Freemasons of the Lodge Luce del Tirreno, have the moral courage and strength to rebut slander, from whatever source it may proceed, and

under whatever colour it may clothe itself, and we assert that the words of the self-styled "*prisoner of the Vatican, Pio IX.*," under 23rd March, 1874, are a tissue of slanders and lies, and will prove it by one of the many incidents in that man's life.

Every one knows that a Bishop of the Brazilian empire, within the last few months, proceeded against the Masons with such virulence that the Brazilian Parliament, having heard the declaration of the minister for Foreign Affairs, the Viscount of Rio Branco, G. M. of the G. O. of Brazil, Vale of Lauradio, condemned the Bishop and protected the Craft. Pope Mastai, in the presence of his satelites, in the course of a speech, uttered these words:

"Amongst the ministers of that government (Brazil) there are Masons in high and exalted positions in the sect; the just have been persecuted, in order that these sectarians, who are poisonous snakes, should be supported."

Nay, Pope Mastai! You have forgotten the precepts of Jesus, whose "infallible Viceregent" you style yourself—knowing that you uttered falsehood, and you are also convicted thereof. Remember Pope Pius, that when you were *Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti*, being invested with the office of Pontifical Nuncio in America, and, precisely, *in Philadelphia*, you eagerly sought to be initiated in the mysteries of Freemasonry, and when that was done, after your solemn oaths in the Lodge of the "Sons of Hiram," you enthusiastically uttered words of fidelity to the Craft! you even assumed the symbolic name of "*Scevola*," and replied as follows to the address of the speaker:

"I indeed receive from you, W. M., the true light, whereas before I was in the densest darkness. I am now fully convinced that Freemansory is the most important and beneficent association known in the world, and am highly pleased to belong to the Order."

Such are the words of this man, and it is well to compare them with those he uttered as Pope in the Vatican, in March, 1874, as well as with those he spontaneously uttered in the Temple of "the Sons of Hiram," when it will be evident to all that he ignominiously betrays the oath of fidelity to the Craft. Every one with a grain of common sense can see that Freemasonry is not a sect, nor are its followers sectarians, and of the truth Pope Pius IX. was convinced; in fact at a meeting he thus characterized our noble institution:

"It is an order whose mission is to improve the morals of the universe, and to raise fallen humanity." And full of zeal, he concluded his speech in these words: "I will always be a warm defender of this very noble Order."

As if his words and oaths were not sufficient, he so actively laboured by writing on behalf of our Order that he was deemed worthy to be exalted to the 18° R. C. †. *The documents produced by our Brethren of Philadelphia prove the truth of our statement, and may be seen on application by anyone.* Exalted to the 18°, on returning from America he frequented many Madrid Lodges, as Brethren from Spain assert. Likewise the Lodge of Sinigaglia, situated on the second floor in a house on the left of Via Emilia, in that house, the ground floor of which was occupied by a chemist. This did Bro. Mastai, then only a Monsignore, and he worked so much for the Craft, that we *smoothed the way for him to the Throne of Peter*, believing that when he attained the supreme power, he would scrupulously adhere to his oaths, and dedicate himself to the welfare of Humanity, alleviate the forsaken, and shed a tear of sympathy for the wounded and the afflicted.

Mastai Ferretti, K. of R. C. †, having become Pope, has forgotten his engagements, perjured himself, and shamefully broken faith. He rebels against the Order which he had sworn warmly to uphold, and slanders it. He seeks to vilify it in the face of all people, having stained his hands in the blood of so many noble victims of liberty, and given himself over body and soul to the Jesuits, whose infamous tool he he is, *nolens volens*. For his purposes he wishes to make the world believe that we are poisonous snakes, as it does not suit him to state the truth, that Freemasons are supporters of Humanity, believe in the Most High God, and the immortality of the soul; that they are honest, intelligent and tolerant, seeking to solve the great problem, to issue a law which may satisfy all without wounding the opinion and faith of any one, and that Masons in their labours will have no political or religious discussion, but proclaim for all liberty of conscience, and

thus seek to render their watchwords,
(Liberty—Equality—Fraternity),
glorious.

But you, old man and Brother of the R. C. †, do you not see that by your inconsiderate words of 23rd March, 1874, you have slandered your Brother Masons, and your wrath is out of place, whereas you ought bitterly to lament your broken plight tendered in the Lodge "Sons of Hiram," in Philadelphia? Weep! O Pope Mastai. You have had a long life to behold the triumph of Masonic principles, in spite of you, and now behold the City of the Seven Hills advancing in grandeur, so that one may fairly anticipate its eventual restoration to ancient splendour. Repent, Pope Mastai, you recreant Brother of the R. C. †, at having in a state of complete liberty, and knowingly, violated your oath; for remember you can only obtain forgiveness from the G. A. U. for such a crime, by giving honour to those you have slandered. You who, according to your priests, are the chief master in Divinity, must know this as well as us. Humble yourself, and before dying be not ashamed to acknowledge that you have slandered the Craft, and utter again the words you pronounced in the W. Lodge, "Sons of Hiram," of Philadelphia, about our institution. It is a most noble Order, aiming at improving the moral tone of the Universe, and raising fallen Humanity. Courage, be not ashamed to recall your slanders, remembering that "to err is human, but to persist in error is diabolical."

We, the "poisonous snakes," pray the G. A. U. to grant you genuine repentance, so that death, which soon will overtake you, be to you a relief, and peaceful, and introduce you to the rest of the upright, and you will acknowledge that your thunders against us Freemasons had no strength, being an obsolete and useless weapon, and our work will proceed without fear of the slander and lies and machinations of traitors.

This, Brother Masons, and ye inhabitants of the whole world, is our reply to the slanders and curses of Pope Mastai, formerly Knight of the R. C. †, and this brief statement of facts will suffice to show the difference between Mastai before and after ascending to the Chair of St. Peter, and how much his mind is inferior to corruptible matter.

Having now made the foregoing statements, we challenge Pope Mastai, as well as the whole clerical press, to deny the truth thereof if they can, exhorting them, however, not to shape their reply by false statements and abuse, as they are accustomed to do, and as is the custom of all whose cause is a bad and weak one; and meanwhile we wish unto all, Health, Strength, Unity.

Given at the Lodge "Luce del Tirreno Or. di Rio Elba," subject to the jurisdiction of the Grand Order of Italy, of Scotch Rite, A. and A., established in Palermo, this 16th day of July, 1874.

(Here follow the signatures and official seal.)

It will be observed that this official Italian document positively asserts that Pope Pius IX., when he was plain Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, and a Papal Nuncio in America, was made a Mason in the city of Philadelphia, in the "Lodge of the Sons of Hiram." This is *one* story as to where the Pope was made a Mason; but it is only one of many, and if all are as false as this, then the Pope is *not* a Freemason. We have never had a "Lodge of the Sons of Hiram" in Philadelphia, and Mastai Ferretti was never made a Mason in this city in any Lodge. There may be a shadow of truth, however, in the assertion, which we shall explain before the close of this article.

Fra Paolo Sarpi, a Roman Catholic newspaper of Venice, Italy, devoted to ecclesiastical reform, some time ago made this same assertion, as to the Pope having been a Philadelphia Mason, and also that he continued to be a Mason for two years after he became Pontiff.

Another account is to the effect that the Pope was made a Mason under the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. We cite to this affect, the following paragraph from the *Masonic News*, as quoted in the London *Echo*, of October 14, 1874:—

"At the semi-annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons, Scottish Rite of the Orient of Palermo, Italy, held in that city on the 27th of March, 1874, Mastai Ferretti was expelled from the Order for violating his vows and for perjury. Mastai Ferretti is no other person than Pius IX., Pope of Rome. The decree of the Lodge at Palermo is published in the official paper of the Order of Freemasonry at Cologne, Germany, and dated March 27th. It is preceded by the minutes of the Lodge in

which Mastai Ferretti, in 1826, was initiated into the Order under the old Scottish Rite. The decree reads as follows :—A man named Mastai Ferretti, who received the baptism of Freemasonry, and solemnly pledged his love and fellowship, and who afterwards was crowned Pope and King, under the title of Pio Nono, has now cursed his former brethren and excommunicated all members of the Order of Freemasons. Therefore, said Mastai Ferretti is herewith, by decree of the Grand Lodge of the Orient, Palermo, expelled from the Order for perjury. The charges against Mastai Ferretti were first preferred in his Lodge at Palermo in 1865, and notification and copy thereof sent to Rome, with a request to attend the Lodge for the purpose of his vindication. To this the Pope made no reply, and for divers reasons the charges were not pressed until the Pope urged the clergy of Brazil to aggressive measures against the Freemasons of that country. Then the charges were pressed, and the second and third notifications sent, and after a formal trial, a decree of expulsion was entered, and caused to be published. The decree bears the signature of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, Grand Master of the Orient of Italy."

In August, 1868, *Le Monde Maconique* (The Masonic World), a monthly, published in Paris, France, contained an article entitled : *Initiation de Pie IX.*, which quoted a letter from the Masons of Messina, Sicily, to the Very Rev. M. Aglotti, Vicar of that Diocese. It asserts that Mastai Ferretti, while Gregory XVI. was Pope, was sent on a mission to North America ; that after it was completed he went to Philadelphia, where he remained some time, and was made a Mason. The letter proceeds to give his speeches on Masonic occasions, in which he extols Freemasonry. For example, he is quoted as saying : "I am fully convinced that Masonry is one of the best associations that is known in the world." Again : "I shall ever be a warm defender of this sublime Order, whose mission is to moralise the universe, and to relieve and protect suffering humanity."

Now, so far as Philadelphia is concerned, we are prepared to say that *Mastai Ferretti* was never made a Mason in any Lodge in this city ; and we are also prepared to say that he was never made a Mason in any Lodge working under the Jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, whether in the State of Pennsylvania, or in any foreign country included in the "Masonic Jurisdiction thereunto belonging." There is, however, a shadow of a proof that Pope Pius IX. may have been made a Mason in Havana, in a Lodge which at the time was working under the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. We have carefully examined all the Minute Books and Records of this Grand Lodge, in the Grand Secretary's Office in the New Masonic Temple, and know what we now assert. The "shadow proofs" are these :

On March 2nd, 1818, the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania warranted Lodge "*Les Delicias de la Havana*, No. 157," working in Havana, Cuba, which Lodge surrendered its warrant on June 4th, 1821, at which time it came under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Havana. On November 17th, 1819, *Martin Ferrety* was raised to the Sublime degree of a M. M. in this Lodge.

On December 17th, 1804, the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania warranted Lodge "*La Temple des Vertus Theologias*, No. 103," which Lodge surrendered its warrant at the same time and for the same reason, as the Lodge last mentioned. In Lodge "*La Temple*," *Juan Augustus Ferrety* was made a Mason on January 16th, 1815. He resigned his membership March 21st, 1817, and affiliated with Lodge "*Les Delicias de la Havana, No.* 157," in which Lodge he was Crafted and Raised.

Martin Ferrety and Juan Augustus Ferrety, are the *only* Ferretys whose names are on the records of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.

Our readers may form their own conclusions as to whether either of these Brethren was the present Pope Pius IX. Although one of them may have been, we scarcely think either was. For ourselves we are not anxious to claim the Pope as a Freemason. A great backslider is no credit to the Fraternity. If Pius is a Brother, how far he has slidden back ! almost beyond the hope of recovery, we fear, for he is now ignominiously expelled for persecuting the Brethren whom he once swore to love. We shall forward a copy of this week's *Keystone* to His Holiness, with the request that he send us at once a cable telegram informing us, and through us the Masonic world, whether he ever, under his

own, or an assumed name, was made a Mason. Until we have his reply, we shall take for granted that the record proves him *not* to be a Mason. We have given the whole record, as it appears in the archives of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and from this source of Masonic information nothing further remains to be obtained.—*The Keystone.*

ANOTHER NEW YEAR.

How the years flow on! how rapidly they pass,
From human sight and consciousness,
One by one, in glad or drear array.
How noiseless is their march.
They seem to flit from us as if by magic,
Leaving us nothing but their solemn memories.
Another year has left us, and we greet
With altered hopes and fears, another.
But yet how small's the sum of all these years,
Which have been ours on this nether earth.
For joy and sorrow, friendship and affection,
The living sympathy and the gentle will,
The happiness which entered like a passing guest
Into our humble homestead, all are gone,
And in their stead, like dimly-shrouded ghosts,
Are sighing recollections, and aching hearts.
For with another year there crowd upon us
The voices of the past, the joys that are no more,
The echoes of dead hours, buried years,
In all their retrospect of vain regrets.
And those who once were ours, still are ours
In the great unseen land, seem fresh and fair as ever,
As time records once more its mystic calendar.
Yet earth and life have no abiding charm for us,
No rest, no satisfying, no portion here.
We have, and still we have not;
We have and yet we keep not;
All things pass, if one by one, yet pass they do and must.
Mirth and emotion, and joy and tenderness,
Affection's flow, and guileless innocence
Leave us ere long, the flowers of an hour.
In this how like is life to that old manor house,
We oft have seen surrounded by long grass
And moaning woods, all stately yet forlorn;
It once could echo with soft childhood's laughter,
But now deserted in its grey decay,
Is but a shattered token of bye-gone strength and grace.
And so the years which leave us in their turn,
Tell but their silent tale of faded happiness,
And are but a shattered monument of the past,
A crumbling milestone on the pilgrim's road.
Yet here's another year before us now!
Who of us all can say that we shall see another?
Who of us all can reckon on twelve months more?
No, this very year may be our very last,
Our last in time, our first in God's eternity.
So let us listen to the softening message
Which each new year has for our toiling race,
In faith and fear, in trust and truth.
And let us move on calmly, humbly,
Ever believing that midst this troubled world,
The great Invisible still rules this earth and us,
That all things here are for the best,
Be they what they may, they are the best,
Best for all the fleeting years of human life,
Best for that blessed dawn when time has ceas'd to be. A.F.A.W.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1875.

WAITING FOR HER—A MESMERISTS' STORY.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Uncle Archdale gave a Christmas party two years ago, and, of course I was there. He was our bachelor uncle, you know. We have no parents, Lizzie and I, but every Christmas-day uncle had his nephews and nieces with him to dinner, and we always went with the rest.

That year we were all together; not one had left the nest; now, alas, they are all scattered, and perhaps may never meet again on this side of the grave.

Tom has gone to Australia, Philip has married my sister Lizzie. He is a clergyman in the West Riding, and she makes a very good little parson's wife. My cousin Maud, dear Maud, she has gone out as a governess, but some day I hope to be able to offer her a home. You see I live in a large town, and I am a young surgeon without many friends; but I mean to push my way, and Maud is willing to wait, so I daresay we shall be married some fine day. Bertie, Mary and Constance are with an uncle in Ireland, and Willie, poor boy, went to India and was drowned. Dear old uncle Archdale died last year, he was then 60, but looked at least ten years older; and so I have told you how we were all separated.

Well, as I was saying, uncle Archdale gave his usual Christmas party, and we were all there. I hardly know why he liked to give it either, for he was always rather grave on Christmas-day, though merry at other times; but though he was kindness itself, yet on these occasions of our annual visit we always felt it rather melancholy dining at Stainley House.

Philip had been trying to draw me out during dinner on the subject of the new anæsthetic sulphuric ether as applied locally (by the way an old idea), which he said was not by any means so perfect an anodyne as another remedy of which he spoke in great praise. We afterwards had some conversation about Sir Bulwer Lytton's "Strange Story," which I said was rightly described as a "sick man's dream," but which he maintained contained the germ of many truths which the world did not perceive as yet.

Quoting Hamlet, he said impressively, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," and then abruptly changed the subject. Uncle had been roused to some strange show of interest whilst Philip was holding this argument with me, but presently lapsed again into a fitful dreamy state which overcame him frequently now. He was a man who had evidently seen much trouble in his younger days. We had heard that there was some romantic love affair which had saddened his youth, but he had always been strangely reticent about it, so we had never learned particulars. But for this conversation I do not think we should have heard it then, and as I look back upon the memory of that day, I remember uncle seemed distressed at the enthusiasm Philip displayed when talking about this science or art, or mystery (he said it was all three), in which he had so suddenly become interested. That he intended to warn Philip and two or three more of my fair cousins who seemed equally fascinated with the study of the occult sciences I feel now quite sure, but at that time I did not see it all so clearly. But to resume. We were all sitting round the table at dessert, the yule log was burning in the grate, uncle had feasted us well, and we young fellows were very happy sipping our wine; some of the port was 1820 brand, whilst my fair cousins were more intent on the walnuts and chestnuts, the almonds and rasins, preserved ginger, ratafias and so forth, though of course they drank to a merry Christmas like the rest.

Said uncle Archdale "I think, my dears, I'll tell you a story." "O do, uncle," we all answered. "Tell us about that pretty locket you always wear round your neck," Lizzie slyly put in.

I never saw the locket, but uncle seems almost to wince as Lizzie speaks. "Tell us, uncle," said Mary, "why you always are so grave on Christmas day?"

"No, no, tell us," says Philip, "why you never got married?"

"Well, my dears," said my uncle, "suppose I answer all three, and yet make one story of it."

"Oh, do, uncle; we should like it so much," we all chorused.

"I don't know that you will care about the story, my dears," he said, "but perhaps it may do you no harm," he continued, looking particularly at Philip and me. I think then he knew all about our feelings and about Lizzie and Maud, for he smiled very kindly on them, and I think also that he wanted to correct Philip's credulity and my scepticism as to that other subject.

"It is a long time ago, my dears," he said, "since I first remember *waiting for her*, and I must wait a long time yet, I think, before she comes. You can look at her likeness if you like."

"Here it is;" and the old man—older

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in trouble and grief and care than in years—handed us out the locket containing the likeness of Milicent. I have it now before me; he left it amongst other treasures to me in his will. What a sweet face it is. What soft earnest blue eyes she has, eyes that when you look into them you fancy you see heaven far off; what a placid calm look of gentle innocence is there! She has her fair hair parted smoothly from her forehead, and looped up simply behind, and fastened with some pretty comb, perhaps, and she wears a little cross upon her breast; and what a sweet oval pensive face it is; the small well-shaped mouth, the pure serene brows, the smooth forehead, not so high as to make her look ugly and learned, nor yet so low as to be unintellectual. She must have had a graceful figure too, for though we have but the head and bust here, we can see by the sloping shoulders, the well-set head and swan-like neck that the harmony of nature *could not* be disturbed by giving a faulty figure to such a perfect face.

"It was Christmas time," my uncle continued, "in the year 1822, when I first saw Milicent, and at a Christmas party. I was only 18 and a mere boy; she was as old as I in years, and a great deal older in mind. Twelfth night, and my father, your grandfather (who was an artist, you know), had gathered the young people round him on this occasion, as was his wont, and a very jolly party it was. We used to romp more in those days, my dears, than you do now, I fancy, and I think we loved each other more ardently than you do now. I daresay we fought more, too, and I don't suppose we were so refined altogether as the new generation is. However, we had dancing, and hunt the slipper, and blind man's buff, and, after supper, kissing under the mistletoe. And I remember I kissed Milicent. I think I almost wish I had not done so now, for that kiss cost me a good deal, it cost me my heart, my dears.

"I don't know how it was, but so it was—from that hour to this I have loved Milicent.

"She didn't care for me, though," the old man continued, "she thought me a mere boy and scorned my love. But what was that to me? I loved her, and I thought, foolish lad that I was, that if I were only constant to her, some day or other, Milly would be mine. So for years and years I was *waiting for her*."

"But did you never ask her to marry you," Lizzie asks.

"Oh, yes, but I shall come to that presently.

"Well it was before railways were thought of, and we were down in Somersetshire. We lived there then, and I was going up to town to walk the hospitals. I had come up from Exeter the night before, where I had been sent by my father to see some creditors of his (he was an extravagant man, your grandfather, and always in debt), and who should get in at Bath but Milicent. She was also going to London to see her mother, who had been taken dangerously ill there. I had seen her many times since that twelfth night party, and two years had gone over our heads. We had met frequently at various houses at Bath and Warminster, where she had relatives, and I had friends; and we were now pleasant acquaintances, if nothing more.

"So we journeyed on together, and, as you may imagine, I did not lose any opportunity to improve the occasion, and before we got to London, I had asked her to be mine. Milly laughed outright at what she call my effrontery in proposing to her, and 'such a boy as I was,' she said.

"Mortified, deeply wounded at her cruelty, so I thought it then, I determined to leave the coach at the next stage, which was Reading, and leave Milicent and her aunt Frances to continue the journey by themselves. We soon reached Reading, and the coachman, whom I had suspected of imbibing, got down to have 'just another glass' at the hotel where we changed horses.

"It was a bitter cold night, and the 24th December, 1824, when the 'Highflyer' left the George and Dragon Hotel, at 5 p.m. for London. I was standing outside the door of the inn looking at the travellers with a pitying self-satisfied air, as I thought how cold and uncomfortable they were, and how cosy I should be when I went into the bar parlour and had a chat with mine host and his pretty daughter over a glass of his famous milk punch before the great blazing fire that was burning so pleasantly within.

"What made me order the hostler to get

ready the light trap I had seen in the coach-house just as they had gone, the four greys darting away with one bound as John lightly touched the off leader on the flank with his whip, and the guard blew his bugle merrily as they dashed off through the streets and out on the hard frozen high road, on their way to the modern Babylon? Perhaps some presentiment of evil unlooked for, unforeseen. Perhaps only the fear arising from the very perceptible condition of the driver when he got on to his box, and 'handled the ribbons.'

"It was a quarter of an hour, however, before we started, and it would be only by hard driving that we could catch the Highflyer, one of the fastest and most famous coaches of those days. I knew that about ten miles from Reading on the London Road, the high road turned an angle sharply over the low bridge which just at this point spanned a tributary of the Thames. The stream was wide here, and shallow enough to be easily forded in summer, but after the recent rains we had had, and the frost only now setting in, I knew the place to be a dangerous one, even to the most wary traveller, and doubly so, when as in the present case, it was very doubtful whether the bridge was not in an unsound state from the rottenness of the timbers of which it was principally composed; and the condition of the coachman gave me also great uneasiness.

"'Now, my man, hurry on,' I said to the lad, half stable boy, half groom, who was driving me, 'I'll give you a crown if we catch them.' 'All right, sir, we'll do it,' he answered. 'Go it Bess,' he continued, to the horse, a young mare it was, I remember, touching her sharply with his whip. She answered with a bound, and set off at a fast trot, which, had it continued, would have soon brought us up with the object of our anxiety.

"We were now three miles out of Reading going nine good miles the hour. The Highflyer did ten, but then she would probably stop at M———, a little village about eight miles from Reading, the lad said, as he heard the stout gentleman with the big cotton umbrella say he should get down there. He would persist in sitting outside with the guard, because he said, 'He wasn't going to be boxed up with a parcel of women, though it was a cold night. Thank goodness, he had enough of them at home without meeting his troubles half way by seeking them elsewhere,' he gruffly and not very politely added. 'Mr. Markham,' that was the coachman's name, 'he'll stop, at the "Bag and Feathers," *too sir*,' the lad continued, 'he always does stay for a toothful of "cold without" when he's had a drop, sir.'

"'If you don't mind, sir,' the boy said presently, 'we'll just cut across the common here, sir: It's rather dark, but I know every inch of the way, and it'll save us a good three miles, sir, every bit of it.'

"'All right, my lad,' I said, 'only catch the coach before she passes Hammon's Corner (the place I have alluded to), and I'll give you another crown.'

"Away we went over the common. It was now pitch dark, a cloudy sky, and the snow lightly falling across the smooth and hardened turf. At full gallop away we went for life and death. Presently we heard the sound of wheels, distant at first, but growing painfully nearer every moment. Oh, if they should pass the corner before we were there. If the huge coach, guided by the drunken brute who now held the reins (but who was only overtaken at Christmas time, and who was famed as the best whip in the three counties, as his apologists averred), should swerve but a few inches from the path, it and its precious cargo would be submerged in the now rapid rushing stream, and Milly, my own darling Milly, would be drowned before my eyes.

"The thought maddened me. Lashing the horse furiously, we dashed forward at renewed speed, and crossed the bridge just before the mail coach came up. Markham was driving furiously.

"One moment more and we should have been too late.

"The leader, frightened at the coping stones of the bridge now covered with snow, and wild with the treatment he had evidently received, now suddenly turned, was rushing across the road, making as it were for the parapet of the bridge, and in a moment the coach, which had been swaying to and fro, was dragged forward towards the stream, into which it would have fallen had not I drawn up across the road, jumped out of the trap, seized the leader, and forced him almost on his haunches, till I had driven back the coach, which had received a check from coming

into contact with the large curb-stone at the corner of the bridge, into the road again.

"Another dash made by the off horse, another swerving of the coach and she was thrown violently over on her side, and two horses fell to the ground.

"Hi! lad, here; not a moment to spare," I shouted to the boy, who hurried to my assistance, and by great exertions we broke open the door and helped the ladies out.

"Poor things! they were both hurt seriously, though not so seriously as I feared. The coach was smashed in at one side, and the coachman lay with his leg broken at some distance from the vehicle. The horses were soon disengaged from the harness, and the old gentleman, who, wonderful to say, had got off with only a few bruises, rode off on one of them in search of a doctor. I determined to take the ladies back with me to Reading, leaving the guard, who was almost uninjured, to attend to the coachman and the horses.

"Poor Milly! how brave she was. I helped her up very tenderly, you may be sure; her arm was broken, but she bore the pain so quietly, bidding me only look after aunt Frances, who was very much terrified, and whose nerves appeared to have been terribly shaken by the unfortunate mishap, but who was otherwise uninjured as far as I could learn.

"'Herbert,' she said presently, 'will you forgive me behaving so unkindly to you as I did to-day? I am very grateful to you for coming to our assistance when you did. I feel somehow as if I owed my life to you—and you can do with me what you like now.'

"'Thank you, dear,' I said quietly, 'I shall always love you.' That was all the answer I made.

"We got back to Reading, and as we had no friends there, the ladies stopped at the George and Dragon, and I determined to stay by them until some one should come to take charge of them, or they should be able to go on to London.

"You see we had no telegraphs then, and no express trains to summon or bring our friends in an hour or two after the accident had happened.

"We are in advance of the good old times at all events in those respects. It would take two days at least to bring our friends from Bath, and a whole day or more to get to London. So I remained where I was as *cavalier servante* to my lady love, simply writing to my father and to Milly's telling what had happened.

"The few days that followed, my dears, were the happiest in my life, I think.

"Aunt Frances—I used to call her so, though she was no actual relation of mine, only an old friend of my mother's—was very poorly the next day, and poor Milly was quite feverish and low; but yet she would not obey the doctor's directions to stay in bed after the second day, but would come down stairs into the parlour (I had taken private rooms for the party) and talk to me.

"Oh! how I drank in the music of her voice.

"How I listened and looked, and loved! I knew she was grateful to me for *saving her life*, she said, though I don't know that I did that exactly, and I felt that she was mistaking that sentiment for love.

"She thought at that time that she might *some day*, that she did *then*, return my affection. She was, oh, so kind and gentle to me in those days, and never was slave more willing than I to wait upon her, and obey her behests. It was one long golden dream. I knew it could not last long. I knew the spell would be broken soon. I knew that in a few days, perhaps a week at the farthest, her mother, who we had heard was getting better, would send some one for her, and I knew that when that some one came I must be gone. The arm was obstinate, or the surgeon unskilful, and what should have taken only a fortnight or so, took a month or more.

"And as the days wore on we became more and more to each other. Milly was becoming all the world to me, and I was ceasing to be merely a pleasant passing acquaintance in her eyes, but a warm admiring friend. Sometimes I used to fancy that she loved me, but I soon found that love was only gratitude. I think at that time, my dears, Milly would have married me; but I knew it would not have been for love and love only, and I scorned to take her, simply for gratitude's sake. Was I right, I wonder, in going away as I did without saying another word?

"I don't know, I only know that she was my heart's own idol, and I was *waiting for her.*"

(To be continued.)

ANTIQUITY OF MASONRY.

BY W. S. HOOPER.

There is always a positive and a negative way to treat a subject, and, in many cases, a point may be established by either of these modes of arguments. When the entire line of facts in connection with a subject can be given, it is an easy matter to prove anything. But when facts are given of which but few persons are aware, they are often denied by the general reader, and when thus denied by one who puts forth no proof to substantiate the denial, it is vain to undertake to convince him. The endeavour to satisfy anyone who denies facts that are placed upon historic records or the page of personal experience, is useless. We may argue points and give facts from a strictly historical standard, and yet, because they do not suit the reader, they may meet an absolute discredit, but this result does not invalidate nor refute them.

When the argument is from the positive stand-point, it is not always necessary to be confined to the facts in the written histories upon the subject treated of, because there may be very important facts connected with it of which the historian was not cognizant, or which transpired after the history was written.

In the research for the establishment of any peculiar truth about which there is doubt, it is a credit to no one to be confined to the writings of any particular author because there is no research, but merely an acceptance of what he has written. True research goes into the field of literature trodden by few or none. Had Columbus been content with the history of the world furnished by the historian of his day, or with the geographical knowledge of his time, there would have been no discovery of America by him. Being dissatisfied with both, and seeing, by existing evidences, there were lands of which the people would not believe, he launched out on an untravelled and untrammelled field, and brought great knowledge and value to the world.

Thus every advance of science and literature is brought about. Many times, by provoking discussion, we awaken slumbering truth and establish former well-known facts on a more substantial basis. Because we cannot at once accept a theory, we must not discard it. Because we do not like to believe, and are unable to refute it, we should not denounce it, for truth, however unpalatable, remains the same. By accepting history as far as it goes, and exploring new fields, we many times develop a well-known theory into a positive fact, which in time weaves itself into undeniable history.

In the negative argument it is proper to admit things or facts to exist because the contrary cannot be proven, and to apply evidences which generally are supposed not to have any connection with the matter in question. In this kind of argument it matters very little whether there be any corroborative history or not. For instance, Masonic history gives no record of the existence of Masonry among the Japanese, but that for hundreds of years their government has been so exclusive as to permit no communication between its subjects and those of enlightened governments, and to give no opportunity to introduce Masonry there. Now, if there were no antiquity of Masonry, any casual observer would at once say it would be impossible to find Masons in that land. If we acknowledge the historic fact of the locking of that semi-barbarous nation against all the civilized races, and find they have words expressing the name of God very differently from any civilized race, and no word expressive of the same in the manner of an Oriental language, we have two more facts of their history. If we further find no civilized race has any word expressive of the *one word*, or idea, in the language of an Oriental race, we have another fact in the history of civilization. Now, these are commonly accepted facts, and to apply them in regard to the "Master's Word," we find that the Japanese, English and French have no such word in their language. Second, we have the fact of the locking of the ports of Japan against other nations. Third, the fact that these ports have been opened during the last few years to civilized races. Now, if the natives of these islands come together and find that on the points of the Masonic signs, grips and this *one word* they are a unit, there is one fact firmly established, viz., that Masonry existed in Japan at some time prior to the locking of her ports against the civilized races. What time that was depends on two other facts. First, at what age in the world the ports were thus locked,

and second, whether there ever were any social relation or communication existing between these races. These we leave for the objector to establish, and will finish by giving the facts in the case as another link in the chain of unexplored and unhistoric evidence of the antiquity of Masonry.

After the Commodore Perry expedition, it will be remembered a large embassy of distinguished men in authority in Japan visited the United States. During that visit a distinguished Mason, at that time the Grand Secretary of our western states, visited the embassy. Hearing some of them were Masons, he concluded to test them in the manner usual among the fraternity, and he did this so effectually that he found every tenet, sign, grip and word of our Order intact amongst them. That it had been the same with them in ages past, and so far back that their history of its origin was lost. In this one fact, then, we have the solution of all the propositions we have made above.

Stepping aside from the history of the discovery of this land and its gradual development, and the knowledge we have of the native Indian, we find, in the various implements and pieces of pottery which have been discovered, evidences that a nation existed in this land ages past. Also, in Mexico and Arizona the remains of cities, and elsewhere, mounds, etc., plainly tell of races long since dead. Yet, except in these relics of their past, their history is unknown. The same facts exist in regard to ancient Masonry. There are evidences, found in reading certain works whose authors were not Masons, of the ancient existence of Masonic knowledge. In the ruins of Pompeii, Babylon, Yucatan, and elsewhere, there are certain evidences existing which plainly show there must have been a bond of union which was not common to the races there. In Yucatan, in some of the ruins, there is an immense hand, plainly printed on the walls; while in Pompeii and Babylon there is a corresponding sign, made in a similar way, and from the same kind of material, while it exists in no other buildings. Now, could these exist at distances so great, separated by great oceans, were there not some bond of union existing between them, and which was common only to a portion of each of the races. This fact exists in regard to the Masonic Arch, and to some of the sculptured emblems on the door posts in the ruins of Yucatan, Pompeii, Babylon, and Egypt. If these were common in all the buildings of each of the nations, it would only show there was a decided similarity of architecture, but the emblems exist regardless of that. This being true, the query arises, What are they but signs of some strong bond of union or brotherhood?

We are not to decide Masonry is a merely modern institution because wo cannot ascertain the date of its origin.

It is not enough to show the difference of a year or more between the saying of a legend and the existence of a fact, as Bro. Norton does in regard to one of the higher degrees, because a legend may mistake a fact. His seeing a record so near the time given by the legend is strong evidence of a great date. As to the antiquity of the high degrees, we have no disposition to argue, but the substantial basis of Masonry, we do believe, has greater antiquity than that usually given it. Its date may be so ancient that its knowledge is covered up, and can only be found by research among the recently discovered antiquities and by the analogy of history.

If it is of modern date and its antiquity a legend, then the entire organization is a deception, and the sooner it is exploded the better.

As we have taken the idea of antiquity, and Bro. Norton the opposite, we leave it to him to prove learned Masons have imposed on the credulity of the world the idea of its antiquity, when, in fact, it is only a modern invention.

—*Voice of Masonry.*

MY BOOKS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Ah! well I love these books of mine,
That stand so trimly on their shelves,
With here and there a broken line,
(Fat "quartos" jostling modest "twelves")
A curious company, I own;
The poorest ranking with their betters:
In brief—a thing almost unknown—
A pure Democracy—of Letters.

A motley gathering are they;
Some fairly worth their weight in gold;
Some just too good to throw away;
Some scarcely worth the place they hold.
Yet well I love them, one and all,
These friends so meek and unobtrusive,
Who never fail to come at call,
Nor (if I scold them) turn abusive!

If I have favourites here and there,
And, like a monarch, pick and choose,
I never meet an angry stare
That *this* I take and *that* refuse;
No discords rise my soul to vex
Among these peaceful book-relations,
Nor envious strife of age or sex
To mar my quiet lucubrations.

And they have still another merit,
Which otherwhere one vainly seeks,
Whate'er may be an author's spirit,
He never *uninvited* speaks;
And should he prove a fool or clown,
Unworth the precious time your spending,
How quickly you can "put him down,"
Or "shut him up" without offending!

Here—pleasing sight!—the touchy brood
Of critics from dissension cease;
And—stranger still!—no more at feud,
Polemics smile, and keep the peace.
See! side by side, all free from strife
(Save what the heavy page may smother),
The gentle "Christians" who, in life,
For conscience' sake had burned each other.

I call them friends, these quiet books,
And well the title they may claim,
Who always give me cheerful looks,
(What living friend has done the same)?
And, for companionship, how few,
As these, my cronies ever-present,
Of all the friends I ever knew
Have been so useful and so pleasant?

—*Michigan Freemason.*

NAMING THE BABY.

I have lately attended a christening which produced a great effect, from various circumstances, on my own mind, and I think well to describe it, if possible, for my readers. My young friend Front de Bœuf Pugmore (they are a very romantic and novel-reading family the Pugmores,) married some time back a very charming Miss Baliol, who has lately presented him with a remarkably fine son and heir. This interesting event has caused great excitement in the two families of Pugmore and Baliol, and great preparations had been made for the ceremony, at which the Bishop of Barnstaple had kindly consented to officiate. I may remark here that as a great friend of both the two estimable families, I am habitually consulted on those many little questions which, though unimportant in themselves, and uninteresting to others, are so very serious often in their consequences to all well-regulated domestic circles!

Life is made up of trifles some one has said, and most true it is; but trifles neglected or disregarded may become very stern and unpalatable realities.

For of course when this little howling Pugmore had appeared, the next question was what were they to call the red and roaring brat? There were many family consultations, and many select conclaves, but all in vain; for once in the "multitude of councillors" there was not "wisdom," "too many cooks spoiled," as too many cooks do generally, the "broth," and the result of many anxious confabulations was "confusion worse confounded." I had originally suggested that this pugnosed specimen of conjoint Baliols and Pugmores should be called Thomas, after a grandfather, but the name was considered low, and Mrs. Pugmore said decisively that she would not have her boy called Tommy. As she said this with much dignity and determination, elements belonging to the Baliol character in marked measure, the subject was at once dropped, the more so as Front de Bœuf Pugmore pathetically observed, that he could not have his darling Juliana agitated in her present maternal anxieties and duties. Mrs. Baliol, senior, proposed Gamaliel as an old Baliol name, but this was stoutly objected to by

Mrs. Pugmore, senior, who suggested Tristram, after an equally old but very good-for-nothing Pugmore.

Père Baliol recommended Henry, after an uncle, but a maiden aunt remarked that she had a footman called Henry; while the ancient Pugmore thought Charles was the proper name, the Pugmores having been most loyal to the "White King" of sacred memory. A married sister proposed Walter, and an unmarried sister-in-law proposed Wilfred, while a young Lieut. from the Curragh said Lothair was a good name, and that he had drawn it in a regimental sweep. Still none of these names seemed to suit the family "caucus," and as an irreverent Pugmore youth said, we can't "go ahead."

At last Sybilla Baliol, the "Dea ex Machina," appeared on the scene, and came to the rescue! Sybilla Baliol is a young lady endowed with very deep blue eyes, and long eyelashes, which fall on the cheek, and with clustering chestnut hair, and is in truth a very attractive young woman. And when I add to this, that she is vivacious and agreeable, full of fun and pleasantry, my readers will require no more information from me to conclude that she is both a very fascinating and important member of the family circle. And not only this, but I don't know, I confess, a more dangerous party, whether in a rainy day, or in fine weather, in a walk or a ride anywhere and anyhow, alike for excitable young gentlemen and sentimental old bachelors. And so she gave her advice in her usual half-serious, half-chaffing way as follows, and to her advice, strange to say, everybody listened, old and young, which does not always happen in this queer world of ours.

"I vote," she said, "that we go to the past for a name, and not to this dirty, half-hearted, hypocritical, nipping present. Both our families were Saxons originally, at least I have read so, and we once had ancestors, who loved mead and metheglin, just as some of our modern Anglo-Saxons like 'B. and S.' and 'Phiz.'

"Athelstan Pugmore was hanged by Edward the Confessor for sheep stealing, though I believe it is a mistake of the Saxon Chronicle, and that he was a fine fellow, and loved a 'raid,' and only attacked a fellow Thane's domain, and took away all his cattle, and a few of his serfs. So I propose that we call the little wretch Athelstan, hoping as I do sincerely that he won't meet with the same fate, or rather be sentenced by the Lord Chief Justice, with his customary suavity, to penal servitude for life."

"Yes," said a romantic unmarried Rosalind Pugmore, "as Front de Bœuf's name was taken from dear Ivanhoe, I vote that we call that young howler Brian, in memory of the famous Knight Brian de Bois Guilbert. I am afraid," she added pensively, "he was a very bad man, but he was a very courageous Templar."

"And now," said Mrs. Pugmore, with all the wisdom of years, "let us add Julian, after his dear mother, and I think Athelstan Brian Julian Pugmore will sound very well."

An uncle George was standing by, somewhat gifted with a sense of the ridiculous, and a good deal of quiet humour, and he said very gravely, "let me recommend an addition. St. Julian was the patron of thieves, it is said in mediæval times, and as this young Athelstan's ancestor was a 'gentleman of the road,' let us call him St. Julian, instead of merely Julian. There's a great deal in a name."

Mrs. Pugmore, jun., somewhat objected to the "Saint," but as all the company, and Sybilla especially, applauded "Uncle George," it was decided *unâ voce* that the young and vociferous hope of the Pugmores and Baliols should have the saintly addition given to his name. At length the memorable day arrived, and we all repaired to the church, where the Bishop of Barnstaple, the most punctual of men, was awaiting us, accompanied by the able and energetic incumbent, the Rev. Templeman Badger. I, for one, always like to hear the baptismal service, it is both so simple and yet so impressive, so touching and yet so effective, that one almost feels alike the solemnity of the occasion, and the sanctity of the rite. And as the circle stood round the font, I never saw a more pleasant family party assembled, and above all I never beheld a more good-looking godmother. As Sybilla stood there, with that yelling baby in her arms, in her very charming white dress and bonnet, she really was like a picture of the old masters, both for the magical charm of her appearance, and the gracefulness of her calm repose. Despite

the beauty of the service, and the silvery tones of the good bishop, I am afraid that my eyes kept wandering where stood that most demure and comely of godmothers, soothing the little brute, if it could be soothed, with smiles which were invaluable, and with attentions which were most delightful. But I fear that I am getting sentimental. The excellent Bishop hesitated a little at St. Julian, it was somewhat of a strain upon his Protestant principles, but he at length named the shrieking baby Athelstan Brian St. Julian, and gave it back somewhat hastily to Sybilla, who equally hastily, and, I thought, with no little satisfaction, consigned it at once to the care of the venerable maid.

I hope that Athelstan Brian St. Julian will behave better in after years, for not only did he forcibly yell all through the beautiful service, but he kicked the kind Bishop with the greatest energy.

Still the sacred ceremony was over—another little Neophyte was admitted into the great army of the faithful, and if (true type of human life), its career began in tears, let us hope that in its after struggles it may one day yet "reap in joy."

I said to Sybilla after the service, "you seemed to have hard work to hold the baby." "Oh, yes," she replied, "the little varlet was like most men in general, they never know when they are well off. But to tell you the truth, I don't often officiate, as I always think 'maiden aunts' and women of a 'certain age' make the best godmothers." "Nobody could do it better, or look it better than you," I observed, "and I think that the baby, as everybody else thought, was very lucky, young cub, to be so petted and taken care of." And then we adjourned to the hospitable mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Baliol, where we wished life, happiness, and prosperity to the youthful Athelstan, to the two grandfathers and grandmothers, to Front de Bœuf, and to Juliana, to the good Bishop, and above all to the young Christian's fair and fascinating godmother.

THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

GRAND PRIORY OF CANADA.

(*Continued from page* 220.)

Address of the V. H. and E. Sir Kt. Col. W. J. B. MCLEOD MOORE, *Grand Cross of the Temple, Grand Prior of the Dominion of Canada. Delivered to the Sir Knights assembled in Grand Priory at the Masonic Temple, Ottawa, on the 15th October, A.D.* 1874.

Some of the best Masonic authorities of the present day repudiate the claim of the Order to be considered the legitimate descendants of the Templars of the Crusades, asserting our order was first introduced from the continent of Europe in the middle of the last century, when it is well known the old military orders of the knighthood were much prized in the so called higher degrees of Freemasonry, and which led to the formation of Masonic degree of knighthood, the names and historical legends being identical with these old Orders. In this I cannot entirely agree, as I think there appears sufficient evidence to shew that the Templar Order was never entirely suppressed, and that their legitimacy has been preserved and handed down to the present time by their connection with other orders of knighthood and the Masonic society; for so far as can be collected from Masonic history and tradition, and tradition must not be entirely set aside, an intimate connection had long existed between the Chivalric Templars and Freemasonry represented by the travelling Guilds or Societies who worked in stone and wood, and who, under the direction of the ecclesiastical class, the chaplains or clerks of the Templars, constructed the magnificent architectural and engineering works that still exist in Asia and Europe, the admiration of all who behold them.

It is a mistake to suppose that the dropping of the word "Masonic" can be held as in any way altering the connection between the Order and Freemasonry. It is not inserted in the title of the Orders in Ireland, Scotland, or the United States, and it may not be known that the name "Masonic Knight Templar" was first used at the revival in 1846 on the installation of Sir Knight Charles Kemys Kemys Tynte as Grand Master and successor to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, when also the control of the "Rose Croix" and "Kadosh" degrees, formerly given in Templar Encampments was surrendered to the "Ancient and Accepted Rite" a short time previously introduced from the United States of America. At this revival of the Temple, new statutes, as well as changes in

the ritual and costume took place; the former dress being black, the colour of Malta, the white mantle, the true badge of the Templar, not having been hitherto worn.

With respect to the abolition of past rank a most radical change for the better has taken place. Such rank, though purely honorary, gave the right to vote in perpetuity in Grand Conclave to any Knight who held the same, thus placing the actual Preceptors (Commanders) of private Preceptories (Encampments), who might be supposed more directly to represent the opinions of the various Preceptories, below all past Grand Officers, and in a considerable minority in Grand Conclave.

With reference to the changes in the insignia and costume as laid down in the Convent General Statutes. The Templar Cross is now *charged*, as it is heraldically called, with the eight-pointed white Cross of Malta, that is, placed on the centre of the Templar Cross, to signify the union of the two Orders, and is called a cross "patent." I must confess, although versed in heraldry, I am at a loss to understand the meaning of this term; at first I thought it was a mis-print for "potent" in allusion to the cross of Jerusalem, but from the illustrations it appears to be one of the forms of crosses of the old Teutonic Order, a modification of the cross *patee*, but more elongated. The other devices on the Jewels are badges of the ancient Templars; the Angus Dei, or Holy Lamb, bearing the Red Cross banner; and the representation of two knights mounted on one horse, intending to denote the original poverty of the Order. The armorial bearing of the Temple Barristers of the present day is a pegasus or winged horse, absurdly, it is said, derived from the latter badge, the two knights being mistaken in later times for wings.

The staff or badge of office, hitherto borne by Preceptors, but now limited to Great Priors, National Sub-Priors, Seneschals, and Provincial Priors, is erroneously called an *abacus*, and this misnomer is unfortunately continued in the new statutes; the proper name is *baculus*, meaning a staff carried by a Bishop or Abbot as an ensign of dignity and authority, and is the proper Templar pastoral staff of office, on the top of which is an octagonal figure surmounted by a cross-patee; the cross referring to the Christian character of the order, and the octagon, in this and other cases where it is found, alluding, it is said, to the eight beatitudes.

A tunic or cassock, the regulations say, *may* be worn with a cross gules on the breast; the term cassock seems to me the more correct one, the tunic being in fact the surcoat of old which we know was used to protect the wearer of armour from the effect of the sun, and the armour itself from dust and rain. The cassock was no doubt part of the habit worn in times of peace and in council; the cross, interpreted literally, would mean a plain (Greek) cross, although drawings have been sent out from London in which a long Passion Cross is depicted on a white tunic, the same as worn by Scottish Templars. I should recommend that a black cassock be worn with the plain Red Cross, the change of the outer mantle for meetings of the Preceptory or Priory seems to be quite sufficient, and it should be left optional to have the under habit black or white, so many garments and so much changing being very inconvenient. The peculiar form of the well-known Cross of Malta has been always looked upon as a mystery; it is formed evidently in the shape of fishes' tails joined in a small centre. Now, as the Greek word ΙΧΘΥΣ contained the initials of the name and titles of Christ the figure of a fish was one of the early Christian symbols, and this form of Cross may have been adopted as an allegorical allusion to the Saviour. The eight points of the Cross are also said to refer to the eight beatitudes.

My long connection with the Orders of "The Temple" and of "St. John," and the attention I have given to their history and organisation, induces me thus far to supplement my explanations given last year of the object and intention of the late alterations, in reply to the objections of many old members who will not admit that any change from the established usages they have been accustomed to can be of advantage.

In concluding these remarks a question naturally arises. To what purpose and practical use can these Orders be now applied. The answer to which is that while the actual cause which called forth all the religious and military enthusiasm of their founders has long ceased to exist, there are

still in the present day solemn duties to perform, by practising that charity and love to our fellow-creatures which consists principally in alleviating the sufferings of the destitute and oppressed.

Fratres!—We are shortly to be formed into an independent and influential national body. Let us then, at the commencement of our career, follow the example of the Protestant Branch of the Order of St. John in England, and devote a portion of our time and means to the hospitaller duties enjoined by the rules of the Order, "*Pro utilitate hominum*," and as far as lies in our power advance and promote the usefulness of the various Masonic institutions organised for the relief of the aged, the sick, and the destitute.

Brother Soldiers of the Cross, I am ever faithfully yours, in the Bonds of the Order,

V.D. + S.A.

A PLACE IN THE LODGE FOR ME.

A place in the Lodge for me;
A home with the free and bright:
Where jarring chords agree,
And the darkest soul is light.
Not here, not here is bliss:
There's turmoil and there's gloom;
My heart it yearns for peace—
Say, Brothers, say, is there room?
A place in the Lodge, &c.

My feet are weary worn,
And my eyes are dim with tears,
This world is all forlorn,
A wilderness of fears;
But "there's one green spot below,"
There's a resting-place, a home—
My heart it yearns to know:
Say, brothers, say, is there room?
A place in the Lodge, &c.

I hear the orphan's cry,
And I see the widow's tear;
I weep when mortals die,
And none but God is near;
From sorrow and despair,
I seek the Mason's home
My heart still yearns to share:
Say, brothers, say, is there room?
A place in the Lodge, &c.

With God's own eye above,
With Brother hands below,
With friendship and with love,
My pilgrimage I'll go;
And when in death's embrace,
My summons it shall come,
Within your heart's best place,
O Brothers, give me room.
A place in the Lodge, &c.

—*The Keystone.*

RUDDER GRANGE.

For some months after our marriage, Euphemia and I boarded. But we didn't like it. Indeed, there was no reason why we should like it. Euphemia said that she never felt at home except when she was out, which feeling, indicating such an excessively unphilosophic state of mind, was enough to make me desire to have a home of my own, where, except upon rare and exceptional occasions, my wife would never care to go out.

If you should want to rent a house, there are three ways to find one. One way is to advertise; another is to read the advertisements of other people. This is a comparatively cheap way. A third method is to apply to an agent. But none of these plans are worth anything. The proper way is to know some one who will tell you of a house that will just suit you. Euphemia and I thoroughly investigated this matter, and I know that what I say is a fact.

We tried all the plans. When we advertised, we had about a dozen admirable answers, but although everything seemed to suit, the amount of rent was not named. (None of those in which the rent was named would do at all.) And when I went to see the owners, or agents of these houses, they asked much higher rents than those mentioned in the unavailable answers—and this, notwithstanding the fact that they always asserted that their terms were

either very reasonable or else greatly reduced on account of the season being advanced. (It was now the fifteenth of May.)

Euphemia and I once wrote a book,—this was just before we were married,—in which we told young married people how to go to housekeeping and how much it would cost them. We knew all about it, for we had asked several people. Now the prices demanded as yearly rental for small furnished houses, by the owners and agents of whom I have been speaking, were actually more than we had stated a house could be bought and furnished for!

The advertisements of other people did not serve any better. There was always something wrong about the houses when we made close inquiries, and the trouble was generally in regard to the rent. With agents we had a little better fortune. Euphemia sometimes went with me on my expeditions to real estate offices, and she remarked that these offices were always in the basement, or else you had to go up to them in an elevator. There was nothing between these extremes. And it was a good deal the same way, she said, with their houses. They were all very low indeed in price and quality, or else too high. She assured me several times that if we could find any office on the second or third floor we should certainly be suited. But we never found such an office.

One trouble was that we wanted a house in a country place, not very far from the city, and not very far from the railroad station or steamboat landing. We also wanted the house to be nicely shaded and fully furnished, and not to be in a malarious neighbourhood, or one infested by mosquitoes.

"If we do go to housekeeping," said Euphemia, "we might as well get a house to suit us while we are about it. Moving is more expensive than a fire."

There was one man who offered us a house that almost suited us. It was near the water, had rooms enough, and some—but not very much—ground, and was very accessible to the city. The rent, too, was quite reasonable. But it was unfurnished. The agent, however, did not think that this would present any obstacle to our taking it. He was sure that the owner would furnish it if we paid him ten per cent. on the value of the furniture he put into it. We agreed that if the landlord would do this and let us furnish the house according to the plans laid down in our book, that we would take the house. But unfortunately this arrangement did not suit the landlord, although he was in the habit of furnishing houses for tenants and charging them ten per cent. on the cost.

I saw him myself and talked to him about it.

"But you see," said he, when I had shown him our list of articles necessary for the furnishing of a house, "it would not pay me to buy all these things, and rent them out to you. If you only wanted heavy furniture, which would last for years, the plan would answer, but you want everything. I believe the small conveniences you have on this list come to more money than the furniture and carpets."

"Oh, yes," said I. "We are not so very particular about furniture and carpets, but these little conveniences are the things that make housekeeping pleasant and,—speaking from a common-sense point of view,—profitable."

"That may be," he answered, "but I can't afford to make matters pleasant and profitable for you in that way. Now, then, let us look at one or two particulars. Here, on your list, is an ice-pick: twenty-five cents. Now, if I buy that ice-pick and rent it to you at two and a-half cents a year, I shall not get my money back unless it lasts you ten years. And even then, as it is not probable that I can sell that ice-pick after you have used it for ten years, I shall have made nothing at all by my bargain. And there are other things in that list, such as feather-dusters and lamp-chimneys, that couldn't possibly last ten years. Don't you see my position?"

I saw it. We did not get that furnished house. Euphemia was greatly disappointed.

"It would have been just splendid," she said, "to have taken our book and have ordered all these things at the stores, one after another, without even being obliged to ask the price."

I had my private doubts in regard to this matter of price. I am afraid that Euphemia generally set down the lowest prices and the best things. She did not mean to mislead, and her plan certainly made our book attractive. But it did not work very well in practice. We have a friend who undertook to furnish her house by our book, and

she never could get the things as cheaply as we had them quoted.

"But you see," said Euphemia, to her, "we had to put them down at very low prices, because the model house we speak of in the book is to be entirely furnished for just so much."

But, in spite of this explanation, the lady was not satisfied.

We found ourselves obliged to give up the idea of a furnished house. We would have taken an unfurnished one and furnished it ourselves, but we hadn't money enough.

We were dreadfully afraid that we should have to continue to board.

It was now getting on toward summer, at least there was only a part of a month of spring left, and whenever I could get off from my business Euphemia and I made little excursions into the country round about the city. Sometimes we had only an hour or two of an evening, but on Sundays we had all day. One afternoon we went up the Harlem river, and there we saw a sight that transfixed us, as it were. On the river bank, a mile or so above High Bridge, stood a canal-boat. I say stood, because it was so firmly imbedded in the ground by the river-side, that it would have been almost as impossible to move it as to have turned the Sphinx around. This boat we soon found was inhabited by an oyster-man and his family. They had lived there for many years and were really doing quite well. The boat was divided, inside, into rooms, and these were papered and painted and nicely furnished. There was a kitchen, a living-room, a parlour and bedrooms. There were all sorts of conveniences—carpets on the floors, pictures, and everything, at least so it seemed to us, to make a home comfortable. This was not all done at once, the oyster-man told me. They had lived there for years and had gradually added this and that until the place was as a we saw it. He had an oyster-bed out in the river and he made cider in the winter, but where he got the apples I don't know. There was really no reason why he should not get rich in time.

Well, we went all over that house and we praised everything so much that the oyster-man's wife was delighted, and when we had some stewed oysters afterward, eating them at a little table under a tree near by,—I believe that she picked out the very largest oysters she had, to stew for us. When we had finished our supper and had paid for it, and were going down to take our little boat again,—for we had rowed up the river,—Euphemia stopped and looked around her. Then she clasped her hands and exclaimed in an ecstatic undertone:

"We must have a canal-boat!"

And she never swerved from that determination.

After I had seriously thought over the matter, I could see no good reason against adopting this plan. It would certainly be a cheap method of living, and it would really be housekeeping. I grew more and more in favour of it. After what the oyster-man had done, what might not we do? *He* had never written a book on housekeeping, nor, in all probability, had he considered the matter, philosophically, for one moment in all his life.

But it was not an easy thing to find a canal-boat. There was none advertised for rent—at least, not for housekeeping purposes.

We made many inquiries and took many a long walk along the water-courses in the vicinity of the city, but all in vain. Of course, we talked a great deal about our project and our friends became greatly interested in it, and, of course, too, they gave us a great deal of advice, but we didn't mind that. We were philosophical enough to know that you can't have shad without bones. They were good friends and, by being careful in regard to the advice, it didn't interfere with our comfort.

We were beginning to be discouraged, at least Euphemia was. Her discouragement is like water-cresses, it generally comes up in a very short time after she sows her wishes. But then it withers away rapidly, which is a comfort. One evening we were sitting, rather disconsolately, in our room, and I was reading out the advertisements of country board in the "Herald," when in rushed Dr. Heare—one of our old friends. He was so full of something that he had to say that he didn't even ask us how we were. In fact, he didn't appear to want to know.

"I tell you what it is, Arden," said he, "I have found just the very thing you want."

"A canal-boat?" I cried.

"Furnished?" asked Euphemia, her eyes glistening.

"Well, no," answered the doctor, "I don't think you could expect that."

"But we can't live on the bare floor," said Euphemia; "our house *must* be furnished."

"Well, then, I suppose this won't do," said the doctor, ruefully, "for there isn't so much as a boot-jack in it. It has most things that are necessary for a boat, but it hasn't anything that you could call house-furniture; but, dear me, I should think you could furnish it very cheaply and comfortably out of your book."

"Very true," said Euphemia, "if we could pick out the cheapest things and then get some folks to buy a lot of the books."

"We could begin with very little," said I, trying hard to keep calm.

"Certainly," said the doctor, "you need make no more rooms, at first, than you could furnish."

"Then there are no rooms," said Euphemia.

"No, there is nothing but one vast apartment extending from stem to stern."

"Won't it be glorious!" said Euphemia to me "We can first make a kitchen, and then a dining-room, and a bedroom, and then a parlour—just in the order in which our book says they ought to be furnished."

"Glorious!" I cried, no longer able to contain my enthusiasm; "I should think so. Doctor, where is this canal boat?"

The doctor then went into a detailed statement.

The boat was stranded on the shore of the Scoldsbury river not far below Ginx's. We knew where Ginx's was, because we had spent a very happy day there, during our honeymoon.

The boat was a good one, but superannuated. That, however, did not interfere with its usefulness as a dwelling. We could get it—the doctor had seen the owner—for a small sum per annum, and there was positively no end to its capabilities.

We sat up until twenty minutes past two, talking about that house. We ceased to call it a boat at about a quarter to eleven.

The next day I "took" that boat and paid a month's rent in advance. Three days afterward we moved into it.

We had not much to move, which was a comfort, looking at it from one point of view. A carpenter had put up two partitions in it which made three rooms—a kitchen, a dining-room and a very long bedroom, which was to be cut up into a parlour, study, spare-room, etc., as soon as circumstances should allow, or my salary should be raised. Originally, all the doors and windows were in the roof, so to speak, but our landlord allowed us to make as many windows to the side of the boat as we pleased, *provided we gave him the wood we cut out.* It saved him trouble, he said, but I did not understand him at the time. Accordingly, the carpenter made several windows for us, and put in sashes, which opened on hinges like the hasp of a trunk. Our furniture did not amount to much, at first. The very thought of living in this independent, romantic way was so delightful, Euphemia said, that furniture seemed a mere secondary matter.

We were obliged indeed to give up the idea of following the plan detailed in our book, because we hadn't the sum upon which the furnishing of a small house was therein based.

"And if we haven't the money," remarked Euphemia, "it would be of no earthly use to look at the book. It would only make us doubt our own calculations. You might as well try to make bricks without mortar, as the children of Israel did."

"I could do that myself, my dear," said I, "but we won't discuss that subject now. We will buy just what we absolutely need, and then work up from that."

Acting on this plan, we bought first a small stove, because Euphemia said that we could sleep on the floor, if it were necessary but we could'nt make a fire on the floor—at least not often. Then we got a table and two chairs. The next thing we purchased was some hanging shelves for our books, and Euphemia suddenly remembered the kitchen things. These, which were few, with some crockery, nearly brought us to the end of our resources, but we had enough for a big easy-chair which Euphemia was determined I should have, because I really needed it when I came home at night tired with my long day's work at the office. I had always been used to an easy-chair, and it was one of her most delightful dreams to see me in a real nice one, comfortably smoking my cigar in my own house, after eating my own delicious little supper in company with my own dear wife. We selected the chair, and then we were about to order the things sent out to our future home, when I happened to think that we

had no bed. I called Euphemia's attention to the fact.

She was thunderstruck.

"I never thought of that," she said. "We shall have to give up the stove."

"Not at all," said I, "we can't do that. We must give up the easy-chair."

"Oh, that would be too bad," said she. "The house would seem like nothing to me without the chair!"

"But we must do without it, my dear," said I, "at least for awhile. I can sit out on deck and smoke of an evening, you know."

"Yes," said Euphemia. "You can sit on the bulwarks and I can sit by you. That will do very well. I'm sure I'm glad the boat has bulwarks."

So we resigned the easy-chair and bought a bedstead and some plain bedding. The bedstead was what is sometimes called a "scissors-bed." You could shut it up when you didn't want to sleep in it, and stand it against the wall.

When we packed up our trunks and left the boarding-house Euphemia fairly skipped with joy.

We went down to Ginx's in the first boat, having arranged that our furniture should be sent to us in the afternoon. We wanted to be there to receive it. The trip was just wildly delicious. The air was charming. The sun was bright, and I had a whole holiday. When we reached Ginx's we found that the best way to get our trunks and ourselves to our house was to take a carriage, and so we took one. I told the driver to just drive along the river road and I would tell him where to stop.

When we reached our boat, and had alighted, I said to the driver:

"You can just put our trunks inside, any where."

The man looked at the trunks and then looked at the boat. Afterwards he looked at me.

"That boat ain't goin' anywhere," said he.

"I should think not," said Euphemia. "We shouldn't want to live in it, if it were."

"You are going to live in it?" said the man.

"Yes," said Euphemia.

"Oh!" said the man, and he took our trunks on board, without another word.

It was not very easy for him to get the trunks into our new home. In fact it was not easy for us to get there ourselves. There was a gang-plank, with a rail on one side of it, which inclined from the shore to the deck of the boat at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and when the man had staggered up this plank with the trunks (Euphemia said I ought to have helped him, but I really thought it would be better for one person to fall off the plank than for two to go over together), and we had paid him, and he had driven away in a speechless condition, we scrambled up and stood upon the threshold, or, rather, the after-deck of our home.—*Scribner's American Monthly Magazine.*

(To be concluded in our next.)

WHAT GOOD?

"He is a Mason. What good does it do him?" This is a question frequently asked. Generally it is intended to elicit an enumeration of the material benefits that accrue to the person spoken of in consequence of his connection with the Masonic Order. "Does it pay?" And *pay*, in the mind of the catechist, is dollars and cents, or influence that leads to the acquisition of office or power. Does it bring him trade, patients, clients, employment, constituents? Now, while we hold that the Scripture maxim "in honour preferring one another," in other words, that the principle, "all things being equal, to patronize those nearest to you," are just and equitable principles of action, at the same time we maintain that Masonry is not designed to build up the material fortunes of men, and that the Mason who becomes a mere hunker and traffics with his profession is recreant to every true conception of the dignity of his vows and associations. Masonry may put no money in a man's purse, it may yield him no votes—but if it serves to ennoble character, to enlarge human sympathies, to mitigate the wants and woes of suffering humanity, to break down the barriers of caste, to extend the brotherhood feeling among men of diverse views, pursuits and races—then it pays. The good it does may not be expressed in statistical tables and find a fair exponent in Federal money; but it introduces a man into a wider society than his native selfishness would prompt him to enter, and makes him feel that he is not an independent

unit, but a factor in a community, which has for the end of its organization the support of human virtue and the relief of human suffering. Since "man does not live by bread alone," but by noble thoughts and feelings as well—since existence is not merely physical, but also spiritual—Masonry is highly compensating in all its lessons, associations and charities. When a man does good he is blessed in the deed. When he associates himself with the good he feels that he is ennobled by their society. No one makes a mistake who puts himself into wide commerce with his fellows in the endeavour to cultivate the graces and virtues of a true life. A self-contained "I" is not only hateful to others, but becomes so narrow in all his opinions, feelings and activities as to so abridge soul-life, that the interior consciousness is affected by that debasement. Suppressed sympathies are as dangerous to spiritual health as suppressed secretions can be to physical. A thoroughly developed, well-rounded manhood can only proceed from generous outgoings of heart towards others. What exercise is to the body, philanthropic activity is to the spirit. As paralysis results from indolence and somnolence, so does physical palsy ensue upon mental and moral inactivity and slumber. A creed and platform-bound soul develops the bigot and demagogue. A man needs a larger development than comes of denominationalism and partizanship. When a man joins the Masons from a heart desire to enlarge his relationships, he at once feels that he is a member of a community which extends beyond the boundaries of mere nationalities and leaps the hedges of dogmas and articles. He becomes a citizen of the world, and expresses his cosmopolitan citizenship in the inquiry of the great-hearted poet:

> "*Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side*
> *In the cause of mankind, if our creeds do agree?*"

The idea of true life is not mere money-getting and the soft ease that comes of affluence. He is the largest man who can feel the most friendly towards his kind. You cannot measure him with a tape-line or weigh him upon a pair of avoirdupois scales. Feet and pounds cannot express his girdle, height or weight. You cannot estimate him from the assessor's books. His wealth does not enter into the tax lists. What is he worth? has a wider meaning than can be answered by an appeal to the sordid standards. The elevation of his thoughts, the nobility of his feelings, are his treasures, and only angel book-keepers reckon such accounts. Masonry does good in associating men in benevolent efforts. It dries the tear of the orphan and hushes the widow's wail and helps to bear the burden of the virtuous poor. To engage a man in such enterprises is to do him good. But we take it that the widest benefit of such an institution as ours is beyond statistical expression, and in the souls of those who have been made to feel its character-raising power.—*Kentucky Freemason.*

VAIN REGRETS.

BY MADAME VON OPPEN.

When next you see a Water-mill,
Just watch its silvery spray,
And hear the clicking of its wheel
Grinding the hours away.
Then fix this maxim in your brain:
(Learn it now, and hold it fast,)
"The Mill can never grind again
"With the water that is past!"

How the little stream glides on
Rapidly and still,
Nevermore to glide again
Past the Water-mill;
Thus let us all our bye-gone pain
Into oblivion cast:
"The Mill can never grind again
"With the water that is past!"

Oh! the wasted hours and years
That have drifted on;
The vacillating hopes and fears,
The chances that are gone!
To call them back is now in vain,
Old age must come at last:
"The Mill can never grind again
"With the water that is past!

MASONIC JOURNALISM.

In Masonry, as in politics, in literature, in science, in religion, and indeed in every division of human knowledge and every special direction of human effort, journalism has become an important element. On the importance of the daily newspaper or the monthly magazine as a means of eliciting thought or of communicating information it would be idle to discant, at this day, when such things have ceased to be luxuries, and have assumed the nature of actual necessities. The man who dispenses voluntarily with his newspaper at breakfast affords an evidence, not of the uselessness of the journal, but rather of some deficiency in his own mental constitution. The member of a church who does not patronize the paper which is issued by the denomination to which he is attached shows simply his real indifference to the condition or the progress of that denomination. The physician would have but little claim to character in his profession who did not read habitually at least one medical journal, and the same might be said of the lawyer, or the pretended scientist, who felt no curiosity to learn the regular progress and the discoveries in that branch of knowledge to which he was devoted. And so on this general principle—that journalism in its different phrases has become a necessity to the thinking mind, or, in other words, that all men who think at all have a natural and irrepressible inclination to know what is going on in the world around them, not from prurient curiosity but from the healthy desire of knowledge—we feel justified in saying that the Mason who never reads a Masonic journal is a Mason only in name; that such a one has received the light, but is still living in darkness; and that he has no right, with such indifference to an increase of knowledge, to take any part in the great business of the Order.

Masonic journalism, being so important an instrument in the working of the Order, exerting so much influence, and justly demanding so elevated a position, it may not be altogether intrusive if we, who have the experience of more than a score of years in the editorial chair of Masonic journalism, should venture, almost as a parting offering, to say something of its aims and its character.

Masonic journalism differs in the abstract very little from journalism of any other class. It demands that its objects may be faithfully carried out, the three great and indispensable qualifications that every other species of journalism requires, and these are *courtesy*, *ability*, and *independence*. To each of these a few lines may be devoted.

And first of *courtesy*. A perusal of the non-masonic newspapers of the day will show that while the greater number of their conductors respect, in their editorial intercourse with their contemporaries, those amenities and courtesies of life which the ordinary principles of politeness require, there are some who seem to forget that the editor should necessarily be, or at least act like, a gentleman. Coarseness of language, virulence of abuse and bitterness of denunciation are the chosen weapons with which they attack those who differ from them in opinion.

When we read such imitations of Billingsgate, in the editorial columns of a journal, we are disgusted at the spirit which mistakes foul invectives for sound arguments, and vituperation for criticism. In such a case, we take for our guide the judgment of the ignorant bumpkin, who being present at a scholastic disputation conducted in Latin, which language he did not understand, yet rightly determined who was the victor by declaring that the man who got into a passion must have had the worst of the argument.

Although we have placed courtesy in the first rank of qualifications, because no amount of talent or learning will compensate for the want of gentlemanly bearing or be an apology for coarseness or rudeness, yet the *ability* to conduct a journal is equally indispensable for the true editor. Ignorance can never be adequate to the importance of the position which an editor occupies nor to the great responsibility that that position implies. An English statesman has said that the press constituted the fourth estate of the kingdom—the other three, King, Lords, and Commons scarcely, in their aggregation, exceeding it in power. The phrase may not have been strictly correct, for the press has neither executive nor legislative power; but the influence that it exerts over public opinion, being actually in most instances its own creation, can hardly be exaggerated.

Fletcher, of Saltoun, said that he knew

a very wise man who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. So, too, we might say, that if a man were allowed to write or suggest the editorial articles of all the leading political newspapers of a country, he would be sure to mould the direction of its public policy.

Such too is the influence exerted by Masonic journals. Thousands of the craft read little else in Masonry than the magazine to which they have been persuaded to subscribe. Its opinions are adopted by them without any doubt as to their correctness. Each subscriber, or each reader—for, unfortunately, all its readers are not its subscribers—has in the course of the year some dozen or twenty questions to propose in reference to the literature, the jurisprudence, or the ritualism of the Order, and it is taken for granted that the editor is an accomplished Œdipus, who has a solution at hand for every difficulty. Accepting him thus as their "guide, philosopher and friend," his errors, if he make any, are perpetuated in the circle, large or small, of his patrons; his mistakes are undetected and adopted as axioms not to be controverted. Hence it would seem that to make a good and safe Masonic editor requires the preliminary possession of some amount of brains. The editor who is without them is as bad as the Will-o'the-wisp, whose false light is used only to lead benighted travellers into pitfalls and morasses.

The ancients said that a statue of Mercury could not be made out of any kind of wood. It was a proverb by which they meant to indicate that there should be some sort of congruity between the character of the god and the material which was to represent him. The worthless fig might serve for the statue of a lazy, garden Priapus, but "the winged messenger of heaven" demanded a more costly wood.

It was a long time before the significance of this thought, applied to Masonic editorship, began to be understood. The saying has almost become a proverb that there are two things which every man thinks he can do: namely, drive a gig and edit a paper. But unfortunately many find themselves thrown out behind a fractious horse, and many also thrown over by a resentful public. Thus it is that some have ascended the sacred tripod in whom there was no inspiration of a seer. Here now lie before us the "Freemason's Magazine" published in England at the close of the last century, and a work with the same title printed in this country about the beginning of this century; compared with some of the Masonic Magazines which are issued in the present day, they are scarcely worth the binding which encloses their utterly valueless contents, so far as Masonic science or literature is interested.

Long before these the Masonic periodical literature of Germany and France had been developed in Magazines worthy to be read and to be preserved; but it was not until the appearance of the "Freemason's Quarterly Review," in London, in 1834, conducted by Dr. Crucefix, and the "Freemason's Monthly Magazine," in Boston, in 1842, edited by Charles W. Moore, that English-speaking Masons were enabled to obtain from the journalism of their Order anything that was worthy of their respect.

Since then there has been a steady progress of improvement in our periodical literature. Entering the field ourselves in 1850, we have, during the more than two decades that have passed, witnessed with much pride and satisfaction the increasing usefulness and elevated tone of the Masonic Magazines of this country. If there are some, the editors of which would be more usefully employed in some other and less intellectual vocation, the exceptions are too few to affect the general character of the class.

The third qualification of *independence* remains to be considered. Independent journalism is often spoken of in the political world as something greatly needed but not always found. The mercenary greed for gain, the influence of patronage, and the snobbish veneration of wealth and power sometimes combine to make that most contemptible of all sights—a newspaper without independence, whose editor lives in the serfdom of political clientship. He is the mere echo of the views of his masters, and not, as he should be, the exponent of public opinion and the maintainer of right and truth. Fortunately in Masonry there is neither the patronage of power nor the ambition for office to present temptations for editorial subserviency, and hence the Masonic press has always been independent. There have been Masonic journals which

wanted great brilliancy, whose conductors were not men of expanded thought, or even of moderate intellect, but we have never known in all our experience a subservient Masonic editor.

And so of the three great qualifications that should combine to make a perfect journal, courtesy, ability, and independence, we think we may safely say that Masonic journalism at this day shows more than an average proportion of each.

We have so long been a part of the fraternity of Masonic editors, that we enjoy a natural pride in the thought that that fraternity is entitled to so much praise. If not always, nay, if very seldom, receiving the substantial reward which such qualities should receive, the fault is simply that the Craft does not properly appreciate the merits and the needs of Masonic journalism. The feast is spread, but those who are to be fed are without the appetite. The loss is theirs.—*Mackey's National Freemason.*

THE OLD TYLER.

BY JEFFERSON.

At the outer door, well armed, he long hath stood,
The faithful sentinel of mystic hours.
None pass or repass, but the favoured few—
So truly hath he kept the outer gate.
When winds have swept the skies in fearful gale,
When Winter's cold congealed the nightly air,
When Summer's heat poured down its burning rays—
He still for duty cared, and held his trust
Like one commissioned by the higher powers.
His jurisdiction ne'er was intervened—
So conscientious was he – that none should
Pass the sacred threshold which he guarded
With such Masonic care.

We have met this good old Tyler—often met him—and often stopped at his outer gate to have a passing word. He is now gray in years, and his form is bent with the weakness of age. Long years ago he first saw the *light* of the Temple in a distant State. Then the craft was a small band in Israel, and the obscurity of the Order made it seem little and insignificant in the eyes of the world.

To join the Fraternity then was largely a venture in the dark compared with the present day, for the simplicity of its ancient prestige held the institution in modest reserve, while the crowds held themselves aloof from it, because it was far from being popular. The Churches even looked upon it with suspicions and jealousy as a semi-infidel association, and in most instances protested against their ministers and members joining it; and in many parts of the country it was no easy matter for outsiders to find out who were Masons, for there was then no display of jewellery such as we have in these days. Even the fact of being a Mason was ordinarily concealed from the world. It was none of their business. It never is any of their concern; and therefore, as all know, it is not necessary to carry an emblem of any sort to convince any Master Mason that we are one. There used to be, and there is yet, a sort of private way of giving this information, which, after all, is much to be preferred to any other

This much of Masonry the old Tyler could teach us, as he had had long years of experience, and though most of the time he was outside the Lodge-room, he had, by critical attention, gathered more knowledge of the history of the Lodge, and of the character and standing of the members than perhaps any other officer in it. Many a long yarn he has told us while we smoked our cigar at his stove.

"Brother Tyler," we asked him, one night, "did you ever have any one come up here who was not a Mason, who wanted admission to the Lodge-room."

"Why, yes," said he, with a laugh, "I once had a woman to knock at the door, and I opened it, and asked her to walk in and take a seat, which she did, for she knew me, as I had done some painting for her."

"Mr. Tyler," said she, "I'm in hunt of my husband, and he told me he was coming to the Lodge to-night, but to tell you the truth, I am very much afraid he has gone somewhere else."

"Your husband, madam," said I, "is sitting in the Lodge-room; he is our Senior Warden."

"Was he here last Saturday night?" she asked.

"He was," I responded.

"Was he here two weeks before that?" she enquired.

"Yes, madam, he was," said I.

"Well, I guess I'm a fool," said she, with rather a serious laugh.

"Why, what's the matter, madam?" I asked.

"Why, to tell you the truth," she answered, "I've been jealous of my husband, and I did'nt believe he was attending the Lodge. I thought he was going somewhere else."

"He never misses a Lodge meeting, madam," I replied.

"Will you let me look into that room?" she asked.

"Why, madam," said I, "I could not without the permission of the Worshipful Master."

"Ask him," said she, "for I feel that my happiness depends in seeing in that room."

Knowing they were about to close, I rapped at the door and informed the Junior that Mrs.—— was in the outer court and wished to look in that room. The door was closed, and the Lodge in due form adjourned; when I was informed that I could conduct Mrs.—— into the room and introduce her to each one of the leading officers of the Lodge. I understood the joke at once, and I said to her, "Madam, I have been Tyler of this Lodge for many years, and I believe I have never seen a woman in that room when the Lodge was in session, but the Worshipful Master, on this occasion, in view of your high character and the fact that your husband is the Senior Warden of this Lodge, has given me permission to conduct you to the sanctum sanctorium and to introduce you to each one of our principal officers. Are you willing to proceed?" I asked her.

"I am," said she, with a great deal of firmness.

I then offered her my arm, which she took, and I rapped at the door, which was opened. I saw all the officers were in their places, minus their aprons and jewels, and I led her first to the sacred alter, and I said to her, "here is where we say our prayers, madam, and that Holy Bible contains every moral principle of Masonry." I then led her to the East and introduced her to the Worshipful Master; then I led her to the Junior Warden, and introduced her as the wife of our Senior Warden, after which I led her to the West, where I said: "This gentleman, madam, you know; he is our Senior Warden, and we esteem him as one of the very best members of this Lodge. We claim him as our brother, but you claim him by a still higher and stronger tie, and therefore I cheerfully surrender you into his hands." The Senior Warden took her by the hand kindly and affectionately, and kissed her before us all. The Lodge then came up and shook hands with the good lady, and I reckon, Sir, you never saw a much better pleased woman than she was. She never gave her husband any more trouble on Masonry.—*American Masonic Advocate.*

PARTING GREETING.

BY J. D. C. HOIT, M.D.

Written for the occasion of Past Masters and Bros' B. Kersey and G. N. Pierce taking leave of Yates City Lodge, No. 448.

Brothers, as you journey from us,
As our paths diverge and sever,
In our loss and in our sorrow
We would say, *here* stay for ever;
Long you've stood amidst our numbers
Working as our brightest lights,
Fost'ring with true human grandeur,
All good Masons' sacred rights.

Thus our ancient creed has prospered,
Grand, majestic in her sway,
Speeding on a glorious mission,
Brighter than the brightest day;
And that *Eye, All-Seeing*, watchful,
Will our tenets still maintain,
If from discord, pique, and malice,
We as Craftsmen but refrain.

Should a traveller and a brother
Writhe in sickness and despair,
Your's have been the hands to comfort,
Glad his anguish thus to share.
Through our trials you have led us,
Brothers of the mystic tie,
And 'twill be our constant effort
In such duties all to vie.

Now accept this humble token
As a tribute from our hand;
Strong the *grip* and faithful ever
You have *proved* to this firm band
True it is, where'er you wander
In this vale kind friends you'll see;
'Tis the glory of our Order,
And we say, "So mote it be"

THE TRUE MISSION OF FREEMASONRY.

It is very remarkable how of late years the popular estimation of Freemasonry has been clearly rising in the great open market of English thought and opinion. As long as our useful and excellent Order took the form, to a great extent, of a secret and social assembly—as long as it bore among men in general the reputation of a harmless but mainly convivial fraternity—so long, for the most part, with the exception of those who had the courage to lift the veil of our Masonic Isis—the greater part of society took the easy but general explanation of what it was, and what it professed both to be and to do. In short, they accepted our own valuation of ourselves. But when, gradually, Freemasonry, so to say, detached itself from its social character, the merely convivial aspect (though sociality must always be a great characteristic of our Order, and, we will add, innocent conviviality), from the hour that Freemasonry exhibited clearly to the world that its profession and practice went hand in hand, immediately many saw good in Freemasonry who had never seen it before, and the world, which is generally guided, as is society, to a great extent, by the opinions of the many rather than the few, chimed in at once with expressions of admiration and of praise. And hence, as we are inclined to think that the world is sometimes right—that is, that it is not always wrong—in the views it entertains of things and persons and events, we wish to impress upon our readers that this active manifestation of our great principles, which has so struck men and society, is, after all, the true mission of Freemasonry. We have nothing to do with politics, that is quite clear; we have no concern with the polemics of denominationalism, or that "odium theologicum" which some writers tell us is the bitterest of all hatreds. We have little interest in the passing frivolities of the hour, and less in the outward exhibition of folly or fashion; but, as Freemasons, we profess to be tolerant and kindly, large-hearted and fraternal, looking beyond the narrow limits of local, or national, or sectarian divisions, and regarding with sympathy and interest every "brother of the dust." Yet, as we also know that true charity begins at home, we equally believe that that is falsely called true charity which, indulging in high-flown sentimentality or unreal emotions, neglects those who have the first claim upon its heart and means, and leaves them to suffering or privation, while it relieves with an overstrained zeal those who are far away, and who might fairly look to their own friends for succour and support. So Freemasonry first of all cares for her own. And we in England have of late years shown how fully we value the privileges of Freemasonry, and enter into the spirit of our teaching, as loyal members of our beneficent Order, that we have munificently aided every form of Masonic benevolence and utility, which seemed to have a fair claim on liberality, to call for our assistance, or to invoke our cheerful support. Thus we have, both in the metropolis and by our provincial grants, by large sums from our benevolent funds, by constant donations from our lodge pedestals, alike assisted increasing indigence or failing old age, relieved the widow and the unfortunate, and educated with an unsparing liberality the orphan daughters and sons of our deceased or less prosperous brethren. Whatever opinions some may still entertain of Freemasonry, however some foolish prejudice may still linger, however unfounded impressions may still survive, however the mistaken views of earnest religionists may question the propriety of our broad platform, or the expansiveness of our unsectarian teaching, none will venture to assert that our works of charity and utility are not alike deeds of mercy and labours of love. Above the din of human controversy, over the strife of tongues, surmounting the Babel of wild struggles and

confusion, there arises again, so to say, as once, angelic voices sweetly singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." This is ever the true motto of Freemasonry; for in relieving distress, in succouring old age, in providing for weakness, in mitigating misfortune, in training up the young orphan children of our brotherhood, and fitting them as well as we can for the sterner battle of life, we are indeed showing that we love our neighbours as ourselves, that we are alive to the true mission of Freemasonry, that we are intent in practising its unchanging precepts, and that we have indeed realized how true it is that "Charity, like its divine sister Mercy, is twice blessed, in that it blesses him who gives, as well as him who receives it." How beautiful is the picture thus represented to the mind's eye of the reflecting Freemason. Freemasonry is endeared to us by many warm and active memories of the past. It recalls many happy hours and faithful friends, summons up even now, amid prevailing sorrow or depressing care, a vision of "cari luoghi" of days of yore, when we found in the select circle of a genial friendship, many a plesant and refreshing season amid the trying calls of duty or the continuous exertion of business and toil. But beyond this, and above this, Freemasonry is invested for us with still more radiant lures of beauty and of grace, when it comes to us in the garb of charity. Then we feel how great and good a thing Freemasonry really is, how admirable the Institution, how wise its aims, how noble its end. Thus, raised above the passing interests of the day, we see at once how real, after all, is the true mission of Freemasonry and in what it indeed consists. Not in angry strife or uncharitable debate, not in the prolix utterances or mournful "outcome" of censoriousness or detraction, not in the perpetuation of angry feelings or hostile camps, but in the peaceful avowal of a universal sympathy, and the glad belief of a universal brotherhood. Here, then, we venture to think, is the true mission of Freemasonry, and those who, like us, thus make Freemasonry mean both the practical development of charity and mercy and sympathy, who believe that otherwise Freemasonry sinks into an aggregation of useless ornamentation or garish show, they will ever hail that happy and onward movement in our honoured English Craft, which has of late years placed Freemasonry in its true position before our fellow-citizens, has promoted so greatly the true cause of Masonic liberality and benevolence, has conferred countless blessings on young and old, the happy recipients of the generous and sympathetic aims of our fraternity, and is a lasting proof, if proof be needed, that we are in England, at any rate, faithful brethren of our good old Order, and thoroughly understand and faithfully carry out the true mission of Freemasonry in the world.—*The Freemason.*

INFLUENCE OF MASONRY.

It was one of those disagreeable, rainy days of last week, when the rain poured down in torrents, when heavy, dull clouds hung overhead, when the streets were deserted of pedestrians, and when everything wore that dreary look which one always sees on a rainy day, that we strolled into Langlois and Roman's billiard store, more to get out of the rain than in the hope of finding any items, though we were sadly in need of something of the kind. The store wore a look that corresponded with the weather; it was dark and silent, and although the afternoon was but half spent, the gas jets twinkled where the senior member was industriously at work over his volumes of accounts. There was no one in to buy, and the clerks were lounging about in the most comfortable attitudes possible upon the softest bales of canvas, while the unfortunate but classical Heyer (having been beat out of his seat by a customer calling) leaned pensively against a barrel of ochre. Near the stove were seated a few outsiders, among them two or three lake captains. As is customary upon such occasions, the conversation embraced all topics ranging from grave to gay, from lively to severe, and at last—now we cannot tell how—the subject of Masonry was brought up, and its influence upon the world, and its good in a general sense was discussed, when Captain P—, a gentleman well known in this city, interrupted the speaker with the remark, that whatever good or evil Masonry may do in the world or even has done, it was at one time the means of saving his life.

There are, as everybody knows, thousands of instances related where men have been saved from death, even among the rude and savage tribes, where civilisation had no existence; but we venture to say that this was the first instance which any of us had ever heard related by a party particularly interested. Without much urging the Captain was prevailed upon to give us the story of the adventure, which in substance is as follows:

"Many years ago—the first voyage I ever made, by the way—I shipped as cabin boy in the old brig Hope, commanded by Captain Roberts,—we sailed from Liverpool, bound for the port of Rio Janiero. There was nothing to mark the outward bound passage, and nothing of interest transpired while we were in Rio, save that interest that everything had to me, a stranger in a strange land. I will not attempt to describe my astonishment at the sights I saw—of the quaint houses, the throngs from all nations, the dress and the dialect of the people. Captain Roberts was very kind to me, and often took me ashore with him, and seemed to take a pleasure in answering my many questions, which certainly was a condescension on his part. Sailoring was not in those days what it is now. I noticed that very often as we walked along the streets he would salute people, sometimes even stopping to shake hands with them; they were from all nations, and I wondered at his extensive acquaintance, and boy-like I asked him about it. 'Why,' said he, 'I do not know one of them; never saw them before; and probably shall never see them again; they are Masons.' I started back with something of horror, I suppose, as I asked him, 'Why you are not a Mason?' And never shall I forget the feeling that came over me as he answered in the affirmative. Had he acknowledged that he belonged to a band of pirates and assassins, I could not have been more shocked; for, from earliest youth I had been trained up to the idea that Masonry was an evil principle—the fatal tempter of fallen mankind—that beneath the mantle of mystery that surrounded it was practised Pagan rites of idolatry; that it abjured the Christian religion, and that its members were joined together in unholy alliance by the most frightful oaths and ceremonies to defend one another against all assaults, and to wage an infernal war upon virtue. Do you wonder that I was shocked?

"We were not long in getting in our load, and then, with many a fond farewell in our hearts, we bade adieu to Rio, and turned again towards home. There was nothing worthy of note transpired until we arrived near the equator, when a dead calm fell, and for days we lay idle, with not breeze enough to fill the sails that hung flapping against the masts. About the fourth day a slight breeze sprung up, the sails filled, and once more we heard the ripple of water under the bows of the Hope.

"Breakfast was just over when the cry of 'Sail ho!' from the masthead attracted the attention of all. Some ran up the rigging to catch a glimpse of the stranger, and in the course of an hour she was plainly to be seen from the deck. And then a hot controversy sprung up as to who and what she was—so hot but for the interference of the Captain there would have been a fight among the parties. I have often noticed that men are always readiest to fight about that of which they know the least. Still the 'Hope' held on, and as the hours went by the stranger steadily gained upon us. The 'Hope' was but a slow sailor at the best, and by the middle of the afternoon she was within but a few miles of us. Nearer she came, and still steadily gaining. And now we could see that her decks were crowded with men; and then suddenly there floated up from the deck to the masthead the black flag, and from the portholes grinned the muzzles of cannons.

"Never shall I forget, to the longest day of my life, the consternation that the sight of the flag produced among the crew. Some cried, some swore, others prayed, while some—I among the number—stood as if transfixed with horror at the sight of that emblem of death. Captain Roberts was the only man who was calm. Calling the men together, he told us, as we all knew, that our hour had come; that flight or resistance was alike impossible, and that all there was to do was to die like brave men, and thus defeat the hell-hounds of the pleasure of seeing us terror-stricken.

"I heard all he said, and yet I did not. I thought then of my home, and heard again the voice of my mother; and there, on that foreign sea, I could have sworn I heard the old church bell, and it seemed to be tolling for the dead.

"By this time the strange vessel was within musket shot, when a voice hailed

us, ordering us to heave to, which was obeyed, and then from the side of the pirate craft a boat was lowered, filled with armed men, and started towards us. I watched that boat with the feelings that a doomed man watches the approach to the scaffold. Nearer and nearer it came. There were no prayers now, no sobs. On our ship all was still and silent, and every eye was fixed upon the approaching boat, when suddenly Capt. Roberts, who was standing apart from the men, gave a shout, and then burst into a hysteric laugh. I thought, as the men did, that his mind had left him. But no! Raising himself, he spoke with a voice and look I shall never forget.

"'We are saved! We are saved! That captain in the boat is a Mason.'

"And so it proved true. The boat came alongside; only one man—the pirate captain—came on deck, and he unarmed. He shook hands with Capt. Roberts, spoke a few words in Spanish to him, and together they went into the cabin. What passed between those men I never knew, but when they came on deck again, both were in tears. The pirate captain again shook hands with our old captain, sprang over the side of the vessel into his boat, and was rowed back to his craft. I watched her as she bore steadily away—watched her until darkness closed around her; but the last thing I saw was the black flag at the masthead.

"I often think of that event in my life, and wonder what power there is in Masonry that will still keep a man true to it, when he has cast aside every other obligation, both human and divine, and abandoned a virtuous for a sinful life. But, whatever it is, there, on that silent sea, the influence of Masonry, and the memories that cluster round it, once moved the heart of even a pirate, and saved my life."—*Racine (Wis.) Journal.*

HAIL!

Hail to the star of Masonry! whose pure and radiant light
Resplendent shines o'er land and sea, by day as well as night;
How great its charm there's none can tell but those who know its power—
Its mystic, magic-working spell, to cheer life's darkest hour.

Hail to the gem, True Charity! O may it e'er be worn
By every Mason, just and free, the Order to adorn!
Hail to the three grand principles on which Freemasons rest—
Fraternal Love, Relief, and Truth, enshrined within each breast.

Hail to the Craft! whose secret arts and hidden mysteries hold
A wondrous power o'er all the hearts of Masons, young and old;
And while that power retains its sway with undiminished might,
With fervent zeal and freedom pay glad homage to the Light.

Hail to the Craft! to which belongs a great and mighty band
Of brethren famed in art, in song the noblest in the land;
Princes and Dukes its ranks still seek; where'er its flag may wave,
Hails the just, the free, the meek, but ne'er admits the slave.

—*Masonic Review.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Masonic Magazine."

Dear Sir and Bro.,—I have a copy of the Poem "Trust in God and do the Right," which is said to have been composed by the late Rev. Norman McLeod, D.D., and I have understood that eminent Divine was the author of the lines. In the "Masonic Magazine" for January you insert the Poem, and credit it to the *American Freemason.*

Is it not worth while to discover which is correct.

Yours obediently,
W. J. HUGHAN.

Truro, 2nd January, 1875.

Clippings.

A BIG RATTLESNAKE.

HOW THEY PLAYED IT ON DOUGHERTY.

One day last week four or five Detroiters went into Macomb county to shoot squirrels and kick their shins against logs and fence rails. They had just eaten a cold lunch in the woods one noon when one of the party, a young man named Dougherty, stretched out on his back, pulled his hat over his eyes, and gave his mind up to the work of assisting his body to catch a little rest. The remainder of the party having an understanding beforehand, quietly withdrew, one by one. One of them passed round to a bush, near Dougherty's feet, and took a tin rattle-box from his pocket. Another stood close to the young man's legs, and, in a suppressed voice, when the signal was given, whispered:

"For your own sake, Dougherty, don't move as much as a finger? A big rattlesnake is right under your leg!"

Dougherty was flat on his back, eyes covered, arms sprawled out, and his voice trembled as he replied:

"Oh dear! what shall I do?"

"Keep perfectly quite! It is your only hope! If you even raise a finger he will dart his fangs into you!"

The man with the rattle-box gave it a shake, and reached out and laid a club across Dougherty's legs, while the other man moved off about twenty feet and exclaimed:

"Gracious, what can we do? If we shoot we may kill Dougherty."

The club was rolled off on the ground, and the victim whispered:

"For mercy sake kill it?"

The club was rolled over his legs again, the box shaken, and the man whispered back:

"Be quiet, or it is instant death! I think the snake wants to go to sleep, and if you will keep still you will be all right."

The box was shaken, the club moved round, and finally the "snake" seemed to Dougherty to settle down on his breast. He dared not whisper for fear of rousing it, but one of the men called out:

"There it is asleep. We'll move away and wait for it to glide off!"

The whole crowd moved off behind a bank, and laughed and rolled and tore up the dirt until they were exhausted, while poor Dougherty lay there like a log, not even daring to draw an ordinary breath. The perspiration ran down his face, and started out from his body until his shirt was ringing wet. The fellows took their guns and tramped away, leaving him thus, and were gone for an hour and a half. When they returned Dougherty was sitting up, having discovered the joke about five minutes previously. He did not have a word to say, but there was a whole unabridged dictionary in his eye. They spoke to him, but for answer he rose up, shouldered his gun, made a bee-line for the highway, and none of the party has met him since.—*Detroit Free Press.*

In a very well-known town in Vermont there is a flourishing colony of Irish settlers, who have cultivated the soil to some profit. Some of the number emigrated a few years since to seek their fortune elsewhere. One of them returned for a visit, and making enquiries as to his old friends, amongst them was one Jim Donnovan. "Ah! Ned, where is Jim Donnovan?" "Oh! sure, he has settled down intirely, and is well on; but, bad luck to him, he went to Montreal, and married a little Protestant girl." "Married what?" "A Protestant girl." "May the divil fly away with him. Why didn't he marry one of his own six?"

A very beautiful Jewess at a party lately was much annoyed by an impertinent fop. At length he asked, tauntingly, "And you never eat pork, Miss M.?" "Never, sir," she replied, "our religion teaches us to avoid everything swinish; you will, therefore, excuse my declining any further conversation with you."

A witty man, speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness, remarked that he could hardly recover, since his constitution was all gone. "If his constitution is all gone," said a bystander, "I do not see how he lives at all." "Oh," responded the wag, "he lives on the bye-laws."

A gentleman was examining an umbrella, and commented upon the fine quality. "Yes," said a person present, "he fancies everything he sees." "And," added a third party, "is inclined to seize everything he fancies."

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 21.—Vol. II. MARCH, 1875. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

The meeting of Grand Chapter was not marked by any business of importance, as the one point of interest was very wisely adjourned for future and careful consideration.

The first gathering of Masonic Charity, that of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, took place on the 27th January, under the presidency of Bro. the Earl of Shrewsbury. The meeting was large and enthusiastic, and the Lists of the Stewards produced in round numbers nearly £6,700, a very noble amount, £6,630 being announced in the room, with several lists to come in. This is indeed a good beginning for our Masonic charitable crusade in this year of light and grace, and we trust that our two succeeding anniversaries for the Girls' and Boys' Schools, may equally testify to the zeal of the Stewards, and the benevolence of our Order.

There is one question now which greatly interests the Order—where the Installation of H.R.H. the Grand Master Elect is to take place? Some have suggested the Alexandra Palace; some the Albert Hall; the last-named has been selected, and full notice of all the arrangements will be given to the Brethren. It is probable, that the Installation of our popular and Royal Grand Master, will draw together such a meeting of Freemasons, as has never been before witnessed, as not only is our Brotherhood a very loyal body always, under all circumstances and in every emergency, but, just now, warm and grateful are the feelings of the entire fraternity towards that august Brother, who, in an hour of great anxiety, so gallantly cast in his lot with us assailed and calumniated Freemasons.

Beyond this, we have little to report at home or abroad.

We hear of new Lodges being consecrated, and Freemasonry in Great Britain and the United States seems to be advancing with rapid strides. It may be a question deserving serious consideration, whether the staple of new membership is not becoming a little lowered, in consequence of the number of applicants for admission. But that is, to say the truth, an evil not peculiar to the present system, or the passing hour, but is one of which we have always more or less to complain. Some correspondence has appeared on the subject in the *Freemason*, but the only practical and certainly only available remedy, lies in the hands of the members themselves.

A Bro. Valleton, who lives in London, the French Correspondent of "Le Monde Maconnique," has been writing some amusing articles in that Journal on English Freemasonry. Amusing are his contributions, because, marked by a complete ignorance of the subject in which he professes so learnedly to hold forth. His letters are as good a specimen of "high falutin," and of the Masonic "Stump" as we have had the ill-fortune for some time to peruse.

He clearly has hardly ever been within an English Lodge; he knows nothing of our sentiment, sympathies, or "modus procedendi," but having a purely foreign "coup d'œil" of our teaching and ceremonial, and a continental views of the very advanced type, he amuses himself by running a muck at our peaceable, loyal, religious, English Freemasonry.

Well, it has not done us any harm, and we don't think will do us any. We are not likely to give up our principles or practices in consequence of Bro. Valleton's opinion of them, but his words serve to shew, how wide is after all the demurcation between true and pseudo Freemasonry, and how opposed to all the subversive theories, and unbeliving dogmas of foreign sciolists are the good old fashioned and steady going declaration of our English Brotherhood.

We are sorry to find that our able Bro. A. Mackey has had to discontinue the *National Freemason* from lack of support. We cannot understand the apathy of so enlightened a brotherhood as the Americans on the subject, but we are glad to note, that our able Brother is now acting as Joint Editor in the *Voice of Masonry* and *Family Magazine*. We wish him all success.

R

COMPARISON OF MSS.

[ROYAL MS. 17 A I.; COTTON MSS. CALIG. A. II.; CLAUD. A. II.]

These three MSS., though written in different hands, and nominally referring to different subjects, are connected very closely with one another, so much so that there are whole passages of exactly the same words in each, or rather, more strictly speaking, one of them contains passages which occur in one or other of the other two.

In describing them I will take each separately, and give a short account thereof. Perhaps, before doing so, I should say that I am not a Freemason, and, therefore, am unable to say much upon the special interest to members of the craft which they may have, holding it true that one should have some slight knowledge of a subject before one writes about it—a truism by no means sufficiently regarded in these days.

I.

The Masonic Poem, Roy. MS. 17 A. I.

This manuscript is a small book of thirty-three vellum leaves, measuring four inches by three. The text is in a hand of about the * latter portion of the 14th century, or quite early 15th century, fairly written in black, with rubricated headings. There are no attempts at illumination, either of borders or initial letters, the margins being left perfectly plain. The letters used are of an upright form, and of what is usually called the Gothic type. In accordance with the usual custom of the time the old Saxon letter (borrowed from the Runic alphabet) known as *thorn* is used to represent the sound of *th*. In later times this letter was confounded with *y* and so written, but in the MS. under consideration this confusion had not yet begun, and a different letter, always dotted, is used in the case of the sound of *y*. The only other peculiar letter is the Saxon *ȝ* (written somewhat like the *z* of modern English manuscript), and this is used in many words which now begin with *y*. The MS. is in good preservation, the vellum rather thick, and but slightly discoloured by age, and no leaves are wanting.

As to the subject matter of the poem, much has been said upon it by Mr. J. O. Halliwell, who has edited a printed edition of it as part of an early History of Freemasonry. He maintains that the poem is a veritable record of the Masonic craft, and so indeed it doubtless may be, in the sense of being a poem on the trade of building, and on the guild of Masons, but it seems to be very little else besides that, and appears to have very little connection with what an outsider generally understands by Freemasonry, though, as I before implied, I cannot consider myself qualified to give an opinion on the subject. To me it seems from what I read therein to be nothing more that a metrical version of the rules of an ordinary mediæval guild, or perhaps a very superior and exemplary sort of trade's union, together with a number of pieces of advice for behaviour at church, and at table, or in the presence of superiors, tacked on at the end.

The subject of the poem is on this wise. It begins with an account of the origin of Masonry, or, as it is called, Geometry, which it attributes to Euclid, and mentions Egypt as the birth-place of the Art. The preliminary discourse ends with the story of the introduction of Masonry into England by King Athelstan:

"Thys craft com into England as y you say,
In tyme of good Kynge Athelstonus day,
He made tho bothe halle and eke bowre,
And hye templeis of *gret honoure*,
To sportyn hym yn bothe day and nygth,
Au to worschep hys God with alle hys mygth."

It then tells of how fifteen articles and fifteen points of Masonry were made by Athelstan, and on each of these points and articles it has something to say. They are very simple, and consist chiefly of good advice to Master Masons in the choice of apprentices, and in their behaviour towards their fellows, applicable to any trade as well as to Masonry, and, in some cases, to any men, whether of any craft or not. It is curious, however, to note that the word *lodge* (spelt "logge") as applied to meetings of the craft, is used several times in these pieces of advice. The "points" are followed by a section of about three hun-

* The M.S. has been even said to be middle 14th century. It is in our humble opinion more 14th than 15th.—ED.

dred lines' length, consisting of advice for behaviour in church, and at other times. The passage begins with citing the example of the "Quatuor coronati," or Four Crowned Martyrs, who appear to have been Masons, and are commemorated in the calendar on the octave of All Saints (Nov. 8), or, as the poem gives it :—

"Whoso wol of here lyf yet mor knowe,
By the bok he may hyt schowe,
In the legent of Scanctorum,*
The names of quatuor coronatorum,
After Alle Halowen the eyght day."

The directions for church time, which are very simple, and of no very unusual stamp, referring chiefly to the celebration of mass, and the directions for behaviour at table, etc., will be treated of under the MS. of the poem "Urbanitatis." The importance of these to the subject, however, is very considerable, for they form the connecting link between the three poems, since the one set, that is to say, the rules for church time occur almost word for word in the "Instructions for Parish Priests," and the other similarly in the poem "Urbanitatis."

II.

"Urbanitatis." [Cotton MS. Caligula A. II.]

This poem occupies but a small part of a large collection of early English poems on various subjects, known in the Museum catalogue by the enigmatical name of *Caligula A. II.* Perhaps it may be as well to explain here the origin of the name, though it has not the slightest connection with the contents of the volume. The MS. forms part of the collection made by Sir Robert Cotton, in whose library each press or book-case was surmounted by a bust of one of the Roman Emperors. Each shelf was lettered, and each book upon it numbered, and thus the MS. under consideration was the second book on the A (or top) shelf of the press dedicated to Caligula.

The volume is written on paper in double columns, in a clear and upright hand of the 15th century, and contains some two hundred leaves. The contents are for the most part early narrative-poems, with one or two didactic pieces. It begins with a curious alliterative poem, entitled "Sussan," which is a metrical version of the History of Susanna. This is followed by some Romances, in rhyming verse, such as the story of "Eglamour of Artois," and the Arthurian poem of "Launfall Miles" (the latter being simply the history of Sir Launcelot of the Lake), and the quasi-historical account of "Octavian Imperator." Besides these there is the curious and well-known poem of "Tundale," and two metrical lives of saints, namely, those of Jerome and Eustace. Bound up with these at the end of the volume are the decrees of general Chapters of the Carthusian Order, together with its Constitutions, on a leaf of which part of the book is inscribed the name of "Thomas Cooke de Mylton," probably its former owner.

The poem "Urbanitatis" itself is very short, and occupies not more than three columns. It consists of minute directions for behaviour—(1) in the presence of a lord; (2) at table; (3) among ladies. Some of these directions are curious, but some also there are which may not well be written down here, and strange indeed it is to think that it should have been found necessary to give them at all, for they show a state of manners more notable perhaps than praiseworthy. Perhaps, however, the intention of the author is to leave no point unprovided for.

In the "Liber Niger," a book of exchequer accounts and household ordinances (temp. Hen. II.), mention is made of what is there called the "Booke of Urbanitie," and, doubtless, it is the same as the one now treated of. It is there recommended to the notice of the *henxmen* (henchmen) or pages of the king, who were to be instructed out of it in all good behaviour.

The last hundred lines of the "Masonic Poem" are almost word for word the same as the whole of this poem, and vary only in spelling, and in a few slight differences of reading. To show this similarity I will now give the first few lines of "Urbanitatis," followed by the parallel passage in the "Masonic Poem."

"Whso wylle of nurtur lere,
Herken to me & ye shalle here,
When thou comeste be fore a lord,
In halle yn bowre or at the borde,
Hoode or kappe thou of tho,
Ere thou come hym all on to,

* Legenda Sanctorum.

Twyse or thryse withowten dowte,
To that lorde thou moste lowte,
With thy rygth kne lette hit be do,
Thy worshyp thou mayst saue so,
Holde or thy cappe & thy hood also
Tylle thou be byden hit on to do."

The same from the "Masonic Poem:"

"When thou comest before a lorde,
Yn halle yn bowre or at the borde,
Hod or cappe that thou of do,
Yer thou come hym allynge to,
Twyes or thryes withoute dowte,
To that lorde thou moste lowte,
With thy rygth kne let hyt be do,
Thyn owne worschepe thou save so,
Holde of thy cappe and hod also,
Tyl thou have leve hyt on to do."

The text of "Urbanitatis" has been printed by the Early English Text Society, in 1868, as part of a volume on Manners and Meals in Olden Times, edited by Mr. F. J. Furnivall.

III.

John Mirk's Instructions for Parish Priests.

(Cotton MS. Claudius A. II.)

This work, perhaps more interesting than either of the foregoing, forms part of a volume of English pieces mostly in prose, and is written on vellum, in a hand of the latter part of the 15th century.* Several different scribes appear to have been employed upon it, though much about the same time, and, as is often the case in English books of that period, the writing is clear and easy to read.

The author, John Mirk, or Myrkus, as his name is here Latinized, was a canon regular of the Augustinian Order, belonging to the Monastery of Lylleshul (*hodie* Lilleshall), in Shropshire. It has been conjectured that this poem, avowedly translated from a Latin work, called in the colophon "Pars Oculi," was an adaptation from a similar book by John Mirœus, prior of the same monastery, entitled "Manuale Sacerdotis," and there is certainly some similarity between the two, though that of the prior is much longer and fuller. Mirk was also the author of certain sermons for festivals, which are included in this volume under the title of "Festialis."

* The Early English Text Society give the date also of 1420.

The poem contains instructions for the manners, dress, and general conversation of the clergy, for preaching, hearing confessions, baptising (including directions to the effect that children likely to die are to be, in case of necessity, baptised by midwives), marriages, preparation for confirmation, etc., and full directions for behaviour at mass. After a few minor details of behaviour, addressed both to a priest and his parishioners, instructions are given on prayer and the seven sacraments, and a treatise on the seven deadly sins, for the use of a priest in the confessional, closes the poem.

It is remarkable that those who look upon the middle ages or Pre-reformation era as a time given up to superstition, will find little in support of their theory here. The advice is plain straightforward morality, of a sort that might be preached in any church at the present day. As may be supposed, the dogmatic teaching is Catholic, but it is set forth in a manner as plain and straightforward as the morals, and the greatest care is taken to leave nothing so far unexplained as to be able to be turned to a superstitious meaning. Thus it is clearly set forth that the "holy bread," (similar to the "pain benit" of the Parisian churches, and the ἀντίδωρον of the Eastern Church, and a remnant probably of the Early Christian ἀγαπη) is not the Body of Christ, and is not intended to be looked upon as a substitute for that Sacrament, and as in many other cases, the people are to be made well aware that there is no connection between the two. As a specimen of the language and style of the poem, it may be interesting to give the versions of the two great prayers of the Catholic Church, the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary," as rendered in English in this poem, and it is, perhaps, worthy of note that in the latter prayer the second part "Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus et nunc et in hora mortis nostræ," is omitted.

Fader owre that art in heuene,
Halowed be thy name with meke stouene
Thy kyngdome be for to come,
In us synfulle alle and some,
Thy wylle be do in erthe here,
As hyt ys in heuene clere,
Owre uche dayes bred we the pray,
That thow geue vs thys same day,

And forgyue vs owfe trespas,
As we done hem that gult vs has,
And lede vs in to no fondynge,
But schelde us alle from evel thynge.
Amen.

Hayl be thow Mary fulle of grace,
God ys wyth the in euery place,
I-blessed be thow of alle wymmen,
And the fruyt of thy wombe Ihesus.
Amen.

The M.S. has been edited for the Early English Text Society, by Mr. E. Peacock, and is to be found in one of the 1868 volumes of their publications. The similarity between this and the "Masonic Poem" has been already pointed out in the number of this Magazine for November, 1874.

R.S.

THE HOUR GLASS.

Life's sands are dropping, dropping,
Each grain a moment dies;
No stay has Time, no stopping,
Behold, how swift he flies!
He bears away our rarest,
They smile and disappear,
The cold grave wraps our fairest;
Each falling grain's a tear.

Life's sands are softly falling,
Death's foot is light as snow;
'Tis fearful, 'tis appalling
To see how swift they flow;
To read the fatal warning
The sands so plainly tell,
To feel there's no returning
From death's dark shadowy dell.

Life's sands give admonition
To use its moments well;
Each grain bears holy mission,
And this the tale they tell;
"Let zeal and time run faster,
Each grain some good afford,
Then, then at last the Master
Shall double our reward.

WAITING FOR HER—A MESMERIST'S STORY.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

We were still sitting round the fire. Philip had just put a great log of wood on, and Lizzie was saying that it was far too pleasant to have the lights brought in yet; it was so cosy, sitting in the firelight listening to uncle's story.

"Take another glass of wine, uncle," Tom said, "you will be getting tired of talking."

"Well, I think I will, my boy," uncle Archdale replied, rousing himself. He had been looking dreamily into the fire for the last ten minutes, and had never spoken a word.

"Now, boys, you must look after yourselves," he said cheerily, "remember this is Liberty Hall. Tom, I think the bottle is with you; and you young ladies, I suppose you would like to go up to the drawing room and have some music."

"Oh, please, uncle, we would much rather stay here and listen to your story. Let Mary bring in the coffee," Lizzie put in. She was the eldest, and therefore fit spokesman—spokeswoman, I should say.

"As you please, young people," he answered, "as you please."

So we had tea downstairs, and aunt Miriam rang the bell and gave the desired order.

Aunt Miriam was uncle Archdale's elder sister, who kept house for him. A very quiet old maid, with whom we did just what we liked. She was a maiden lady, I should say, not an old maid: the distinction is obvious. I know many a dear old maiden lady, with no queer ways, no cold-hearted whims and oddities, no desire to snub young people and backbite their neighbours, but women with warm young hearts and generous sympathies, always trying to do their best to win the love of all around them, by their deeds of beneficence and charity; always striving to merit the approbation of the Almighty Giver of all good things, the Ruler of us all. I did not mean to digress in this way, but I can't bear to hear people carp-

ing at single ladies for being single. Dear me, I know many an one single from choice; and let me tell you, young people, it's my belief that there are very few women indeed but have had chances of marrying, if they liked.

"Well, my dears," uncle began, "I suppose you wish me to go on with my story."

"Yes, yes," we all answered.

"Imagine then, my dears," uncle went on, "that two years had passed away. I was entered at St. Thomas' Hospital. Dr. Elliotson was then assistant physician there; he had been elected to that post in 1817. It was not till 1837 that he owned himself the leader of the mesmeric party; but at this time, 1824, mesmerism was much discussed amongst the students at St. Thomas', and about three years later Professor Gregory, who filled the Chair of Chemistry at Edinburgh, had his attention drawn to the subject by Monsieur Courdet, of Geneva, who had seen the famous cases of Dr. Petelin, of Lyons, whose work on the subject I read.

"I had become much interested in the subject, and had determined, if opportunity should offer, to try for myself the truth or falsehood of mesmerism.

"An opportunity did offer, and sooner than I had expected. But I must not anticipate. Since the day when I gave up the charge of Milicent, I had never seen her but twice. She had gone home, had speedily recovered, and the last tidings I had heard of her were that she was engaged to be married to a young clergyman who had recently come to reside in the neighbourhood of Orley House, Mr. Bertram's residence.

"Mr. Bertram, Milly's father, was a gentleman of great pride and of undoubted ancestry. The barony of Bertram, of which he was one of the descendants, had fallen into abeyance in 1311, when Roger, son and heir of the first baron (so created 1264), died, leaving an only daughter, Agnes, who, dying *sine prole*, as the heralds say, the barony fell into abeyance amongst the descendants of her four aunts, daughters of the first lord. I merely mention this to show that if he was proud of his family and lineage, length and nobility of descent were some excuse. He owned a small estate in the country, and had contracted but few intimacies amongst his neighbours, your father being, however, one of the notable exceptions to this rule of non-fraternity.

"I don't think I ought to blame Milly for changing so suddenly. She had not indeed changed really, only she had fancied she loved me, and now she found she did not. Looking back upon it now, I *cannot* blame her. I had now been some two years in London, and had never written to her, as, indeed, I had no right to do; but though my sister had seen her often, she never sent a kindly message to me, perhaps fearful to give me encouragement, and I, equally proud with herself, never expressed any desire to know how or where she was. I knew she *liked* me, but I knew also that she did not *love* me. So, I had been waiting for a sign of the change, and this was the sign.

"My own Milly—the idol of my heart—the one hope of my life—she to whom I had sacredly and secretly affianced myself, as I madly thought, though she, poor girl, had never been a party to the bargain—she whom I so fervently, passionately, and deeply loved, had bestowed the whole wealth of her affection upon another, and I was left alone. What would I not give to make her love me! What would I not do to make her wholly mine. A sudden thought came over me, and made me shudder, as I pictured it in my mind.

"What was this new science of mesmerism? this wonderful power of fascination? Could it be used to make her bow to my will? Could I make her yield to my wishes?

"I should tell you that I lodged in London with one Mrs. Wingrove. Ralph Wingrove, who was a distant connexion of her husband's, and who was my chum at St. Thomas', first took me there, and I soon changed my quarters to come and live with the family at Bloomsbury. Kate Wingrove was a sweet, nice girl, very ladylike, with black ringlets and a pale face.

"They were what I am afraid Mr. Thackeray would call a shabby-genteel family; indeed, Mrs. Wingrove was a decayed gentlewoman, who was forced to make a living out of her boarders. I rather think they fancied I wanted to marry Kate. We certainly were great friends, and I was very much interested in her, poor girl, for there was something indescribably mysterious that attracted us to each other's society far oftener, perhaps,

than was good for either. Mrs. Wingrove trusted Kate and trusted me so thoroughly, however, that there was no bounds to our intimacy.

"I think in this she was wrong, as the sequel will show.

"Ralph and I were tyros in mesmerism. One day he said to me, 'I say, Herbert, did it never strike you that Kate would make a good clairvoyant? I think that's the new name for these ecstatic mesmeric subjects.'

"'Well, I will confess the idea has entered into my mind,' I said.

"'Why not try her,' he went on.

"'I don't know, I'm sure; perhaps she would object.'

"'Not a bit of it, old fellow—not at your hands, I promise you.'

"'Well, some day we'll try the experiment, if Kate's agreeable.'

"Singularly enough, that very night Kate was complaining of neuralgia in the face and head.

"I offered to try and cure her, and then began our mesmeric *seances*. Would to God they had ended there. In ten minutes I had succeeded in putting her into a profound sleep. Mrs. Wingrove and Ralph were both present. In five minutes more I required her to awake, refreshed and recovered. And she did so.

"Charmed with my success, we were led to make further experiments, and I soon found that Kate possessed the true clairvoyant faculty.

"The study of animal magnetism is a strangely fascinating one. I had yielded to its subtle influence, and within six months I had so completely gained possession of Kate's will, that I could send her into a profound slumber in the course of a minute or two.

"I remember one night when she had gone off into a state of *coma*, and I was asking her questions relating to all things from time unto eternity, she suddenly startled me by saying, 'I see a fair lady, with such a sweet, sad, pensive face,' she added; and in a minute she continued, 'it is the same face as that in your locket.'

"'Where is she?' I asked.

"'I cannot tell.'

"'But you must,' I replied; and I touched her heaving bosom, her eyes, and her lips with a little magnetized steel rod which I carried about with me, at the same time placing in her hand the locket containing Milicent's likeness, and a lock of her beautiful hair.

"My good sister Miriam (your aunt there) had procured this a year or two ago, and I always wore it next my heart. Milly did not even dream of its existence.

"In a minute or two, with a deep-drawn sigh, she said, like one speaking in a dream, 'I see now. She is standing in a garden which crowns a lofty hill—a pretty house, built like an Elizabethan cottage, is behind her. In the distance is a wide-spreading landscape, with great hills on either side, and the river running between. She is talking with a gentleman.'

"'What is he like?' I asked.

"'Well, he is tall and slight, with auburn hair and large eyes. He is pale and rather sickly looking, and looks like a clergyman.'

"'My rival,' I thought.

"'Yes, your rival,' she answered to *my thought*. I started. 'Had it come to this,' I said to myself, 'that she can even read another's thoughts.'

"'Well,' I said, 'do you think you can impress her with the thought that I love her?'

"'That you love her?' she repeated painfully.

"'Yes.'

"'I will try," she said, in a mournful tone; 'but you must will it, too, with all your power.'

"Presently a smile crept over her face, and she murmured, 'It is done. I see her start, and then grow sad and thoughtful. She is thinking now she wishes she could love you.'

"'Is there any hope?'

"'Yes,' she said fervently, after a long pause. 'Yes, if ——'

"'If what,' I urge, impatiently.

"'If your rival were out of the way.'

"'Out of the way,' I muttered to myself. 'Out of the way?' A horrid thought seized me. 'Can you impress *him*?' I said fiercely.

"'For your sake I will try.' For my sake! What was this? I paused to collect my thoughts. I let her rest awhile while I think. That last effort did her harm, I fancy, for she put her hand to her side and complained of her heart beating so fast and feebly. She had said to me

once, 'You can do anything with me, I am powerless in your hands; you will kill me some day.'

"'Do impress him, then, for me. Haunt him,' I said sternly. 'Let him think this of Milicent—*she shall be mine, not thine.*'

"'Take my hand, press it hard,' Kate answered, 'and send your will with it.'

"I did so; she remained quiet for a minute, and then half rose from the sofa on which she was reclining, heaved a deep sigh, and fell back, apparently utterly exhausted.

"'Wake me,' she said; 'wake me. I am in pain.'

"I got up for a moment, slowly made the passes over her, and firmly replied, 'Be calm, and be refreshed.' In a few minutes she recovered, but again begged me to awake her.'

"'Did you affect him?' I ask.

"'Yes.'

"'How?'

"'When you pressed my hand, I went to him, and I impressed him with your thought.'

"'What did he do?'

"'He fell to the ground.'

"'What then?'

"'I could see no further."

"I mused awhile. 'Kate,' I said at ength, 'I want to talk to you. Sleep for an hour,' I continued; 'sleep, and be refreshed.'

"I waved my hands slowly over her for a few minutes, until she sank into a slumber so profound as to startle the neophyte magnetist, but *I* knew that she would derive fresh vigour and support from so peaceful a slumber, and would be of more service to me in my schemes when she recovered.

"Kate's was a dual existence now. I was sapping her very life's blood to attain my own selfish end; but what did I care for that? I loved Milicent, and I had determined she should be mine. Circumstances had been against me of late. Mrs. Bertram, even before Milly was engaged to Mr. Thornton, had discovered my secret, and had discouraged my visits to the house in consequence. I had not yet got my certificates from the College of Surgeons, so was not in anything like a position to offer.

"I had thought the Bertrams were mercenary; but it was clear they were not so, or they would not have allowed their daughter to be engaged to so poor a man as this Mr. Thornton must be. If I could only drive him away—I did not wish to do him harm—perhaps she might get to like me. 'In love and war all politics are fair,' I said to myself. I don't suppose it will harm him. What I had resolved to do you will soon learn, my dears.

"In an hour exactly Kate awoke, that is to say, she came out of the death-like trance in which she was previously. I should tell you that when Kate was awake to self-consciousness she liked me, that was all. When she was under the influence of my magnetic power she loved *me*—she was my slave. It is an awful power for one human being to have over another. Mesmerism, like other of God's good gifts, can be perverted to evil.

"'Kate,' I said, 'I want you to help me; will you do so?'

"'Yes.'

"'Whatever I ask you to do?'

"'Yes,' she answered slowly, almost sorrowfuliy, 'whatever you command, I must obey.'

"'Then I wish to marry Milicent.'

"'Do you?' she murmured, with a sigh.

"'Yes, and you can help me win her, by removing all obstacles from my path. Look for the clergyman. Do you see him?'

"After a long while she muttered painfully, 'No; I cannot find him.'

"I touched her with the rod of steel. She bounded as if a flame of fire had darted through her, and then replied faintly, 'I see him.'

"'Where?' I ask.

"'In the house; he is reclining on the sofa, and they are all round him.'

"'What is he saying?'

"'He is telling them that he had a horrid dream, that was all; that some one came behind him, and pressed his hand so painfully that he turned round, but no one was there, and he heard words like this—*Milicent, she shall be mine, not thine.*'

"I smiled at this triumphantly, and then I formed a resolution. 'Kate, you can wake now,' I said, and she awoke.

"I resolved then in my own mind that I would *haunt* him.

(To be continued.)

THE PRESENT.

Dim are the clouds above us,
As on our pathway lies;
Stern brows and wistful glances,
Sad faces, tearful eyes,
We note in all that toiling crew,
Which early and which late,
Advance with hurrying, halting steps
Along the path of fate.

All have their load of sorrow,
All have their claims of care,
We see the decadence of man
Confronts us everywhere;
The weaknesses of earthly stains,
The griefs which never end,
The petty miseries of our race,
Base actions, faithless friend.

If youth has sometimes jocund smiles,
And boasts of spirits high,
How soon those smiles and spirits pass,
When darker hours draw nigh;
How often laughing infancy,
How often joyous youth,
Yield to the sad experience
Of age's sterner truth.

We once were full of pleasant dreams,
The sun could gild the scene,
The deep blue sky above us
Was cloudless and serene;
To-day the stormy billows
Of life's more boisterous shore,
Have driven away that peaceful calm,
Which can be ours never more.

For fancy's cold, and hope is gone,
Affection's waned and dead,
The fond pure tones of sympathy
Have long since fleetly fled;
The smiles of many a fragrant moment,
Our castles in the air,
Have left us wan and jaded—
The world is everywhere.

And so our present has for us
Often a dim-earth hue,
For the colours gleam before us
Daily darker to the view;
Around us are confusion,
And numerous doubts and fears:
What else, alas! is still the sum
Of all our life-long years?

Yet for those to whom this present
E'en now is all-in-all,
To whom in sceptic unconcern
All scenes of time befall,
To whom the changing aspects
Of this earth are earthy ever,
Vain is the solemn sense of truth,
Kind faith, or fond endeavour.

To them this world is nothing
But gaud, and pomp, and show;
For them this being has no meaning
For us sojurners below;
If life departs, as pass it will,
'Tis but the end of man,
'Tis but the pause of the machine—
The closing of the plan.

But those who look, in love and faith,
Beyond the present hour,
Beyond the trials which alarm,
Beyond the storms which low'r,
They still can find a meaning
In all of human sight,
Which tells them aye of better hopes,
Eternal, pure, and bright.

The present is not all for us,
Nor is it our all-in-all,
Its scenes are only passing,
Its pleasures ever pall;
There is a happier hour,
When the present's gone and past,
When life and time have vanish'd,
And God's future dawns at last.

A.F A.W.

ORATION, BY S. C. DENNISON, OF SACRAMENTO.

Most Worshipful Grand Master and Brethren of the Grand Lodge:—To us who have grown to manhood amid the resounding machinery of modern progress it does not appear surprising that we sit to-day around the common altar which we have established in this beautiful temple, "erected to God and dedicated to his holy name;" but to our patriot fathers who, within the present century, held dubious title to their firesides, in constant warfare with wild beasts and savages, how improbable would have seemed a prophecy that a Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons would be convened under the present circumstances, on the verge of the western world, where the pulses of the Pacific Ocean throb and the setting sun takes its leave of the American continent.

The fact that we are here to-day is but one more demonstration that our Order is founded upon living principles of broad and universal application.

Those valiant sons of knighthood and chivalry, who in ancient times rode forth emblazoned with the crude emblems of our Order, and illuminated a dark and cruel age with deeds of heroism and mercy, never imagined, even in their wildest dreams of romance, that the principles of justice and charity which they could maintain only by fostering the martial spirit, would survive the assaults of superstition and fiendish folly in religious guise, and finally arise triumphant, and build for themselves temples in the hearts of an enlightened people to live in a world to them unknown.

From the windows of this Grand Lodge room we look to-day, with pride and admiration, upon a city grand and beautiful, teeming with life and reverberating with a thousand industries—the centre of a large and constantly increasing population—the only city in the world presenting the compactness of apparent antiquity, and, at the same time, embellished with the symmetrical beauty of modern architecture.

Upon the crowded thoroughfares the European, the Saxon, the Celt, the Asiatic, and the tawny sons of the isles of the ocean, meet upon a common level of civil and religious liberty, each intent upon working out for himself the solemn problems of life,

A few short years ago the site of this splendid city was a waste of shifting sands. For untold ages had the stars of heaven kept silent watch by the unpeopled portals of the sea, while none but ships of mist rode at anchor in this beautiful port.

It was long after the intrepid Columbus discovered and presented a new world to the Queen of Castile, that the first civilized man stood upon the mountain's summit and gazed in raptured wonder upon the placid waters of the Pacific Ocean; and later still, when the English corsair and Spanish buccaneer dropped anchor in San Francisco Bay; while far up in the nineteenth century this bright land of the vine and fig, the shining metal, and the golden harvest, was so little known that even the greatest of American statesmen characterized it as a land fit only for the habitation of reptiles and beasts of prey.

The votary of an occult science looked to the crucible of the alchemist for gold; wiser and more courageous, the Californian pioneer sought and found it in the mountain's gorge in the land of the sunset.

Scarcely a quarter of a century has elapsed since this fair State was an unexplored waste; and now, no land beneath the sun is better known for its wonderful productions, or for the enterprize and intelligence of its people.

To the accomplishments of these splendid results, Masonry has contributed in no small degree. Full well do we know that a firm reliance on the universality and reality of Masonic charity moved many of our bravest, wisest and noblest pioneers to endure the hardships and perils incident to their immigration and the conquest of a remote and mysterious land.

Amid all the excitements and distresses, and the moral and political revolutions caused by the pouring in of a cosmopolitan population, Masonry was neither forgotten nor entirely neglected, but constantly raised its kind and pleading voice in solemn admonition, and undoubtedly exerted a mighty influence in moulding the destinies and giving character to the State.

This beneficent work of the past indicates that we have before us opportunities

involving high duties and presenting a field for unprecedented achievements; while the past history of our society formulates this distinct proposition:—*The genius of Masonry is productive and conservative of republican institutions.*

By becoming Masons we are none the less integral parts of the body politic, and as such should carefully study our Order and ourselves in the relations that it and we bear, collectively and individually, to the State and to our fellow citizens.

Upon the very threshold of Masonry we are taught to "be quiet and peaceable citizens, true to our government, and just to our country," and "not to countenance disloyalty or rebellion, but patiently submit to legal authority, and to conform with cheerfulness to the government of the country in which we live;" but this is the bare suggestion of a thought to be constantly elaborated, and we, as members of an enlightened and conservative craft, owe it to ourselves, our Order, and the Government which sanctions our lives, protects our property, and approves the celebration of our ancient rites and ceremonies, to devote untiring service to that Government, and to purify, preserve, and protect it from political gangrene and decay.

And just here, lest my position be misunderstood, I take occasion to declare that I would not have our excellent Order become a political body or interfere in partisan issues. I am proud to say that from time immemorial, the Masonic lodge-room has been a sanctuary where the disturbing elements of partisan politics could not enter or mar the fraternal harmony; but as men and citizens, we have enjoyed the broadest discretion in the exercise of individual duty to the State.

I am not of those who believe the world is growing worse, nor do I believe that wickedness is the handmaid of enlightenment; but with the present facilities for the transmission of news we hear more of current gossip. And again, the unusual and remarkable incident attracts attention, so that more is said, thought, and written of one vile act, than of ten thousand noble, virtuous deeds that invoke the applauding smiles of angelic hosts.

But we have no right to justify ourselves by the standard of the past. We claim to be wiser than our predecessors, and ought to be better and purer than they.

In the midst of all our intelligence, crime like a grim demon stalks through the land; error goes capering through the highways and by-ways; and corruption, like the obscene vulture, sits unbidden at the public feast, and threatens to taint and pollute what it does not destroy. So long as these things exist, our field of labour is extensive, and we must not sit idly by the wayside and see the clouds of error obscure the warming rays of freedom's light.

A vigorous and concerted effort should be made by our benevolent fraternity t o foster, mould, and create in the public mind sentiments of honour, patriotism and self-sacrificing devotion to the affairs of state.

Governments are merely the compacts of the people for mutual benefit—an extended family—a co-operation of the multitude for the benefit and protection of the individuals; and to say a government is corrupt, as such, is tantamount to an assertion that the mass of the people comprising the same is corrupt, or so neglectful of vital interests as to permit a vicious and polluted minority to hold the reins of power. The character and nature of a government will depend upon the virtue, intelligence, bravery, and patriotic zeal of its subjects. No good government can exist in a debauched and wicked people, and no bad one can long hold sway over a virtuous and intelligent people.

Then the most direct means of securing a good government, is by an infusion of the proper spirit into the minds of the masses; and here, my brothers, is our widest field of action, and where we owe our first and highest duty as members of an enlightened and benevolent body, having for its object the promotion and the amelioration of the condition of man.

My brothers, are we prepared for our exalted mission? Have we each and all succeeded in "divesting our hearts and consciences of all the vices and superfluities of life, thereby fitting our minds as living stones for that spiritual building, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?

We have plucked from our hearts all the vile weeds of selfishness, jealousy, envy, bickering, ill-will, malice and hatred, and substituted the fragrant flowers of

fraternal love, sympathy, faith, hope, charity, and nobleness of purpose.

If we go forth clad in the armour of justice, crowned with the helmet of reason, protected by the shield of personal purity, armed with the sword of truth, and inspired with an unfaltering determination to purify the world, we shall not entirely fail.

We must stand before mankind characterized by the virtues which we profess to teach, and it should be notorious to the profane world that to be a Mason is to be a good and upright man. Each individual Mason should so live and act, that all his neighbours and acquaintances shall respect him for his sterling virtues, his integrity, moderation, and wisdom, and look to him for aid, comfort, advice, and example.

As neighbours we must be just and liberal; as husbands, kind, devoted, true, and affectionate; as parents, circumspect, genial, and open-hearted; as citizens, loyal and punctual; and as Masons, true to our tenets, and strict in observance of our ancient charges.

Being thus enabled to wield that salutary influence which every leading citizen should exert over his immediate friends and associates, the minds of these would yield to the influence and become assimilated to his in habits of thought and action.

Thus will the moral sense of each family and social circle be elevated, the sense of justice sharpened, and correct habits of thought and reasoning engendered.

Each individual member of the State will thus become an independent power for good, and the constant tendency will be to cast off from society all that is vicious and detrimental to advancement, as well as every obstacle that impedes the progress of the sublime philosophy of the moral and political economy.

The ignorant must be instructed, the morally weak encouraged and strengthened, the evil-disposed admonished, cautioned, and curbed, and above all, the high and low, rich and poor, educated and unlettered, must be brought to a realization of the supreme importance of a strict observance of the command, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

It should be the constant care of every good man, and particularly of every Mason, to positively discourage crime at every stage, from incipiency to final culmination, and encourage an elevated and jealous regard for every law of the land. The thoughtless and careless should be brought to realize that the only route to individual happiness and national stability is along the pathway of dignified and virtuous citizenship.

There is too great a tendency in the public mind to excuse and palliate transgressions of the laws; and while this disposition is founded in a great measure upon the virtue of charity, crudely existing in the hearts of the people, it too often exceeds all reasonable bounds, and degenerates that priceless virtue into a morbid sentimentalism.

It is not enough that we proclaim and recommend the inculcation of the excellent virtues espoused by our order; we must educate the public mind to a just realization of, and a nice distinction between those virtues. Undeserved or applied mercy in weighing the guilt of men, is quite as detrimental to the well-being of the body politic, as the fierce application and enforcement of the arbituary will of a Jeffreys.

To each person in his individual capacity is due a truly merciful consideration in weighing his guilt when accused; but to the thousands who never trespass across the bound of legal right, and to those who by warning might be restrained within the line of duty, is due the higher obligation of a firm and undeviating application of the square of Justice.

The mind of the community must be elevated to that standard which frowns on crime and injustice, and exacts a strict observance of every law, written or unwritten, by meeting out to every crime committed its merited penalty, regardless of the wealth or position of the criminal.

From him who violates a public trust must be withdrawn the respect and recognition of honest men, that his name may become infamous and a terrible warning given to others.

It is a matter of shame and disgrace upon the intelligence of the age in which we live, that it should even be surmised that the wealthy criminal may easily evade the penalties of the law; and upon us, as the vanguard of moral reform, rests the duty of eradicating from the public mind

the corruption or moral aberration that gives plausibility to such a scandal.

With commendable pride we point to the long genealogy of our Order, and rejoice in the achievements of many splendid triumphs over ignorance, error, and superstition; but we must not idly stand, in conceited retrospection, forgetting the future and neglecting the present, and permit our society to become fossilized and overgrown by some more vicious though worthless growth. We can not stand supinely by and permit the growth of error, the commission of crime, or the spread of corruption, without doing violence to our most sacred trusts; nor do I believe we can remain spotless in the eyes of the Supreme Grand Master, if wrong or crime be committed when within our power to prevent it. Is the heartless mother who forgets all the finer impulses and affections of nature, and permits her helpless offspring to perish for the want of maternal nurture and care, less guilty than the highwayman, who, for gain, will sacrifice human life?

The man who sees a fellow-being unconsciously approaching a precipice, and raises no warning voice, nor stretches forth a restraining hand, but permits him to go on to destruction, is morally no better than he who by more direct means accomplishes the same result.

It is at least safe for us to assume the proposition that we are guilty of the commission of all the wrong that we might, but do not, prevent; and I believe it possible, by long and continued effort and education, to eradicate crime from the human mind, and eliminate wrong from the conduct of men. All wrong is unnatural, unreasonable, and productive of unhappiness, while the necessary result of every good deed is the increase of human happiness, and it may be considered as an evidence of dereliction in duty on our part, that this fact has so slight a hold on the public mind at this day.

There are great evils which have been admitted into place in the fundamental constitutions of the governments of the earth, which, although seemingly permissible in their inception, have become, by the enlightenment of the age in which we live, disgraceful to the genius of our civilization.

What have we, as leaders in moral improvements, and as advocates of "peace on earth and goodwill towards men," done towards the suppression of the hideous ogre of war—that inhuman practice of wholesale murder, which has caused more suffering, more immorality and demoralization in society, more darkened households, more blighted hearts, more tears, and more anguish, than all other existing evils? There is a glaring inconsistency in the laws which, by the infliction of capital penalties, prohibit individuals from an appeal to arms to settle their disputes, and at the same time countenance the code of war between nations.

The encouragement and practice of international homicide is as antagonistic to the minds of a majority of the earth's enlightened people, as would be the establishment of a government bureau for the introduction, propagation, and dissemination of plague, contagion, and pestilence. And we have cowardly refrained from striking down this fell monster, while for a century past the enlightenment of the people composing the great powers of the world has been prepared to immortalize the name of the heroic and humane order that would blot the name of war from the vocabulary of international law.

Masonry, by its ancient lineage, its chosen councils, and its universal organization, is peculiarly fitted for this sublime and glorious conquest. There is no land so dark, no corner of the earth so remote, and no people so unlettered as to be beyond the warming influence of the genial rays of the sun of Freemasonry. There is in all this broad domain scarcely a hamlet, or cross-road village, that has not within it an organization of our craft.

The power and influence of our Order in moral reform, especially if we begin by reforming ourselves, is such, that if we place the seal of earnest Masonic condemnation and anathema upon the hell-born practice of slaughtering men by thousands because statesmen quarrel, the iniquity must cease.

The times are propitious and the genius of the age is ripe for this great reform. Indeed, the question of an international tribunal for peaceful arbitration of all national disputes is in agitation, and if the Freemasons of the world will throw their weighty influence into the good work, the result will be accomplished.

We can not without violence to the im-

portant trusts committed to our care, nor in view of the obligations due from us to the Government under which we live, neglect this opportunity to serve humanity.

The Grand Lodge of California, by its surroundings, its history, its youthful fire and rapid growth, the cosmopolitan character of our population, and the fructifying influences of our mental and moral atmosphere, seems peculiarly indicated for the formal promulgation of the Masonic condemnation of homicidal war for any purpose or upon any pretext.

The history of the past gives a hopeful and cheering view, and shows that from the earliest gleams of traditional light to the present, the constant tendency of mankind has been towards enlightenment; and I fear not successful contradiction, when I declare that with all the existing evils, the moral and political horizon of the nineteenth century is clearer and brighter than in any century past.

We cannot hope to acquire for mortal man the quality of absolute perfection; but we can and must prune away his vices and imperfections, and cultivate and develop his inherent virtues.

The result of the education and advancement of each generation is in some degree transmitted to the next, and places it at a starting-point one degree higher in the scale. Each generation may advance nearer to perfection than its predecessors, and I have sometimes indulged the fancy that the cycles of eternity will evolve from rudimentary man a perfect being, who will be enabled to comprehend the mysteries of infinity, and hold rational intercourse with the "Supreme Intelligence that rules the universe."

We must not feel discouraged in the reflection that all the life of our generation is barely long enough, and that with devoted effort, to accomplish one short step in the lengthy journey; but we should rather take courage and work more zealously.

Indeed, the advancing steps of development calls us to hopeful and diligent labour for the welfare of mankind.

My brothers let us rekindle the fire upon our altar, and go hence to-day inspired with redoubled zeal and determination more vigorously to prosecute our wonted crusade against vice and folly. May fortitude, prudence, temperance, and justice, constantly hover around our bloodless banner, and Hope, illuminated by the star of Faith, enable us to behold, in the distant future, a bright and beauteous field of sunshine and joy, where martial strife and bloodshed will be things forgotten; where the golden chains of fraternal love and charity will bind the children of the earth in harmonious sympathy; where brilliant rays of heaven-born reason will guide the actions of men; where the penal code will be an antique mystery; where the beneficent mission of Freemasonry will be accomplished, and where its forms and ceremonies, "like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past."—*American Freemason.*

TALKING TO THE DEAD.

BY MADAME VON OPPEN.

"O ye dead! the tears I shed for ye have
robbed me of my youth:
From your voices I can never more hear
words of love and truth.
Your friendly hands are withered, and your
loving eyes decayed,
And ye lay there mingling with the dust of
which ye first were made.

Do ye sometimes watch the seasons as of
old they come and go?
Do ye know when we have sunshine? do
ye know when we have snow?
Do ye see us? can ye hear us? do ye
know our hopes and fears?
Can ye recollect the time that ye yourslves
shed bitter tears?

Don't you often wish to speak to us and
help us in the strife?
When ye see how much we suffer in the
thorny path of life?
If we could know the secrets that ye know
beyond the tomb,
Would such knowledge make us cowards?
would it cheer us in our gloom?

Oh, ye dead! oh, ye dead! in your peaceful
blest estate,
Ye can read what God has written in
the books of life and fate.
But since the day ye went away from earth
for well or ill,
Ye have kept your secret from me, and
alas! ye keep it still.

RUDDER GRANGE.

(*Continued from page* 246.)

It was a proud moment. Euphemia glanced around, her eyes full of happy tears, and then she took my arm and we went down stairs—at least we tried to go down in that fashion, but soon found it necessary to go one at a time. We wandered over the whole extent of our mansion and found that our carpenter had done his work better than the woman whom we had engaged to scrub and clean the house. Something akin to despair must have seized upon her, for Euphemia declared that the floors looked rather dirtier than on the occasion of her first visit, when we rented the boat.

But that didn't discourage us. We felt sure that we should get it clean in time.

Early in the afternoon our furniture arrived, together with the other things we had bought, and the men who brought them over from the steamboat landing had the brighest, merriest faces I ever noticed among that class of people. Euphemia said it was an excellent omen to have such cheerful fellows come to us on the very first day of our housekeeping.

Then we went to work. I put up the stove, which was not much trouble, as there was a place all ready in the deck for the stove-pipe to be run through. Euphemia was somewhat surprised at the absence of a chimney, but I assured her that boats were very seldom built with chimneys. My dear little wife bustled about and arranged the pots and kettles on nails that I drove into the kitchen walls. Then she made the bed in the bedroom and I hung up a looking-glass and a few little pictures that we had brought in our trunks.

Before four o'clock our house was in order. Then we began to be very hungry.

"My dear," said Euphemia, "we ought to have thought to bring something to cook."

"That is very true," said I, "but I think perhaps we had better walk up to Ginx's and get our supper to-night. You see we are so tired and hungry."

"What!" cried Euphemia, "go to a hotel the very first day? I think it would be dreadful! Why, I have been looking forward to this first meal with the greatest delight. You can go up to the little store by the hotel and buy some things and I will cook them, and we will have our first dear little meal here all alone by ourselves, at our own table and in our own house."

So this was determined upon and, after a hasty counting of the fund I had reserved for moving and kindred expenses, and which had been sorely depleted during the day, I set out, and in almost an hour returned with my first marketing.

I made a fire, using a lot of chips and blocks the carpenter had left, and Euphemia cooked the supper, and we ate it from our little table, with two large towels for a table-cloth.

It was the most delightful meal I ever ate!

And, when we had finished, Euphemia washed the dishes (the thoughtful creature had put some water on the stove to heat for the purpose, while we were at supper) and then we went on deck, or on the piazza, as Euphemia thought we had better call it, and there we had our smoke. I say *we*, for Euphemia always helps me to smoke by sitting by me, and she seems to enjoy it as much as I do.

And when the shades of evening began to gather around us, I hauled in the gang-plank (just like a delightful old draw-bridge, Euphemia said, although I hope for the sake of our ancestors that draw-bridges were easier to haul in) and went to bed.

It is lucky we were tired and wanted to go to bed early, for we had forgotten all about lamps or candles.

For the next week we were two busy and happy people. I rose about half-past five and made the fire,—we found so much wood on the shore, that I thought I should not have to add fuel to my expenses,—and Euphemia cooked the breakfast. I then went to a well belonging to a cottage near by where we had arranged for water-privileges, and filled two buckets with delicious water, and carried them home for Euphemia's use through the day. Then I hurried off to catch the train, for, as there was a station at Ginx's, I ceased to patronize the steamboat, the hours of which were not convenient. After a day of work and pleasurable anticipation at the office, I hastened back to my home, generally laden with a basket of provisions and various household necessities. Milk

was brought to us daily from the above-mentioned cottage by a little toddler who seemed just able to carry the small tin bucket which held a lacteal pint. If the urchin had been the child of rich parents, as Euphemia sometimes observed, he would have been in his nurse's arms—but being poor, he was scarcely weaned before he began to carry milk around to other people.

After I reached home came supper and the delightful evening hours, when over my pipe (I soon gave up cigars, as being too expensive and inappropriate, and took to a tall pipe and canaster tobacco) we talked, and planned, and told each other our day's experience.

One of our earliest subjects of discussion was the name of our homestead. Euphemia insisted that it should have a name. I was quite willing, but we found it no easy matter to select an appropriate title. I proposed a number of appellations intended to suggest the character of our home. Among these were "Safe Ashore," "Firmly Grounded," and some other names of that style, but Euphemia did not fancy any of them. She wanted a suitable name, of course, she said, but it must be something that would *sound* like a home and *be* like a boat.

"Partitionville" she objected to, and "Gang-plank Terrace" did not suit her, because it suggested convicts going out to work, which naturally was unpleasant.

At last, after days of talk and cogitation, we named our house "Rudder Grange."

To be sure, it wasn't exactly a grange, but then it had such an enormous rudder that the justice of that part of the title seemed to overbalance any little inaccuracy in the other portion.

But we did not spend all our time in talking. An hour or two every evening was occupied in what we called "fixing the house," and gradually the inside of our abode began to look like a conventional dwelling. We put matting on the floors and cheap but very pretty paper on the walls. We added now a couple of chairs, and now a table or something for the kitchen. Frequently we had company, and our guests were always charmed with Euphemia's cunning little meals The dear girl loved good eating so much that she could scarcely fail to be a good cook. We removed our bed to the extreme bow part of the boat, and put up muslin curtains to separate it from the parlour.

We worked hard, and were very happy. And thus the weeks passed on.

In this delightful way of living, only one thing troubled us. We didn't save any money. There were so many little things that we wanted, and so many little things that were so cheap, that I spent pretty much all I made, and that was far from the philosophical plan of living that I wished to follow.

We talked this matter over a great deal after we had lived in our new home for about a month, and we came at last to the conclusion that we would take a boarder.

We had no trouble in getting a boarder, for we had a friend, a young man who was engaged in the flour business, who was very anxious to come and live with us. He had been to see us two or three times, and had expressed himself charmed with our household arrangements.

So we made terms with him. The carpenter partitioned off another room, and our boarder brought his trunk and a large red velvet arm-chair, and took up his abode at "Rudder Grange."

We liked our boarder very much, but he had some peculiarities. I suppose everybody has them. Among other things, he was very fond of telling us what we ought to do. He suggested more improvements in the first three days of his sojourn with us than I had thought of since we commenced house-keeping. And what made the matter worse, his suggestions were generally very good ones. Had it been otherwise I might have borne his remarks more complacently, but to be continually told what you ought to do, and to know that you ought to do it, is extremely annoying.

He was very anxious that I should take off the rudder, which was certainly useless to a boat situated as ours was, and make an ironing table of it. I persisted that the laws of symmetrical propriety required that the rudder should remain where it was—that the very name of our home would be interfered with by its removal, but he insisted that "Ironing-table Grange" would be just as good a name, and that symmetrical propriety in such a case did not amount to a row of pins.

The result was, that we did have the ironing table, and that Euphemia was

very much pleased with it. A great many other improvements were projected and carried out by him, and I was very much worried. He made a flower-garden for Euphemia on the extreme forward-deck, and having borrowed a wheelbarrow, he wheeled dozens of loads of arable dirt up our gang-plank and dumped them out on the deck. When he had covered the garden with a suitable depth of earth, he smoothed it off and then planted flower-seeds. It was rather late in the season, but most of them came up. I was pleased with the garden, but sorry I had not made it myself.

One afternoon I got away from the office considerably earlier than usual, and I hurried home to enjoy the short period of daylight that I should have before supper. It had been raining the day before, and as the bottom of our garden leaked so that earthy water trickled down at one end of our bedroom, I intended to devote a short time to stuffing up the cracks in the ceiling or bottom of the deck—whichever seems the most appropriate.

But when I reached a bend in the river road, whence I always had the earliest view of my establishment, I didn't have that view. I hurried on. The nearer I approached the place where I lived, the more horror-stricken I became. There was no mistaking the fact.

The boat was not there!

In an instant the truth flashed upon me.

The water was very high—the rain had swollen the river—my house had floated away!

It was Wednesday. On Wednesday afternoons our boarder came home early.

I clapped my hat tightly on my head and ground my teeth.

"Confound that boarder!" I thought. "He had been fooling with the anchor. He always said it was of no use, and taking advantage of my absence, he has hauled it up, and has floated away, and has gone—gone with my wife and home!"

Euphemia and "Rudder Grange" had gone off together—where I knew not,—and with them that horrible suggester!

I ran wildly along the bank. I called aloud, I shouted and hailed each passing craft—of which there were only two—but their crews must have been very inattentive to the woes of landsmen, or else they did not hear me, for they paid no attention to my cries.

I met a fellow with an axe on his shoulder. I shouted to him before I reached him:

"Hello! did you see a boat—a house, I mean,—floating up the river?"

"A boat-house?" asked the man.

"No, a house-boat," I gasped.

"Didn't see nuthin' like it," said the man, and he passed on, to his wife and home, no doubt. But me! Oh, where was my wife and my home?

I met several people, but none of them had seen a fugitive canal-boat.

How many thoughts came into my brain as I ran along that river road! If that wretched boarder had not taken the rudder for an ironing table he might have steered in shore! Again and again I confounded—as far as mental ejaculations could do it—his suggestions.

I was rapidly becoming frantic when I met a person who hailed me.

"Hello!" he said, "are you after a canal-boat adrift?"

"Yes," I panted.

"I thought you was," he said. "You looked that way. Well, I can tell you where she is. She's stuck fast in the reeds at the lower end o' Peter's Pint."

"Where's that?" said I.

"Oh, it's about a mile furder up. I seed her a-driftin' up with the tide—big flood tide, to-day—and I thought I'd see somebody after her, afore long. Anything aboard?"

Anything!

I could not answer the man. Anything, indeed! I hurried on up the river without a word. Was the boat a wreck? I scarcely dared to think at all.

The man called after me and I stopped. I could but stop, no matter what I might hear.

"Hello, mister," he said, "got any tobacco?"

I walked up to him. I took hold of him by the lapel of his coat. It was a dirty lapel, as I remember even now, but I didn't mind that.

"Look here," said I. "Tell me the truth, I can bear it. Was that vessel wrecked?"

The man looked at me a little queerly. I could not exactly interpret his expression.

"You're sure you kin bear it?" said he.

"Yes," said I, my hand trembling as I held his coat.

"Well, then," said he, "it's mor'n I kin," and he jerked his coat out of my hand, and sprang away. When he reached the other side of the road, he turned and shouted at me, as though I had been deaf.

"Do you know what I think?" he yelled. "I think you're a darned lunatic," and with that he went his way.

I hastened on to Peter's Point. Long before I reached it, I saw the boat.

It was apparently deserted. But still I pressed on. I must know the worst. When I reached the Point, I found that the boat had run aground, with her head in among the long reeds and mud, and the rest of her hull lying at an angle from the shore.

There was consequently no way for me to get on board, but to wade through the mud and reeds to her bow, and then climb up as well as I could.

This I did, but it was not easy to do. Twice I sank above my knees in mud and water, and had it not been for reeds, masses of which I frequently clutched when I thought I was going over, I believe I should have fallen down and come to my death in that horrible marsh. When I reached the boat, I stood up to my hips in water and saw no way of climbing up. The gang-plank had undoubtedly floated away, and if it had not, it would have been of no use to me in my position.

But I was desperate. I clasped the post that they put in the bow of canal-boats; I stuck my toes and my finger-nails in the cracks between the boards—how glad I was that the boat was an old one and had cracks!—and so, painfully and slowly, slipping part way down once or twice, and besliming myself from chin to foot, I climbed up that post and scrambled upon deck. In an instant, I reached the top of the stairs, and in another instant I rushed below.

There sat my wife and our boarder, one on each side of the dining-room table, complacently playing checkers!

My sudden entrance startled them. My appearance startled them still more.

Euphemia sprang to her feet and tottered toward me.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed; "has anything happened?"

"Happened!" I gasped.

"Look here," cried the boarder, clutching me by the arm, "what a condition you're in. Did you fall in?"

"Fall in!" said I.

Euphemia and the boarder looked at each other. I looked at them. Then I opened my mouth in earnest.

"I suppose you don't know," I yelled, "that you have drifted away!"

"By George!" cried the boarder, and in two bounds he was on deck.

Dirty as I was, Euphemia fell into my arms. I told her all. She hadn't known a bit of it!

The boat had so gently drifted off, and had so gently grounded among the reeds, that the voyage had never so much as disturbed their game of checkers.

"He plays such a splendid game," Euphemia sobbed, "and just as you came, I thought I was going to beat him. I had two kings and two pieces on the next to last row, and you are nearly drowned. You'll get your death of cold—and—and he had only one king."

She led me away and I undressed and washed myself and put on my Sunday clothes.

When I reappeared, I went out on deck with Euphemia. The boarder was there, standing by the petunia bed. His arms were folded and he was thinking profoundly. As we approached, he turned towards us.

"You were right about that anchor," he said, "I should not have hauled it in; but it was such a little anchor that I thought it would be of more use on board as a garden hoe."

"A very little anchor will sometimes do very well," said I, cuttingly, "when it is hooked around a tree."

"Yes, there is something in that," said he.

It was now growing late, and as our agitation subsided we began to grow hungry. Fortunately, we had everything necessary on board, and, as it really didn't make any difference in our household economy, where we happened to be located, we had supper quite as usual. In fact, the kettle had been put on to boil during the checker-playing.

After supper, we went on deck to smoke,

as was our custom, but there was a certain coolness between me and our boarder.

Early the next morning I arose and went up stairs to consider what had better be done, when I saw the boarder standing on shore, near by.

"Hello!" he cried, "the tide's down and I got ashore without any trouble. You stay where you are. I've hired a couple of mules to tow the boat back. They'll be here presently. And, hello! I've found the gang-plank. It floated ashore about a quarter of a mile below here."

In about ten minutes the mules and two men with a long rope appeared, and then one of the men and the boarder came on board (they didn't seem to have any difficulty in so doing). Then we carried the ironing-table on deck and shipped it into its place as a rudder.

We were then towed back to where we belonged.

And we are there yet. Our boarder remains with us, as the weather is still fine, and the coolness between us is gradually diminishing. But the boat is moored at both ends, and twice a day I look to see if the ropes are all right.

The petunias are growing beautifully, but the geraniums do not seem to flourish. Perhaps there is not a sufficient depth of earth for them. Several times our boarder has appeared to be on the point of suggesting something in regard to them, but, for some reason or other, he says nothing.—*Scribner's American Monthly Magazine.*

THE MASONS' TEMPLE.

"A TEMPLE NOT MADE WITH HANDS."

SONG

Written by Comp. W. M. Stanton, to music by Bro. Charles Bonnington, and sung by Comp. C. A. Deacon, at the Banquet celebrating the consecration of the Trafalgar Royal Arch Chapter of Nelson, at the Masonic Hall, October 14th, 1874.

Fill the rosy cup to the brim! to the brim!
Raise the cheerful song and joyous hymn!
Every Mason's heart rejoices
At the work this day begun,
And as jubliant our voices,
Be our hearts and souls as one,
We have left behind our labours
With the setting of the sun.
So around the festive table be banished every care,
As we meet upon the level, and part upon the square.

The temple we are building is sublime! is sublime!
Its pillars are eternal! beyond time!
In Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty,
Our Grand Architect Divine
Has traced each Craftsman's duty
To the true Masonic line;
Then let brother aid each brother,
Love and labour thus combine,
Cheerfully, untiring, let us build our temple fair,
Meeting on the level—parting on the square.

Then forward with the structure! let it rise! let it rise!
Rear up its lofty arches to the skies!
Ply the chisel and the gavel
Till the ashlars square become,
Lay a true and perfect level,
Fix a true and upright plumb.
Then pile up the glorious temple,
The perfect Mason's home,
And adorn the sacred building, that palace bright and rare
Where we meet upon the level, to part upon the square.

EARLY HISTORY OF AMERICAN FREEMASONRY, ONCE MORE.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

I was pleased with Bro. McCalla's frank admission in the July No. of this Magazine, that Boston *is not the mother* of American Masonry, and that our "popular text writers" misled him. But he still insists, that he knows more about Boston Masonry

than I do. Our brother seems to be totally unaware, that this Price question was discussed in several journals. My remarks about Price in the April No. of this Magazine seem to have startled him, and my allusion therein to Bro. Gardner's address, induced him to read it, and now armed with the logic of said address, he comes forward to *squelch* me.

My friendly opponent's first onslaught is the date of Price's Deputation. The petition to constitute the first Boston Lodge, gives the date of Price's Deputation, April 13th, 1732—5732. The figures 2 were altered into 3, so that it now reads 1733; but on the record the Deputation of Price reads April *thirtieth*. That the numerals were altered some years after the petition was written, is evident on the original copy, the lower curves of the two figures 3 being black, while the upper parts are yellow and faded. The date "thirtieth" is found in the record *once only*, while in other parts of the record, the date of Price's Deputation corroborates the date on the petition. Of this, Bro. McCalla himself has unconsciously and *innocently* furnished an instance. The Deputation of Rowe quoted by Bro. McC. on page 4, reads "April 13th." It was written by the G.S. of England, and cannot consistently be imputed to a clerical error. And furthermore, if I needed assistance on that point, I really believe that Bro. Gardner himself would join with me against Bro. McCalla.

Bro. McCalla's quotation from Bro. Gardner's address, viz., "In the year 1734, our record states Price received orders from the G.M. of England," etc., is utterly worthless. If "our records" had been genuine, they might have been cited as evidence, but they are not genuine; they were manufactured in 1751; there is even no copy in the record of the Cranford Deputation, nor the date when issued. Here is the paragraph from the record about the Cranford Commission:—

"June 24th, 1734. About this time, our W. Bro. Franklin, from Philadelphia, became acquainted with our Rt.W.G.M. Mr. Price, who further instructed him in the Royal Art. And said Benjamin Franklin on his return to Philadelphia called the brethren there together, who petitioned our Rt.W.G.M. for a continuation to hold a Lodge, and our Rt.W.G.M. having this year received orders from the G.L. in England to establish Masonry in all North America, did send a deputation to Philadelphia, appointing the Rt.W. Benj. Franklin first Master, which is the beginning of Masonry there."

Bro. Moore's version in his life of Price, is as follows: (Mass. Cons. 1857). "The first Lodge in Pennsylvania; the authority for it was granted to his intimate personal friend, Benj. Franklin, who was its first Master. The warrant bears date June 24th, 1734. * * * And in explanation of this, it is proper here to state, that early in the year 1734, he had received authority from the G.L. of England to establish Masonry in all North America * * * as were also his two immediate successors, Robert Tomlinson in 1736, and Thomas Oxnard in 1742."

This is a fair specimen of our "text writers." Price received his second deputation *early* 1734. Tomlinson's Deputation was for all North America. The truth is, Tomlinson's Deputation was for New England and its territories only. If Price had received a deputation for all North America, why was Tomlinson's Deputation for N.E. only? There is not a particle of evidence to sustain that second deputation; except the article in the Boston prints which Franklin refers to, there is no copy of it in the record. Both Franklin and the Boston record state that the *G.L. of England* granted the deputation. But the Earl of Cranford was so busy with other matters, as to find no time to come to London to hold a Lodge during the year 1734. And yet my opponents want to persuade me that the G.M. did come to London and took the trouble to get the officers of the G.L. together, in order to make Henry Price, *an illiterate and ignorant tailor*, G.M. of all America. And this Henry Price was evidently so little impressed with the mark of distinction conferred upon him, as to forget the date of such an important deputation. The article from the Boston prints which Franklin refers to was doubtless a *bare-faced fraud*. Price did not send a Warrant to Franklin June 24th, 1734, as Bro. Moore says, nor did he send any Warrant afterwards. Franklin asked for a Warrant in November 28th, 1734, on account of having read in the Boston prints, that Price's powers were extended

over all North America by a G.L. held there in August last. But the record of Massachusetts and Bro. Moore tell us that the Warrant was sent to Franklin on the 24th June that year. This is "putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance," and it is only on a par with Price having sent a deputation to Halifax before 1740; while in reality no Halifax existed in Novia Scotia before the close of 1749. And yet the advocates and defenders of Price's Grand Mastership cite the record as evidence.

The other arguments of Bro. McCalla are equally baseless. They have all been tested and weighed, and like a counterfeit coin, have been found either of short weight, alloyed with base metal, or made exclusively of dross. But before Bro. McCalla rushes into this controversy, he should inform himself of what had been said on the other side. I, therefore, refer him to the following pages of the *Freemason*, 1870—viz: 68, 80, 105, and 308. On page 80, are Bro. Hughan's comments on the former. Page 105, he will read Franklin's letter; and in the last, he will see that I fully admitted the genuineness of Franklin's letter. The long depositions on oath by Bros. Moore and Lewis before the Hon. Charles R. Train, Attorney-General, Justice of Peace, etc., were simply superfluous. And Bro. Train, when I told him that I did not dispute the authenticity of the letter, regarded all that swearing as mere clap-trap.

I next refer Bro. McCalla to a series of seven articles in the *American Freemason* edited by Bro. Brennan at Cincinnati. The first article appeared February, 1870, and then continued monthly until finished. Next, to page 434 of the *Freemason* containing Bro. Hughan's remarks on the above. Next, to the *Freemason*, August 10th and 17th, 1872. There he will find Bro Gardner's address reviewed. Next, to a review of the Henry Price controversy, in the *addenda* to the G.L. proceedings of Illinois, 1872. The above review is from the pen of Dr. Joseph Robbins, S.G.W. and Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence of the above G.L. And last, I refer him to my communication, viz., "Origin of Masonry in N.S." in the October No. of this Magazine, 1873. I also promise to give him any explanation or information as far as I can, and when my brother has fully informed himself on the subject at issue, I believe that he will once more come forward and display the same kind of generosity as he did in his last communication, acknowledging that the *popular text writers* have misinformed him about Massachusetts Masonry.

Bro. McCalla deserves credit for hunting up the fact of the Masonic celebration in 1730, and for showing the succession of Grand Masters who succeeded Franklin. But all this does not prove that Price sent to Franklin his deputations authenticated by the Wardens and Secretary of Boston. Again, if the Boston record is reliable, Benjamin Franklin was appointed only as first Master, not G.M., nor does the said record mention that the successors of Franklin were confirmed by the Boston G.M.

Nor do I feel satisfied with Bro. McCalla's deduction, that because, Major Cox received a deputation from the Duke of Norfolk in 1730, for N. J. Pen., and N.G., that the Philadelphia Lodge of 1730 must necessarily have been chartered by the said Cox. First, if such had been the case, Franklin, who had already visited England, would have applied on the expiration of Cox's Deputation, direct to the G.M. of England for a renewal thereof. Secondly, the record of Boston distinctly says, "which is the beginning of Masonry there." Now, either Franklin never informed Price about Cox's Deputation, or Bro. McCalla must admit that Price falsified in the record. And thirdly, does our Brother know whether Cox did not die in Europe? or was not drowned at sea? In short, has he any evidence that Cox ever returned to America after he received his deputation. Tomlinson was lost on his passage to America; the same might have occurred to Cox. Our Brother should search the records of the town where Cox lived, and of the locality where his landed property was located; search the record of the Court of Probate, where his will may be found; the records of deeds of landed property. There he may ascertain something about Cox's life and when he died, or whether he died abroad. Or let him produce some testimony that Franklin, or his Masonic predecessors, knew anything of the Cox Deputation. The arguments of Bro. McCalla about lost records is simply fallacious. He does not in the first place

know that any records existed, and if even so, they might have contained testimony against his theory, as witness the Boston records, wherein it says that Franklin was appointed, not G.M. *but first Master*, and that it was "the *beginning* of Masonry there." Fortunately for Bro. McCalla's theory, the said record is unreliable. Besides which, this mode of reasoning about lost records smacks too much of our "popular text writers'" style of logic, and it is high time to discountenance it.

There is, however, a better argument for Bro. McCalla's theory, and I am surprised that he overlooked it. "Masonic Magazine," Vol. 1, page 168-9. The Pennsylvanian G.M. advanced the Cox's theory, and he cited a letter which, if true, would settle the question. But statements of American Grand Masters should be received with caution; they are too apt to be carried away by pride and conceit to put forward groundless statements. But yet, it should be inquired into. I will here add, that the Boston record of the last century contains some remarks of an inquiry then made relative to Cox's Deputation, and Bro. Titus, the G.M. promised me to hunt it up.

I have already mentioned two discoveries made since my review of Bro. Gardner's address appeared in the *Freemason*, viz., the Halifax charter, and the date assigned in the record to the constitution of the first lodge. These two discoveries furnish additional testimony to the worthlessness of the record. But Bro. Gardner did not only appeal to the said G.L. record, but also quoted from a record of the first lodge, which was said to have been lost. Bro. Moore's version was that he borrowed the record from Bro. Whiting, Secretary of St. John's Lodge, and after he copied some extracts, he returned it, and that it was burnt with the Temple in 1864. The successor of Whiting, however, assured me that after Bro. Whiting's death, he carried away all that belonged to the lodge, from the widow's house. That no such a book was there, and no book of his lodge was burnt in the Temple. Knowing the proclivity of Moore to stick to books that he borrowed, I expressed my firm belief that the book was still in Bro. Moore's house. Among other matters furnished by Bro. Moore for the Price address of Bro. Gardner, was the following:—"I, C. W. Moore, certify that the above is a true copy made by me of the Bye-Laws of the first lodge in Boston, from the first record book of said lodge. I further certify that said record book commenced on the 30th of July, 1733—5733," etc. The Bye-Laws are printed with Bro. Gardner's address, and are dated October 24th, 1733. The question whether the lodge adopted the Bye-Laws at the above date, or later, does not in the least influence the main question, viz., whether Price received a deputation or not. I never disputed the statement of the G.L. and lodge having been organized July 30th, 1733, and therefore the lodge might have adopted those Bye-Laws as stated. But the Bye-Laws themselves seemed as if they could not have been adopted so early; and for certain reasons given in the *Freemason*, August 17th, 1872, I charged Bro. Moore with with mis-stating the date, altering 1753 into 1733.

I had no doubt that a first lodge record did once exist. It was lost and recovered either at the close of the last century, or the beginning of this. But for reasons which will be explained, I came to the conclusion that that lodge record was also manufactured by Chas. Pelham; but it was not manufactured until after the G.L. record was finished, and I predicted again and again, that should the first lodge record ever be recovered, it will be seen, that from July 30th, 1733, to the close of 1753, would all be in Pelham's hand writing. The reasons that led me to that conclusion, are as follows:—That the G.L. record was written at the close of 1751, there can be no doubt. Now, among the loose MSS. I found the following slip: "Sept. 25th, 1751. On the 13th of April, 1750, our Rt. W. G.M. called a Grand Lodge, consisting of the R.W., the Grand Officers, and Masters and Wardens of the several Lodges, when it was determined to hold four quarterly communications in a year, viz., the second Friday in April, July, October, and January; and the Grand Committee of Charity, consisting of the Rt. W. Grand Officers and Masters of several Lodges, shall meet eight days before the G.L., which has been regularly observed to this time [Sept. 25th, 1751] where has been quarterly contributions of charity from the several lodges, and the business of Masonry in general transacted to the satisfaction and

advantage of the lodges and brethren in general. N.B.—The several intervening festivals of the Saint John not mentioned before, has been all celebrated in due manner and form."

(To be continued.)

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

It is her right to bind with warmest ties,
The lordly spirit of aspiring man,
Making his home an earthly paradise,
Rich in all joys allotted to life's span;
Twining around each fibre of his heart,
With all the gentle influence of love's might,
Seeking no joy wherein he has no part—
This is undoubtedly—a woman's right!

It is her right to teach the infant mind,
Training it ever upwards in its course,
To root out evil passions that would bind
The upward current of his reason's force;
To lead the erring spirit gently back,
When it has sunk in gloom of deepest night;
To point the shining path of virtue's track,
And urge him forward. This is woman's right.

It is her right to soothe the couch of pain;
There her pure mission upon earth to prove,
To calm with gentle care the frenzied brain,
And keep her vigil there of holiest love,
To watch untiring by the lonely bed,
Through the bright day, and in the solemn night,
'Till health ensues, or the loved form is laid
To rest for ever. This is woman's right.

She is a flower that blossoms best, unseen,
Sheltered within the precincts of her home;
There, should no dark'ning storm-cloud intervene,
There the loud strife of worldlings never come.
Let her not scorn to act a *woman's* part,
Nor strive to cope with manhood in its might;
But lay this maxim closely to her heart—
That which God ordains is surely right.

Mrs. Rebekah Hyneman.

THE ANGEL MINISTERS.

A Story of Real Life.

By Jefferson.

"Why come not spirits from the realms of glory,
To visit earth as in the days of old,
The times of sacred writ and ancient story?
Is Heaven more distant? Or has earth grown cold?

"I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow:
Their's was the soft tone and the soundless tread;
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood 'between the weeping and the dead.'

"There have been angels in the gloomy prison;
In crowded halls; by the lone widow's hearth;
And where they passed the fallen have uprisen,
The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had birth."

"That was a painful sight we saw to-day," said my friend, Dr. Herbert, as we passed down the steps of the Louisville Hotel, just after dinner on a hot day in June.

"Indeed it was," we responded with the deepest feeling, for the scene had impressed us with a sorrow of heart, such as we had not felt for years.

We had been that morning at the St. Joseph's Hospital, where among many cases we had looked in upon, we had been led to the room of a lady whose wan cheeks and sad spirits had stricken us both with the deepest feelings of pity and sympathy. By her bedside sat continually a sweet fair-haired little daughter of some nine summers, who seemed unwilling to leave her for a moment. Like an angel eliminating from the etherial life, she held her position on the side of the bed, and looked out of her clear blue eyes at the almost dying one, affectionately smoothing her hair and kissing her, and speaking cheerful words, as angel-child only can to its mother.

The sick woman was her own dear mother and for several weeks had she been confined to her bed in that hospital, the victim of a cruel typhoid fever. The mystic death cloud had almost gathered over her, and the dreary monotony of the long, dismal days and nights, which she had spent in that gloomy room, had well nigh crazed her brain, and in her weak and helpless condition she felt, if it was not for her little angel, Nettie, she would have taken it as a pleasure-dream to have passed on to the land of death, whatever that mysterious land might inflict upon her.

"I am so tired of this life," she said to Dr. Herbert, "that I have scarcely wished you to be successful in raising me from this sick bed. I have almost hoped it would be my last earthly illness."

"I know you've been desponding, madam," responded the doctor, "and this has been my greatest difficulty in treating your case—which has been a very stubborn one at best. But I hope, Madam," he added, you will now cheer up, for your disease has now given way, and the present indications promise you a speedy restoration to life and health again."

"But, ah, Dr. Herbert," said the forlorn patient, you know I've nothing now to encourage me back to life, save this poor, dear child," placing her white bony hand on the head of the little darling, who was leaning affectionately over her pillow, with her eyes full of tears and catching the desponding words of her much loved mother. "She is all that is left me," she added, "of my once happy family." The good woman evidently wished to say more, but she had not the strength, and closing her eyes she looked as one really already dead. Her life vigour was indeed evidently well-nigh spent, and when she opened her eyes again, the big tears that swelled up in them told of the depth of the struggle within. The night of her darkness was now only lit up by a single star, and the raven wings of despair, which for so many weeks had been so threateningly flapping over her, made the whole world seem to her as if life itself was but an idle mockery.

It is, indeed, sorrowful enough to be sick, and hovering near death's door, even in the midst of kindred and friends, but when these evils come upon us intermingled with life's saddest bereavements, in a land of strangers, where we have been thrown by the mysterious and relentless hand of a seeming relentless adversity, without a friend and without a dollar, and with only the promiscuous and personal attentions of hospital kindness, sensitive minds often sink under such vicissitudes of adverse fortunes, as the cast off stone returns to its native bottom. They feel as if they were deserted by Providence, as if no mortal relations held them any longer in earthly guardianship.

This was the sad condition of Mrs. Fitzgibbon. She had never known before what it was to want a friend. The sun of her life had been bright and promising, and the horizon around her had ever been gilded with its golden tinsels. But within the last two short months she had lost her father, husband, and only son, and the painful excitement had well-nigh broken her life-spirit, and had thrown her into a fever, which had assumed the very worst type, and to still add to the darkness of her captivity, a gloomy hospital was the only receptacle of her sufferings and sorrow.

Until within the last few days, even the doctor himself had not learned Mrs. Fitzgibbon's history, for she had only been his patient, and where he had so many he but seldom ever learned anything of their antecedents or peculiar relations, unless it was forced upon him. It was his business to administer medicine, and he did not often stop to ask the life-story of those he attended.

In the hospital, more especially he left this to the Sisters of Charity, who were the angel ministers of the institution. They had, in this case, more than done their duty to Mrs. Fitzgibbon, and though it was the first time in her life that she had ever received any services at the hands of these Church recluses, she was full of admiration and gratitude for their constant devotion and watch-care over her and her little daughter through all her long illness.

During much of the time, it is true, she had been unconscious of all her surroundings, and she only lived in a sort of wild dream-life of buffetings and mishaps. Her mind-wanderings had indeed been terrible; and weary and bed-worn, she had for weeks hovered along the banks of the mysterious river, like some lost one who was only seeking entrance to the other shore. But the past few days had lifted her soul out from the dark mists, and placed her feet on the nearer shore again. She began to realise at last that this was not her time to go on this long journey, and she submitted to the mysterious decision with grace and thankfulness, chiefly for her dear little Nettie's sake.

Beautiful and sprightly this only remaining jewel of a once blissful family now clung to her mother with a tenderness which knew no bounds. Her touching simplicity of spirit and action had been sympathisingly noticed by everyone, and she had been tenderly cared for as an only child plucked from the fire.

The entirely destitute condition in which Mrs. Fitzgibbon had been carried to this hospital, together with the fact of her being in a raging fever at the time, precluded the possibility of knowing anything of her circumstances, save what was gleaned from little Nettie. She of course, like all children, was ready to tell what she knew, and she had told the nuns that "Pa and Ma, with Grandpa and Robbie and herself, made their family, and that they were all burnt up in that terrible boat, save Ma and me."

Many will call to mind that fearful collision of the America and United States on the Ohio River. It was the most shocking and dreadful sight ever witnessed on any of our western waters.

It was a little after midnight when the two boats came together. The passengers, of which there were many, were all asleep in their state rooms at that time, dreaming nothing of their horrible impending fates. The descending boat being heavily laden with coal oil, in an instant was enwrapt in flames, and the two mammoth steamboats, thus locked together, were at once one grand sheet of devouring fire, for the crash of the terrible collision had dashed the coal oil barrels to pieces, and the liquid ran out over the water in burning streams, making a most frightful sea of death and lapping flames. The screams of the perishing passengers, and the confused noises of the frightened crew, together with the involuntary workings of the struggling engines, made the entire scene one of unmitigated horror.

On the upward bound steamer, the Fitzgibbon family had taken passage the evening before, hoping to reach Cincinnati in time for the morning train East. At ten o'clock they retired to their state rooms for their night slumbers, and when the crash came, they were with the exception of Mrs. Fitzgibbon, all asleep. Of course she did not know what had happened, yet she knew it was something terrible, for she felt as if the boat was slipping from under her. She sprang to her feet and seized her little Nettie in her arms, and holding her as with a death grip, she endeavoured to arouse her husband and Robbie. Her father, old Mr. Rothfield, was in another state room, and Mr. Fitzgibbon with Robbie went to look after him, which was the last Mrs. Fitzgibbon saw of her husband or son.

In the excitement of the wild and fearful moment she was seized by the arm by some one who fairly forced her to the stern of the boat, where she was told to jump to the deck of the other, which she did without thought of consequences; yet, lighting fairly on her feet, she still held her child in her arms, and in a few minutes more of frightful struggle she was across the boat and on the Kentucky shore, out of reach of the oncoming flames.

The sudden and terrible reality of so fearful a collision had seemingly deprived even the stoutest of their self-possession, and many perished in the flames, or found a watery grave, who with the smallest guidance might have safely escaped.

What was the fate of her husband, son, and father, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, in the dire confusion, could not learn a word, and frantic with grief, and almost dead with the horrible excitement of the hour, she was compelled to lie down on the bare ground in her night clothes, where she remained until she fainted away with the overwhelming and surging grief which consumed her spirit.

When she awoke she found she was on a steamer bound for Louisville, with only her little Nettie by her side. But before she reached the destination of the boat she was wild with a raging fever and wholly unconscious of all her misfortunes. Fitful and spasmodic emotions of disturbed grief were her only manifestations. But diligent and affectionate, and wonderfully self-possessed far beyond her years, little Nettie sat fanning her mother, while the big tears which stood in her heavenly eyes told of her deep realisation of the sweeping bereavement, until the boat reached the wharf at Louisville. In a brief period a close carriage conveyed them to the hospital, where for so many long weeks the door of the world seemed to be shut against them.

Yet how true it is, that the silver lining of life and hope often skirts the darkest clouds which come over us. The weight of darkness is not, after all, so heavy as imaginary dreams often make them. The hand of Providence, indeed, is ever merciful, and it is only when we get out of that hand that misfortune overtakes us. Life itself is always a season of trial, of educational subordination, where the *true light* shows that we are always cared for, always watched over and dealt with, ultimately,

according to our worth and merit. To trust in the Higher Power is therefore the duty of all men, in adversity as well as in prosperity.

"Your wife and daughter were both lost, you tell me, Mr. Fitzgibbon, in that terrible collision," remarked one of the merchants of Boston, to the deeply bereaved and afflicted husband.

"O yes, yes, both were snatched from me in a moment by the devouring flames," Mr. Fitzgibbon exclaimed, with a deep sigh which seemed to come from the bottom of his heart.

"Why, how was it? Where did you see your wife last?"

"I was sound asleep, Mr. Benton, when the collision occurred, and when I opened my eyes the first person I saw was my wife, with our little Nettie in her arms. I jumped out from my berth and seized my boy who was lying at the foot of the berth, and we all left the state room together, and entered the cabin, when I thought of my dear father-in-law, who had retired to a state room by himself, in the gentlemen's cabin. Still holding my little Robbie by the hand I went to look after him. I was gone but a moment, but that terrible moment snatched my dear wife and daughter from me forever, for when I got back to the spot where I had left them, with the old gentleman, Mr. Rothfield, they were gone, and the flames were bursting all around us. I looked, I searched, I cried for them, but they were gone, the maddening fires were consuming everything, and amidst screams and groans, and the direst confusion I ever saw, my dear father-in-law fell in the flames with suffocation, and in an instant was hid from my sight. I heard him cry 'O Lord! My God!' and I heard him no more. With my little boy in my arms I ran, I know not how, to the stern of the boat, from which I sprang directly into the river. Of course we both went under the water, but when we rose to the surface again I placed the little fellow on my back and struck out first to get away from the burning boats and out of harm's way. I swam to the right and quartered down stream, and after a long and exhaustive struggle we landed safely about one mile and a half below the burning vessels on the Indiana shore. I crawled up through the bushes, carrying my dear little manly boy in my arms, and when I sat down, almost wholly exhausted, he crouched down by my side and asked:

"'Papa do you think God has taken care of Mamma and Nettie?'

"'I hope so, my son,' I answered, consolingly, to his sore little heart, for I felt that it would kill him to lose both of these dear idols of his life in a single hour.

"After resting a little while I started again to make my way up the banks of the river, leading and sometimes carrrying my little Robbie in my arms, when I came to a cabin, the family of which seemed all gone. I passed on, and in a short space I met them returning.

"They insisted that I should return with them and they would do the best they could do for us. Of course I could not do better, and we all started back for their cabin, where they kindled up a nice, big fire for us to dry ourselves by. They were poor, and had no dry clothes to give us a change, and we had to do the best we could in drying ourselves by the fire.

"When daylight came, which was not long, the man got a canoe and rowed us over the river to the Kentucky shore, where the wrecks of our sad misfortunes lay burnt and sunk to the water's edge.

"Hundreds of people were gathered all along the shore, and I made every possible inquiry to obtain some light in regard to the sad fate of my loved ones, but not a ray of hope was given me. Nothing was left me but the cold and dismal conviction that their poor bodies were burnt to ashes, or else, having found a watery grave, their lifeless remains would be food for the fish of the river."

"So you left the sad scene, Mr. Fitzgibbon, and came on here?" asked the patient and interested listener.

"Yes, after stopping several weeks in Cincinnati, and making every effort I possibly could to learn something more of the sad fate of my poor wife and child, I came here, partly on business, but chiefly, if possible, to find some relief from the dismal death-sorrow which so oppressively preys upon me."

"I deeply sympathise with you, Mr. Fitzgibbon," said Mr. Benton, his merchant friend, "and now if you will accept of my hospitality, I think you and your little son will find some relief, if not pleasure, in going with me, this evening, out to my seashore home and spend a few days with us.

It is only twenty-four miles out from the city by rail, and we will try and make you as pleasant a stay as may be in our power."

This generous offer of his mystic friend, Benton, Mr. Fitzgibbon thankfully accepted, and that evening a short hour's ride brought them to the princely home and family of the Boston merchant. Here Mr. Fitzgibbon was received and treated with all the kind attentions and tenderness which could have been bestowed upon a brother. The scenes at every point of this rural palace home were grand and beautiful, and had it been under any other circumstances he would have felt that this grand locality, with its magnificent surroundings and social hospitalities, would have been an Eden home of the highest and purest earthly happiness. But as it was, his very heart was dead to all enjoyment, and nothing but death and the grave seemed to have any allurements for him, or even to feed the thoughts of his mind for a moment. Still he tarried there because it shut him out from the world, and to some extent appeared to bury the deep, deadly grief to his soul.

"Papa, did God take care of Mamma and Nettie?" asked little Robbie again the fifth evening of their sojourn at this lovely sea-shore home, as he and his papa were taking a walk over the extensive lawn, just as the whistle of the locomotive announced the return of Mr. Benton from his day's business in the city. "I hope so, my dear child," was the only response the deeply afflicted father could make.

But the train had scarcely stopped, when he saw Mr. Benton on the run and jump towards him, as if he was wild. He stopped to meet him. Mr. Benton leaped, threw up his arms, and when he came up to where Mr. Fitzgibbon and his little boy was standing he cried out, shouted:

"They live! they live! your wife and daughter both live! Thank God! thank God for ever, my dear brother."

Mr. Fitzgibbon thought the man was wild, stark mad. He could give no other explanation to his conduct.

Mr. Benton seeing that his glad tidings of great joy were not credited, broke out again:

"Why, my dear man, you don't believe me, but I am telling you the happiest news of your life. Your dear wife and daughter both still live. It is true, it is true."

"Yes, I know," said Fitzgibbon, solemnly, "but it is in Heaven."

"No, no, sir, it is here on this earth; in Louisville, Ky."

Then seizing Mr. Fitzgibbon by the arm and turning him in the direction of the residence he led him almost as a child. As they walked along the greatly excited and big-hearted merchant said:

"To-day, an old customer, a shoe merchant from Louisville, Ky., came into the store, and I began telling him all about you, when he at once asked your name, and just as soon as I said Fitzgibbon—

"'By Jove,' said he, 'I'll bet a hundred dollars he's the husband of that Mrs. Fitzgibbon who has been sick so long in our St. Joseph's Hospital. She and her little daughter were saved off the United States when she collided with the America.'

"'Is that so? Is that so?' I asked, in wonderful astonishment.

"'It is,' said he, 'for I have seen her and her daughter, too, for we learned she was the widow of a Masonic brother, and we had her removed from the hospital to the best hotel in the city.'"

By this time they had entered the parlour, where Mr. Fitzgibbon threw himself down upon the lounge in delirious doubts of what he was hearing, and yet he could but hope, in the name and mercy of God, that it was all true.

"But this is not all, my dear brother Fitzgibbon," continued the generous hearted Benton, "Brother Morris, the gentleman from Louisville, and I went at once to the telegraph office and sent this dispatch:

"'Tell us the names of Mrs. Fitzgibbon and daughter sick at the Louisville Hotel.'

"The answer came in perhaps a half hour:

"'Eliza Fitzgibbon and Nettie, of Mobile.'"

"That convinces me, satisfies me, Benton," said Fitzgibbon, "that God has actually saved them." He could say no more. His heart was full, and pressing his little Robbie to his bosom again and again he wept great tears of unspeakable joy.

"I was stisfied, too," said Benton, "that it was all right, and I wanted your wife to be as happy to-night as you are, and I sent a dispatch stating that:

"'Major Henry K. Fitzgibbon, of Mobile, was in this city, in good health, with his little son, Robbie, and will be pleased to death to know that his wife and daughter still live. He will meet them as soon as the locomotive will permit him.'"

"How soon can I leave?" asked Fitzgibbon, as he raised his head.

"At ten o'clock to-night," answered Benton, and though I know you ought to join them as soon as possible, if it was under any other circumstances you should not leave yet for a week."

"Thank God! thank God! they live; the dead's alive, the lost are found," was Fitzgibbon's only response.

Taking a solemn and thankful leave of his noble-hearted mystic brother, Benton, he took the earliest train, and two days after Louisville witnessed the re-union of as happy a family as that famous and hospitable city ever entertained.

> The dead still lived, and the angel throng
> Sang anthems of joy, as they passed along.

Masonic Advocate.

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

Though Solomon's Temple, they tell us, of old,
Excelled in its marbles, its cedars, and gold—
Its altar of incense, its tables of bread—
Its ark, where the light of the Presence was shed—
A far nobler Temple each Mason may raise,
In wisdom and strength to endure thro' all days;
Of which Israel's proud pile was the type and the plan—
And this Temple so stately, so perfect—is Man.

How more precious than gold are honour and truth,
With these let him build in the days of his youth,
Its Light of the Presence—sweet peace, may be there;
Its altar of incense—humility's prayer;
Its table of show-bread—his gifts to the poor;
A Temple thus built, thro' all times shall endure,
And to perfect the shrine, tho' no gems form a part,
The bright "Holy of Holies" shall be found in his heart.

Keystone.

OLD LODGE WARRANTS AND CERTIFICATES.

BY W. J. HUGHAN, P.M., TRURO.

I have been for some time endeavouring to procure copies of *old warrants*, but have only been partially successful. Plenty are to be had about 1750, and subsequently, but the difficulty is to obtain copies of actual warrants and certificates of lodges from 1720 to 1740. There is now some hope of my obtaining the sight of a lodge warrant which, if it turns out to be as represented, will be the oldest yet made public in this country.

In looking over Bro. Kenning's "Cosmopolitan Calendar," the other day, it occurred to me that it was worth while seeking the proof for the several years of origin ascribed to several of the lodges, and the Grand Lodge of Ireland was selected for the test. The first on the roll is the Grand Master's Lodge of the year 1749, and the next is No. 1, First Lodge of Ireland, held at Cork, 1731; No. 2 being held at Dublin, and said to have been constituted A.D. 1727. We applied to an able Mason in the city to obtain for us a copy of the warrant (if any such existed) for the year 1727, and we were duly favoured by a transcript of the document, a copy of which is appended. The date, however, is not 1727, but 1732, and it is stated at the foot of the charter that the centenary of the lodge was celebrated in the year 1832.

[*Copy of Warrant*, 1732.]

"By the Right Worshipful and Right Honourable Lord Viscount Netterville, G.M. of all the Lodges of Freemasons in the kingdom of Ireland, the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Kingsland, D.G.M., the W. James Brenan, M.D., and Robert Nugent, Esq., G.W.'s.

"Whereas our trusty and well-beloved Bros. Mr. James Rafter, Mr. John King, Gent., and Mr. George Harland, Warden, have besought us that we would be pleased

to erect a Lodge of Freemasons in the city of Dublin, of such persons who, by their knowledge and skill in Masonry, may contribute to the well-being and advancement thereof. We therefore, duly weighing the premises, and having nothing more at heart than the prosperity and true advancement of Masonry, and reposing special trust and confidence in our trusty and well-beloved brothers, the said James Rafter, John King, and George Harland, of whose ability and knowledge in Masonry we are satisfied, do by these presents, of our certain knowledge and their motion, nominate, create, authorize and constitute the said James Rafter, Master, John King and George Harland, Wardens of a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons to be held by them and their successors, lawfully admitted in the said lodge for ever, and we do hereby give and grant unto the said James Rafter, John King, and George Harland, and their successors, lawful authority from time to time, to proceed to election of a new Master and Wardens, to make such laws, rules and orders as they from time to time shall think proper and convenient for the well-being and ordering of the said lodge, reserving to ourselves and our successors, Grand Masters and Grand Wardens of Ireland, the sole right of deciding all differences which shall be brought by appeal before us and our successors, Grand Masters and Grand Wardens of Ireland.

"In witness whereof we have hereto set our hands and seal of office, this twenty-fourth day of October, in the year of our Lord God 1732, and in the year of Masonry 5732.

"Intra pli.

"JOHN DENNELLY, Secretary."

There are several lodges with the date of their decade of last century ascribed to them still in existence in Ireland. Whether they all have the right to be so designated, we cannot yet determine, but most probably they are about the age stated, for there must have been many lodges in active work before 1740, and the early history of Freemasonry in Ireland has yet to be written. There is no lodge in that country which claims an existence prior to the Provincial Grand Lodge of Munster (or Grand Lodge, as it is sometimes called), so that there is no evidence, as yet, of lodges being in existence in Ireland before the premier Grand Lodge of the world was established at London, A.D. 1717. In Scotland there are many, however, which were working in the *seventeenth century*, and which still continue to be lodges of Free and Accepted Masons. There are of this class—Mother Lodge of Kilwinning, No. 0, at Kilwinning; St. Mary's Chapel, No. 1, Edinburgh; Cannongate Kilwinning, No. 2, Edinburgh; Scoor and Perth, No. 3, Perth; St. John's, 3 *bis.*, Glasgow; Cannongate and Leith, No. 5, Leith; Hamilton Kilwinning, No. 7, Hamilton; St. John's, No 9, Dunblane; Ancient, No. 30, Stirling; Aberdeen, Lodge No. 34, Aberdeen; St. John's Kilwinning, No. 57, Haddington; and the ancient lodge at Melrose. There are also several which have records, or can prove their existence as lodges during the early part of the last century, when there was no Grand Lodge in Scotland, it not having been instituted until 1736.

Particulars of a goodly number of these "*Ateliers*" are to be found in my friend Lyon's "History of the Lodge of Edinburgh," and many interesting details of their early career are thus preserved in a work which, for interest and value, has never been surpassed by any writer on Freemasonry in this or any other country.

Our desire, however, in distributing these "sparks" through the medium of the *Voice*, is to make known fresh items of Masonic history as they are traced and brought to light, so we shall not quote now from Lyon's splendid work, but advise our readers to procure copies for their own perusal.

We append one of the earliest lodge certificates, in conclusion of our present communication, and which was granted by the ancient lodge at Aberdeen. It has not been published before, and it will be found curious and instructive to the Masonic student.

[*Copy*, 1749.]

"We, the Master, Wardens and Deacons of the Honourable the Mason Lodge of the city of Aberdeen, number Three of the kingdom of Scotland, do hereby certify and declare that the bearer hereof, William Jeans, of Aberdeen, is a just and worthy member, lawfully Entered, Past and Raised within the said lodge, and has bore distinguished offices in the same, during which time he has behaved himself as

a most worthy member in all points relative to our society, and can acquit himself to the satisfaction of any brother, and therefore we recommend him to every Regular Lodge where Providence may order his Lott."

"In testimony whereof we have subscribed these presents, given at our lodge and under our hands and seals, this day of September, seventeen hundred and forty-nine years."

We find that Bro. Jeans was initiated in 1744, acted as "Key Master," then as Junior Deacon, and last of all as Junior Warden of the lodge.—*Voice of Masonry (America).*

T'DISTANT SPRING.*

Git t' bawks ower the back, Jim, an' hing
the pails on;
Thou'll be fooarst te fetch watter fra
t'spring:
It's a lang way te gan, bud our runnel's
dried up,
An' 't wad teeave t'lass te deeath thruff
all t'ling.

It mayn't be thah job—ah deean't say 'at
it iz—
Bud yan can't stick te that, mon, thruff
life;
Thou'll deea't to seeave Poll: what, ah
knaw how things stans,—
An' a rare lass sheea'll be fer a wife.

Thou knaws what t'chap sang at t'mell
supper last year,
About werkin' yer trew heart te pruv:
He sed wark seeam'd like laik, or summat
like that,
If ya did it fer them 'at ya luv.

Seea git on the bawks, Jim, an' hing the
pails on,
An' wissell away, lad, tit spring:
Temooan all be Sunda', youse beeath gan
tit chetch;
Think o' that, an' thou'll seean weead
thruff t' ling.

* From a volume now in the press, entitled *Rhymes and Sketches to Illustrate the Cleveland Dialect*, by Mrs. G. M. Tweddell (Florence Cleveland).

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

By Bro. George Markham Tweddell.

The death of the Rev. Canon Kingsley must be regarded as a loss to society by every true craftsman who really makes the liberal arts and sciences his especial study. Not only did this worthy clergyman carry his researches into the hidden mysteries of nature and science, but he also taught them widely to the people, both by tongue and pen, and that too in language that was easily understood, and in a style which proved that science, when taught aright, is far more interesting than the sensation tales now so much in vogue. Had he never produced anything more than his *Town Geology*, he would have deserved well of humanity. I am glad that his worn-out carcase was deposited at his own quiet Eversley; for why should not the country have its sacred shrines where the lovers of departed genius may muse and "put them to worship" in the country, instead of crowding all their ashes together in the great metropolis? Who would think of moving the dust of Shakespeare from his own dear Stratford-on-Avon, or that of Wordsworth from his graceful grave in Grasmere Churchyard; though in the latter case I would certainly like to see his grave decently protected, so that the grass and his beloved wild flowers might cover it with beauty, which was far from being the case when I paid it a pilgrimage.

At a time when foolish zealots, both Papist and Protestant, are reaping up all the old worn-out slanders against our dearly-beloved craft, and denouncing our benevolent binding together, in one common bond of brotherhood, honest men of the most opposite opinions in religion and politics, so far as sect or party is concerned, who are really more anxious to benefit mankind than to propagate their own opinions, it is pleasant to peruse so calm, manly, and truthful a *Defence of Freemasonry* as that just produced by our able and well-known brother, the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., Past Grand Chaplain; a work which I would earnestly recommend to the careful atten-

tion both of those who have *honest* prejudices against the craft, and also of all those who have been admitted amongst us. The former cannot but be convinced that our lodges are not really so many "devil's regiments of the line," and the luke-warm Mason will see his duty more clearly, and be prompted to a more active and energetic discharge of the same. The book ought to have an extensive sale, and a very careful reading. In my own opinion it is one of the best contributions to our Masonic literature, being certainly totally unanswerable from beginning to end.

M. Nordenskjold, the enterprising explorer, has found in ice and snow of the Arctic Polar Sea, a black dust, which on being melted and chemicalized, proved to be composed of nickel and cobalt, and similar in constitution to the meteorites. Some suppose that this powder is really caused by the disintegration of these meteors at a short distance from the earth. Perhaps the ice seas which this undaunted traveller, M. Fordenskjold, has explored, are the most lonely portion of our planet, rising about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, with dangerous crevices concealed by snow and fog. And yet he is organising another expedition to start this spring. May the Great Geometrician of the Universe have him in his safe keeping.

The *Engineer* states that "the largest trip hammer in the United States has recently been completed at Nashoa, N.H., at an expense of 75,000 dollars. The weight of iron used in it is about 200 tons. The ram weighs 12 tons; its striking force is about 100 tons, and four large boilers are brought into use to furnish steam to run the 600-horse power engine required to successfully operate it. The immense crane, with which the iron that is manipulated is hoisted into position, is the largest in the country, and is rigged with modern mechanism so nicely, that two men can easily hoist 50 tons dead weight."

The *Academy* informs us that "from his examination of the spectra of stars Professor d'Arrest has come to the conclusion that colour cannot be taken as a certain indication of the nature of the spectrum, and that the connection between colour and temperature, though not improbable, has not been satisfactorily established; while the assertion that the red stars are older than the yellow, and the yellow than the white, is, according to M. d'Arrest, entirely without foundation. The spectroscopic examination of stars which M. d'Arrest has made at Copenhagen has resulted in increasing the number of stars of Secchi's third type threefold. These stars are distinguished by channelled spectra, indicating that their temperature is so low that combination of the elements in their atmosphere has taken place."

Stokesley.

Chippings.

A Pig on Shares.—Stephen and his mother owned a pig in company, and on purchasing the animal, agreed how they should divide the spoils in killing him—the mother was to have the head and fore-quarters, Stephen taking the hind quarters.

Well, the old lady fed the pig at her own proper cost for three months, and then, thinking it about time to be relieved, she told her son that she thought he ought to buy some corn for the porker.

"No, no, mother," said Stephen; "I've nothing to do with the head and forepart - that belongs to you—you take care of that—and I'll look out for my half."

A priest who was examining a confirmation class in the south of Ireland, asked:

"What is the sacrament of matrimony?"

A bright little girl at the head of the class answered:

"A state of torment into which sowls enter to prepare for a better worruld."

"That's the answer for purgatory," said the priest.

"Put her down fut of the class," said the sub-deacon.

"Lave her alone," retorted the priest; "for anything you or I know to the contrary she may be perfectly right."

A countryman was dragging a calf in a cruel manner. An Irishman asked him, if that was the way he treated his fellow cratures.

Benedict offers to walk ten miles with any young lady, acceptable to himself, in five hours, at a wager to be agreed upon by themselves.

When is a cook like a Roman Catholic official? When she is a fat fryer.

"Sir, I'd have you to know that I keep one of the best tables in the city, sir," exclaimed an indignant New York landlady to a boarder, who had been finding fault with his fare. "That may be true, ma'am," quietly retorted the boarder, "*but you put very little upon it.*"

Artemus Ward says in "His Book," "A female woman is one of the best institootions of which the land can boast. It's onpossible to get along without her. She is good in sickness, good in wellness, good all the time. O, woman, woman! You are an angel, when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper appairal, and (metiforically speaking) get into pantaloons, and undertake to play the *man*, you play the *devil*, and are an emfatic noosance."

"NAKED TRUTH."—The late eccentric John Holmes used frequently, in his addresses to different juries, to explain the meaning of the phrase "naked truth," by relating the following fable:

Truth and Falsehood, travelling one warm day, met at a river, and both went in to bathe at the same place. Falsehood, coming first out of the water, took his companion's clothes and left his own vile raiment, and then went on his way. Truth, coming out of the water, sought in vain for his own proper dress—disdaining to wear the garb of Falsehood. Truth started, all naked, in pursuit of the thief, but not being so swift of foot, has never overtaken the fugitive. Ever since he has been known as "naked Truth."

A country editor, who has recently been married and returned from his bridal tour, got fifty new lady subscribers on the strength of a two column and a half leading editorial, describing his trip.

A modern philosopher thinks it is a mistake to suppose that women have stronger attachments than men. "A man," he says, "is often attached to an old hat, but who ever heard of a woman being attached to an old bonnet?"

Machinery has reached a great state of perfection. "We recently saw some burned peas put into the hopper of a coffee-mill, and in less than two minutes they were occupying a place in a grocery window labelled 'Fine Old Mocha.'"

"Off she goes!" said a lady. "You have mistaken the gender," said a gentleman; "this is the mail train."

"Digby, will you take some of this butter?" "Thank you, ma'am, I belong to the Temperance society—can't take anything strong," replied Digby.

An armless Milwaukee woman boxes her husband's ears with her feet.

HIGH LIVING.—The highest inhabited spot in the world is the Buddhist cloister at Hanle, in Thibet, where 21 priests live at an altitude of 16,000 feet.

"Is that your offspring, madam?" asked a Missouri judge of a woman who had hold of a snub-nosed boy's hand. "No," sir, she replied, "this is my oldest boy."

A race of sculptors—The Chip-away Indians.

An awful swell—The cheek after the toothache.

Bored, yet happy—A girl with her first pair of ear-rings.

A young lady fearful of becoming stout, devotes two hours to every meal, because she had read somewhere that "haste makes waist."

A pleasant error—An invalid was ordered by a physician to take three ounces of brandy a day, and, knowing that sixteen drams made an ounce, has patiently been taking forty-eight drinks a day ever since.

A touching obituary of an eminent citizen of a neighbouring village concludes as follows: "With the exception of the fact that twenty years ago he took lessons on the fiddle, his life was blameless."

Milton, the blind author, was once asked by a friend of the female persuasion if he did not intend to instruct his daughter in the different languages. "No, sir," replied Milton, "one tongue is enough for a woman."

A little girl was told to spell ferment, and give the meaning with a sentence in which it was used. The following was literally her answer: F-e-r-m-e-n-t, a verb, signifying to work; I love to ferment in the garden.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

The nomination of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of our English Brotherhood, was confirmed unanimously amid the heartiest of cheering at the last Quarterly Communication.

The installation of our Royal Brother will take place at the Albert Hall, April 28th, and a very large attendance of our ever loyal order is expected on that auspicious occasion. The arrangements for the day's proceedings are under the direction of Bro. Sir Albert W. Woods and Bro. Thomas Fenn, and will, no doubt, reflect credit on those distinguished brethren. Additional Stewards have been appointed, one from each London lodge, and two from each Province, and they will mainly be employed in seating the numerous applicants for admission. Happily the Albert Hall lends itself completely to such a "mise en scène." Being in the form of an amphitheatre, everybody can see from every seat, and no one seat is better than another. When filled by our brethren in their Masonic clothing, the "coup d'œil" will be very striking. We fear that we shall not be able to give, in the number for May, a complete description of the installation, if indeed any, as the laws of printers are like those of the Medes and Persians, they "alter not." But in the number for June we hope to allude to the subject fully. Otherwise there is not much news.

Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, who has been addressing Masonic Lodges in the United States as a quasi-English Freemason, appears not to be a regularly accepted Freemason at all. So far as is clear at present, he was initiated by the "Philadelphes," a spurious political order, and became a joining member of the High Cross Lodge, Tottenham, though we cannot see with what claims, in which lodge he remained only one year as a subscribing member. He professes to have been received into a French lodge, "La Perseverante Amitie," though whether a regular lodge does not yet appear. Anyhow, his inception in Freemasonry being radically bad, vitiates all his subsequent steps, and we fancy that he is at the present moment, as far as English Freemasonry is concerned, a nondescript, being neither "fish, flesh, fowl," or even "good red herring." The brethren of the High Cross Lodge, and in the United States, seem to have been equally lax, and it is patent that in his recent visit, when he patronized King Kalakua, he had not a Grand Lodge certificate, or any regular certificate at all. It is a very untoward affair, look at it which way you will.

Literature in the United States has to struggle hard, like as in the old country, for existence. Bro. Gouley, of St. Louis, threatens to "lay down" his *Freemason*, as he cannot afford, for the amusement of indifferent Freemasons, to make a "labour of love, a labour of loss." We trust to hear that the "esprit de corps" of the American Freemasons, and their literary proclivities, have induced them to come to the rescue.

Bro. Kenning's new show-room is now open, 1, 2, and 3, Little Britain, and will repay a visit from our country cousins.

THE MASONIC MEASURE OF LIFE.

We live in deeds, not years; in thought, not breath;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs when they beat
For God, for man, for duty. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best.
Life is but a means unto an end—that end,
Beginning, mean and end to all things, God.

WITTIER.

T

THE PUBLIC MASONIC CHARITIES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

By Clifford P. MacCalla.

The amount dispensed in charity by Masonic bodies all over the world will never be known. Our principles forbid us to speak of, much less to boast of, or publish it. Just as the rays of the sun fall silently upon the earth, every day warming it into new life, so Masonic charity comes to the distressed—in the beginning unheralded, and afterwards unsung. I therefore have nothing to say respecting the noblest and most characteristic gifts of the Craft. But the purposes of Masonry have been deemed not entirely fulfilled by the dispensing of charity through the ordinary channels of fraternal benevolence—hence Public Masonic Charities have been established in all civilized countries, with a view to providing permanent homes for aged and infirm needy brethren, and their destitute widows and orphans, and likewise to educate, free of charge, the promising sons and daughters of indigent Master Masons. The guard of secrecy cannot be thrown around such efforts, and it has not been attempted. It is permitted, therefore, to speak or write freely of institutions of this character, since they, like our constitutions and bye-laws are open to public observation, and, therefore, are no part of the secrets of Masonry.

England, as the oldest grand jurisdiction in the world, naturally leads the way in examples of public Masonic charities, with her Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, founded A.D. 1788; the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, founded A.D. 1798; and the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution for Aged Freemasons and Widows of Freemasons, founded A.D. 1842: but the United States is following in the footsteps of her Masonic mother at no unequal pace. Not a few of her forty-three Grand Lodges are now engaged in the organization of Masonic homes, orphan asylums, colleges and schools; and four of them, at least, have had such institutions in successful operation for years. I invite attention to these, as demonstrating what has been done, and is doing, in certain jurisdictions, and may be done in all, where fraternal wisdom and charity are combined in furthering similar public efforts.

The most successful public Masonic charities in the United States are: the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home, of Kentucky, founded in 1867; St. John's Masonic College, Arkansas, founded in 1850; the Masonic Orphan Asylum, North Carolina, opened in 1873, upon the previous foundation of a St. John's College, which was unsuccessful; and the Southern Masonic Female College, Georgia, founded in 1853. Of each of these institutions I shall give some general details, gathered from official sources.

Prior, to doing this, however, I would mention, that the fraternity in the jurisdictions of Pennsylvania and Connecticut have recently taken the initiatory steps to establish Masonic homes for indigent brethren, their widows and orphans, which promise to be entirely successful at no distant day. The brethren having the Pennsylvania Masonic Home in charge have asked for $50,000 in voluntary contributions, as the nucleus for the foundation of this charity, and $35,000 of this sum have been already subscribed; while the brethren in Connecticut are striving to raise $100,000 for a similar purpose, and the Grand Master and Grand Lodge of that jurisdiction are labouring earnestly in behalf of their noble work. The Grand Lodge of New Jersey, several years ago, undertook the establishment of a like charity, but contributions for it were obtained so slowly, that it has recently been abandoned. The comparative business stagnation of the last two years has been especially unfavourable for the promotion of new efforts of this kind, and hence we cannot reasonably look for their speedy success.

The Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home.

This is the best known and the most successful of the Masonic Charities of America. It is located in the city of Louisville, Kentucky, and was incoporated by Act of Assembly, in 1867. Its object is to provide a home for destitute widows and orphans of deceased Freemasons of the State of Kentucky, and an Infirmary for the reception of sick and afflicted Freemasons who may be placed under its care. It is authorised to hold real estate

to the value of $100,000, exclusive of the improvements thereon. No orphan is received into the home under three years of age, or over 13; nor any having adequate means of support; nor any half orphans whose living parent is able to support them. It is now in its eighth year since its incorporation, and its fifth since its opening for the reception of beneficiaries. During the year 1873 it was under the management of Past Grand Master Bro. E. S. Fitch and wife, as superintendent and matron, under whose administration the home was successful, and the inmates happy. On St. John's Day, June, 1873, many of the lodges of Kentucky celebrated the day in the interests of the home, and raised $18,300 for its support. Some of the lodges pay to the home $1 out of the annual dues received from their members. This source of revenue, when fostered by all of the lodges in the State, will produce over $20,000 per annum. The estimated cost of completing the remainder of the home building, according to the specifications, is $80,000. A Ladies' Aid Society alone has collected for it $12,161. The Grand Lodge of Kentucky has created an endowment fund for its support, which now amounts to $68,000. Individual subscriptions in addition have been received to the amount of $83,000.

One wing of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home is completed and in use, and the whole building is now (1875) ready for the roof. In September, 1874, its inmates were 155 children; when completed it will accommodate 500. Six acres of land are connected with the home, which has not one dollar of indebtedness upon it. The building is a handsome and imposing one, of brick, and during the present year it will be finished in accordance with its elaborate plan. The institution was originated by individual Masons, and is still under their management, but the Grand Lodge of Kentucky annually donates towards its support 30 per cent. of her receipts from dues, from the subordinate lodges under her jurisdiction.

For several years past an Annual Orphans' Reception has been held, and all of the children have been introduced to the members of the Grand Lodge in a body, as their foster-mother—when, she, in the language of the old Roman matron, proudly said: "Here are our jewels."

Past Grand Master, Bro. John M. S. McCorkle, of Kentucky, is secretary of the board of directors of the home, and kindly furnished me with the facts concerning it, which I have narrated.

St. John's Masonic College.

This college is located at Little Rock, Arkansas, and is an educational institution of a high class, of which any State might be proud. Its success reflects credit upon the Masonic fraternity. Although the State of Arkansas contains less than eleven thousand Freemasons, the energy of these brethren puts to the blush the inaction of others in far larger and pecuniarily more prosperous jurisdictions.

Bro. E. H. English, Past Grand Master of Arkansas, was the father of St. John's College. In his annual address, in 1850, he uttered the first official word in its behalf; and he has been its fostering parent ever since. In the same year the Legislature of the State of Arkansas granted it a Charter of Incorporation. In 1852 one hundred acres of ground were purchased, adjacent to the city of Little Rock, whereon to erect the college buildings. In 1857 the corner-stone was laid by the Grand Master of Arkansas, in the presence of the Grand Lodge. In 1859 the building was so far completed as to allow the sessions of the institution to be inaugurated, all of its Professors being Graduates of the University of Virginia. In 1860 the Grand Lodge of Arkansas authorized the Grand Master to appoint, regardless of number, promising sons of worthy indigent Master Masons, as students and beneficiaries. Forty such young men are now the recipients of this excellent charity. In 1861, at the outbreak of the rebellion, the Professors and students, almost *en masse*, enlisted in the army of the Union, and the college was closed until the termination of the war. During the war the buildings were occupied successively by the Federal and Confederate troops for hospital purposes. In October, 1867, St. John's Masonic College was re-opened, with Bro. Luke E. Barber, LL.D. (the present Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Arkansas), as President. This brother was distinguished, in 1852, by the unparalleled honour of being elected Grand Master of that jurisdiction only two years after he was made a Mason. Since 1867

the college has continued in successful operation. A handsome dormitory has recently been erected, at a cost of $10,000. During last year it had 121 cadets enrolled. Its students are all under military discipline.

The college embraces preparatory, collegiate and law departments, to which it is contemplated to add a medical department, thus bringing it up to the level of a University. It is at present the only male college in the State. The main building is a handsome brick structure, three stories in height, with towers on the two corners, front, and turrets on the rear. The courses of study are thorough, and the Professors eminent in their several departments.

The Masonic Orphan Asylum.

This charity is located at Oxford, North Carolina. It was originally designed as a Masonic college, and was known for a time as St. John's College, having been erected from contributions by lodges and individuals. The Craft afterwards determined that more good might be accomplished through its instrumentality as an Orphan Asylum, and at an Annual Grand Communication of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, it was resolved to establish it as such, since which time it has been in successful operation. It was opened in February, 1873, and during its first year was handsomely supported by contributions from both the Grand and subordinate lodges of North Carolina, as well as from public-spirited and benevolent citizens.

The Asylum is situated in Oxford, one of the pleasantest towns in the State, upon a charming site, and its building is one of much elegance. Its design is to protect, train, and educate promising indigent orphan children of Masons, between the ages of six and twelve years, who have no parents, or property, or near relatives able to assist them. Homer, who wrote nearly 3,000 years ago, represented Andromache, the wife of Hector, as saying:

"The day that makes
A child an orphan, leaves him destitute
Of every friend; a melancholy youth—
He pines, and sighs, and bathes his cheeks with tears.
Oppressed and poor, he seeks his father's friends.
One by the robe, another by the coat
He pulls, and begs them. Some, who pity feel,
Offer a pittance in a scanty cup—
To wet his lips, not satisfy his thirst!
While others, flourishing in joyous ease,
With both their parents living, rudely smite
The wretched boy, and drive him from their board
With scorn unfeeling, and reproachful sneer."

King Solomon said: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be." Recognizing this fact, the Freemasons of the State of South Carolina are doing what they can to decrease the sum of human misery. The Grand Lodge appropriates $1,000 annually towards its maintenance, and each subordinate lodge has a standing committee charged with raising funds for it, and reporting monthly to the superintendent of the asylum. At each subordinate lodge's regular meeting, the support of the Masonic Orphan Asylum is a part of the regular order of business. There are now over 100 beneficiaries maintained and educated by this charity, Bro. J. H. Mills is its efficient superintendent. Its officers are: a superintendent, steward, matron, housekeeper, and one teacher for each form of 25 children The property of this institution is vested in the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, of which Bro. D. W. Bain is Grand Secretary, and to whom I am indebted for these facts concerning it.

The Southern Female Masonic College.

Covington, Georgia, is the seat of this Masonic seat of learning for the daughters of deceased Master Masons. It was founded some twenty years ago, and is under the control of the Grand Lodge of Georgia. Bro. the Rev. J. F. Bradshaw is its president, who has recently been seeking aid for it from other Masonic jurisdictions. On September 4th, 1824, the Executive Committee resolved that the "Grand Lodges of other States be invited to take an interest in it by sending it pupils and contributing it money towards its permanent endowment." Between three and four hundred daughters of indigent deceased Masons have been educated at this institution. Last year it numbered

125 pupils—20 of whom were in the Art department. The college curriculum includes Latin, French, mathematics, natural and moral sciences, music, drawing, painting, calisthenics, &c. The college is beautifully located at Covington, on the Georgia railroad, 41 miles from Atlanta. Pupils are received into it for pay, so that it is not exclusively a charity.

* * * * *

It seems not inappropriate, while treating of the Public Masonic Charities of the United States, to give, in conclusion, some account of the Masonic relief extended in 1871 to Chicago.

On October 8th, 1871, one of the most devastating conflagrations that ever laid a city in ruins, visited the fairest portion of the city of Chicago. In addition to the millions in value of property laid in ashes, and the hundreds of lives lost, eight Masonic halls were destroyed, and eighteen lodges, two chapters, one council, two commanderies, and four co-ordinate bodies of the A. and A. Rite were rendered homeless, losing their charters, records, jewels, and all of their property. On October 12th a temporary relief committee was organized by the brethren in Chicago (who numbered in all 4,000), which committee was relieved two days afterwards by the formal creation of the Masonic Board of Relief, presided over by the Grand Master of Illinois, Bro. De Witt C. Cregier. To adopt the language of the board, "the noble Craft everywhere was at labour in behalf of their distressed brethren, and but a few hours elapsed before the 'mystic current' was flashed through the wires from east, west, south, yea, and from the *north*, conveying the glad tidings that succour was at hand." The board continued its labours for seven months. As an example of the spontaneous and liberal gifts of Craftsmen, I may mention the action of the Grand Lodge of California, which, on the second day after the conflagration, unanimously voted $5,000 in coin to the sufferers, which amount was at once forwarded; and the same afternoon, when the contribution box was placed upon the altar, the *further* sum of $1,005 in coin was contributed by members of the Grand Lodge. The Grand Lodge of Canada at once sent $2,000 in gold, and the Dominion of Canada $3,000 more. The Masonic bodies of New York sent $18,000; Illinois, $15,000; Pennsylvania, $9,600; Massachusetts, $7,000; England, $394; Newfoundland, $471; Central America, $584; and even far off British India, $26, until the magnificent sum of $90,634 was contributed by the Freemasons *of the world* for the relief of their distressed worthy brethren. It must be remembered, too, that this sum was in addition to the general fund raised, to which Masons everywhere were liberal contributors. Such spontaneous Masonic charity was never before known.

The Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home of Kentucky (described above) immediately threw open its doors, and offered a temporary home to the suffering widows and children of the Chicago brethren. It was at once realized that there *was something* in Masonry, when a committee from a distant state came and said: "Give us your women and children, and we will take them to a home where they will have a brother's care, until you are again in possession of happy homes of your own."

Many foreign lodges sent two, three, and even four contributions, and some even drained their treasuries, in order to aid the sufferers. Such displays of fraternal love were heartily appreciated by the Masons of Chicago.

At the time of the conflagration there were 31 lodges in Chicago, with memberships ranging respectively from 293 down to 18. Eighteen lodges were entirely burned out. To these 18 lodges the sum of $20,200 was set apart; an average of $1,125 to each lodge. To the remaining lodges, which were greatly weakened, $5,000 were given. All of these awards were made upon the express condition that every lodge so aided should amend its bye-laws, and provide for the establishment of a charity fund, of which the several amounts contributed as above should form the nucleus. Thus every lodge in Chicago so relieved now has a charity fund separate and distinct from its general fund.

With the monies and supplies disbursed by the Board of Relief, the hungry were fed, the naked clothed, the sick ministered to, the dead buried, the penniless workmen were furnished with the tools of their trades; while substantial aid was rendered to every suffering lodge in the city. $30,600 besides went for the relief of

3,145 needy brethren, their widows and children. After all this was done, the committee found a surplus in their hands amounting to $20,000, which, with a delicacy of feeling and sense of honour that shed lustre upon the Mason craft, was returned, *pro rata*, to the donors. Was there ever so marked an example as this of scrupulous regard for high principle? The Craft in Chicago felt that they had a sacred trust to perform, and they administered it with an equity almost, if not quite unparalleled. Charity became the prolific parent of charity, and the tide of relief which flowed out so freely, returned again to trebly bless the donors.

Of the $9,600 contributed by the Freemasons of Pennsylvania, $3,457 came from the Craft in Philadelphia. The largest single contribution was of $500, from Shekinah Lodge, No. 246; the second largest was of $350, from Eastern Star Lodge, No. 186; Concordia Lodge, No. 67, contributed $100.

This record will never cease to reflect honour upon the Mason craft. It shows that while a city lay devastated and bewildered, the echoing footsteps of the almoners of Masonic charity were heard among its ruins, calling forth blessings mingled with tears from hundreds of eyes that had never been used to weeping. Happy example of the manner in which the wail of Masonic distress is instantaneously answered, by the voice and hand of Masonic charity.

VERSES WRITTEN ON BOARD A LOUGH ERNE STEAMER,

On the Visit of the American Freemasons to Ireland.

The dark-clouded sky of the morning shone fair,
The sun gaily smiled, and cool was the air,
As a band of Freemasons sailed o'er thee, Lough Erne,
The "Stars" at the bow, and the "Jack" at the stern.

Each emerald hill, each weather-worn stone,
Round thy green-girdled shores of the ages agone,
Still witness to all; and thy ruins silent and hoary,
Of piety, rapine and blood tell the story.

Proud chieftain and gallow-glass true o'er thy water,
Have passed on to victory, revenge, and to slaughter;
On thy pebbly beach prattling children have play'd,
By thy soft mossy banks tender lovers have strayed.

Thus happy and mournful are thy recollections,
Side by side are they found with our human affections;
But joyous the voyage along thy fair strand,
Was of genial Freemasons the light-hearted band.

Full merrily sparkled and vanished the glasses,
Full pleasantly smiled and coquetted the lasses,
But sweeter still far were the warm hearts that strove
To show to the utmost true brotherly love.

America's sons and Fermanagh's clasped hand,
The Brethren of home and that far distant land;
But distance is naught to a Brother, I know,
And Brethren are Brethren wherever they go.

In the distant hereafter well may it be told
How far severed Brethren met in good days of old,
As a band of Freemasons who sailed on Lough Erne,
With the "Stars" at the bow, and the "Jack" at the stern.

W. Copland Trimble,
W.M. 891.

WAITING FOR HER—A MESMERIST'S STORY.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

Tea had been brought in and taken out again before Uncle Archdale resumed his story. He had left the room first before tea, and had returned from the surgery with a packet of papers or letters, evidently taken from the escritoire.

Uncle did not practise now; he had acquired a little property, and some great aunts of ours had left him money, and he was very comfortably off; only he would persist in calling his library the surgery, though there was not a bottle or potion in it.

"Well, my dears," uncle said as he sat down again, "I suppose I must finish my story."

"Oh, yes, if you please, we should like to hear the end, and we are not at all tired," Lizzie replied.

"Well, then, I will tell you the rest," he continued.

"The usual time for walking the hospitals had passed away, it was three years then—now, I think, it is five—" my uncle resumed.

"I had just got my certificates from the Apothecaries' Company and College of Surgeons, testifying to my efficiency in compounding nasty medicines, and in setting compound fractures, and so forth.

"Medicine was nasty in those days, now they make it pleasant to the taste, do they not, young man?" he said, turning to me.

"Well, sir, we have improved a little in that way, I believe."

"Yes," uncle continued, "I had come out a full-blown surgeon and general practitioner. I had left the Wingroves, very much to Kate's grief and her mother's dismay. The latter had quite made up her mind I should marry her daughter, though Kate, poor girl, knew well enough who it was I was waiting for.

"The extraordinary power I had exercised over her had increased with time, and by means of her clairvoyant dreams, if I may call them dreams, I had kept myself informed of Milicent's whereabouts. From my sister, too, I learned occasionally what was going on, though she seldom saw the Bertrams now, as my father had left that neighbourhood, and gone to live at Salisbury. This much I knew, however that Milicent was still unmarried, and Mr. Thornton was still constant to her. I should tell you that the night before I left Bloomsbury—it was the 12th August, 1827—I had a long *seance* with Kate, it might be the last I should ever have, and I felt that I must act now or never. As you may scarcely credit the story, Philip shall read you this letter about it," said uncle, as he handed to him an old franked letter, yellow with age and dusty, written in a weak feeble hand, the hand of a sick man.

There was an endorsement on the back, which ran thus:—

"This letter from Edmund Thornton, given to me by Milicent Bertram, on Christmas morning, 1830.

"Thretford Parsonage,

"My dearest, "13th Augst., 1827.

"I don't know how to write this letter. I am afraid you will think me mad. I am afraid I am mad. Forgive me if I am incoherent, but so much has troubled me of late that I think sometimes I am tried more than other men. I have a fearful presentiment that we shall never—that we can never—be married. Sometimes these warnings come to me more palpable than at other times.

"Sometimes when I am sitting in my study reading of an evening, I feel a pressure on my arm, and I turn and see by my side a figure—that of a lady—with a pale face and long black elf locks, and a voice seems to come from afar off saying, '*Milicent shall be mine, never thine.*' Not once or twice only have I seen this, but many times. It is killing me. No man can be braver than I can be where any earthly material danger exists, but this perpetual haunting of a spiritual presence threatens to turn my brain. The horrors of last night, if they should return, will deprive me of my reason.

"I feel it going even now; I have prayed against it, but God has not seen fit to hear my prayer. Perhaps it is sent to try me. I know not, but this I know, that in life and death I strive to serve him. And I love you, oh, my darling, as I shall ever love you, purely, devotedly, and constantly.

"Last night I had retired early to my room, for I had been suffering from a severe cold. It was about ten o'clock, and I was sitting for a few minutes over the fire in my bedroom musing, when suddenly I felt a hand, a woman's hand, grasp my own. I turned, and saw as plain as eye could see, a tall woman by my side. It was the pale lady, with the long black ringlets. She frowned upon me, and I shuddered as I saw another hand steal out of space, holding a wand of fire.* In the wand seemed to lay the mysterious influence which paralyzed me.

"I shall never forget that hand. Upon one finger was a ring, formed like a serpent with its tail in its mouth, and its eyes were jewels. Out of the space came a voice, the same voice I had heard before, and it said, 'Milicent shall be mine, never thine.' At the sound of these words I fell to the ground, and when I next became conscious, I found I had been put into bed, and the doctor had come to see me, as the landlady had sent word that I had taken a fit.

"Oh, that horrible night, the remembrance of it is so appalling that I am seized with fearful palpitations whenever I think about it, and a violent trembling comes upon me. * * * * I left off there because the doctor came, and now he says I am suffering from an affection of the heart, and any great excitement would be dangerous. I am to go away from here, as the air, he says, appears to have an enervating effect upon me.

"Of course it is of no use speaking to him of what I saw.

"Dearest, dearest Milly, I hope nothing may come to separate us. God bless you, my own.

"Your ever loving,

"EDMUND."

Maud looked up when Philip had finished reading the letter, and said, "Uncle, you have a ring like a serpent on your finger, and it has diamonds for eyes."

"Yes, my dear, I have," uncle answered; nothing more.

"To resume then—

"In three months from that date I was settled near Heytesbury, about half way between Warminster and Salisbury. One of my aunts had advanced £1,000 to place me with the medical man of that place, as his partner. I went up to London once after that to spend a day or two with some friends, and stayed two evenings with the Wingroves.

"Kate was glad to see me, you may be sure, and so was Mrs. Wingrove. The last evening I was there I sent Kate *to haunt* Mr. Thornton.

"She described the scene—

"Where is he? I asked.

"'He is with a lady,' she answered, 'the same lady I saw before. I think he has come to stay on a visit with them. They are sitting in the drawing-room; she has been singing to him, and he to her.

"'The last song he sang was "When other lips," I think, for I see it on the top of some music on the piano. Now she is leaving the room; she has gone away for something.

"'He is sitting over the fire; how pale and wan he looks.'

"Impress him from me, I said."

"'Oh, no, do not harm him any more. You will kill him.'

"I care not what I do, I fiercely answered, has he not robbed me of my heart's idol?

"Go to him, I continued, sternly.

"'Oh! do not force me,' she said, imploringly, 'you have injured him enough. See what a wreck he is already.'

"It is enough, I angrily rejoined, obey me.

"The glittering wand of steel flashed in the air, she fell back upon the sofa on which she had been half reclining, and swooned away. I heeded her not, but paced the room for some minutes, then I approached her where she lay, placed my hands upon her shoulders, breathed upon her cold brows, and in a few moments she had recovered.

"'Wake me,' she said piteously, 'oh! wake me; I am in pain.'

"Tell me, I asked, where is he?

"'I cannot see him.'

"Look, I said, and I touched her again with the steel rod.

"'Ah!' she answered, with a moan of pain and anguish.

"What is it? I asked.

* *Sensitives* can perceive magnets in the dark by the *odylic* light which they emit. Mesmeric subjects often describe flames of light issuing from the tips of the fingers, and from the eyes of the operator. A magnetised steel rod would appear to be illuminated to *a sensitive*. The reader is referred to *Reichenbach's Researches in Magnetism* for further information on this subject.

"She burst into tears, and in a moment would have been in hysterics had I not again placed my hands upon her shoulders, and breathed upon her calmness and repose.

"Answer me, what is the matter?

"I shall never forget the feeling that came over me when she replied slowly and with awful solemnity,

"'He is dead, and you have killed him!'

* * * * *

"The jury brought in a verdict of 'Died by the visitation of God.'

"Ah, my dears," the old man said, "never let passion get the mastery over you; never try to accomplish your ends whatever they be by foul means. Had I never heard anything of mesmerism I should have been a happier man; but I have repented now of my wickedness, and I trust I am forgiven."

The old man was affected by the memory of the past, and I saw him clasp his hands as if in prayer for a moment or two, and then he bowed his head. Silence fell over us, one of those expressive pauses which comes sometimes quite suddenly upon a company when there are angels passing through the room, as is the old Swedish superstition.

Is it so, reader, do you think? Is there an unseen presence standing by our side and notioning us to good deeds when we would do evil?

How few of us in these days of materialism believe in guardian angels.

Presently Maude broke the silence by asking—

"What became of Kate, Uncle."

"She married a year or two after, but died within a twelvemonth of aneurism, I believe."

"Why did you not marry Milicent after all, Uncle?" Bertie put in.

"There, my dears, is the saddest part of the story. I was overcome with remorse, and never could bear to hear the subject of mesmerism mentioned again. Of course I had not meant to kill poor Edmund—all I wanted to accomplish was that he should consent to relinquish all claim to Milly's hand. I wanted to frighten him into the belief that his marrying her was impossible, and that if ever it were possible, it would prove fatal to her happiness, and to his; but I never dreamed of the dreadful ending of my plot, and the reaction upon myself was frightful. I was taken severely ill. For week's I lay at death's door, and months had passed away before I had recovered.

"I was a changed man; changed in everything save my undying love for Milicent.

"Before Edmund's death I had been a man careless about religion, but now I was a poor penitent sinner, humbly trying to lead a new life, to fit me for that eternity to which we are all hurrying."

The old man spoke reverently, and his solemn words made a deep impression upon us.

"And, my dears, I was still waiting for Milly.

"Two years passed by.

"Time, the great Restorer, had done much to soften her grief; her sorrow had been a great trial to her, but oh! how nobly she bore it. The darling, I see her now. Her face had grown more pensive—the cheek had lost its bloom—the smile had grown more sweet—the look more chastened, but her sweet musical laugh was still as silvery as ever, only we did not hear it often now. She knew I loved her, but she could not bring herself to think of me as anything but a friend—a brother.

"She knew nothing of my *magnetic hauntings*, nothing of the mesmeric *seances*.

"Poor Edmund had died of heart disease—they all knew that; he had suffered from it long, and then he had been subject to epileptic fits; she knew he was delicate.

"I was now getting into a good country practice, and could offer Milly a home, but I did not like to hurry her.

"Another Christmas party at Warminster, and Milly was invited,

"Mr. Wybrants was the medical man with whom I had served my apprenticeship, and he gave a large annual party.

"I had never been before since I was a lad, but this year I had resolved to go, if only to meet Milly, who was staying with an aunt there, and who I knew had accepted the invitation.

"I had made up my mind to give her another invitation.

"Would she accept mine?

"It was a merry party: young people and old people, and middle-aged people, and children were there; and it was Christmas eve.

"How I love the little children. I should have liked to have had some of my own, but Providence has seen fit that it should be otherwise. I had not enjoyed it so much as I had expected. I had romped enough with the children, it is true, and we had blind man's buff, and they made me blind man. Then we had snap-dragon, and I burnt my fingers getting out the raisins for little Lucy, Kathleen, and Alice. And after the children had gone we had dancing, and I kissed dear old Mrs. Wybrants under the mistletoe. How they did all laugh! Just like the old bachelor, they said.

"And we had a nice supper too, and good port and sherry to wash it down—none of your nasty French wines. Champagne was very dear then, and one seldom tasted it in the country, except at the hall perhaps, or up at the court. But I did not much enjoy it, for Millicent was not there. In the midst of the dancing I felt strange forbodings of something direful—a feeling of dread at I knew not what.

"The shadow of a great misfortune seemed to be upon me."

"So though to outward seeming I was the merriest among the merry, the least thoughtful of the thoughtless, I was sick at heart and weary, thinking deep thoughts but very sad; and like the aspens by the shimmering pool, I found myself ever and anon trembling with an unknown fear.

"The doctor gave me a bed, and, so feeling tired with my exertions and with playing with the children, I retired early. Mrs. Wybrants had told me casually, as I bade her good night, in reply to my inquiries about Milly, that she was afraid she was very poorly, but she hoped there was no danger.

"*Very poorly, no danger*, I muttered to myself, what was this? I never even knew she was unwell. It was too late to call at the house and ask after her now. My presence would only disturb her perhaps, and then I thought remorsefully how happy I had been (or seemed at least) playing with the children, and all the while she was ill. However, it was no use to think about it now, but I determined to go the first thing in the morning to ask after her, so comforting myself with that thought I fell asleep.

"I must have slept for two hours or more; when I awoke the clock was striking one.

"It was a lovely winter moonlight night, and I could see out of the window the snow thick upon the gables opposite ours. It was cold—bitterly cold.

"What was the icy blast that passed me there?

"I looked up and saw—

"Milly standing at the foot of my bed, and the rays of the moon shone full upon her, *but her figure threw no shadow on the floor.*

"I was not frightened, but an inexpressible grief came upon me. I gazed with awe, but with no craven fear upon the form, and then it slowly vanished from my eyes.

"My dears, I got up, and I fell upon my knees at the foot of my bed, and prayed the Almighty to spare her to me, I prayed that this might not be a foreshadowing of the end—and then afterwards I slept. In the morning I found that letter in my room which Phillip has read to you. In the morning I heard that which sent the blood back ice-cold to my heart. I heard that Milicent had died at *one o'clock* that *Christmas morning.*

"So you see, my dears, that is the story of the locket—that is the reason I have never married—that is why I am always sad on Christmas Day.

"I had loved her many years. I had done wrong that I might win her. I had repented, but I was punished for my sin. I was waiting for her then—I am waiting for her now—waiting for the great day of account when I may claim her again perhaps—waiting till then."

The old man ceased, the tears were standing in his eyes, he slowly got up and left the room, and we saw him no more that night. Poor Uncle, his heart was so full that he could not even wish us good night, and so was forced to leave us lest we should see the weakness of tears.

THE END.

FREEMASONRY CONSIDERED IN ITS RELATION TO SOCIETY.

BY G. A. R.

The recent secession of the Marquis of Ripon to the Church of Rome, and his consequent resignation of the Grand Master-

ship of the Freemasons of England, have naturally occasioned much criticism. His changing one form of religious belief for another is a matter purely personal; but why that change should necessitate his retirement from Freemasonry is a matter fairly open to comment. That he did so in obedience to the command of his new spiritual advisers is evident, and it follows that all who imitate his example in religious matters must be prepared to make a similar sacrifice. Other religious guides have discountenanced Freemasonry, without going so far as to require retirement from it as a term of communion. These clerical denunciations have a certain weight among those who regard a white cravat as the symbol of infallibility. It is perfectly intelligible, one religious community denouncing another for some supposed unorthodox belief; but for clerics of almost every denomination to turn their weapons against Freemasonry is incomprehensible, seeing that it embraces within its fold members of nearly every church. That Freemasonry exercises a certain influence in society is admitted by every one. Its members assert it as an influence for good; its enemies declare it is an evil influence. Which is correct will be apparent by hearing both sides. *It may be useful to define what Freemasonry is and what are its objects.*

It is a system of morality taught in symbols and veiled in allegory. It does not pretend to be a religion, nor does it assume the functions of any religion; neither does it pretend to be a new revelation. It simply professes to inculcate certain truths in a peculiar manner, and to give a practical form to its profession. Its ethics are derived from the Bible, but while basing its teaching on that sacred book, it inculates a spirit of research in the wide domain of nature; and while modern philosophy seeks to find in nature latent forces sufficient to account for all the varied forms with which we are surrounded, Freemasonry commences her enquiries by an acknowledgment of the Great First Cause.

Freemasonry has been called a secret society, but to a great extent this appellation is a misnomer, for while not unnecessarily obtruding itself on the notice of the world, it attempts no concealment of its existence or its tenets—in fact this would now be impossible. Some of the *practicable objects* contemplated by the Institution, are to unite men of different creeds and of different nations into universal brotherhood, worshipping the same God and Father of us all; to alleviate misery by extending a helping hand to the distressed; to succour the widow and the orphan; and to foster a spirit of loyalty to the sovereign of our native land. Primarily its *speculative objects* are to conserve, and teach certain truths through the media of symbols and allegories, but its functions do not end there, for that teaching finds its natural development and expression in the benevolent operations previously referred to.

A glance at some of its results will convince the most sceptical that it possesses some mysterious intrinsic good. And yet Freemasonry has not always had a fair trial. Many of its members have lightly assumed its obligations, and forgotten their import, so that instead of their conduct being a reflex of Masonic Morality, Freemasonry has been blamed with what is merely the reflection of its unworthy members. A society occupying such a prominent and even pretentious position, will naturally have many detractors. These it can point with just pride to the magnificent monuments which it has erected—its Homes for aged Masons, its Orphanages, its Benevolent Funds, its Charity Funds and to its Widows' Fund. Yet even these do not circumscribe the good which it does, for in addition to these, it will be found on investigation, that in addition to supporting these objects with Masonic money alone, the fraternity are at all times foremost to contribute to other worthy objects, whether religious or benevolent. Freemasonry is thus a mighty engine for good. Every aged Mason provided for, every widow aided, and every orphan clothed and fed, and educated; every penny spent by the craft in assisting those entitled to relief, are so many benefits conferred on the state, and so much money saved to society. These very acts, as will subsequently appear, have been grossly misrepresented.

Viewed in another aspect, Freemasonry presents some features which entitle it to fair criticism from its opponents. How often do we read of a knowledge of its secrets being the means of saving lives at sea. In his reply to an address (accompanied by a presentation) to Captain Sharp

of the American schooner, "Jeff Davis," for saving lives at sea, the following passage occurs :—"The other captain having passed the Freemasons' sign, I felt doubly bound to rescue him." The common promptings of humanity will make one person assist another in distress, but in blunt sailor-like phrase, the gallant Captain Sharp in a striking manner, admits he was bound by a double tie to bear down on the disabled ship at great risk to himself. If we turn to the amenities of Freemasonry on the battlefield, we shall find that in the hour of victory the sword lifted to slay has been turned aside, and two antagonists discover they are brethren. The late war in which the most fertile fields of sunny France were soaked in the blood of the bravest and best, was prolific in incidents when in the battlefield, in the ambulance wagon, and in the hospital, acts of kindness were interchanged among men, who a few hours previously were seeking each others' lives. When each was ignorant of the language of the other, the universal language of Freemasonry was perfectly intelligible, and its magic power produced the happiest results.

In the varied walks of life, its power has been felt. A settler in a new place, or a traveller in a foreign land soon discovers he is not among strangers, and that in case of need he has friends on whom he may depend ready to assist him. In this, however, there is a danger, for while, in any real difficulty, a member of the craft may lawfully exercise his prerogative; some not apprehending aright the principles of the institution, use it for a species of trade mark. This is a system highly reprehensible; one, indeed, affecting the dignity of the craft, and for this reason: suppose some person engaged in trade assumes some Masonic emblem, either as a sign or a mark, and in his business he is not perfectly scrupulous, not alone on him will the blame fall, but on that society under whose badge he professes to act on the square to everyone. It is a duty which Freemasonry owes to society to discountenance such a prostitution of its symbols.

In the domestic, as well as the social circle, Masonic light is too frequently concealed, and its dark shadow is sometimes palpably visible. Talleyrand said, "Language was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts;" and often it is true the worldly sarcasm is applicable, that Freemasonry is another name for a convivial society, and the meetings simply a pretext for indulging in late hours and their concomitants. It remains with the members of the society to prove beyond cavil, that the vitality of Freemasonry is not to be found at its hospitable Board, but in the performance of its duties. Apropos of the character Masonry has received, the following story is told. Soon after the Good Templars had established themselves in Scotland, a number of the Glasgow Lodges, dressed in full regalia, had a grand field day, a few miles from the city. Convenient to the rendezvous was a large way-side inn, past which they marched with drums beating and colours flying. The landlord was surprised to see so many people pass and not one calling. Forth he went to discover the cause of the phenomenon. Having surveyed them in sad silence, he retraced his steps, and a neighbour joined him. The latter remarked interrogatively—"Thae folk 'll be Masons?" "Na," said my host, with a melancholy shake of his head, "Na, gif they were Masons they wadna gang by that gait; they wad have feenished a' the liquer in the shop by this!" There's a character, not very long and certainly not very good!

This stigma is capable of being removed. Hospitality, although not one of the cardinal virtues, is a time-honoured Masonic custom. But a question arises—Does the necessity exist for continuing the practice to its present extent? In a sparsely settled district, where the members come from considerable distances, it is almost a necessity, but in large cities where meetings are so frequent, the same occasion does not exist. No doubt reunions of this sort are agreeable and tend to promote that kindly interchange of thought and sentiment, which has frequently resulted in lasting friendships, but then too frequent occurrence have frequently led to late hours, and irregularity of conduct—to many the festive-board having proved more attractive than the tracing-board. Apart from the false idea society thus receives, much money is uselessly squandered. There are other ways of disposing of surplus funds—the Orphan Schools; the Charity Fund; the Widows' Fund all require more support, and the more they receive the greater amount of good they will do.

Widely diffused, and increasingly popular, Freemasonry, has nevertheless, in all quarters of the globe experienced persecutions; and judging of the future by the past, will be again persecuted and proscribed should opportunity offer. Fortunately at present, maledictions can only be hurled at it, and excommunication threatened against the society, and all who belong to it.

Of late years the Church of Rome has been the most strenuous opponent of Freemasonry. Year after year she has hurled her anathemas against it. It has been pronounced a wicked society, and objects the most truculent have been ascribed to it. So bad indeed is it represented to be that it is placed in the same category with associations of a character avowedly revolutionary, and of all others it is held to be the worst. Its wickedness is considered so heinous, that to be a Freemason is *ipso facto* to be excommunicated.

The following instances will show with what pertinacity Freemasonry has been denounced and belied. In 1758, Pope Clement XII. fulminated a bull against the order, in which after enumerating all its supposed bad qualities, he commands all Bishops to inflict on Masons "the penalties which they deserved as people *greatly suspected* of heresy, having recourse if necessary to the secular power." Following this, the succeeding year, there was an edict issued forbidding Masons to assemble under pain of death and confiscation of goods. Benedict XIV. renewed this bull in 1751. But Pope Pius IX. does not, like Clement, simply *suspect*, he boldly *asserts* that Freemasonry is heretical. In the year 1865, in one of his epistles, he describes Freemasonry as "monstrous, impious, and criminal, full of snares and frauds, a dark society, the enemy of the Church and of God, and dangerous to the security of kingdoms, inflamed with a burning hatred against religion and legitimate authority, desirous of overthrowing all rights, human and divine;" and in the same document the Pope declares all to have incurred the excommunication *Latæ Sententia* reserved to the Roman Pontiffs "who joined the *sect* of the Freemasons or the Carbonari, or other sect of the same kind, which plot openly or secretly against the Church or the lawful powers, and moreover, those persons who show any favour whatsoever to the same sects, or those who do not denounce the secret ringleaders and chiefs thereof, so long as they shall not have renounced them." Freemasons are certainly indebted to the benevolent old man for his pious wishes! But there is some comfort in the reflection, it takes a long time for any of these paper-thunderbolts to take effect. In "Olmsted's Mechanism of the Heavens," the following story is told—"In the year 1456, a comet is stated to have appeared of an unheard-of magnitude. It was accompanied by a tail of extraordinary length, which extended over 60° (a third part) of the heavens, and continued to be seen during the whole month of June. It was considered as the celestial indication of the rapid success of Mahommed II., who had taken Constantinople, and struck terror into the whole Christian world. Pope Calixtus II. levelled the thunders of the Church against the enemises of his faith, terrestrial and celestial, and in the same bull excommunicated the Turks and the comet!" As the same comet (Halley's) has made several appearances since, still bearing its tail, it is to be presumed the excommunication has not yet taken effect! Freemasons may take comfort and breathe freely again?

(To be continued.)

A SERIOUS TALK.

WM. ROUNSEVILLE.

Bro. A.—Good evening, Bro. Leming.

Bro. L.—Good evening, Bro. Aikin.

A.—I have called to have a serious talk with you.

L.—I am always glad to see you. What is the particular subject upon which you wish to have a serious talk?

A.—I hear you have joined the Masons.

L.—Yes, I have become a Mason.

A.—I wonder at it.

L.—Why so, pray?

A.—Because there is no Saviour in Masonry. It ignores Jesus. It overlooks the Saviour's atoning blood. It neglects the cross.

L.—By all which you mean that Masonry is irreligious, or at least anti-Christian.

A.—I mean that it rejects Christ and all the doctrines connected with his mission into the world to save sinners.

L.—Are you not too fast! Masonry holds to the great practical doctrines which Christ said formed the substance of the best part of the law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, might, and strength, and thy neighbour as thyself.

A.—That is Old Testament doctrine. It may hold to that, but your society rejects Christ.

L.—I believe the love of God and of our neighbour is one of the cardinal principles of the Gospel system, and these are also taught by Masonry; so, in so far as they are concerned, Masonry agrees with the Christian system.

A.—But it does not "teach Christ and him crucified," and I shall oppose any society which does not.

L.—Allowing all you say, Bro. Aikin, that Masonry does not recognize the Saviour, I think you will acknowledge that there are some good things in it after all, and if so, that it may be worthy of support.

A.—Never! I have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. My pastor says—

L.—Never mind what your pastor says. Think for yourself. Decide for yourself. But, by the way, I understand that our horse-thief detective association, so recently organized, this afternoon arrested the thieves who stole neighbour Powell's fine matched team. Did you hear of it?

A.—No, I did not, but rejoice to hear it now. I have confidence in that association, that it will yet do great good.

L.—You are a member, I believe?

A.—Yes, I deemed it a duty I owed this community to further its objects as much as possible.

L.—I have no doubt you did right. I have about determined to join it myself.

A.—I am glad to hear it from you, and hope you will carry your determination into execution. Here is a copy of the bye-laws under which we have organized. They are very brief, but I think they cover the whole ground, and are all that are necessary.

Bro. Leming took the copy of the laws and examined them for a short time, and then said:

L.—There seems to me to be something wanting.

A.—What it can be I can't imagine.

L.—It does not even mention the Saviour, and entirely ignores the Christian system—in fact, does not say a word about it.

A.—I am astonished at your language. It borders on blasphemy.

L.—Not at all. I am perfectly in earnest, and speak with deference to the Saviour of men and his mission, and was only applying your argument against Masonry to your own society, and that you perceive its applicability is evident.

A.—But this is a different case.

L.—Very little. Both are societies for the prevention and punishment of wrong—both are composed of men o' dissimilar views on other subjects, but agreeing on the object for which they were organized. Now, I presume some of the best detectives you have in your association would hardly be considered as ornaments of the church.

A.—That is certainly so.

L.—Still they are doing a good work as detectives. They have arrested, and probably will prosecute two of the most notorious criminals known in this vicinity, who, I fear, had none but pious men been in pursuit, would now have been at liberty.

A.—They are good men for the place.

L.—Yes, they are. Now, if your bye-laws had required of these men an acknowledgment of the Christian system as their religious experience, they would have been debarred from being the "good men in the place" for which you admit they are fitted.

A.—It would seem so, surely.

L.—Having arrived at a correct conclusion, suppose we change the subject. Were you at the temperance meeting last night.

A.—I was, and must say that I was greatly encouraged. I begin to think our new organization will be a decided success. When neighbour Jones came forward and took the pledge, I felt like shouting. He is a good fellow, naturally, and his habits were getting rather loose. I have great hopes of him now.

L.—And so have I. He is doubtless sincere.

A.—That society will yet do a vast amount of good. If neighbour Jones is only saved from intemperance, that will richly repay us for our labour.

L.—Yes, that is one thing gained. But

there is little difficulty with our pledge which we shall have to remedy, no doubt.

A.—What is that. I thought it covered the entire ground.

L.—Why, I am surprised—astonished. You should have been the first to discover the blunder.

A.—What in the world can it be. We have not left out the wine clause?

L.—Worse than that!

A.—The pledge against beer was not forgotten.

L.—Still worse than that!

A.—We did not forget the cider clause?

L.—We did much worse than that!

A.—Do tell me what the matter is with the pledge?

L.—It does not name Christ, nor recognize his form of religion in the remotest possible manner.

A.—Why, it was not intended it should. Do you not remember that it was said, the evening we adopted it, that we must have a good pledge and a liberal one, so that all well-disposed people could sign it? Of course you do. Why, neighbour Jones would not have signed it had we put in anything in favour of Christianity.

L.—Then you believe it was good policy to leave out of the pledge a recognition of the Christian system, that such as neighbour Jones may become members.

A.—It seems to be necessary, where a society is formed out of all sorts and forms of religious faith, that its laws should not dictate what faith should be professed by the members.

L.—Exactly.

A.—And in a society which is got up for a purpose, we must look for people as members who agree with us so far as that purpose is concerned.

L.—True! If we cannot agree in all points, let us work together for the good of mankind according to those principles on which we can agree.

A.—That is the right doctrine, Brother Leming.

L.—Yes, Brother Aikin, that is the right doctrine. Masonry is not established as a Christian society; but, to use your own language, it is a moral association which all well-disposed people are invited to join, whatever their country or creed. Should we incorporate with it faith in Christ, it would be a Christian society, shutting out some of the bad "detectives" of many that exist, even as it would if adopted in your horse-thief association; as it would shut out neighbour Jones from the temperance pledge.

A.—I see how it works.

L.—As in these societies, so in Masonry, Many come in who are not Christians, but who are patient workers in a good cause. Neither of these societies work against Christianity—neither does Masonry.

A.—It is plain that you speak truly and sensibly.

L.—Thank you, Brother, for the compliment. I hope you have passed a pleasant evening, and that our "serious talk" has not been unprofitable.

A.—The evening has been spent agreeably, and, I hope, to profit and advantage. Good-bye, my brother.

L.—Good night. Think of what has been said, and imitate the Bereans of old who sought to find out the truth.—*Voice of Masonry and Family Magazine, America.*

RECOLLECTION.

When the heart is full of heaviness,
  When the brow is pained by care,
When alike to-day, to-morrow,
  Dark clouds are everywhere,
'Tis well to muse on other days,
  To think of ancient friends,
In all those fair and softening thoughts
  Which Recollection lends.

For then a sudden, magic change,
  Falls o'er this troubl'd scene,
The mind through vanish'd hours will range
  To the visions that have been;
The present becomes invested
  With a deeper, calmer hue,
And time itself, arrested,
  Brings the past back to our view.

We are lingering in some softer seasons,
  Around some fairy bower,
We hear the joyous roundelays
  Of many a festive hour;
The tender voice is speaking still,
  True trust can trust once more,
For we are joyously expectant,
  Mid the buoyant hopes of yore.

Once more we seem to hear the echoes
  Of many a pleasant song,
Fond memory with magician's wand
  Does each gracious strain prolong;

And once again, in solemn guise,
Those angel faces shine,
Which shed on us such fragrant presence,
Such tenderness all divine.

Yes, the trysting-place we see again,
Amid glades of forest green,
We are looking o'er a fair champaign,
We wander o'er hill and dene;
A laughing group is gather'd there,
Around yon fairy ring,
We hear the cheery refrain,
Melodious voices sing.

O pleasant May-day of old faces,
O gathering blithe and gay,
How, midst cold doubts and sadder fears,
You take us far away;
We pause—for rustling fairy forms
Entrance our spell-bound sight,
And fancy makes us yet rejoice
With its phantoms soft and bright.

Yet all are gone who once could shed
Such grace on love and life,
Fair faces now are with the dead,
Which sooth'd each care and strife;
We listen, but no longer now,
That silvery voice is heard,
Which in frolic jest, or pleasant converse,
Our inmost feelings stirred.

Time may bring us yet its sadness,
And decrepit age may throw
On us its chilling palsy,
Its flakes of drifting snow;
But Recollection still can give,
To many a bye-gone past,
Those sympathies which never die,
Those links which ever last.

So thus to-day, mid weary hours,
As age draws on apace,
Mid jaded hearts and poignant sighs,
And dreams of faded grace,
Some Recollection of the past,
And its gracious loving ways,
Will throw around our daily strife
The illusions of old days.

A. F. A. W.

EARLY HISTORY OF AMERICAN FREEMASONRY, ONCE MORE.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

(*Continued from page* 279.)

The above slip is Pelham's penmanship. It proves that no quarterly meetings were held in Boston before 1750. But why Pelham wrote the slip puzzled me. When I perused the record, the reason became plain. The slip was penned as a memorandum to be inserted into the record. The first 12 pages of the record reads like a chronicle; the dates are placed on the margin. At the bottom of the 12th page, may be seen the lower paragraph, "N.B." etc. The next page is written in a regular lodge record style, and there I found recorded that part of the upper paragraph, viz., the regulation for the Committee of Charity when to meet; the preface and finishing parts are omitted. I then came to the conclusion, that this memorandum was written with a design to be put into the record. It also proves that on the 25th of September, 1751, the twelfth page of the record was not finished.

There is also a list of the members of the lodge from 1733 to August 1751. The list is printed with Bro. Gardner's oration; likewise a list of the Master Masons' Lodge Members from 1738. To the names of the first are appended the dates of their initiation, or of joining the lodge. Those who were made in the lodge have a mark placed beside their names. Those who were initiated elsewhere are without that peculiar mark.

The Master Masons' list has the same marks to denote those that were raised there. Three names in each list (different names) are minus of the Christian name. Assisted by the Hon. Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, with the aid of a perpetual almanack of his construction, we found (on page 105 of Bro. Gardner's address, where the list begins) twenty-four dates of initiations from August 3rd, 1733, to May 31st, 1736. Out of those twenty-four dates ten of them were not regular lodge nights. On February the 11th, 1749 (old style) three initiations are marked on the list, but the almanack revealed that February 11th was on *Sunday*. Recently I found that in 1736 there were two members in the lodge whose names do not appear on the list. These several discrepancies, led me to suspect that Pelham never could have copied those names from pre-existing records, but designed those lists for the purpose of working the names and dates into the records which he intended to make for those lodges. So impressed was I with

this belief, that I even wrote to the *Freemason* early in 1873 about it; but am sorry to say, the communication was not printed. In that article I took occasion to confess an error I made in my review of the Price address, August 17th, 1872. I suppose that the date of the Bye-laws, October 24th, 1733, did not correspond with the regular lodge night of the lodge, while October 24th, 1753, does correspond with its regular night, and advanced this as a point in argument to show that the date was altered. This, however, was only one of my reasons on that subject. Bro. Shurtleff's almanack showed that both in 1733 and 1753, October 26th fell on Wednesday.

After the demise of the late Bro. C. W. Moore, the records of the first lodge of the Master Masons' Lodge, and of the second lodge were found in his safe. I was right, then, that the record was not burnt. On the title page of the first lodge record is written, presented by "Thomas Walker, S.W., 1738." Price's Deputation, including *April thirtieth*, is first on the record. Next are the Bye-Laws, dated as Bro. Moore said, 1733. Here I was wrong, and Bro. Moore was right. In whose handwriting these entries were made I know not. The first recorded minutes of a lodge meeting, is not July 30th, 1733-5733, but December 27th, 1738. Here Bro. Moore and I were both wrong. He for asserting that it began July 30th, etc., and I for *believing him.* The date July 30th cannot even be found in the record. During the first year Eben Swan acted as secretary. The minutes are meagre. On the 26th December, 1739, the name of P. or Peter Pelham appears as secretary. I followed up the record until September 12th, 1744, P. Pelham still secretary. On that night, Charles Pelham, the writer of the G.L. record from 1733, was initiated; corresponding with the date on the first lodge list which was also written by him. On the following page, September 26th, 1744, C. Pelham is already secretary, and so he continued till the close of the book in 1754.

I confess it puzzled me. It was not exactly as I expected, but yet I was in the main all right. Though Peter's name appears on the record as secretary, yet it is an undeniable fact, that from December 26th, 1739, to the close of the book, it is all in Charles Pelham's handwriting. The conclusion I therefore came to was this: Thomas Walker, who was S.W. in 1738, presented the book to the lodge, not in 1738, but about the year 1753. He never held a higher office in the lodge than S.W.; hence that title and the date he held that office is mentioned, and the list of the members of that lodge was no doubt designed to be worked into the record.

There is this difference between the G.L. and lodge record; for the latter, Pelham no doubt possessed some materials, such as money accounts and documents which he found among his father's papers. But for the G.L. record, he possessed only the deputations of Price, Tomlinson, and Oxnard, and also the petition for constituting the undersigned into a lodge. The rest he gave merely from hearsay. The G.L. record is nothing but a tissue of errors, anachronisms, and utterly untrustworthy as evidence. Of the four documents recorded in it, the only original copy remaining is the petition. But on comparing the original MS. with the one recorded, it will be seen, that Pelham was unreliable even as a copyist. I send with this, the two copies, placed side by side, which will show at a glance, that the recorded one is altered and garbled. The G.L. record is so artlessly done, that in less than a quarter of an hour's examination I concluded that it was not authentic, and that it was not written before 1750-1 or 2. But the lodge record was more carefully done. Pelham got the secretary of 1738 to write up his part. Had Peter Pelham been living, Peter would probably have written for those years that he served as secretary; but Peter Pelham died in December, 1751, and the record was not written before 1754. And it may seem strange that from 1754 to 1784, the same lodge was again without a record, that is, there is no evidence nor tradition that it kept a record during those thirty years. I suppose that there was no other P.S.W. to present the lodge with a book as Bro. Walker did.

The Master Masons' record begins in 1738. I did not notice the name of the secretary; then several pages are left blank. But in 1743 the record begins again, and from that date, until 1754, with the exception of a very few pages, was all done by the hand of Charles Pelham. The blank pages were probably designed for the

successor of the 1738 secretary to write up his part between the last-named date and 1743. The small record of the second lodge, which was constituted in 1750, is undoubtedly genuine. I did not examine it carefully, but noticed the dates, while Dr. Winslow Lewis was reading it, somewhere between 1760 and 70. As I was looking over it while it was still in Bro. Lewis's hands, I recognized at first sight the handwriting of Brown. On turning over a page or two, the Dr. saw the name of Brown as secretary. Charles Pelham was an excellent penman, but Brown who was G.S. in 1754, was an extraordinary fine penman.

In conclusion, I beg to state that the Editors of the *New England Freemason* may continue to print the picture of Price on the covers of their Magazine to denote their faith in the Price Grand Mastership; the Henry Price Lodge at Charlestown may make pilgrimages to the tomb of Price, and its chaplain may pray on his grave; the popular text writers may continue to vent their spite against me with Billingsgate abuse, and Bro. Gardner may continue to ignore the worthlessness of the records; yet I cannot believe that an obscure illiterate London tailor, who never condescended to leave a hint in which lodge in London he was initiated, or who his relatives were, had ever received a G.M.'s Deputation from Viscount Montague, or that the Viscount affixed his own seal to it as Bro. Gardner says. And more so, as it is well-known that Viscount Montague never visited the Grand Lodge, and probably never troubled himself with Masonry after the day of his installation. Nor do I believe that either the G. L. of England or the Earl of Cranford ever conferred any distinction on Price in 1734. If such had been the case, one or the other of those deputations would have appeared on the record of the G.L. of England. Again, if such had been the case, Price would never have delayed writing to the English G.L. until 1768—thirty-five years after the date of his alleged Deputation. Viewing this question from every point, I cannot rid myself of the conviction that Henry Price was an imposter, and I think a time will yet come when Bro. Gardner, who has done so much to explode Masonic imposition in other directions, will yet acknowledge, that the evidence on this subject strongly preponderates in favour of my belief, and that Bro. McCalla will yet acknowledge that I am right.

FROM THE ORIGINAL M.S.

That your petitioners are very sensible of the Honour done to us here by your Sd. Deputation, & for as much as We are a sufficient number of Brothers regularly and duly made soe in his Majesty's Kingdoms of Great Britain & Ireland, as appeared to you on Examination, & are no desirous of Enjoying each other (as well as those made here for their respective names here unto annexed) as Masons in regular and Constituted Lodge for our harmony & union together as well as our Brethren y^{t} may att any time arrive here or such as may be made Bro's hereafter y^{t} is to say in due manner & Form. Therefore, We request as well in our Own Name and names, As well as all other Brethren it may concern y^{t} you will please to give the Necessary orders to all our Brethren within y^{t} Limitts & Power to give their due attendance on you att a Seasonable hour to assist you & the Rest of the Brethren in their Capacitys towards Constituting a Regular Lodge att the sign

FROM THE RECORD.

That your petitioners are very sensible of the honours done to us here by your said Deputation, and for as much as We are a sufficient number of Brethren regularly made and are now desirous of Enjoying each other, for our harmony together, and Union, as well as our Brethren that may arrive here, or such as may be made Brothers hereafter, that is to say, in due Manner and Form.

Therefore We Request, as well in our own Name and Names as in the Names of all other Brethren it may Concern. That you will please to give the necessary Orders to all our Brethren within your Limits, to give due Attendance and Assistance in their several and Respective Capacities

towards Constituting, a Regular Lodge

of the Bunch of Grapes in King Street, Known by the name of y^e^ house of Mr. Edw^d.^ Lutwytch, on Monday the 30th Inst., whereby We may be enabled to assist one another in the true & Lawful Works of *Antient Masons*, or att any other Place or Places as may Seem more meet & Requisite to our G.M., his Deputys & y rest of the Bro^rs.^ may agree upon & then & there to make such private Laws & Rules not exceeding y^e^ Bounds prescribed to us in our printed Book of Constitutions or y^r^ Deputation & as will be approved & Confirmed of by them According to Antient Right & Custom & such Lodge to be held on every Second & Fourth Wednesday in each month, for y^e^ Common Good of us & Brethren, Your compliance herein, We doubt not will reflect much the honour of Masons and Masonry by Enlarging it w^th^ many worthy Gentlemen in this Town and Elsewhere Residing. We are W^th^ Respect *Sir your affl. Bros. & Servts.*

[Here follow the signatures.]

In this, no date is added.

this Evening at the sign of the Bunch of Grapes, in King Street, Known by The name of the House of Mr. Edward Ludwytch, or any other place of places as our said Right Worshipful Grand Master, shall think proper to be

then and there held and Constituted, according to ancient Custom of Masons

and such a Lodge to be held on every second and fourth Wednesday in each month, for the Common Good of us Brethren. Your Compliance herein, We doubt not, will Redound to the Honour of the Craft, and Encourage many worthy Gentlemen to become Brethren and Fellows of this Right Worshipful and Ancient society, and your Brethren and petitioners *shall ever Pray.*

[Here follow the signatures, and these are followed with]

"Dated at Boston in New England, July 30th 1733, 5733."

THE ADVENTURES AND TRAVELS OF A BOX OF BONBONS.

The shopwoman, a fine lady in a silk dress and lace sleeves, took the box and filled it with Siraudin's best *bonbons*. It had been chosen by a gentleman, who came that very afternoon to fetch it. "Simple and elegant" had been his words, and he now complimented her on her good taste; the little blue and silver box was pretty and delicate enough for a wedding present. The gentleman opened it, and looked in; round the edges were pink liquer *bonbons*, whilst *bonbons* made to imitate violets, the latest and prettiest novelty from Siraudin's manufactory, lay in the centre like a bouquet, surrounded by little stars of coloured sugar, smelling of pineapple and vanilla. The purchaser glanced at all these pretty things with the air of a connoisseur, made a slight movement as if putting something like a small piece of paper into the box, then hastily shut the lid. The shopwoman tied some rose-coloured ribbon round it, and wrapped it up in glossy satin paper, on which the name of the shop was inscribed in gold letters. The gentleman put down a piece of gold on the counter, and went away with his precious parcel.

He hurried through the Rue de la Paix, past the Grand Hotel, to the Chaussée d'Antin, where he entered a magnificent house, and rang the bell of the first floor. A lady's maid opened the door to him with a friendly smile—the same smile which she bestowed on every visitor.

"Is Madame alone," asked the gentleman, hastily.

"Just now she is," answered the maid, slily; "but she has had a great many visitors."

The gentleman went up to a mirror, passed his hand through his perfumed hair, arranged his neck-tie, and the glittering *breloques* which hung down over his blue velvet waistcoat, and looked at himself from head to foot with an air of satisfaction. He was a fine-looking man, in the prime of life, beautifully dressed, from his accurately parted hair to the tips of his polished boots; no wooer (perhaps he was one) could have looked more spruce. The lady's maid opened the door of the boudoir,

and announced him. The lady was reclining in a careless but graceful attitude on a *chaiselongue*. She was a young widow, as might easily be seen from her very becoming dress: but one of these inconsolable widows who can hardly wait until the expiration of the year's mourning before taking a second husband to console them for the loss of the first. She was also beautiful and rich, and had no lack of suitors.

"Madame," said our Adonis, in a low and somewhat agitated voice, as he courteously presented the box, "to-morrow is New Year's day; you will leave all sad memories behind you with the past year, and only retain those of happiness. I also bring you my trifling gift. It is not large, but my heart is within it."

"Really?" laughed the lady. "Your heart is in this little box? And *bonbons* besides from Siraudin's, the best in Paris!"

"It is as I have said," replied the other; "and you must permit me to call again in a few days, in order to learn your opinion of the contents of my box."

"Most willingly," said the lady, still jestingly; "but I hope your heart is not very large, otherwise there would be no room for any *bonbons*." And she allowed him to kiss the pretty hand for which so many sighed. Her lover took his leave, and went home with renewed hope.

Almost immediately a young lady, the widow's cousin, a pretty young girl, entered the boudoir, and laid a bunch of violets on the rosewood table.

"Thanks, Clarissa," said the lady, "I like your violets much better than these tiresome *bonbons*. This is the thirty-second box," she added, with a laugh, pointing to that from Siraudin's, "which I have had during the last three days, and no doubt I shall have a dozen more to-morrow. Take it, if you like; I shall be very glad if you will; I don't even care to open it, they are all alike."

Clarissa went home highly delighted; her little bouquet of violets had gained her a beautiful present. She hastened with it to her mother.

"My child," said her mother, gravely, "you know what the docter ordered for you this morning; meat and broth, hardly any vegetables, and, above all, neither pastry nor sweets. Be good and obedient, and do not open this stupid box; Siraudin's sweets are worse than any—his *bonbons* are as heavy as lead. I will give you the blue sash you asked me for yesterday instead."

"Just as you please, mama," answered the daughter, "only allow me to do what I like with the box."

"Certainly; and what is that?"

"Elise was working half the night at my ball dress, and she was so tired this morning that she almost went to sleep over my hair. She would be delighted if I gave her the *bonbons*."

"Do so, my child," said her mother; and Clarissa gave the box to her maid.

Elise was a good, honest girl, by no means ugly, and a true Parisian. As such she loved more than anything in the world the illustrious French army, in the person of one of its noblest representatives. Her cousin Charles was a corporal in the second Chasseur Regiment, third battalion, fourth company; and since his promotion, now some time ago, they had been engaged to each other with the consent of their parents. But for a marriage between near relations a dispensation from Rome is necessary, and the road to Rome, although so many lead there, is long. Meanwhile, the young people loved each other sincerely, and built castles in the air. Elise gave the box of *bonbons* to this corporal. He thanked her for her pretty present, which, however, he by no means estimated at its full value, although Elise told him that there were *bonbons* in the box, as good as any that his general could have.

On the way to the barracks our soldier thought to himself: "Of what use are *bonbons* to me? they are only fit for children. I would much rather have had a pipe and some tobacco. I will give the box to the sergeant major's wife. It is just as well to be in the good graces of one's superiors; one never knows—"

No sooner said than done. The sergeant-major's wife received the young man who brought her such a pretty New Year's present most politely, made him sit down, and offered him a glass of *liqueur*, which Charles received and emptied with great alacrity. She also spoke to her husband that evening in favour of the young man; but he was in a bad temper, as was often the case when he had drunk

too much and lost his money. Another time, thought his wife, who was a kind-hearted woman. But the box of *bonbons* seemed to her, judging from its exterior, too good for her to keep and let the children play with. So she took it with her when she went to church next morning, in order to give it to the *curé*, whom she greatly liked; for she was a good woman, and too simple-minded to reflect that such a gift was not very appropriate. The good *curé* accepted the box kindly, in order not to hurt her feelings. "*Bonbons?*" he said, with a smile. "Many thanks, if not for myself, at least for my school-children; they will be delighted." Going into the sacristy, he met a lady of rank, the Duchess of T.; her Grace's experienced eyes fell on the box of Siraudin's *bonbons*, which the *curé* held carelessly in his hand.

"One would think," she said, jestingly, "that you make worldly New Year's presents, as we do in our profane circles."

"This box, madame, was given me for the poor," answered the *curé*, with some slight embarrassment.

"Oh, then it can be bought," said the Duchess, quickly, as she took a bank-note from her enamelled porte-monnaie, glad to find such a delicate way of giving the present which she had long wished to make.

The *curé* took the two hundred franc note, gave the box to the lady, and knelt down in a retired corner to return thanks for his fortunate *rencontre* with the sergeant-major's wife and the Duchess.

The latter went home, and the box of *bonbons* seemed after its many wanderings at length to have reached its final destination. The Duchess had just taken off the wrapper, in order to examine the costly *bonbons* (for which she had paid ten napoleons) more closely, when a footman entered the room, and announced "Old Mathieu, from Montereau."

Old Mathieu was the head steward on the Duke's estate, and his father had held the same office under the Duchess's parents. He was nothing more than a simple peasant; but, as is the case in the princely houses of a noble faubourg, he belonged in a certain sense to the family, and had now come from Montereau to offer his New Year's congratulation to his master's family.

"It is very kind of you, Père Mathieu," said the Duchess, as she gave him her hand, which the old man scarcely ventured to touch. "Down-stairs you will find, in the porter's care, a large parcel for the children. How are they all at home? Is Jean engaged yet to pretty Yvonne, and when is the wedding to be?"

"Your Grace is talking of my eldest son?" answered Mathieu. "Unfortunately, Jean cannot pluck up courage to speak, and the girl can't ask him herself, although we would gladly have her for a daughter-in-law."

"Jean is a thorough simpleton," exclaimed the Duchess; "tell him so from me, and bid him make haste. I have promised to give Yvonne a dowry." She wrapped the box again in the paper, and gave it the old man. "*Bonbons*, Pere Mathieu, better than any which they make in Montereau; but I have no others just now, and I forgot to put any in your parcel. And now good-bye; don't forget to tell Jean that he must be less faint-hearted in the New Year."

The steward made a low, clumsy bow, put the box in his capacious coat-pocket, and went his way.

When he reached his home that evening, he unpacked the parcel and gave each child its present. Then he called his eldest son. "Jean, the Duchess is not pleased with you. She told me to tell you that you are a silly fellow."

"I am much obliged, father; the Duchess is really too kind."

"No, she is quite right," grumbled the old man; "you know very well what I mean. She has promised to give Yvonne a dowry, and you are afraid to speak. I really cannot believe that you are so fond of her as you say."

"O, father!" cried his son, blushing scarlet, "how can you doubt whether I love her? I think of her a hundred times a day, and have meant a hundred times to tell her so; but when I am with her, something chokes me, and I can't bring out a word."

"Because you are a thorough simpleton, as the Duchess says," answered the old man roughly. After a pause, he added more gently, "Here, Jean, see what she gave me; *bonbons*, such as the great people in Paris eat. Take them and give them to Yvonne, or send them to her if you can't venture to take them to her yourself.

Women are often sharper than men. Perhaps she will guess that you love her."

No sooner said than done. But the honest fellow preferred to entrust his younger brother with the commission, and impressed upon him that he was to make it clearly understood that it was a New Year's gift to Yvonne from Jean.

At last, at last, the *bonbons* seemed to have fallen into the right hands; for half an hour later, Blaise, Yvonne's father, made his appearance in the steward's house. He was in a state of great delight, and cried out, "Neighbour Mathieu, I give my consent. Your son Jean is a sly fellow! I came directly to give you an answer."

"Sly fellow—answer—" said Mathieu in astonishment. "What do you mean, friend Blaise?"

"What do I mean?" laughed Blaise. "Why he has asked her to marry him, and done it like any genteel young fellow in the town. He sent Yvonne a box from Paris, with sweetmeats inside, and a love-letter as nicely written as if the schoolmaster had done it."

As he said this, Blaise threw down a paper on the table. Mathieu hastily took it up, put on his spectacles and read—

"I have loved you much for a long while, and my greatest wish is to become your husband. Answer me, will you accept my heart and hand?"

"Jean, Jean," cried Mathieu, "the Parisian *bonbons* are cleverer than you!"

Poor Jean looked half stupefied, but he recovered himself and appreciated his good fortune, when Yvonne and her mother entered, and were surrounded by the whole rejoicing family.

Thus fate plays with us. A gentleman in love buys a box of *bonbons* at Siraudin's in the Rue de la Paix, lays a love-letter inside, and brings it to the lady of his hopes and wishes, and the box travels until finally in Montereau it unites two loving hearts, which, without its aid, might have waited long without coming to an understanding.

How the gentleman and inconsolable widow in the Chaussee d'Antin settled the matter, we know not, nor is it of any importance. But we know that Jean and Yvonne have been extremely happy.—*The National Freemason, America.*

EHEU FUGACES ANNI, O POSTUME!

What changes we have realized
Since we were first in town,
Since I so long have ruralized
And you've married Kitty Brown.
What alterations, strange and vast,
In these old London streets,
How many ghosts of a laughing past
One almost hourly meets.

It seems but yesterday that we,
In all of genial zest,
Made up a careless company,
Full of mischief and of jest,
And here we are, two grey old men,
Limping wearily along,
Strange faces, all beyond our ken
Make up the jostling throng.

We are looking wistfully around
For some dear friends of yore,
We can hear e'en now the pleasant sound
Of their voices evermore;
Their words are ringing in our ears,
Each utterance of truth,
Their cheery presence almost cheers
Again our festive youth.

Alas! in vain with wandering eyes
We seek each manly form;
On some the green turf gently lies,
Some have perished in the "storm."
By Alma's height some buried lie,
Roughly their graves were made;
Some rest beneath an Orient sky,
In Scutari's peaceful shade.

And some are sleeping where they fell
By Inkerman's grim height;
And some have fought their battle well
In life's all desperate fight;
And some are here, and some are there,
But few are lingering still,
Who started once without a care
To climb youth's radiant hill.

And fairer faces bind us all
Once more in their magic spell,
And faded flowers mind us all
Of some we loved full well;

E'en they are wanting to us now,
No more their grace they lend,
Gone are the promise and the vow.
The partner, and the friend.

Parted the mates of olden years,
Vanished those laughing eyes
Which served to banish hopeless fears,
Whose smiles ne'er turned to sighs;
For us the present is but cold,
The streets seem all forlorn,
For still we dream of the "old and bold,"
Of beauty's fragrant morn.

The stalwart mates, the gracious dames
Whom once we knew so well,
Forgotten are their very names,
Their graces few can tell;
And yet some thirty years ago
They were the "beau monde" of the town:
Why does Old Time thus treat us so?
And cast our Idols down?

What recollections then remain
For us when now we meet,
What pleasant times come back again
True hearts and faces sweet,
As we commune on the buried past,
We two old men together,
And think of our friendship firm and fast
Mid fair and foulest weather.

If now, old friend, we grieve and sigh
O'er the changes we have seen;
If now, we often sadly try
To revivify what has been;
The natural law of human life,
Deny it as you may,
Still gives to all, mid joy and strife,
But a very little day.

So let us cheer our hearts once more
With our memories of the past,
Let us linger by that sunny shore
Not yet by clouds o'ercast,
When nothing came amiss to us,
When we cast no looks behind,
When those we loved were true to us,
And all our friends were kind.

CÆLEBS.

Reviews.

A Defence of Freemasonry. By A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., Past Grand Chaplain. Published by George Kenning, 198, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

So much literary rubbish has been written and published concerning Freemasonry, both by friends and foes, that a sober-minded, but steadfast lover of the good old Craft, is rather inclined to look with a distrustful eye on any new work on the subject, in this day of catchpenny publications. As every good organization, however open to public inspection it may be, is apt to be misunderstood and maligned, it can be no marvel to the thoughtful Mason that a society like ours, in which secrecy is one of the most marked of its features, should share the fate of inferior institutions. It is an immutable law of the Great Architect of the Universe, that His noblest creature, man, should be purified by suffering, both in his individual and his corporate capacity. The Volume of the Sacred Law, forcibly impresses this knowledge upon us, and the experience of mankind, in all ages and in all climes, fully attest the truthfulness of this teaching. Such being the great fact, Freemasonry could not possibly be the good thing which so many of us *know* it to be, if it was never misrepresented, and even hated by some of those whom it seeks only to bless.

"Freemasonry is a union of men in all parts of the world, who can forget the differences of sect and party, of nation and of social position, for the propagation of the highest order of intellectual and moral culture; for, however high a state of intellectual attainment a man may have arrived at, and, however elevated a standard of morality he may have set up for himself, or have practised, it will still receive an additional lustre when once he becomes a Freemason."

Such was the able definition of the Craft given to a female enquirer the other day by an intelligent and virtuous woman in the humbler walks of life, the husband of whose bosom and the fruit of whose womb are alike "Brothers of the Mystic Tie." Happy the man whose conformity to the grand principles of Freemasonry is such as to impress his mother, wife, sisters

or daughters, with this truthful estimate of our widely-spread and inimitable institution.

But, unfortunately, too many of us fall far short of living out the sublime precepts of Freemasonry; and, in an age when hard drinking was the fashion amongst all classes of the community—when it was considered no disgrace to fall inebriated beneath the table of the peer or the country squire—"Masons' meetings," as Burns terms them were too often polluted with the filthy flood of intemperance which deluged the land; and some doggrel songsters who had crept into the Craft, assuming to themselves the singing-robes which belong only to the true bard, rhymed and ranted as though guzzling and drinking was the principal object for which lodges were established, although the least attention to our beautiful ritual would have soon convinced them to the contrary. True, a few bright Masons, in whose souls dwelt the true spirit of song, like our immortal brothers, Robert Burns and John Cunningham, pealed a purer strain from their lyres, enunciating sentiments not unworthy of the Grand Lodge above. But, for the most part, what arrant trash many of the so-called Masonic Songs are that have come down to us! Not in that spirit did our ancient operative brethren build those magnificent fabrics, which, even when in ruins, have ever since been the wonder and admiration of posterity. And even some of the best of our prose writers—though they have truly delineated our beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols—have been so childishly credulous in matters relating to its history that they have chronicled alike fact and fiction as equally worthy of acceptance, and thus brought our ancient Craft to be lightly esteemed, if not altogether despised, by men who ought to have been its truest friends and most stalwart champions.

Some of the charges brought against our Fraternity are so ultra-ridiculous, that I confess they have afforded me a fund of amusement. Nothing in Mandeville, Rabelais, Lemuel Sulliver, Arabian Nights, Tristram Shandy, Ingoldsby Legends, Hood's Own, or any book I have read, seems to me half so comical as a grave man, like Professor Robinson in the last century, writing a goodly-sized octavo volume, to announce to an astonished world, that a brotherhood which embraced in one fraternal grasp, men of all nations, tongues, and kindred. Trinitarian and Unitarian, Christians, Jews, Mahometans, and all who believe in the Grand Geometrician of the Universe—men who not only believe in monarchy, or in republics, but kings who reign by right of birth, and presidents elected by the people—in short, men of the most discordant opinions in politics or theology, but beliving in the brotherhood of man—are all united in one formidable confederacy to upset all governments and all religions, and make a hell upon earth. That Pope after Pope should thunder his curses from the Vatican against us, ought not to surprise those who know that nothing less will ever content that worst of all despotisms than trampling under foot that civil and religious liberty of which Freemasonry, without meddling in party squabbles, is really the true protector. But that Protestants—who ought to be prepared to die, like their illustrious fathers before them, for the most glorious of all rights and privileges, the freedom of conscience, should join in the hue and cry against us, with the same pig-headed stupidity as was done by the bigotted Presbyterians in their Associate Synod at Edinburgh, August 25th, 1757, is to me rather tragical than comical, and not at all a hopeful sign of the times.

Were it not that I frequently meet with persons of good natural faculties, who have been so ill-educated as not to know that the English drama is purer now than it was on the stage just after the Restoration, and who know no difference between the novels of Scott, Cooper, or Dickens, and those of Mrs. Behm, having never witnessed the performance of a play, or read either dramatic or romantic literature; I should feel surprised that the "mares' nests" found by the Abbe Barruel and Professor Robinson towards the close of the last century, should turn up again in the present day. Surely fourscore more years of quiet benevolence on the part of the members of the Craft in Britain and her Colonies, to say nothing about the many works of charity performed in other countries, ought to have rendered it quite unnecessary for our esteemed and gifted Brother Woodford, or for any other man, to have to come forward with a "Defence of Freemasonry."

Coming from the pen of a pious and learned divine, to whom anything of an irreligious or anarchical character would be particularly distasteful, Brother Woodford's book is one which must command attention, both among the initiated and the outer world who are not Freemasons. There is a clear and serene ability runs through the whole work which is seldom displayed in controversial publications. The most virulent enemy of the Craft must at least admit that our Reverend brother has kept his temper. But his book is all the more cutting to corruption and falsehood for its calm and unflinching exposure of the enemies tactics. "The spirit of Dominic," says he, "survives the fleeting centuries of time, and reappears in successive cycles, if perhaps in a new form, and under specious disguises, yet practically still the same animus, unaltered and unaffected, whether it be manifested to-day by a church, or a state, by a community, or by individuals. Indeed, the eagerness to persecute one another for difference of opinion, or divergency of creed, is a very startling fact in itself, and a most difficult one to explain satisfactorily, either in the annals or struggles of man." And this spirit of intolerance, he, as a Christian minister, very properly denounces as an "awful parody, painful commentary, on the words and acts of that only divine Teacher who came into this world of ours, speaking to all men words of peace and love; offering to all men a blessed message of healing and reconciliation; at whose gentle bidding the sword was to be sheathed, and angry passions, like elemental strife, were to be stilled; at whose benign intervention, all that separates man from his fellow man here, or renders man harsh, uncharitable, and intolerant to his fellow creatures, was to be abolished and obliterated, and pass utterly away."

To the foolish objection that the Craft is not exclusively Christian, Brother Woodford replies:—"Let us all in our several lots and positions be as earnest religionists as we think right; but let us not overlook the fact, that two-thirds of the habitable world are as yet Non-christian, and to refuse to associate in active labours with others, because they are Non-christian, especially in works of general utility and benevolence, reflects little credit on the spirit with which we seek to develop our own profession of true religion. Depend upon it, in this as in many other points, Freemasons are quite right in thus making their test of admission as large and universal, with two notable exceptions, as are the Masonic message of philanthropy, and the Masonic sympathies of brotherhood. Freemasonry knows nothing of distinction, dogmas or conflicting creeds, whether of Christian or Non-christian bodies, and welcomes them all, only sternly excluding the avowed atheist, or the openly immoral man." Bro. Woodford does not deny, that even this excellent and most distinctive trait of Freemasonry "may always form an insuperable bar to some earnest minds." But zeal and knowledge, we all know, may not always go together. "I think," says our reverend defender, "it is the experience of all—it is my own after thirty-four years of Masonic membership - that the special charm of Freemasonry consists in this, that there is a spot where we forget the tumults and the troubles of the outer world, and where, retaining our own opinions, modestly, and manfully, we meet ever as brethren, and part ever as brethren, despite the differences which divide us, and the contentions which agitate us in social and public and religious life. No doubt it may be said, such is also true of a church, or house of God in our land, where his people can assemble together, and forget alike earthly sorrow and worldly distractions; and such certainly is so. But while those who meet in the church are mostly of the same creed, outwardly at any rate, in a lodge-room the utmost diversity prevails ever, both of religious belief, and of political party. Yet is it not often a strange metamorphosis which our Masonic Lodge gatherings can effect on us antagonistic mortals now? Outside its portals we are members of the community, supporters of the church, members of a denominational body, citizens of the world, each with our own pet theories, and probably discordant opinions. Inside that room, however humble a spell has come over us, we are all one, one in peaceful unity and brotherly concord, one in good-will to our fellow men, one in giving glory to our common Father in Heaven."

The brother who could pen the following truly Masonic passages, is well fitted to be Chaplain to the Grand Lodge of England,

or to any other where the sun is at its meridian:—

"We may not come up to what some think should be the proper formulæ of our religious profession; but to this very system we owe, many of us, nay, I will say all of us, some of the happiest and cheeriest moments of our lives, some of our fastest friendships; and some of our most refreshing memories. Whatever else may betide Freemasonry; whatever attacks it may have to endure; whatever condemnation to face; it never can give up its universality, without, as it were, loosening the capestone of that great arch which spans in its tolerating brotherhood all those of our human race, who, with us, acknowledge and bow down reverently before the Great Architect of the world, and the one loving Father of mankind.

"If Freemasonry has to be condemned because it is, then, Theistical, admitting and welcoming all religious denominations, and all bodies of men, Christian or Non-christian, who believe simply in God Most High, Freemasonry will have to be condemned. Nothing, I feel sure, will ever induce Freemasons to falter for one moment in the avowal of its universal teaching; and nothing I fear that I can say, will remove the scruples of those who find the broad platform of Masonic brotherhood the great stumbling-block to their approval of its principles, and the standing-ground for complaint, anathema, and condemnation.

"It is impossible to argue out such a subject with those with whom we cannot agree on first principles, and therefore I leave it here, believing that by the fair, the tolerant, and the liberal minded, the position which Freemasonry assumes in this respect, will be alike appreciated and approved."

And again:—

"Freemasonry in my humble opinion, has at any rate, the clear right, to say this. You may condemn my principles of action and adhesion, but at any rate, show me what yours are worth as regards practical proof. There are 250 millions of Christians in the world or thereabouts, and the remaining two-thirds of our fellow creatures are Non-christian. Are we to utterly discard them, and ignore them, in the great struggle of life, and in any works of kindness and benevolence? Even if all Christians were at one it would be something, but Christians unfortunately are anathematizing or antagonizing one another with a bitterness and a virulence which tend more than anything else to hinder the spread of the civilizing and elevating and healing influence of the Christian Church, and are an undissembled source of malignant joy to the infidel and the scorner.

"Why then have you a right to find fault with a society, which if on lower grounds, has yet succeeded to some extent at any rate, in its aim and effect, and does actually at this time include within one body, not only Christians of various denominations, but even Hebrews, Hindoos, Mahommedans, and Parsees?"

Bro. Woodford would hold no lodge where the government of the country forbade it; but he properly points out the particular inconsistency of the Romish Church denouncing all secret societies.

"Some one has said and the saying is a good one in its way, that the Church of Rome is the greatest secret society in the world!

"And who is there that knows anything of the Jesuit order, with its secret vows, and the 'Monita Secreta' and hidden 'formulæ,' and esoteric teaching; or of the 'secrets' of the confessional, or of the secret vows and inner life of monasteries and nunneries; or of secret conclaves, and secret agencies?—who is there, I say, who has studied all these things, but must feel that secrecy is a great characteristic of the inward and outward organization of the Roman Catholic Church?

"It is in vain, then, on any grounds of common sense, or fair ratiocination, or even 'natural grounds,' for Roman Catholic authorities to denounce, anathematize, and excommunicate Freemasons, until they put a stop to their own secret societies and practices. It is, indeed, rather an act of no little hardihood in them to profess to find fault with the secret system of Freemasonry, while such secret societies and practices are openly avowed and permitted and commended under the very sanction of the Pope. If ever there was a case where the Freemason could fairly say, in solemn words, to each tolerant adversary, and each excited accuser, 'Physician, heal thyself,' it is when, as recently, the Archbishop of Malines excommunicated all the Belgian Freemasons 'en bloc;' when

Archbishop Manning condemned, inferentially, all Masonic organization whatever; when the 'Westminster Gazette' declared that, as a secret society anathematized by Papal edicts, no Roman Catholic and no honest man can properly belong to our useful order; and when above all, the humane and pious Pontiff himself, Pio Nino, in his allocution to the Brazilian Bishops, used language more vehement than polite, and more savoury than sweet."

Were I to quote all the passages I had marked for the purpose, this notice would become too bulky for admission into the *Masonic Magazine*; were I to express all the pleasure I have derived from the perusal of this really argumentative "Defence of Freemasonry," there is great danger, considering Bro. Woodford's intimate connection with the *Magazine*, of my honest expression of approbation being misconstrued. But I cannot do less than say, that Bro. Woodford, had he done nothing for Masonry before, would have deserved well of the Craft for producing his able "Defence" so opportunely; and that Bro. Kenning (who has had it neatly printed and bound to sell at half-a-crown) ought to meet with a large sale for such an excellent production. Bro. Woodford must rank high among Masonic writers, and (commending his "Defence of Freemasonry" to the perusal of friend and foe) I cannot better conclude than in the eloquent words of our reverend and respected brother :—

"Freemasonry resembles, in my mind, a great and goodly building, which, surrounded by fog and enveloped in haze, looks in the distance a shapeless form to the human eye when shrouded in the all embracing atmosphere of mist and cloud.

"But as the sun pours down its glorious light, and the fog bank 'lifts' and slowly fades away, this same building is disclosed in all its stateliness of architecture and beauty of contour to the enraptured visitor and spectator.

"And so it is with our good old order, and the great institution of Freemasonry, for great it assuredly is, and great I trust it long will continue to be, despite the cavils of some, the injustice of others, and the opposition and even malediction of the zealot or of the intolerant."

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Stokesley, Yorkshire.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

BY MADAME VON OPPEN.

FAITH.

We mourn; 'tis nature mourns; but faith
Can see beyond the gloom of death.
Nature mourns an earthly brother;
Faith can give thee to Another.
Nature never sees thee more;
Faith knows thou art gone before.
Nature says a sad—*Good-bye!*
Faith says—*We shall meet on high!*
Nature sees thee go with sadness;
Faith on the future dwells with gladness.
Yes! we miss thee; yet we'd rather
Know thee with our Heavenly Father,
And patient wait His own decree,
That calls us home to Him and thee.

HOPE.

This world might seem so bright and fair,
  If our grumbling hearts would make it;
There's a gleam of sunshine here and there,
  If we would but stop to take it.
Perhaps it's somebody's grateful thanks
  For kindness willingly given,
Or perhaps it's the voice of a little child
  That prays for us to heaven.

Let's try and cheer up: it will never do
  To rebel and be always repining;
The clear blue sky will soon peep through
  The cloud with the silver lining.
There are no nights without their days,
  No evening without a morning,
And *the darkest hour* (so the proverb says)
  Is just when the day is dawning.

CHARITY.

That is our sister—she who keeps
  Her sorrows hid for years;
Who, when alive, so often weeps
  Such bitter, blinding tears.
That is our brother—he whose eyes
  With burning tears are dim,
While thinking how they now despise
  Who once did flatter him.
The wise old Greek said—*Know thyself!*
  'Twas good advice he knew;
But Christ said—*Do to others*
  As ye would they'd do to you.

OLD LONDON TAVERNS IDENTIFIED WITH MASONRY.

Every student of the history of Freemasonry is familiar with the account given, in all the earlier Books of Constitutions of the Grand Lodge of England, of the causes that, in 1716 and 1717, led to the formation of that Body. Previous to 1716, the meetings of the Fraternity for the general purposes of the Institution were designated General Assemblies. Subsequently to that date, these Assemblies, which were of a promiscuous character, were superseded by the Grand Lodge, clothed with well-defined and supreme powers; such an organization having become necessary for the better discipline and government of the Craft.

This event of the formation of the Grand Lodge cannot be better described than by copying from the record. I quote, therefore, from Entick's Constitutions of 5767, in which, by Appendix, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge are brought down so as to include those of its meetings of 3rd June, 5776:

"King George I. entered London most magnificently on September 20, 1714; and after the Rebellion, A. D. 1716, the few Lodges at London, wanting an active Grand Master, by reason of Sir Christopher Wren's Disability, thought fit to cement under a new Grand Master, as the Center of Union and Harmony. For this purpose the Lodges,

"1. At the Goose and Gridiron, in St. Paul's Church-yard,

"2. At the Crown, in Parker's Lane, near Drury-Lane,

"3. At the Apple-tree Tavern, in Charles-street, Covent Garden,

"4. At the Rummer and Grapes Tavern, in Channel-Row, Westminster, and some old Brothers, met at the said Apple-tree; and having put into the chair the oldest Master Mason (being the Master of a Lodge), they constituted themselves a Grand Lodge, *pro tempore*, in due Form, and forthwith revived the Quarterly Communication of the Officers of Lodges (called the Grand Lodge), resolved to hold the Annual Assembly and Feast, and then to chose a Grand Master from among themselves, till they should have the honour of a Noble Brother at their Head.

Accordingly

"On St. John Baptist's Day, in the 3rd year of King George, I. A. D. 1717, the Assembly and Feast of the Free and Accepted Masons was held at the foresaid Goose and Gridiron; now removed to the Queen's Arms Tavern in St. Paul's Church-yard."

This scrap of history is given for the purpose of bringing attention to the places where the four old Lodges of London used to congregate, with the view of describing them more particularly than has been done in any Masonic publication which has met my eye. This can be accomplished from a work now before me, for the perusal of which I am indebted to a learned Masonic Brother. It is entitled "*The History of Sign-Boards. From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Jacob Larwood and John Camden Hotten, &c., London,* 1866." This interesting book describes more than thirteen hundred "sign-boards," most of them having been displayed in London alone during the past three centuries. They denoted places of business, of public resort, and especially places of entertainment or taverns. To show the origin and use of the sign-board, I quote from its preface:

In these modern days the sign-board is a very unimportant object; it was not always so. At a time when but few persons could read and write, house-signs were indispensable in city life. As education spread they were less needed; and when, in the last century, the system of numbering houses was introduced, and every thoroughfare had its name painted at the beginning and end, they were no longer a positive necessity—their original value was gone, and they lingered on, not by reason of their usefulness, but as instances of the decorative humour of our ancestors, or as advertisements of established reputation and business success. For the names of many of our streets we are indebted to the sign of the old inn or public-house, which frequently was the first building in the street—commonly enough suggesting its erection, or at least a few houses by way of commencement. The huge "London Directory" contains the names of hundreds of streets in the metropolis which derived their titles from taverns or public-houses in the immediate neighbourhood. As material for the

etymology of the names of persons and places, the various old signs may be studied with advantage. In many other ways the historic importance of house-signs could be shown.

* * * * * * * *

Anecdotes and historical facts have been introduced with a double view: first, as authentic proofs of the existence and age of the sign; secondly, in the hope that they may afford variety and entertainment. They will call up many a picture of the olden time; many a trait of bygone manners and customs—old shops and residents, old modes of transacting business; in short, much that is now extinct and obsolete. There is a peculiar pleasure in pondering over these old houses, and picturing them to ourselves as again inhabited by the busy tenants of former years; in meeting the great names of history in the hours of relaxation, in calling up the scenes which must have been often witnessed in the haunt of the pleasure-seeker,—the tavern with its noisy company, the coffee-house with its politicians and smart beaux; and, on the other hand, the quiet, unpretending shop of the ancient bookseller, filled with the monuments of the departed minds. Such scraps of history may help to picture old London as it appeared during the last three centuries. For the contemplative mind there is some charm even in getting at the names and occupations of the former inmates of the house now only remembered by the signs; in tracing, by means of these house decorations, their modes of thought or their ideas of humour, and in rescuing from oblivion a few little anecdotes and minor facts of history connected with the houses before which those signs swung in the air.

It is well known that in these early days Lodges in England met in taverns, and were distinguished each by the name or sign of the tavern where it assembled. No other name designated it, nor were numbers then used as now to particularize a Lodge. This nomenclature was the prevailing one in 1761, and probably existed afterwards.

From the record which I have cited, it apppears that the "four old Lodges of London" met, respectfully, at the *Goose and Gridiron*, the *Crown*, the *Apple-Tree* and the *Rummer and Grapes* taverns, in 1716, and that the Grand Lodge of England was organized at "the said *Apple-Tree*."

On page 239 of *The History of Sign-Boards*, mention is made of those places of public resort—now eminently historical from the stand-point of Freemasons—as follows:

At the Apple-Tree Tavern in Charles Street, Covent Garden, four of the leading London Freemasons' lodges, considering themselves neglected by Sir Christopher Wren in 1716, met and choose a Grand Master, *pro tem.*, until they should be able to place a noble Brother at the head, which they did the year following, electing the Duke of Montague. Sir Christopher had been chosen in 1698. The three lodges that joined with the Apple-Tree Lodge used to meet respectively at the *Goose and Gridiron*, St. Paul's Churchyard; the *Crown*, Parker's Lane; and at the *Rummer and Grapes* Tavern, Westminster.*

The *Goose and Gridiron* stood on the spot previously occupied by the *Mitre*, a music house, "near the west end of St. Paul's Church, 1664."

The *Goose and Gridiron* occurs at Woodhall, Lincolnshire, and in a few other localities:—The Mitre was a celebrated music-house, in London House Yard, at the N.W. end of St. Paul's. When it ceased to be a music-house, the succeeding landlord, to ridicule its former destiny, choose for his sign a goose stroking the bars of a gridiron with his foot, in ridicule of the *Swan and Harp*, a common sign for the early music-houses. Such an origin does the *Tatler* give, but it may also be a vernacular reading of the coat of arms of the company of musicians, suspended probably at the door of the Mitre when it was a music-house. These arms are, a swam with his wings expanded, within a double tressure, counter, flory, argent. This double tressure might have suggested a a gridiron to unsophisticated passers-by.

*The Duke of Montague or Montagu, was not elected Grand Master until 1721. The occupants of the office previously were Mr. Anthony Sayer, in 1717; George Payne, Esq, in 1718; John Theophilus Desaguliers, LL.D. and F.R.S., in 1719; and, again, George Payne, Esq., in 1720. The Duke of Montague must not be confounded with Viscount Montague who was not Grand Master until 1732.

Paddy's Goose is, at the present day, a nick-name for a public-house in Shadwell.

The above extract is from the *History of Sign-Boards*. I shall continue to quote from it without in every case giving the authority.

In 1854, there were in London sixty-one signs of inns, taverns and public-houses displaying the regal emblem of the *Crown*.

The *Crown* seems to be one of the oldest of English signs. We read of it as early as 1467, when a certain Walter Walters, who kept the Crown in Cheapside, made an innocent Cockney pun, saying he would make his son heir to the Crown; which so displeased his gracious majesty, King Edward IV., that he ordered the man to be put to death for high treason.

Parker's Lane, where was the *Crown* which was resorted to by Freemasons in 1717, is now put down on the map of London as Parker-street. It is close by Covent Garden Market, and not far from Great Queen-street, in which is the building where the Grand Lodge of England now convenes.

Of the Rummer and Grapes Tavern, nothing more is related than what is given above. There were two taverns bearing the name and sign of *Rummer*, and it is possible that as one of them was in Old Fish-street and the other "over against Bow Lane, in Cheapside," they might have been resorted to by our English Brethren of olden time. The word Rummer signifies, according to Worcester, "a glass drinking vessel."

From the record of the Grand Lodge it appears that the Brethren who met at the *Goose and Gridiron* afterwards removed to the *Queen's Arms Tavern* in St. Paul's Church-yard.

Of the *King's Arms* and the *Queen's Arms*, there are innumerable instances; they are to be found in almost every town or village. The story is told that a simple clodhopper once walked ever so many miles to see King George IV., on one of his journeys, and came home mightly disgusted, for the king had arms like any other man, while he had always understood that his majesty's right arm was a lion and his left arm a unicorn. . . . . .

"On Friday, April 6," (1781,) says Boswell, "Dr. Johnson carried me to dine at a club, which, at his desire, had been lately formed at the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's Church-yard. He told Mr. Hoole that he wished to have a City Club, and asked him to collect one; but, said he, don't let them be patriots. The company were that day very sensible, well-behaved men. This same tavern was also patronized by Garrick. . . . . ."

Samuel Johnson, LL.D., referred to above, was born at Lichfield, in Staffordshire, in 1709, and died on the 13th December, 1784.

At the risk of tiring the patience of the readers of the Magazine, I will pursue the subject of sign-boards further so as to refer to all the places where the Grand Lodge of England met down to and into the year 1767. The year 1767 was a memorable one to the Masons of America, because on the 23rd day of April of that year died Viscount Montague, the Grand Master of England who commissioned Henry Price in 1733, to found our benevolent Institution on this continent. It has grown and flourished until its membership numbers more than half a million of men.

The Grand Lodge met Sep. 29, 1721, at the *King's Arms*, and five or six times afterwards. The Masonic record is silent as to the locality of this tavern. It is probable that it was in Bow-street.

Grinling Gibbons, the celebrated carver and sculptor, lived at the sign of the King's Arms in Bow-street from 1678 until 1721, when he died. This house is alluded to in the *Postman*, January 24, 1701-2:

"On Thursday, the house of Mr. Gibbons, the carver in Bow-street, fell down, but by special providence none of the family were killed; but 'tis said, a young girl who was playing in the court being missed, is supposed to be buried in the rubbish."—*New England Freemason.*

(To be continued.)

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Deem not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenour keep,
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

Bryant.

HOW TO CONDUCT A COURTSHIP.

Don't be too sudden about it. Many a girl has said "no" when she meant "yes," simply because her lover didn't choose the right time and pop the question gently.

Take a dark night for it. Have the blinds closed, the curtains down, and the lamp turned most on. Sit near enough to her so that you can hook your little finger into hers. Wait until conversation begins to flag, and then quietly remark:

"Susie, I want to ask you something."

She will fidget around a little, reply "yes," and after a pause you can add:

"Susie, my actions must have shown—that is, you must have—I mean you must be aware that—that—"

Pause here for a while, but keep your little finger firmly locked. She may cough and try to turn the subject off by asking you how you liked the circus, but she only does it to encourage you. After about ten minutes you can continue:

"I was thinking, as I came up the path to-night, that before I went away I would ask you—that is, I would broach the subject nearest my—I mean I would know my—"

Stop again and give her hand a gentle squeeze. She may gave a yank to get it away or she may not. In either case it augurs well for you. Wait about five minutes and then go on:

"The past year has been a very happy one to me, but I hope that future years will still be happier. However, that depends entirely on you. I am here to-night to know—that is, to ask you—I mean I am here to-night to hear from your own lips the one sweet—"

Wait again. It isn't best to be too rash about such things. Give her plenty of time to recover her composure, and then put your hand on your heart and continue:

"Yes, I thought as I was coming through the gate to-night how happy I had been, and I said to myself that if I only knew you would consent to be my—that is, I said if I only knew—if I was only certain that my heart had not deceived me, and you were ready to share—"

Hold on—there's no hurry about it. Give the wind a chance to sob and moan around the gables. This will make her lonesome, and call up all the love in her heart. When she begins to cough and grow restless, you can go on:

"Before I met you, this world was a desert to me. I didn't take any pleasure in going blackberrying and stealing rare-ripe peaches, and it didn't matter whether the sun shone or not. But what a change in one short year! It is for you to say whether my future shall be a prairie of happiness, or a summer fallow of Canada thistles. Speak, dearest Susie, and say—and say that—that—"

Give her five minutes more by the clock, and then add:

"That you will be—that is, that you will—I mean that you will—be mine!"

She will heave a sigh, look up at the clock and over the stove, and then as she slides her head over your vest pocket, she will wisper:

"You are just right—I will."—*Territorial Enterprise.*

A TRUE MASON.

If there is a society that knows how to practise the two great duties of the Gospel, namely, faith and good works, it is the Freemasons. Many people advocate faith as the chief characteristic of a good Christian; others, think that good works are all that are required of good moralists. The Masons, whose faith is as pure and as warm as the light of day, are moved by it to keep on the Level, by the constant practice of good deeds.

To them belongs to understand fully the words of St. James: "As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead." To prove my assertion, I will endeavour to relate one of the many incidents that occur daily.

As Bro. B., a personal friend of mine, was once visiting a State prison, his attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a few words, uttered close by him, as he passed one of the cells; he at once turned to the warden of the prison who accompanied him, and said: "Why! this man is a Mason." "How do you know?" "Just let us go by again, and I will satisfy you." They went by again, and as they did so, Bro. B. gave the prisoner the second answer, who immediately received the third, on the part of the latter.

Bro. B. and the warden then entered the cell, and a long conference followed, in consequence of which Bro. B. called on the prisoner's lodge, on the governor of the State, etc.

It was found, after careful investigations, that the prisoner had been pronounced guily when he was entirely innocent; and that the man who had caused him to be sentenced to State prison for life was a Brother Mason, who for some time had dropped from the joined links of the chain; and on whose grave the green acacia had been planted, as the parting words "Farewell, my Brother," was uttered.

Papers were found that fully proved the innocence of our prison Brother; he, therefore, was released from prison; and his lodge, that had stricken him from her roll, gladly welcomed her restored child and tendered him her sympathies; he received again from his fellow Craftsmen the brotherly kiss, the tender embrace, the binding grip.

Nothing appeared in the papers to restore his public reputation or to expose the great wrong of his late enemy; and it is here that the character of a true Mason shows itself. Noble were his words; may they never be forgotten. "For the sake of his family, let his memory remain unspotted; and may God forgive him as I do."

Happy are those who can thus "let the dead bury their dead;" blessed are they in their generations.

And let us bear in mind, that as faith is the aliment of the soul, so are good works the aliment that contributes to the development of our celestial body, and aids us to model it after the great Master!

New Haven, Dec. 12, 1874. M. E. C.

I MUSED LAST NIGHT IN PENSIVE MOOD.

"Oh there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!"

I mused last night in pensive mood,—
Albeit not often sentimental,—
My heart was heavy and my frame
Was racked with aches—both head and dental.
I say, as once I've said before,
My mood was somewhat sad and pensive,
I cast upon the Past a glance
Fond, lingering, and comprehensive.

I saw once more that mossy bank,
By which the river ripples slowly,
O'ershadowed by the silvery veil
Of willow branches drooping lowly,
Bestrewn with wild spring flowerets dyed
In every colour of the prism:
Where oft we sat, May Brown and I,—
Nor ever dreamed of rheumatism.

We loved. Ah, yes! Some might have loved
Before us, in their humdrum fashion;
But never yet the world had known
So wild, so deep, so pure as passion!
We recked not of the heartless crowd,
Nor heeded cruel parents' frowning;
But lived in one long blissful dream,
And spouted Tennyson and Browning.

And when the cruel fates decreed
That for a season I must leave her,
It wrung my very heart to see
How much our parting seemed to grieve her.
One happy moment, too, her head
Reposed, so lightly, on my shoulder!
In dreams I live that scene again,
And in my arms again enfold her.

She gave me one long auburn curl,
She wore my picture in a locket,
Her letters, with blue ribbon tied,
I carried in my left coat-pocket.
(Those notes, rose-scented and pink-hued-
Displayed more sentiment than know, ledge.)
I wrote about four times a week
That year I was away at College.

But oh, at length "a change came o'er
The spirit of my dream!" One morning
I got a chilly line from May
In which, without the slightest warning,
She said she shortly meant to wed
Tom Barnes (a parson, fat and jolly);
She sent my notes and ruby ring,
And hoped I would "forget my folly."

I sent her all her letters back,
I called her false and fickle-hearted,
And swore I hailed with joy the hour
That saw me free. And so we parted.
I quoted Byron by the page,
I smoked Havanas by the dozens,
And then I went out West and fell
In love with all my pretty cousins.

ALICE WILLIAMS.

Scribner's Monthly, U. S.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

Before we shall meet our readers again the Installation of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master will have taken place, amid the loyal enthusiasm of our order. Everything points to a most successful and rejoicing assembly, such as has never been seen before, and which English Freemasonry "pour les longues années ne reverra pas."

Prince Leopold has received his third degree, and the Duke of Connaught will have received it before our readers will peruse these lines, so that the Prince of Wales will be, like George Prince of Wales, surrounded by his royal brothers, and we shall be reminded of goodly meetings in times long gone and past.

It is satisfactory to note how clear and straightforward is the position which English Freemasonry assumes, alike to the great pride of its friends, and according to the reluctant admission of its foes.

English Freemasonry, unlike some other foreign bodies studiously eschews political question and abnormal topics, and confines itself to its own mission and its proper duty. Foreign Freemasons sometimes complain of their own authorities, as looking with an unfavourable eye on themselves and their Masonic labours. In seven cases out of ten the fault is with the Freemasons, not with the lawful authorities. For foreign Freemasons are apt to forget that Freemasonry is a secret society, and that all governments have a right to object to secret societies discussing the affairs of the State. Now some of our foreign Brethren are most unwise in this respect.

They discuss in their Lodges habitually the most "vexatas quæstiones" of Government and order and social polity, and national interests, all which are beyond the sphere of Freemasonry, and they wonder,

> "That Kings and Courts are watching o'er their state,
> And some will doubt, and others will debate"—

whether Freemasonry is a safe institution to foster or to patronize. Let the foreign Freemasons imitate us benighted English Freemasons, and they need fear no more any Government's objection.

Masonic literature has received a great addition by the superb Memorial Volume of the Philadelphia Masonic Hall Dedication. It is a credit to American printers, and, above all, to the Superintending Committee, and to American Freemasonry. The Committee is composed of some of the most distinguished brethren of Pennsylvania. We congratulate them on the result of their "magnum opus," and the greater work it so fitly commemorates.

L'affaire Bradlaugh has taken a new phase, in that it appears he was received into a French lodge in 1862, under the Grand Orient of France, though that lodge is apparently no longer on the official list. This, however, does not, as far as we are concerned, do away with the original vicious admission. The High Cross Lodge Brethren are, to a certain extent, relieved from their share of the impropriety of the proceedings, as they received him on the faith of his French certificate. It is a very untoward event, look at it in whatever light we may. A surreptitious certificate has been published in the *Freemason* of April 17th, which must alarm all order-loving Freemasons, and is a great disgrace to its concocters and issuers.

We shall give our readers a full account of the installation next month.

We may remind our readers, that Bro. Hartey has published a very striking lithograph of our Grand Master in his clothing.

We will publish next month a portion of D'Assigny's rare pamphlet, by Bro. Hughan's kind permission.

FREEMASONRY CONSIDERED IN ITS RELATION TO SOCIETY.

BY G. A. R.

(*Continued from page* 301.)

In a Lenten Pastoral admonishing his flock against Fenianism, a few years ago, Cardinal Cullen says: "As to the leaders of this secret society, their words of infidelity and blasphemy, like those of the adepts of Freemasonry, are in keeping with their wicked career." And in another pastoral in 1870, the Cardinal describes Freemasonry thus: "The first evil which I shall mention, is the existence of the Masonic, Fenian, Ribbon, and other secret societies * * * * In regard to Freemasons, we learn from the history of modern times that many of them have been the greatest enemies of religion, and the principal leaders of the revolutions which brought so many evils on society. The greatest infidel of the last century, Voltaire, who laboured incessantly to destroy Christianity, and who never hesitated to use sarcasms, lies and calumnies for that purpose, was a Freemason, and obtained a sort of apotheosis from his brethren in one of the lodges in Paris a few days before his unhappy death; Marat, Danton, Robespierre, and other similar monsters of iniquity, who were the great actors in the French Revolution; and in our days, Mazzini and Garibaldi, the principal authors of all the convulsions of Italy belonged to the craft * * * * From their works will you know them, says the Lord; and hence though we do not pretend to penetrate the mysteries of Freemasonry, we may conclude that the plant is bad, radically bad, which produces such poisonous fruits."

So far did the Cardinal carry his antipathy, that on the occasion of Prince Arthur's visit to this country a few years ago, when a Masonic Ball was given in his honour, all Roman Catholics were interdicted from taking any part in it. With this visit some peculiar circumstances were connected, and no doubt the Cardinal thought he had the game in his own hands. However, the same year, the Prince of Wales became a Freemason, and since that event, Prince Arthur, like a worthy son of the Queen of England, became a Freemason simultaneously with assuming the title of Duke of Connaught.

From the short extracts from Papal documents given in the foregoing pages, it will be apparent that there exists a strong feeling among the hierarchy of Rome against Freemasonry. Their denunciations cannot harm the craft, but they can render uncomfortable many honourable Roman Catholics, who, loving Freemasonry for its intrinsic worth, yet feel as a matter of conscience they are doing something forbidden so long as they continue their connection with it.

Reasoning men will decide for themselves whether there is anything morally wrong in Freemasonry, and whether any of the charges brought against it be true. Freemasons are enjoined—"to be good men and true, and strictly to obey the Moral Law, to be peaceful citizens and cheerfully to conform to the laws of the country in which they reside, and not to be concerned in plots and conspiracies against the government, but patiently to submit to the law and the constituted authorities; to pay a proper respect to a civil magistrate, to work diligently, live creditably, and act honourably by all men." This should be a sufficient refutation of the scandalous and unfounded charges made against the order by designing men.

But there is another evil to be apprehended. Since the Vatican Council promulgated that startling dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, many will be induced to believe implicitly the charges made by different Popes, requiring no other proof but assertion. Suspicion will fall on the order, and many will be deterred from becoming Freemasons, fearing to be ranked with those who are described as "enemies of the Church and of God."

In Cardinal Cullen's pastoral of 1870 from which an extract has already been given, he adroitly uses some names of bad repute who were prominent characters in the atrocities of the French Revolution,—Marat, Danton, Robespierre. These men he asserts were Freemasons, and he affects to discover in Masonic teaching something calculated to develop any latent badness a man may have, and hence he concludes that the plant is bad which produces such poisonous fruit. This is judging of the size of Hercules by his foot with a vengeance. If they were Masons they were

most unworthy members of the society, unworthy of the name of men, and deserving of the fate which overtook them. But is it fair to select names of men the most odious, who may or may not have been Masons, and from these to infer that the teaching they received led to the turn their lives took? Would the Cardinal consider it a fair process of reasoning, to adopt his own method, to say that Danton, Marat, and Robespierre were Roman Catholics * * * * therefore "we may conclude that the plant (viz. the Roman Catholic Church) is bad, radically bad, which produces such poisonous fruits!" or to say, that because such monsters have worn the tiara as John VIII., John X., John XI., John XII., Sergius III. and Roderigo Borgia--men whom no one ever accused of being Freemasons, that their crimes should be attributed to the present Pontiff, or that because Joan occupied the Papal throne, therefore all the Popes were old women, or to infer from their lives that the religion they professed was the cause of their wickedness. The one influence is as legitimate as the other.

Owing to the eminently Catholic composition of Freemasonry, the Roman hierarchy cannot make it subservient to their ends, and hence they avail themselves of every opportunity for reviling and denouncing it. Great was the jubilation when the Marquis of Ripon joined the Church of Rome, and when in obedience to her mandate, he retired from Freemasonry. He knew, for his high office should have taught him, that there was nothing incompatible in Freemasonry with his allegiance to the Pope. His action in the matter goes far to prove Mr. Gladstone's assertion: "That no one can become her convert without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another."* In calm and dignified language the great statesman has proved his proposition, and has shown that even in our day the Roman Church is opposed to progress and modern civilisation. On the other hand Freemasonry is quite *en rapport* with the spirit of the age, encourages a search for light and truth both in the domains of science and theology.

But it is not in the Roman Church alone its enemies are to be found. There would almost seem to be a secret understanding among the clergy of various religious bodies to do all they can for the destruction of Masonry. Happily, it is constructed of too solid materials, and stands on too firm a basis to be shaken by the united efforts of Priest and Presbyter.

In a pamphlet published in 1873, entitled "The Principles and Practices of Secret Societies opposed to Scripture and Reason," by the Rev. James Kerr, Greenock, and bearing the *imprimatur* of "The Joint Reformed Presbyteries of Edinburgh and Glasgow," a violent onslaught is made on Freemasonry. In a note, the writer of the pamphlet acknowledges that much of his information is taken from "Light on Masonry," and "The Master Mason, &c.," but he does not give the full title of the latter treatise. It is "Solomon in all his glory; or the Master Mason, being a true guide to the inmost recesses of Freemasonry, both ancient and modern, containing a minute account of the proceedings from an Entered Apprentice to a Past Master, with the different signs, words, gripes, and form of oath. By Thomas Wilson, Esq., an Officer in the Army, and late Master of the Swan Tavern Lodge, Strand, a deserter from the Banners of Masonry. Price one penny." The trumpery affair is the work of some illiterate scribbler, who, finding dupes, copied from Mr. Kerr's other work, and heralds it under its high-sounding title as the veritable production of a Freemason. In the appendix Mr. Kerr gives a long quotation from this work purporting to be an exposé of the arcana of Masonry. The other work from which he derives information, "Light on Masonry," purports to be signed "by about 100 Masons who seceded from the craft." And at page 29 he says, the persons calling themselves Masons whom he quotes, swore "not to write, print, stamp or engrave it (viz., the secrets) or anything moveable or immoveable, &c." Now on his own showing Mr. Kerr is quoting the words of men who are telling wilful and deliberate lies, or who are guilty of wilful and deliberate perjury, so that until he produces some more reliable testimony, his statements must be received with a grain of salt. No such evidence would be received in a Court of Justice, and if offered, would of itself be sufficient to damage the case of the person tendering it.

* "The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance," p. 12.

In all the charges brought against the order, neither the Pope nor Cardinal Cullen is so unwary as to be caught by *quasi* Masonic revelations. They are too astute to found their charges on books repudiated by the craft—books which are mere frauds on the public.

Having referred to the authorities, it may be interesting to turn to the other portions of his pamphlet. Had he simply condemned Freemasonry on some of the grounds set forth, without endeavouring to lift the veil of secrecy which separates the Institution from the outer world, he would have only done what any man has a perfect right to do; but when, with a prurient curiosity, he endeavours by illegitimate means to gain an insight to that "mysterious light which none but craftsmen ever saw," he leaves himself open to suspicion.

He condemns Freemasonry on account of —1. Its secrecy. 2. Owing to set forms of prayer being used in Masonic ritual. 3. Because it admits persons of all religious persuasions. 4. On account of the vanity of its titles. 5. Because of the objectionable practise of laying Foundation Stones. 6. Its treating irreverently the Word of God. 7. Its profanation of the ordinance of the Oath, besides several other objections of more or less magnitude. Some of these points belong to the domain of theology, but it will not be out of place to reply to them in a paper of this kind.

1. As has been shown already, although in the strict acceptation of the term Freemasonry is not a secret society, yet it has profound secrets carefully guarded, and notwithstanding what Mr. Kerr or any of the enemies of the order may say to the contrary, those secrets have not been and will not be divulged. The objection as to secrecy finds favour in many quarters. It is well answered in the words of Mackey: "Its force is immediately destroyed when we reflect that to no worthy man need our mysteries be for one moment covered with the veil of concealment, for to all the deserving are our portals open. But the traditions and esoteric doctrines of our order are too valuable and too sacred to be permitted to become the topic of conversation for every idler who may desire to occupy his moments of leisure in speculations upon subjects which require much previous study and preparation to qualify the critic for a ripe and equitable judgment."* Sickles answers the objection from a different point of view. He says: "That origin (the obligation of secrecy) must be found, and can only be found in the intrinsic value and divine excellence of the principles of secrecy itself. Among the ancients, silence and secrecy were considered virtues of the highest order."†

Most people who urge this as an objection are ignorant of the fact, or affect an obliviousness of it, that at its inception the doctrines taught by Freemasonry were of such a nature as to clash with most of the religious beliefs of the time, and to have openly promulgated these would have led to certain death, and to the destruction of the institution. Secrecy was thus imposed on Masonry as a necessity, and in each succeeding generation, the same means were resorted to in order to preserve the mysteries from the popular gaze. In this age, happily, Freemasonry does not clash with any religion which teaches the existence of the one true God. But the question is not whether Freemasonry is in harmony with revealed religion, or whether its doctrines should be openly promulgated without restriction. Freemasonry must be taken as it is. It has come down to our time surrounded by secrecy, and the veil which hides it can only be opened to the worthy seeker after truth.

2. "The offering of prayer to God by *reading* set *forms* is its invariable practice," and this is considered a grave objection by Mr. Kerr. Well, Freemasons have ancient precedent for such a practice. The same practice prevails in many Christian Churches; and in the synagogue service of God's ancient people set forms of prayer alone are offered. It might save some people from another practice, equally objectionable, the saying of sermons called prayers by them, if they had set forms to guide them.

3. Another very objectionable practice is the union of all religious denominations. This, as has already been shown, is one of its chief glories, and while bigots fight for forms and creeds, Freemasonry teaches that men may differ in many points, religious and political, and yet feel that they are brethren all journeying to the same bourne.

* Lexicon, p. 311.

† The General Ahiman Rezon, p. 61.

4. The vanity of its titles is another charge against the order. Masons do not object to Mr. Kerr calling himself Rev., nor to his claim to belong to the "Joint Reformed Presbyteries of Edinburgh and Glasgow," nor to his assuming any other title he pleases, and he should in this tolerant age give the same latitude even to Masons. For all the effect his denunciations will have, he might as well have objected to the Emperor of China's claim to kindredship with the sun and moon. Many of the titles to which he objects are not to be found in "Solomon in all his Glory," and the presumption is, that he has found them in his other equally veracious authority, "Light on Masonry."

5. The practice of laying foundation stones is objected to on the ground that its rites amount to a profanation of the worship of God. Most Masons are familiar with the ritual used on such an occasion. The ceremony is solemn and impressive, and how any one can discover profanity in it is only explicable by supposing that the person labouring under the delusion has yet another, viz :—his doxy is orthodoxy, and every other person's doxy is heterodoxy. This objection is similar to some others adduced by him. He is like a man looking through green spectacles : everything appears green to him, while the greenness is only in the glasses.

6. From information derived from "Solomon in all his Glory," and "Light on Masonry," he comes to the conclusion that Freemasonry treats irreverently the Word of God. This charge is altogether unfounded. Freemasonry teaches the greatest reverence for that Sacred Volume, admonishing every craftsman "to consider it as the unerring standard of truth and justice, and to regulate their actions by the divine precepts it contains." Freemasons may not all square their actions with that Holy Book, but that is not the fault of their teaching—it is a fault of some obliquity of judgment or erroneous teaching on the part of some institution outside the pale of Masonry.

7. Freemasonry is charged with profaning the ordinance of the oath. Having attempted to demonstrate this, the same religious teacher goes on to teach doctrines which he would condemn in Liguori. He teaches that all Masonic oaths are not binding. He describes Masonic oaths as rashly taken, and he raises two questions: "Are the Officers of Masonic Lodges lawfully qualified and entitled to administer oaths?" "Are the circumstances of the case so momentous as to warrant an oath?" To the first question the answer simply is : The officers of a Masonic Lodge *are* lawfully qualified and entitled to administer oaths. To the second question the answer is, Masons themselves are the proper judges as to whether an oath is warranted.

It is needless to follow the pamphlet through all its tortuous windings. Not content with condemning Freemasonry, he uses a few euphonious epithets to give weight to his denunciations, *e.g.*, he speaks of it as blasphemous, dishonouring to God, heinous, unchristian, irreligious, horrid and sanguinary. Some of its rites he describes as daring blasphemies, daring profanation of the Worship of God. Its oaths are characterised as brutal imprecations. Having used these choice epithets regarding Freemasonry, it is not to be wondered at that he should teach that perjury is lawful. This is a proposition which affects the well-being of society, and it is painful to read in the pamphlet under notice that an oath taken by a Mason is not binding. What is an oath? It is a solemn act of religious worship, wherein a direct appeal is made to God as a witness, and must be taken without any dissimulation or mental evasion. A writer who is regarded as an authority by Mr. Kerr's body asks this question : "Is an oath which is lawful as to the matter, though simple as to the manner, and even obtained by deceit and rashly made binding and obligatory upon the person who has sworn it."* To this he replies : "Yes, as is evident from the instance of the Gibeonites who deceived Israel into a league with them by oath, and yet their oath was binding." That Masonic oaths are lawful does not require demonstration, for they are sanctioned by the legislature, and it has never been shown that they contain anything repugnant to religion. Besides, were those oaths so horrible, so brutal, so daringly blasphemous as this gentleman represents them to be, no person is bound to take on him a second obligation. If any one finds on mature reflection that any deception has been practised, that he has taken it rashly, or

* Fisher's Catechism.

that it is repugnant to the religion he professes, he is not required to burthen his conscience with the guilt of a second; and from the fact that so many men from the highest to the lowest, statesman and philosopher, men of business and clergymen proceed from degree to degree, the inference, even to a person outside the Masonic pale, is obvious—there is nothing in the oath hostile to religion or to society.

Mr. Kerr's argument against Freemasonry is based on the assumption that his authorities are trustworthy, and that things described as Masonic are so. But when a writer attempts to sap the foundations of Freemasonry, using as one of his engines "Solomon in all his Glory" he leaves himself open to retort. What would he say if it were said that the religion he professes is sanguinary, that it teaches the lawfulness and necessity for persecution, and that the members of his church are banded together by horrid oaths to extirpate Popery, Prelacy, &c., &c. One of his own church commenting on this teaching, that by Popery and Prelacy are meant Papists and Prelatists! Or to leave the realm of fact for that of fiction, would he consider it fair to make an onslaught on his religious denomination by appealing to the authority of "Old Mortality," which is a far more reliable book than "Solomon in all his glory!" Would Mr. Kerr think it fair to quote Manse Headdrigg with her profusion of vituperative epithets, and John Balfour of Burley, with his practical application of the extirpation theory, as fair representatives of the laity; and the Reverends Gabriel Kettledrummle, Ephraim McBriar, and Habakkuk Mucklewrath as fair typical specimens of the clergy of his church!

The mission of Freemasonry is not to return railing for railing, but while it never seeks to interfere with any man's honest convictions, it is not to be deterred from its onward march by the united efforts of the Pope in council, and the Rev. James Kerr, backed by the Joint Reformed Presbyteries of Edinburgh and Glasgow, nor by all "The long-neck'd geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise, because their natures are little."

If Mr. Kerr, judging from his pamphlet, had the power of the keys, he would doubtless excommunicate the whole fraternity; and should he ever attempt an amendment of the "Solemn League and Covenant," he will doubtless give the Freemasons a permanent place for extirpation. There is an old proverb he would do well to profit by, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," and let Freemasonry alone.

Other religious sects, both orally and by writing, have condemned Freemasonry, and attempted to raise a crusade against it. Each sect finds some specious cause of complaint, the most general being the antagonism which is said to exist between Freemasonry and religion, as represented by denominationalism, and the assumption that Freemasonry purports to be a religion itself. It is worthy of notice that all the denominations that have attacked Freemasonry have not been sparing in their abuse of each other. Freemasonry knows nothing of the hair-splitting schisms which have brought reproach on Christianity. Content to be the humble handmaid of religion, it opens its portals to every worthy man who worships him whom we reverently term the Great Architect of the Universe. When forms and creeds have plunged nations into war, when men under the sacred name of religion have anathematized each other, hated each other, and butchered each other, it is no small praise to Freemasonry, that with true Catholicity it has invited into a common brotherhood, men of widely divergent forms of faith. Instead of banning Freemasonry, how much better would religious teachers be employed if they endeavoured to imitate it, at least to the extent of seeing how much they hold in common with their opponents.

These periodical outbursts of bigotry will not harm Freemasonry—they rather serve to place it in a more favourable light. Quaintly has the dreamer of Bedford, in his immortal allegory, pourtrayed the prototypes of these traducers in the persons of Ill-will and Prejudice, who are represented as casting dirt at a man clothed in a white garment. Bunyan says: "Those that threw dirt at him are such as hate his well-doing; but as you see, the dirt will not stick upon his clothes—so it shall be with him that liveth innocently in the world."

It is not without significance that when the most virulent attacks are made on the craft it flourishes to a proportionate extent. When the Marquis of Ripon threw down

the standard, and deserted to the enemy, Albert Edward Prince of Wales, boldly stepped forward and raised it; and when the noble old man, who for two generations ruled the craft in Ireland so well, died true to his colours, another noble brother, the Duke of Abercorn accepted the high office of Grand Master. Thus we have in the one country the heir to the throne, and in the other the viceroy, the chiefs of the order, proving that to civil society at least there is nothing inimical in Freemasonry.

While it is pleasant to have the names of illustrious men associated with the craft, it must not be forgotten they can add no fresh lustre to it; and were all its titled members to withdraw, Freemasonry would suffer no more than any of the sciences would lose by the death of their ablest exponents. The humblest individual who worthily performs the round of his Masonic duties, exerts an influence in his own circle relatively as great as the most exalted personage in the realm; and by his conduct in an opposite direction may lead the outer world to infer that the charges made against Freemasonry have some foundation.

Freemasonry has been misunderstood and therefore misrepresented. It inculcates a spirit of intoleration—a universal brotherhood. It endeavours to leave society better than it found it. It has mitigated the horrors of war, and endeavoured to obviate its necessity. Its high aim has been to seek the Truth and to disseminate Light, and to assist in fulfilling the dream of one who

" * * Dipt into the future, far as
human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the
wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens filled with commerce,
argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping
down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens filled with shouting, and
their rain'd a ghastly dew,
From the nations' airy navies grappling in
the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the
south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging
through the thunder-storm;
*Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and
the battle flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation
of the world.*"*

MURIEL HALSIE.

Number nine, Percy Terrace, was closed. During the night the Angel of Death had visited the house. "The last of his race and his father's name" had passed behind the veil that hides the vague, mysterious hereafter from human gaze.

"Heart disease," said the doctor, gravely, as he stood by the bedside, looking down on the handsome face half pillowed on the arm that had so often been raised in defence of Queen and country. "Heart disease," he repeated, raising his eyes, to meet those of a young lady standing on the other side, pale and motionless as a statue. She seemed as though she heard him not. "Your father suffered no pain," he added, in a lower tone; "he died in his sleep."

The tightly-clasped hands of the girl unlocked themselves suddenly and covered her quivering face, deeply-drawn breath heaved her chest for a few moments, and then the tears gushed forth as though they would never cease.

For a while the doctor let her weep; presently he spoke again:

"It is a quiet ending to a well-spent life, my dear Miss Halsie. Do not weep. Your father has been saved much trouble; he would never have been happy out of harness; already inaction has begun to chafe his energetic spirit."

"Do you think that all my tears are dropped for him?" cried the girl, passionately. "No, they are partly for myself! He is happy—at rest; but I—I am lonely and desolate; before me spreads a dark future I fear to tread, for I have no one to lead or guide me."

The doctor did not know what reply to make; and, suddenly remembering that he had other people waiting for him, he held out his hand and said "Good-bye," promising to call again next day.

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Colonel Halsie was a retired Indian. For some months he had been residing with his youngest daughter at Newcombe, a seaside village in Devonshire. His wife had died when her children were very

* Locksley Hall.

young—too young to remember her. Her marriage with Colonel—then Captain—Halsie had given great offence to her family, and after it very little intercourse was maintained between them—for Mrs. Halsie was too high-spirited and independent to solicit affection or kindness that was not given spontaneously. Idolizing her husband, the smallest slight offered to him cut her to the heart, and roused a spirit of haughty pride that was only kept slumbering by her naturally amiable disposition and firm religious principles. Much of her short married life had been spent abroad, principally in India, and it was during a return voyage from that country, for the benefit of her health, that she died. There had been three children. Merville Halsie, the only son, had been killed in the Indian Mutiny; Christine, the eldest daughter, was married, and was in India with her husband, Captain Ferroll; Muriel, her father's companion and favourite, was left almost desolate by his sudden death.

A short obituary notice in an obscure corner of the daily paper, a semi-military funeral, and the memory of Colonel Halsie passed from the minds of all save his sorrowing daughters. In their hearts loving memories raised an imperishable monument over which many a bitter tear was shed.

Muriel was not entirely without sympathy. Her mother's two sisters came to her immediately on receiving notice of the Colonel's sudden death, and they remained till after the funeral, giving the sorrowing girl such consolation as was in their power, but, as they had little love for their brother-in-law while living, their expressions of condolence were not of the warmest.

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It was the evening of the funeral. Mrs. Standerwick and Mrs. Rolf Haverill were sitting over the fire, consulting as to the best means of disposing of their orphan niece with the least possible expenditure of time, trouble, and money to themselves. Muriel was supposed to have retired, or their opinions might have been less freely expressed.

"I cannot have her to live with me, sister," said Mrs. Standerwick, a rich widow with one son and daughter. "You must see that for yourself."

"Why?" queried Mrs. Rolf Haverill, curtly.

"Why? Do you think I am going to put such a temptation in Victor's way, or spoil Kate's chances in life by taking Muriel as an inmate of my house? No, indeed! I do not mind having her for a week or two till she has had time to look out for a suitable situation, but——"

"She is a pretty girl," interrupted Mrs. Rolf, musingly—"much too pretty for a governess. I think I shall take her home with me—she could make herself useful, I dare say, and would be a companion for Nellie. At all events the arrangement will do for the present. I do not like to see my sister's child turned adrift on the world."

"You always had peculiar notions, Jane," exclaimed Mrs. Standerwick, impatiently. "How do you think Rolf will like the increased expense she will be to you? You forgot that he is not rich."

"I will risk the arrangement, and take her home with me to-morrow."

"If you find Rolf does not like your plan, Jane, you may send her on to me for a week or two. In the meantime I will look out for some employment for her amongst my large circle of friends. I dare say I can manage it."

"Thanks, aunt Mary—I will not trouble you," said a quiet voice; and, trembling with indignation, Muriel stepped from behind the curtains of the bow-window. The two ladies started; Mrs. Rolf turned pale with annoyance—Mrs. Standerwick flushed scarlet.

"So you listened to our conversation, Muriel, did you?" said Mrs. Standerwick, who was the first to recover her equanimity. "Then there is no occasion for me to repeat my offers of assistance. Will you accept them?"

"Not on any account, aunt! I would not for the world stand in the way of your son or daughter. We are strangers, and had better remain so," replied Muriel, with bitter scorn.

"But you will come home with me, Muriel, will you not?" asked Mrs. Rolf, hoping to conciliate her neice.

"No, thank you, aunt Rolf; I will be no burden on you—or any one else long," added Muriel with a heavy sigh.

"Pray what are you going to do then, Miss Fine-airs?" was Mrs. Standerwick's

angry question; while Mrs. Haverill added uneasily—

"I hope you will do nothing foolish."

"I am going to remain with the Rector's sister till I get a situation," said Muriel, quietly.

Finding that there was no use in prolonging the conversation further, after a few more words the sisters proposed to retire, and then left the room together.

"Oh, papa, papa! what shall I do without you?" sobbed Muriel, throwing herself on the sofa, and hiding her tear-stained face in its cushions. "Aunt Jane meant to be kind if she could, but I—oh, I shall never govern my proud spirit without you to help me! Oh, if Christie were but here! India is so far; and, besides, I could not go to them—they too are not rich! No, Christie shall not know all—Christie shall not think that I suffer in going out into the world a dependant—a servant. I know Captain Ferroll would say 'Come'—Christie would say 'Come'; but would it be right? They have only his pay—and there is baby to think of. No; it would not be right to go. I must work. Dear Christie! she shall never know how bitter is the cup I am drinking. I will keep my sorrows to myself; they shall think I grieve only for papa. And I do grieve for him! I want him more than I can express—I do—I do!"

The voice sank into a soft murmur, then ceased. Worn out with sorrow, Muriel Halsie had fallen into a dreamless slumber.

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Outside, a cold easterly wind made the trees tremble and quiver, shaking down showers of dead leaves with a mournful patter on the damp gravel walks; overhead a leaden-hued sky cast a sombre, cheerless gloom upon the sad earth. Inside, an elegant apartment, half study, half boudoir, with a thick velvet-pile carpet, rich velvet hangings to the windows, books and fancy work on the table, while about the room are scattered objects of dainty uselessness, that tell of luxury and plenty. Before the fire stands a girl, waiting—a girl of nineteen, with a tall, graceful figure, her shapely little head crowned with rich masses of dark hair coiled simply round under her black bonnet; her face is pale, the features are regular, their expression is sweet, but dignified. From her deep contemplation of the fire she turned to greet an elegantly-dressed lady who had entered the room.

"Miss Halsie, I presume?" said the lady, bowing slightly, and drawing a chair towards the fire. "You have called in answer to my note of yesterday, I suppose? Do you bring any references with you?"

"I have the addresses of two gentlemen who can, I think, give you every satisfaction with regard to my mental capabilities and respectability," answered Muriel, with proud humility. "Should they not be sufficient, Miss Morton ——"

"Oh, they will be, I dare say," interrupted the lady, with languid impatience. "About salary, Miss Halsie? There are three children to instruct."

"Sixty pounds," murmured Muriel.

"Sixty! I only gave madame Salique fifty. However," she added, quickly, "it would be too much fatigue and trouble to me to extend my inquiries; so we will consider the matter of salary settled. Will you oblige me with the addresses you spoke of, that I may write to-night? I will let you know my decision in the course of the week. You can come at any time, I suppose?"

"Whenever you wish, madam," replied Miss Halsie, laying two cards on the table.

"Now will you ring the bell, please? Mr. Forbes will deem himself injured if I do not consult him."

A servant answered the summons, and was sent in search of Mr. Forbes—a bright, cheery-looking old gentleman, whose kindly smile and pleasant greeting lessened the cold weight gathering round poor Muriel's heart.

"My dear," he exclaimed, turning to his daughter-in-law—"my dear, Miss Halsie is standing!"

"Pray take a chair," said Mrs. Forbes, languidly. "Grandpapa," she continued, "this is the young lady who has applied for our vacant situation."

"Well, does Miss Halsie meet your requirements, my dear, and does she think we shall satisfy hers?" he asked, briskly.

"The children are rather troublesome, I own," said Mrs. Forbes, haughtily, not replying to the question put to her. "For ourselves, we should so little interfere with Miss Halsie, or intrude in her apartments, that I really do not see what objections she can have to make."

"I am too anxious to secure employment to make objections," returned Muriel, hastily. "I am with friends at present, but——," her lips quivered too much to permit of her finishing the sentence.

"I have heard of your late sad loss," said Mr. Forbes, kindly. "Have you no relatives left?"

"A brother and sister in India—those are all," she answered, sadly.

Then Mrs. Forbes rose and signified that the interview was at an end.

"It is long since I have seen so handsome a girl!" exclaimed Mr. Forbes when the door had closed on Miss Halsie. "What a figure she has! Is she purely English, Cecilia?" turning to his daughter.

"I am sorry I cannot inform you, grandpapa, since you are so interested," replied Mrs. Forbes, sarcastically. "I only hope she will not put herself too forward when the house is full of company."

"I think you may rest content on that point," he said. "If I am any reader of character, Miss Halsie has too much pride to force herself into notice."

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"So you are come at last to spend a day with me!" exclaimed Miss Morton, looking up in surprise at the bright face bending over her chair.

"At last!" answered Muriel, gaily, divesting herself of hat and cloak. "How long it seems since I was in this dear old room!"

"Nearly six months, if my memory serves me rightly," replied her friend. "Now bring your chair to the window, Muriel, and tell me the news. You are looking at my fire; it makes the room look less lonely when I come down to breakfast—now that I have you for company, it may go out."

"Does not Mrs. Morton come to see you?" asked Muriel.

"Oh yes, sometimes. But, what with parish matters and company, her time is pretty well monopolized."

"I thought she did very little parish work."

"Well, my dear, to tell the truth, she does not do a great deal; but then she thinks she does, and to think is to do with some people, you know. Let us talk of something else. How does the teaching go on?"

"Nicely. The children are tractable enough now; but it is weary work steering clear of all the shoals and quicksands one meets with in governess life. I get woefully disheartened sometimes, and pine for Christie's return; but even then I do not know that I should be much better off, for I could not live at their expense."

"Unless Percy's uncle dies meantime, and he comes into the Wellwood estates," suggested Miss Morton, with a smile.

"Yes—unless that occurs, of course," answered Muriel, with a deep sigh; "but such an event is unlikely," she added. "Sometimes I think I should be better if I could come and grumble to you; however, I am not my own mistress, or I should often be seen at Newcombe—perhaps take up my abode here altogether."

"By the way, Muriel, there has been an increase in the family at Hillside since I saw you. How do you like it?"

"The baby—oh, it does not make any difference to me at present," replied Muriel, smiling.

"I had forgotten the baby when I spoke. I meant Mr. Eric Forbes—do you like him?"

"I do not see much of the family, you know, dear Miss Morton."

"Ah, no, I suppose not. Still, I should like to have had your opinion of this famous Mr. Eric; I hear him lauded on all sides when I am at the Rectory parties. Miss Vauban dubbed him Sir Launcelot, and pretty Miss Rivers calls him the Saxon Knight. Is he really as nice as they say, Muriel?"

"How can I know?" answered Muriel, impatiently. He is handsome and agreeable, I believe, the children are fond of him—they could tell you better than I can." All over the girl's pale face there spread a scarlet glow; she turned her head away quickly.

"Has it come to that, Muriel?" Miss Morton bent forward, and touched one of the crimson cheeks with her finger.

Muriel started. "To what?" she asked, sharply.

"Is discomposure at the mention of a name a sign of indifference?" questioned her friend, quietly.

Muriel made no reply for a few moments; with a very thoughtful face she sat watch-

ing the sparrows hopping about the garden path.

"If I liked him ever so much, I would not let him know it under present circumstances," she said presently.

"Does he like you, Muriel?"

"It is unmanly, cruel, to pay me attentions which render my position in the house anything but agreeable!" exclaimed the girl, passionately.

Miss Morton smiled; she did not see love's difficulties as Muriel did.

"You are sure that Mr. Forbes has not seen that you care for him?"

"Miss Morton, do you think I have no pride?"

"Pride is a treacherous friend to trust to, dear," said Miss Morton; "it may lead you into all sorts of straits."

"So may love," answered Muriel. "Pride cannot be altogether dispensed with; for true love is founded on respect; and there can be no real respect where there is not equality of position."

"Certainly; but, Muriel, that argument cannot be applied to your case."

"Can it not?" she answered, with a little smile. "He is a gentleman, I am only a governess."

"And Colonel Halsie's daughter!"

"That is all altered now—please let us talk of something else."

Miss Morton laughed to herself, a quiet little satisfied laugh. "I will be merciful, and change the subject," she said. "Tell me about Christie."

So Christie's last epistle was read over and discussed, nor was the name of Mr. Eric Forbes mentioned again during Muriel's visit.

* * * *

The sun had set some time when Muriel Halsie stepped from the railway-carriage at the Hillside station, but the evenings were light now long after the sun had betaken himself to rest, and the cool, sweet freshness of the air was very pleasant after the unusual heat of the day. Her heart beat fast as she reached the lodge gates, for slowly sauntering down the drive was Mr. Eric Forbes. Where was the latch of the gate? Her hand sought up and down vainly.

"You are on the wrong side, Miss Halsie," said the gentleman, advancing, and holding open the gate for her to pass through; then, letting it swing to, he placed himself by her side and began to talk.

"Have you had a pleasant day? I hope my old friend is well?"

"You are mistaken, Mr. Forbes; I have been to see no friend of yours," answered Muriel, coldly.

"I am sure I beg your pardon," he said, frankly. "I understood from my father that you had gone to see Miss Morton."

Muriel looked up in flushed surprise.

"Miss Morton! The Rector's sister?"

"Yes. Did you not know that we were friends. Mr. Morton was my tutor before he was Rector of Newcombe, and his sister kept house. I assure you that I had good reason to remember Miss Morton; she helped me out of many a scrape. Did she not tell you that she knew me?"

"No."

"Have you been friends long, Miss Halsie?"

"About two years," Muriel said.

"I wonder she never told me! I had quite a long chat with her the other evening at the Rectory."

Muriel looked up hastily; the flush on her face deepened.

"You met Miss Morton at the Rectory," she asked in surprise.

"Yes," he said, "I went there to dinner—I often go. You look surprised."

"Why should I?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell," he answered, smiling; then he added, "May I show you the greenhouses? They are just in perfection, and there is plenty of light for that."

Suddenly Muriel stood still and faced him.

"You forget, sir," she said, haughtily, "that I am not a visitor at Hillside, but the governess—as such, entitled to no such attentions, which must only subject me to false representation, and cause me much annoyance." And with a slight bow she hurried away, leaving her companion in a state of amazement.

"So that is the way the wind blows," he ejaculated, with a low whistle. "What a shame! I must stroll over to Newcombe to-morrow, and make myself agreeable to Miss Morton."

Then he lit another cigar, and sauntered slowly back to the lodge.

(To be continued.)

DAFFODILS.

(From an unpublished blank verse poem, entitled *Welcombe Hills, or the Land of Shakspere*, composed by Bro. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL, during a week's visit to the late Mark Philips, Esq., at Welcombe House, Stratford-on-Avon.)

Fair Daffodils, (erst known as *oflo dyles*,
Or "that which cometh early,") as of old,
Ye "come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty,"* as ye did
When SHAKSPERE's eyes beheld you,—and as when
His well loved Spenser † look'd with such delight
On your bright amber coronals, that shine
'Midst paler petals, like some holy flame—
The bloodless sacrifice you offer up
On nature's altar to the God of all.
Dear DRAYTON, Shakspere's friend, he loved you too.
It was no base idolatry, I ween,
Which caused our pious fathers to adorn
Their churches with your "Lenten lilies" fair!
Better than burning candles at mid-day
Is gazing with delight on your pure flame.
Brave MILTON—'ere long blindness fell upon
The patriot-bard—loved well to see your flags
Of purest yellow waving in the breeze,
Like banners of his country's liberty:
Hence with delight he sings in that fine poem,
His *Comus*, how each sheperdess and swain
Assembled on the Severn's flowery banks,
To "throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream"—
Garlands of which you form'd important part—
In memory of Sabrina, "virgin pure;
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute;"
But, "guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen,
Commended her pure innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight,"—as MILTON sweetly sings.
Now you have bloom'd and perish'd for the year,
And, like sweet HERRICK, I could weep to see
You haste away so soon." But you will bloom
Again in early spring; and in the verse
Of our true poets you will bloom for aye.
DRYDEN, too, loved you; and the great high-priest
Of Nature, WORDSWORTH, felt his soul on fire
With your pure flame, when he beheld that "host
Of golden Daffodils beside the lake,
Beneath the trees," to nature's harmony
All "fluttering and dancing in the breeze."
So that I feel to fear no worldling's scorn
In owning that I love you, Daffodils,
As greater bards have done in days gone by;
And every flower that blows to me hath charms,
That raise my thoughts from things of earth to heaven.

* SHAKSPERE puts the words into the mouth of his Perdita, in the third scene of the fourth act of his *Winter Tale*. That scene, "before a Shepherd's Cottage," alone is worth a king's ransom.

† The Shaksperean reader will remember the great poet's mention of Spenser by name, in the Sonnet given as the sixth canto of his *Passionate Pilgrim*:—

"If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious round
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music makes
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
When as himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poet's feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain."

Spenser's friendly allusions to his brother bard are fully pointed out by Charles Knight, and in my *Shakspere, his Times and Contemporaries.*

LES MACONS INDIFFERENTS.*

From Le Monde Maconnique.

L'indifférence est un état particulier de l'âme, qui fait que rien de ce qui a rapport à certaines choses ou à certaines personnes

* We publish this interesting article of our able Bro. Caubet, the Grand Secretary of the Grand Orient, in his own nervous French, as we entirely agree with the views he puts forward with so much clearness and eloquence.

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n'est capable de nous affecter, et que nous n'éprouvons pour elles ni désir ni répulsion, parce que rien de ce qui les touche ne parvient à nous intéresser.

L'indifférence peut être naturelle ou raisonnée. Elle peut résulter de la froideur de notre tempérament, d'une atrophie de nos sentiments ou de notre volonté, d'une série de raisonnements dont l'effet a été de détruire en nous tout attachement à des opinions qui ont perdu à nos yeux leur valeur, ou à des croyances évidemment hypothétiques. C'est ainsi que la raison peut nous amener à une complète indifférence des questions indémontrables d'origine et de fin. Indifférence volontaire, réfléchie, pleine de réserve et de sagesse, parce qu'elle prend sa source dans la certitude de l'impuissance où nous sommes de résoudre des problèmes places audessus ou en dehors de notre etendement, et sur lesquels, par conséquent, nous ne saurions nous prononcer sans témérité.

Mais si, en raison des dangers considérables qui peuvent découler de l'importance trop grande donnée à des idées fausses ou à des hypothèses invérifiables, cette indifférence est prudente, sensée, digne d'éloges ; combien au contraire est coupable et impardonnable celle qui, dédaignant des intérêts moraux et matériels chers à tous les hommes de bien, nous pousse à l'oubli des devoirs les plus réels et les plus impérieux !

C'est surtout pour les Francmaçons que l'indifférence aux travaux et aux efforts de la grande Institution à laquelle ils ont juré de prêter leur concours est plus qu'une faute grave ; c'est une désertion devant l'ennemi, un véritable acte de félonie. Vouée à la recherche de la Vérité et à la conquête de la Justice, la Maçonnerie, malgré les violences et les injustes inimitiés dont elle est l'objet, lutte avec énergie contre les erreurs, contre les préjugés et les superstitions, contre l'oppression et le mensonge. Pour une telle œuvre, elle a droit de compter sur tous ceux qui sont venus s'asseoir à son foyer et lui demander la lumière. Mais leur concours pour être utile et efficace doit être chaleureux et actif. Ici nulle mollesse n'est permise ; nulle tiédeur n'est tolérable ; des cœurs ardents et véritablement dévoués peuvent seuls servir dignement notre grande et fraternelle association.

Comme les Maçons inconséquents, les Maçons indifférents ont fait à la Francmaçonnerie tout le mal qu'il était possible de lui faire sans la détruire. Ce sont eux qui paralysent nos élans et rendent nos efforts stériles. Ce sont eux qui font le vide dans nos Loges et qui en éloignent ceux-là même qui seraient les plus propres à servir la cause que nous défendons. C'est l'indifférence qui, s'étendant de proche en proche, glace les cœurs, éteint l'enthousiasme et nous enveloppe de cette froide atmosphère qui paralyse les meilleures volontés. Un Maçon indifférent n'est pas seulement un membre inutile de notre Institution, c'est un membre nuisible, corrompant ce qui l'entoure et entravant la marche régulière de nos travaux ; c'est un paralytique volontaire, presque un cadavre, que nous traînons à notre suite et qui gêne et ralentit tous nos mouvements.

Rien de ce qui intéresse nos semblables, rien de ce qui peut contribuer à l'amélioration de leur sort et au développement de leurs facultés intellectuelles et morales ne saurait être indifférent aux hommes de cœur, et plus particulièrement aux Maçons dont lest obligations sont plus grandes, et qui, venus volontairement et sans contrainte dans notre association, ont des devoirs d'autant plus impérieux qu'ils ont été plus librement consentis. Cependant, le nombre des Maçons indifférents semble, depuis quelque temps, augmenter sans cesse. D'où vient cette situation anormale? Evidemment de causes multiples de natures très-différentes.

Les divers prétextes qui tendent à justifier cet oubli injustifiable des devoirs maçonniques sont connus : "impuissance de la Maçonnerie à réaliser son programme, inanité de ses efforts, aridité et stérilité de ses travaux." Misérables arguments qui se retournent contre ceux qui les emploient, car si la Maçonnerie et impuissante, ses efforts vains, ses travaux stériles, on ne peut raisonnablement en accuser que la mollesse et l'indifférence de ses ouvriers. Il faut donc chercher ailleurs les véritables causes du mal qui nous occupe.

A nos yeux les Maçons indifférents peuvent se diviser en trois grandes catégories :

1° Ceux qui, étant entrés dans notre association avec une idée exagéré de l'ection et de la puissance maçonnique, ont éprouvé des déceptions et des découragements, que la nature de leur esprit les a poussés à porter à l'exces, comme ils avaient poussé à l'excés leurs premières espérances.

2° Ceux qui, venus jeunes dans notre

Institution, ont éparpillé et perdu, dans les luttes décevantes de la vie, leurs espérances et les nobles sentiments qui animaient leur jeunesse.

3° Les ambitieux vulgaires, qui ne sont entrés dans la Maçonnerie que pour solliciter un appui qu'on ne pouvait leur prêter.

De ces trois catégories, la première peut aisément revenir à des sentiments plus raisonnables; la seconde, quoique à peu prés incurable, mérite notre pitié. Quant à la troisiéme, incorrigible et incapable d'inspirer le moindre intérêt, nous ne pouvons qu'engager les Frères qui la composent à renoncerà leur titre de Maçons réguliers. La conscience et l'honneur leur interdisent de rester dans une association qu'ils découragent en affectant pour son œuvre un inqualifiable dédain.

A ces trois catégories d'indifférents nous aurions pu en ajouter une quatrième, plus nombreuse que les autres, qui si compose de Maçons toujours disposés a subir légèrement l'influence de ceux qui les entourent; mais nous avons pensé qu'il valait mieux ne pas insister sur la faiblesse de ces Frères, et nous efforcer, par de bons exemples, de réveiller leur zèle et de las ramener à une véritable et féconde activité.

L'indifférence, ajoutant, ses ravages à ceux que nous devions à la dernière guerre, a énervé, depuis quatre ans surtout, la Maçonnerie française; nos Ateliers ont été en partie désertés, et malgré les efforts des Maçons les plus dévovés, les travaux languissent et restent inféconds. Contre les périls d'une telle situation, le devoir de tous ceux qui sont sincèrement attachés à notre institution est du lutter avec la plus grande énergie.

Les Elections générales viennent d'avoir lieu dans toutes les Loges de l'Obédience. Que les nouveaux élns signalent leur avénement à la direction des affaires par une guerre sans merci à cette mortelle ennemie de notre grande famille. Qu'ils la poursouivent, sans relâche, jusque dans ses derniers retranchements, et qu'ils donnent, en toutes circonstances, aux tièdes et aux incertains, l'exemple réconfortant du zéle et de l'activité. Tous les hommes de bonne volonté sont prêts à s'associer à leurs efforts et à travailler ardemment, avec eux, à rendre à nos Ateliers la vie qui les abandonne. Pour cette œuvre de réparation nulle hésitation n'est possible, nul dévouement ne fera défaut...Et puisque l'indifférence est de tous les dangers qui nous menacent le plus grave et le plns immédiat, n'ayons en ce moment, dans tout le ressort de la maçonnerie française, qu'une préoccupation, qu'un but, qu'un cri di ralliement : *Guerre à l'indifférence!*—CAUBET.

OLD LONDON TAVERNS IDENTIFIED WITH MASONRY.

1722 (*Continued from page* 318.)

The Grand Lodge assembled in ample form March 25, 1722, at the *Fountain Tavern*, in the Strand.

The *Fountain Tavern* in the Strand was famous as the meeting place of the ultra-loyal party in 1685, who here talked over public affairs before the meeting of Parliament. Roger Lestrange, who had been recently knighted by the king, took a leading part in these consultations. But "the fate of things lies always in the dark;" in the reign of George II., this same house became a great resort of the Whigs, who sometimes used to meet here, as many as two hundred at a time, making speeches and passing resolutions.

For this reason it was proposed that Master Johnson, the landlord, should write under his sign :

"Hoc Fonte derivata libertas
In Patriam, Populumq : fluxit."

"From this fam'd Fountain Freedom flow'd,
For Britain's and the People's good."

In this tavern, Law, subsequently famous as the Mississippi schemer, quarrelled with the magnificent and mysterious Beau Wilson; they left the house, adjourned to Bloomsbury Square, and fought a duel, in which the Beau was killed.

On the 25th of April, 1723, the Grand Lodge met at the *White Lion*, in Cornhill.

The lion of the sign-board being seldom seen *passant*, it is more than probable that it was not derived from the national coat of arms, but rather from some badge, either that of Edward III., or from the *White Lion* of Edward IV. Though silver in general was not used on English sign-boards, yet the *White Lion* was anything but uncommon. Several examples occur

amongst early booksellers . . . For inns, also, it [the sign] was not an uncommon decoration. Thus the *White Lion* in St. John's Street, Clerkenwell, was originally an inn frequented by cattle drovers and other wayfarers connected with Smithfield market.

On the 25th November, 1723, the Grand Lodge met at the *Crown Tavern*, in Threadneedle Street, and congregated at this place nine times. The *Crown* already noticed was in a different locality.

The records show that the Grand Lodge held a meeting at the *Bell Tavern*, Westminster, on the 17th March, 1724, and some four or five times afterwards.

One of the oldest *Bell* taverns in Middlesex stood in King Street, Westminster; it is named in the expenses of Sir John Howard (Jockey of Norfolk), in 1466. Pepys dined at this house, July 1, 1660, invited by purser Washington, but came away greatly disgusted; for, he says, "the rogue had no more manners than to invite me, and let me pay my club." In November of the same year he was there again, "to see the 7 Flander mares that my Lord has bought lately." In Queen Anne's reign, the October club, consisting of about one hundred and fifty county members of Parliament, all unmitigated Tories, used to meet at this tavern.

The first session of the Grand Lodge at the *Devil Tavern*, Temple Bar, was held on the 20th May, 1725. Between that year and 1767, it convened there about seventy-five times, showing that it was a favourite place of resort for that body.

St. Dunstan, the patron saint of the parish of that name in London, was godfather to the *Devil*,—that is to say, to the sign of the famous tavern of the *Devil and St. Dunstan*, within Temple Bar. The legend runs, that one day, when working at his trade of a goldsmith, he was sorely tempted by the devil, and at length got so exasperated that he took the red-hot tongs out of the fire and caught his infernal majesty by the nose. The identical pinchers with which the feat was performed are still preserved at Mayfield, in Sussex. They are of a very respectable size, and formidable enough to frighten the arch-one himself. This episode in the saint's life was represented on the sign-board of that glorious old tavern. By way of abbreviation, the house was called the *Devil*, though the landlord seems to have preferred the *other* saint's name; for on his token we read "*The D*——(sic) *and Dunstan*," probably fearing, with a classic dread, the ill omen of that awful name.

Allusions to this tavern are innumerable in the dramatists: one of the earliest is in 1563, in the play of "Jack Jugeler." William Rowley thus mentions it in his comedy of a "Match by Midnight," 1633:

Bloodhound. As you come by Temple Bar, make a step to the Devil.

Tim. To the Devil, father?

Sim. My master means the sign of the *Devil*, and he cannot hurt you, fool; there's a saint holds him by the nose.

Tim. Sniggers, what does the devil and a saint both on a sign?

Sim. What a question is that? What does my master and his prayer-book o' Sundays both in a pew?

So fond was Ben Johnson of this tavern, that he lived "without Temple Bar, at a combmaker's shop," according to Aubrey, in order to be near his favourite haunt. It must have been therefore, in a moment of ill-humour, when he found fault with the wine, and made the statement that his play of the "Devil is an Ass" (which is certainly not among his best) was written "when I and my boys drank bad wine at the *Devil*."

The principal room was called "the Oracle of Apollo," a large room, evidently built apart from the tavern; and from Prior's and Charles Montagu's *Hind and Panther Transversed*, it is shown to have been an upper apartment:

> "Hence to the Devil——
> Thus to the place where Johnson sat, we climb,
> Leaning on the same rail that guided him."

Here the famous Apollo Club was accustomed to meet. Above the door was the bust of Apollo and "the welcome" by "Rare Ben Johnson." Over the fireplace were the rules of the club, which were greatly admired for the conciseness and elegance of their Latinity. Over the clock in the kitchen, in 1731, there remained "*Si nocturna tibi noceat potatio vini, hoc in mane bibes iterum, et fuerit medicina.**

* If the wine you drink at night should do you harm, drink it again in the morning, and it will prove a medicine.

An elegant rendering of the well-known phrase, "A hair of the dog that bit you."

In the Apollo chamber were rehearsed, with music, the Court-day Odes of the Poets Laureate; a practice which gave rise to the following epigram by a wit of the time:

"When Laureates make Odes, do you ask of what sort?
Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?
You may judge—from the Devil they come to the Court,
And go from the Court to the Devil."

Ben Johnson being one night at the *Devil Tavern*, a country gentleman in the company was obtrusively loquacious touching his land and tenements; Ben, out of patience, exclaimed, "What signifies to us your dirt and your clods? Where you have an acre of land, I have ten acres of wit!" "Have you so," retorted the countryman, "good Mr. Wiseacre?" "Why, how now, Ben?" said one of the party, "you seem to be quite stung!" "I was never so pricked by a hobnail before," grumbled Ben.

The *Tatler*, October 11, 1709, contains Bickerstaff's account of the wedding entertainment at the *Devil Tavern*, in honour of his sister Jenny's marriage.

Swift tells Stella that on October 12, 1710, he dined at the *Devil Tavern* with Mr. Addison and Dr. Garth, when the doctor treated.

In 1746, the Royal Society held here their annual dinner; and in 1752, concerts of vocal and instrumental music were given in the great room.

It was demolished in 1787.

Benjamin Johnson, the celebrated English poet, was born at Westminster, June 11, 1574, and died from an attack of palsy, August 16, 1637.

Previous to 1767, but one meeting appears to have been held by the Grand Lodge at the *Queen's Head Tavern*, in Great Queen Street, namely, on the 26th November, 1728. The elegant and commodious appartments now occupied by that body are in Great Queen Street, where they have been for many years.

That Queen Elizabeth was for more than two centuries the almost unvarying type of the *Queen's Head* need not be wondered at when we consider her well-deserved popularity.

During the Queen's lifetime, however, the sign-painters had to mind how they represented "Queen Bess," for Sir Walter Raleigh says that portraits of the queen made by "unskillful and common painters" were, by her order "knocked in pieces, and cast into the fire."

In the bar of the *Queen's Head Tavern*, Great Queen Street, is preserved a carved wooden sign, which formerly hung before this house, representing two men standing near a large tun.

"Grand Lodge, in ample form, at the *Three Tuns*, Swithin's Alley, near the Royal Exchange, on March 27, 1729, with former Grand Officers, and those of thirty-one lodges." But one meeting, that above named, was held at this inn.

There seems to have been a kind of fatality attached to this sign, for the *London Gazette* for September 15-18, 1679, relates a murder committed at the *Three Tuns*, in Chandos Street, and in the same house, Sally Pridden, *alias* Sally Salisbury, in a fit of jealousy, stabbed the Honourable John Finch, in 1723. Sally was one of the handsomest "social evils" of that day, and had been nicknamed Salisbury, on account of her likeness to the countess of that name. For her attempt on the life of Finch she was committed to Newgate, where she died the year after, "leaving behind her the character of the most notorious woman that ever infested the hundreds of old Drury." Her portrait was painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

The record reads: "Grand Lodge in ample form at the *Half Moon Tavern*, in Cheapside, on Thursday, 24 June, 1731." This is the only time it met here.

Ben Johnson once desiring a glass of sack, went to the *Half Moon Tavern*, in Aldersgate Street, but found it closed, so he adjourned to the *Sun Tavern*, in Long Lane, and wrote this epigram:—

"Since the Half-Moon is so unkind,
To make me go about,
The Sun my money now shall have,
And the Moon shall go without."

The *Half Moon*, Upper Holloway, was famous in the last century for excellent cheesecakes, which were hawked about the streets of London by a man on horseback, and formed one of the London cries. This circumstance is noticed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1753, entitled "A

journey to Nottingham." In April, 1747, the following advertisement appeared in the same magazine:

"*Half Moon Tavern*, Cheapside, April 13. His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cumberland, having restored peace to Britain, by the ever memorable Battle of Culloden, fought on the 16th April, 1745, the *choice spirits* have agreed to celebrate that day annually by a Grand Jubilee in the Moon, of which the Stars are hereby acquainted, and summoned to shine with their brightest lustre by 6 o'clock on Thursday next, in the Evening."

I quote again from the record: "Grand Lodge in *due* form at the *Castle*, in Drury Lane, on Thursday, 8 June, 1732, with the Earl of Inchiquin and other former Grand Officers, and those of thirty-nine lodges." This was the only session at this house.

The *Castle* being such a general sign, many traders adopted some particular castle. *Dover Castle*, or *Walmer Castle*, is amongst the most frequent. This first is mentioned in the following amusing advertisement:

"FOR FEMALE SATISFACTION.

"Whereas the mystery of Freemasonry has been kept a profound secret for several ages, till at length some men assembled themselves at the *Dover Castle*, in the parish of Lambeth, under pretence of knowing the secret, and likewise in opposition to some gentlemen that are real Freemasons, and hold a lodge at the same house; therefore, to prove that they are no more than pretenders, and as the ladies have sometimes been desirous of gaining knowledge of the noble *art*, (sic) several regular-made Masons (both ancient and modern), members of constituted lodges in this metropolis, have thought proper to unite into a select body, at Beau Silvester's, the sign of the *Angel*, Bull Stairs, Southwalk, and stile themselves Unions, think it highly expedient, and in justice to the fair sex, to initiate them therein, provided they are women of undeniable character; for tho' no lodge as yet (except the Free United Masons) have thought proper to admit women into the fraternity, we, well knowing they have as much right to attain to the secret as those Castle Humbugs, have thought proper so to do, not doubting but that they will prove an honour to the Craft; and as we have had the honour to inculcate several worthy sisters therein, those that are desirous and think themselves capable of having the secret conferred on them, by proper application, will be admitted, and the charges will not exceed the expences of our lodge." —*Publick Advertiser*, March 7, 1759.

In the reign of George I., the *Castle*, near Covent Garden, was a famous eating-house, kept by John Pierce, the Soyer of his day. Here the gallant feat was performed of a young blood taking one of the shoes from the foot of a noted toast, filling it with wine, and drinking her health, after which it was consigned to the cook, who prepared from it an excellent *ragout*, which was eaten with great relish by the lady's admirers.

A meeting of the Grand Lodge was held at the *Crown Tavern*, "behind the Royal Exchange, on Friday, April 13, 1739."

Upon the site of the present chief entrance to the Bank of England, in Threadneedle Street, stood the *Crown Tavern*, "behind the 'Change;" it was frequented by the Fellows of the Royal Society, when they met at Gresham College hard by. The *Crown* was burnt in the great fire, but was rebuilt; and about a century since, at this tavern, "it was not unusual to draw a butt of mountain wine, containing 120 gallons, in gills, in a morning."

"Behind the 'Change," we read in the *Connoisseur*, 1754, a man worth a plum used to order a twopenny mess of broth with a boiled chop in it; placing the chop between two crusts of a halfpenny roll, he would wrap it up in his check handkerchief, and carry it away for the morrow's dinner.

About sixteen sessions of the Grand Lodge were held at the *Crown and Anchor*, in the Strand, the first occurring on the 24th of January, 1760.

The *Crown and Anchor*, the well-known badge of the Navy, is a great favourite. One of the most famous taverns with this sign was in the Strand, where Dr. Johnson often used to "make a night of it." "Soon afterwards," says Boswell, "in 1768, he supped at the *Crown and Anchor*, in the Strand, with a company I collected to meet him. There were Dr. Percy, now bishop of Dromore; Dr. Douglas, now bishop of Salisbury; Mr. Langton; Dr. Robertson, the historian; Dr. Hugh Blair, and Mr. Thomas Davis." On this occasion the

great doctor was unusually colloquial, and according to his amiable custom "tossed and gored several persons."

This tavern was in existence as late as 1813. On the 8th of November of that year, an "Especial Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of England, according to the old Constitutions" ("Ancients") was convened in it there. During the following month this body united with the Grand Lodge of "Moderns," forming "The United Grand Lodge of Ancient Freemasons of England."

On the 16th of February, 1766, an occasional Grand Lodge was held at the *Horn Tavern*, in the New Palace Yard; and another on the 9th of February, 1767, at the *Thatched House Tavern*, in St. James Street.

The annual "Assembly and Feast" were celebrated in various places, chosen no doubt for the better accommodation of the large number of the brethren brought together on these yearly occasions than the taverns would afford. These gatherings were held at Stationers' Hall; Merchant-Taylors' Hall; Mercers' Hall; Fishmongers' Hall; Haberdashers' Hall; Drapers' Hall; Leathersellers' Hall; Barber-Surgeons' Hall; and Vintners' Hall. In another paper I may give descriptions of these halls, some of which evidently belonged to one or another of the noted guilds of London, as the names indicate.

In the library of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts is an interesting relic of the past, entitled, "A List of Regular Lodges, according to their Seniority and Constitution, by order of the Grand Master." It is addressed, "To the Right Honourable Sholto Charles Douglas, Lord Aberdour, Grand Master." Lord Aberdour served as Grand Master of England from May 18th, 1747, until May 3rd, 1762. The "List" is dated 1761, and particularizes two hundred and sixty-one lodges which were then on the roll of the Grand Lodge. It is in pamphlet form, with paper covers, and contains twenty-three pages, each of which is about six and a half inches long, and two and a half inches wide. It is a beautiful piece of copper-plate workmanship, and was "Printed for and sold by Benj'n Cole, Engraver and Copper Plate Printer, the Corner of King's Head Court, Holbourn." The left hand column gives numbers to lodges from one upwards; the next column to the right contains the signs, in diminutive, of the places where the lodges met; the next, the streets, squares, towns, etc., in which the places of meetings were located; the fourth, the days of the week for meeting; and the fifth and right hand column shows the date of constitution of each lodge. The work is particularly valuable for the *fac similes* of the sign-boards of the taverns where the lodges assembled. —*New England Freemason, America.*

J. T. H.

PADDY'S EXPERIENCE OF MASONRY.

BY REV. M. MAGILL.

Says Paddy one day, as he went on his way,
"What is all this great pucker about?"
The Masons were coming with music and drumming,
And crowd's of sight-seers were out.

"Arrah, honey," says he, "but they look very spree,
With their sashes and aprons so fine,
And the jewels so rare, their compass and square;
If I were a Mason; Oh, dear, but I'd shine."

Then off Paddy went, nor was he content,
Till his wants to the Master he told;
He was in for a lark, or a ride in the dark,
And he felt both courageous and bold.

Says the Master, "My lad, take care you're not mad,
In your wishes to become a Freemason;
There's a goat on the way, and mischief to pay,
With gridiron and poker in season.

So now Master Pat, if you can stand that,
And have courage and money galore,
You may come to our lodge, and be sure you don't dodge,
We have secrets for you in good store."

Away Paddy went, but not quite content,
That goat he had no wish to ride;
And the gridiron and poker, were rather a choker,
Still his purpose he now would abide.

When the evening arrived, the Masons contrived,
To give Paddy a cordial reception;
The goat was on hand, and a merry brass band,
With that poker and gridiron to roast on.

Pat was met at the door, where he saw on the floor,
All sorts of things, even halters and chains,
He was stripped to the skin, that he might begin
His hard journey, with torture and pains.

After knocking around, at length he is found
Rather weary, and tired of the fun;
Placed on the goat's back, he came down with a crack,
And made for the door with a run.

The goat not content, for Paddy he went,
Determined that he should remember
The sights he had seen, and where he had been,
That fearful lodge night in September.

It would not be well, nor indeed may I tell,
All that Paddy went through on that night;
But this I do know, that he never would show
Any more longing for Masonic light.

Days had passed by, but Paddy was shy,
He limped and felt sore for a season;
Some secrets he gained which he never revealed,
For his silence he has a good reason.

Should any feel loath to ride on the goat,
From Pat they may gain information,
Or else, when too late, have to mourn their fate
With sad proofs of their initiation.

Voice of Masonry, America.

POLLY RIVERS'S TRIP TE STOWSLAY CATTLE SHOW, AN' WHAT COM ON'T.*

(TELT IV HER AWN TALK).

Hev Ah ivver been at Stowslay Cattle Show? Ah just think Ah hev. Ah, monny a tahme. Bud ther was yah year 'at Ah went 'at Ah sall nivver forget.

Thou wad like te hear about it. Whyah, then, Ah'll tell tha.

It's three or fower year sen Ah'd meead up me mahnd te gan tit Show; an' Ah gat a nice blew gown, an' a new black jackit, an' a round hat wiv a greeat blew fedder in't, te gan in. Bud Ah mun tell tha fost what Ah had i' me heead wi' macking mesel' seea smart.

Thou sees me fayder's fahm 's fahve mahle an' a hawf fra Stowslay, an' hiz neeam's Tommy Rivers; an' about a mahle fodder up t' rooad ther 's annudder fahm; an' awd Jooany Fallows lives there. Our fooaks an' them had awlus bin gud frinnds; an' they had a sun call'd Bill. An' our fooaks had a dowter call'd Polly; an that 's me. Now, Ah oft thowt 'at Bill had a bit of a nooashin o' ma, an' Ah seer Ah had a gud deeal of a nooashin about him; bud we nivver com te onny understandin' about it. Bill awlus seeam'd seea shy, an' Ah did n't like te be ower forrard wiv him. Bud Ah thowt te mesel', if nobbut he draws up te ma at t' Show, Ah weean't be seea shot wiv him as Ah 've oft been. Poor Bill!

Ah gat up betahmes that mooanin'; an' Ah skufter'd about, an' helpt me mudher an' t' lass forward wi' t' wark; an' then Ah went upstairs, an' gat mesel' drisst up wi' all me finery. As Ah leeakt at mesel' i' t' glass, Ah thowt ther wad n't be monny lasses there 'at wad be onny better drisst ner me. An' Ah thowt, as Ah teeak annudder leeak, 'at Ah was n't seea varry plain leeakin' nowder. But our Tom com tit stair fut, shoutin' was n't Ah riddy; fer he 'd getten t' awd meer yoked, an' he wanted to be off at yance; seea down Ah went, an' gat in tit spring cart, an' off we set.

Ther was heeaps o' fooaks on t' rooad; an' when we 'd getten about tweea mahle off Stowslay, Ah heeard a galloway cumin' canterin' away behint us; bud Ah wad n't leeak round, fer all Ah was seer weeah 't was. Prissently Ah heeard a voice sing out:—"Hollo! what, are yah off tit Show?" an' Ah culler'd up tit hair reets, fer it wer Bill alang sahde on us.

* We have taken this amusing story, in the Cleveland vernacular, from a most interesting little work, "Rhymes and Sketches of Cleveland, to illustrate the Cleveland Dialect," by Mrs. Tweddell, the wife of our well known Brother and Masonic Litterateur, G. M. Tweddell. The work is published by Tweddell & Co., Stokesley, and copies can be obtained at Bro. G. Kenning's, 198, Fleet Street.

"Ay," sez Tom. "What, Ah 'll awand 's gahin' t' seeam geeat?"

"Ay," sez he, "Ah is. Bud how 's thou this mooanin', Polly?" An' he rahde round te mah sahde.

Ah telt him 'at Ah was varry weel, an' Ah howped he wer t' seeam; an' we toked on all t' way tit toon. An' we drahve up tit Gowlden Lion, an' put up there; an' Bill went down tit Bay Hoss, fer that awlus wer their wost house, an' Farrows hez kept it a vast o' years.

Our Tom an' me went tiv a frinnd's house, te wer dinners; an' efter we 'd had 'em, we tonned out te hev a leeak about t' toon. An' when we were nicely te wer sels, Ah telt Tom, 'at Ah thowt we 'd better pate, fer he mud be i' mah way, an Ah mud mebby be iv hiz; an' he sed 'at Ah wer reet, fer he wanted te gan wi' sumboddy else, an' he thowt 'at he knew weea Ah wanted te gan wiv; but we wad meet at six o'clock, at t' Lion. Seea off he went, an' Ah set off te hev a leeak a t' shops.

Ah wer just stanin' leeakin' in at Barker's winder when Bill com aback o' mah; an', sez he,—

"Ista chusin' thesel' a new gown?"

"Nay," sed Ah, "Ah, izzent i' want o' yan, or else Ah cud chuse plenty here."

"Ay," sez Bill, "Barkers awlus hez a lot o' bewties. Bud iz tha gahin' up tit field, Polly?"

Ah sed 'at Ah wer; an' he sed 'at he wer just gahin', an' we might as weel gan tegidder; an' Ah sed 'at Ah wer willin'. Seea off we set. An' when we gat there, we went all round beeath show fields, an' had a gud leeak at t' kye, an' t' sheep (sike teeaps an' yowes!) an' t' pigs, an' ther wer a bonny lot on 'em. Ther was sum varry big bulls fra Westadill. Bud toking about beeas, Ah think ther wer t' bonniest heffer at Stowslay Show last year 'at ivver Ah clapt e'en on. Sheea belangt tiv Ed. Barker, o' Stowslay, an' her neck wer fairly hung round wi' medals 'at sheea 'd won at udder Shows. But Ah 's wandrin' fra my stooary.

We went ower t' wooden brig across t' beck inte t' udder field, an' had a gud leeak at t' hosses. We 're oppen tiv all Ingland fer showin' hosses; seea there was cart-hosses, an' cooach-hosses, an' hunters, an' rahdin'-hosses ov all sooarts,—mair ner yan had fairly tahme to leeak at. Onny body 'at likes hosses, Ah seear, owt te gan te Stowslay Cattle Show. They 'll see plenty ov all sooarts there, Ah seear, te settisfy 'em.

Then we com ower t' wudd brig in tit t' fost field ageean, te hev a leeak at t' pooltry; an' ther was a fahne lot. T' turkeys an' geese was nivver better. Storry o' t' Teeam Brig had getten t' fost prahze fer beeath, an' he desahv'd it teea An' t' ducks fra Fidler's mill cuddent be bet. Then ther was sum bonny rabbits; an' sike o' lot o' fahne pidjins as Ah nivver seed afooar. An' Bill an' me steead an' watcht 'em ivver seea lang. Ther was a pair i' yah cage 'at they sed was duvs; an' they kept *coo, coo*-in' on yan at annudder, an' they leeakt seea luvin'; an' Ah nooatist 'at Bill had n't mitch te say ov a bit. At last he gat hod o' me hand, an' he squeeaz'd it fast iv hiz; an' then sez he:—

"Polly," sez he, "if nobbut thou an' me was as luvin' to yan annudder as them tweea yung pidjins is, how pleased Ah sud be!"

Ah wer rayder teean aback when it com, for all Ah 'd bin thinkin' it wad cum te this sum day. Howsumivver Ah manisht te say:—

"Now wad ta reeally, Bill?"

"Ay, that Ah wad," sed he. "Bud wad thou be pleeas'd annole?"

An Ah sed:—

"Whyah, Ah can't see mitch in 't te vex onnybody. Bud cum on," sed Ah, "let 's hev a walk outsahde."

An' out we went, an' had a tonn in tiv a pate o' t' field where ther wahnt seea monny fooaks. An' we had a gud lang talk. An' he sed 'at he'd wanted te tell mah fer a lang wahle what a vast he thowt about mah. An' Ah telt him 'at Ah thowt 'at he did; an' Ah 'd offen wunder'd 'at he nivver sed owt timmah about it afooar. An' he sed, "Whyah, it wer varry weel 'at we 'd cumm'd tit Show tegidder; fer if it haddent been fer them pidjins, he did n't think he sud a muster'd corridge then." Howivver, we gat te understand yan annudder afooar we left t' field, better ner we 'd ivver decan i' wer lives afooar.

At six o'clock, Bill an' me went tit Lion, te meet our Tom. We 'd seen him wiv a yung wumman tweea three tahmes i' t' efterneean. An' Tom sed we need n't set off yam fer an hour yit, as it wer sike a

fahne neet; bud we sud hev to be at wur journa's end biv neen o'clock, fer our awd *fooaks nivver liked us te be out efter that* tahme. They awlus sed:—

"Arly te bed, an' arly te rahse,
Maks yan hilthy, wealthy, an' wahse."

Tom an' t' yung wumman, an' Bill an' me, teeak a tonn rouud t' toon; an' t' lads bowt us a lot o' fairins; an' Ah thowt it wer t' nicest Cattle Show 'at Ah'd ivver been at. At t' lang length, howivver, we gat yoked up; an' Bill went an' gat his galloway, an' com an' join'd us. An' Ah nivver knew befooare 'at our Tom wer sike a breet fella as he preeaved hissel' te be thatneet; fer just efter we'd gettin ower Bounsin' Brig, at Stowslay toon end, Tom sed, if Bill liked, he wad change pleeaces wiv him,—he cud rahde t' galloway, an' Bill cud drahve mah; an' 't were neea seeaner sed ner deeane. An', uppon mah wod, Ah nivver knew t' rooad atween t' toon an' our house seea shooat i' my life afooar. What, we wer there iv a jiffey. An' Tom gat off t' galloway te oppen our yat; an' then they changed spots, an' we bad good-neet. Bud afooar Bill gat out o' t' cart he ga' ma t' sweetest——Nay, bon, Ah 'll nut tell what he did. Thou sees what maks mah think on 't seea weel; it wer t' fost tahme 'at ivver Bill had kisst mah.

Dash mah! Ah 've letten 't out efter all. Bud nivver mahnd. It 's nowt te be sham'd on. Ther's nut monny fooaks bud what's deean 't seeam thing, sum tahme i' ther lives. What, ther can't be mitch harm iv a simple kiss, neeahow.

When we drahve up tit t' house, me fayder com out wiv' t' greeat steeable lanteren, an' he sez:—

"What, you 've getten back seeaf an' sound. An' how hez tha enjoy'd thessil', Poll?"

"Oh, nivver better," sed Ah.

"Whyah, git the ways in," sed he; "the mudher hez sum gud yat coffee riddy fa' yah, and a few nice rashers o' bakin an' sum eggs fried."

Seea Ah went in, and put off me things, an' tonn'd out me fairins. Then me fayder an' Tom com in, an' we all sat down te wer suppers. An' me mudher ast Tom if Ah 'd getten a sweetheart, an' Ah culler'd up, an' Ah dipt me speean intit t' seeager, an' put sum on te me egg, thinkin' it wer sawt, an' they all brast out o' laffin, at mah. Bud Ah pluckt up a bit, an' telt 'em ther was *mair* mistacks then hay-stacks. An' Tom diddent let out aboot mah; fer mebby he mud think Ah sud let out about him. An' all that week out Ah sang about t' house like a nightingell; an' me mudher sed gahin' tit Show 'ad quite rouzt mah up.

T' next Sunda' efterneean, Ah went tit t' chetch; an' Bill wer there, riddy te set mah yam when wa left; an' he went as far as our yat; an' we steead a guddish bit. An' we did t' seeam tweea three Sunda's.

At t' last me mudher sed timma, yah day:—

"Polly, what's t' reeason 'at Bill Fallows nivver cums in wi' tha on a Sunda'. Ah sees ya stannin' at t' yat."

"Whyah," sez Ah, "Ah nivver axt him."

"Then," sez sheea, "thou better had annudder tahme. It izzent civil te let him gan away i' that manner."

Thou may be seear 'at Ah axt him t' next Sunda'. An' he went in, an' had his tea wiv us: an' he gat started te cum down on a neet, tell he gat te be like yan o' wer sels. An' Ah reeally think 'at ther nivver was sike fahne moonleet neets as ther was that back-end. An' our lass an' me nivver forgat te bring t' sticks in afooar dark as we did that winter. Then Bill youst te hev te gan wiv us wi' t' lanteren. An' ther wer a yung chap youst te cum fra t' next fahm to see *Dolly*. An' efter *Bill* an' me had getten sum gether'd, we youst te len' 'em t' lanteren te see te fill Dolly's basket. Ha, dear! what happy tahmes them war! an' what fun we youst te hev! Howsumivver, t' upshot on 't all were 'at Bill an' me gat wed. Beeath our fooaks an' ther fooaks was willin'. An Bill's fayder teeak a canny lahtle farm fer us, an' mah fayder helpt te stock 't. An' Bill sed he wer detarmin'd we wad hev a gud pidjin-cooat, fer they wer t' nicest bods 'at flew. Ah knew weel eneeaf what he wer drahvin' at. An' Ah seear there can't be a mitch happier cupple neeawhere ner me an' our Bill iz. We hev a varry canny farm, at a eeasy rint, and plenty ov ivverything 'at wa want; an' tweea as bonny bairns as onnybody hez. T' yungist, thou knaws, iz a lad, an' we call him Bill. Bill's fayder an' mudher, an' mah fayder an'

mudher, steead fer him when he wer kessund; an' they all vow'd, an' Bill an' me sed t' seeam thing, that we nivver clapt e'en on a strangher ner a bonnier babby neeawhere ner he wer that day. Bill axt ma afooarhand what Ah thowt about kesseuin' him William Dove. But Ah sed, Ah thowt we waddent; fer fooaks wad ax seea wheea we call'd him efter; an' we knew wersels 'at he war wer awn dear little pidjin. Bill sed 'at Ah cud pleease mesel' about it; "bud," sez he, "thou knaws, Polly, we might mebby nivver hev had him—fer Ah deeant knaw when ivver Ah sud ha' muster'd t' corridge te speeak—if t' haddent been fer them tweea canny, bonny, luvvin' duvs 'at wa saw at Stowslay Cattle Show."

AN ORIGINAL DISSERTATION ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

Delivered before the members of the Working Men's College, Ipswich, afterwards given at Hadleigh, Dovercourt and Woodbridge.

Delivered under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, at the *Town Hall, Colchester*, on the 10th November, 1874.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

It was Talleyrand, I think, who once cynically said that speech was given to us to *conceal* our thoughts. Perhaps it was in his time, and may now be in France, but here in England, where we boast of our freedom of speech, the day has long gone by when we need mince matters in saying what we think of peer or peasant, of king or people, of the governors or the governed. Sometimes this liberty has lapsed into licence, and the language of sedition has been used by tap-room orators out on the stump, or would-be Presidents of an English Republic; yet as a rule, I think, it will be owned, that the Englishman's love of law and order, and his innate loyalty to the throne and reverence for the powers that be, have rendered nugatory the effects of the jeremiads of blatant demagogues on the one hand, whilst on the other, the press of this country (with the exception of one or two newspapers, which, pandering to the lowest passions of the lowest classes, deserve to be supressed) has denounced the wrong, and supported the right, has echoed and applauded the sentiments of this great patriot, or ridiculed the pretensions of that unprincipled adventurer, and so kept in check as it were our noblest heritage from the dead past—freedom of speech. After the devoted expression of loyalty shown on Thanksgiving Day, when our beloved Prince recovered almost miraculously from a disease which had nearly proved fatal, Sir Charles Dilke and his followers have had a lesson taught them they will not soon forget, and men like Odger were better if they retired into the wretched obscurity from whence they spring.

Freedom of speech is one thing, unbridled licence another. The press, perhaps, has been to blame in noticing the miserable attempts of the contemptible tailors of Tooley Street, and ventilating their wretched schemes and pernicious efforts to turn England against its present rulers.

But the illness of the Prince coming as it did, and when it did, roused the people of this mighty Empire, proved to the world that the great heart of England is still sound, and that we, the loyal subjects of a good and gracious lady, love and venerate our Queen and Constitution. Yet, having this great gift, this palladium of liberty in our favour, is it not wonderful that, as a rule, Englishmen are the worst public speakers in the world? I appeal to any of my hearers if I am not right in saying that we are very poor, desperately poor public speakers. Of course, I do not allude to the public men of Ipswich or Colchester. There is no question but that they are all gifted beyond the general race of men, and therefore my remarks do not apply to them; but take any neighbouring town or village, and call a public meeting, and supposing you have time, stop and listen to all the speeches, and if you do not come away amazed at the nonsense, amused with the eccentricity and, perchance, disgusted with the incapacity therein displayed, you are not the people I take you for.

Yes, one must say it—for *appropriateness of diction, for grace of expression*, for the utter absence of, or the too great vehemence of action and gesture, and for simple stolidity, commend me to the

average English pater-familias suddenly called upon his hind legs to address an audience of his fellow countrymen. I propose to give you one or two examples illustrative of the British citizen under the *trying circumstances*—which he as often as not brings upon himself—with the firm impression that he was born to be an orator, and anxious at all cost to astonish the weak nerves of his audience.

Bro. Holmes, then amidst roars of laughter, introduced the character of the fidgety young gentleman, who responds for the bridesmaids amidst much perplexity and nervousness, and who after much stammering and hesitancy sits down, after thanking the guests for drinking his health and *the rest of the bridesmaids.*

Assuming next the rôle of the chairman of a public meeting, "his Washup the Mayor," a gentleman with a bullying manner and stentorian voice, who explains the financial state of the town, complains of the state of the town pumps, and abuses the gas and water company, Bro. Holmes in his assumed character put to the meeting (oblivious of the fact that it is not the town council he is addressing), the new rate of twopence in the pound, proposed by Councillor Sprat, in the midst of great laughter and applause.

The third impersonation given, was that of a well-known type, the tap-room spouter of Hibernian origin, rather the better or the worse for liquor, presenting a testimonial, a pewter pint pot, to mine host of the Rose and Gridiron, who has been chairman of the local convivial society —Sons of Memnon—for so many years.

The orator grew sentimental and lachrymose over the pot and its recipient, as is the manner of tap-room spouters after a certain stage, and his plentiful tears strangely enough, contributed greatly to the hilarity of his audience.

The fourth and last illustration given was that of the stump orator rendered familiar to us by the Christy Ministrels, in which the speaker brought in all the leading topics of the day in an *olla podrida* of rhapsody, *high falutin* and absurd fun in such a way as seriously to affect the risible faculties of the large auditory, and which called forth hearty and long continued applause.

The speaker resumed:

For outrageous, downright nonsense, recommend me to the stump orator, and yet I could mention public speakers, whose speeches are stump orations—*only they don't know it.* One might easily multiply examples amongst the clergy as well as amongst the laity (for we are not all so fortunate as you are at Colchester), but I refrain.

But go to many a church or chapel, anywhere outside Colchester, of course (laughter), and listen for 35 minutes to a beautiful discourse—which, whether doctrinal or practical has nothing on earth to do with the text which is tacked on to it for ornament sake, or respectability, and because it is the custom—delivered, it may be either in a dull nasal tone, a shrill quavering voice, or perhaps in a heavy bass thundernote key, which in trying to be sublime, is only ridiculous, and tell me do you not come away perplexed, chagrined, hardly edified and strengthened, sadder, let us hope wiser men.

And then the gestures! What with the sledge-hammer movement, the air sawing movement, the thumping cushion movement, the animated log business, and the dying duck in a thunder-storm, one has enough and to spare.

Do you remember what Sydney Smith said about his first sermon?

"When I began to thump the cushion of my pulpit on first coming to Foston, as is my wont when I preach, the accumulated dust of 150 years made such a cloud that for some minutes I lost sight of my congregation."

The dying duck in the thunderstorm I have seen excellently simulated by pious ladies of uncertain age, who are garrulous speakers at Dorcas meetings and Muffin struggles, and also by other old women of the male persuasion, objurgating in public with strong minded females (what the Saturday Review calls the shrieking sisterhood), against the Contagious Diseases Act, or Cremation, and declaiming generally against the follies of the age.

It is our boast that the clergy of the Church of England, taken as a body, are the most learned, the most moral, whilst they are the most influential for good, and the most highly esteemed of any priesthood of any religion in the world. Yet in the matter of sermonizing and public speaking there is a lack, and I am persuaded, dear friends, that no clergy can beat ours in the

pulpit—as no foreign politician can beat our average county member on the floor of the House, in grace of expression, *appropriateness of gesture*, in trite allusions, moral platitudes, or polemical twaddle.

Most people think they can speak. I know numbers who fancy they could compose a better sermon than the parson; let them try it.

Many of us flatter ourselves that we could write a novel; not a few have an idea that they could pen an excellent leader, equal to the *Times*, and nearly as good as the *Daily Telegraph* (oh! wonderful agglomeration of fine sounding words!) and I dare say there are numbers even in this intellectual audience,* who sometime or other in their lives thought they were fated to be poets.

I had an attack of that sort myself once, but then I was in love, and much may be excused under such circumstances.

Josh Billings said, he thought it was his manifest destiny to be a poet. He says:

"I sent a speciment of the disease to the editor of our paper. The editor wrote me next day as follows: Dear Sir—You may be a d—— fule, but you are no poeck!"

I have come across many poets, mute inglorious Milton's, *in my time*——*as who has not?*

I remember once an infliction of that sort. I stumbled upon an acquaintance whom I had learnt was on the point of publishing a volume of his poems.

"Ah, Mr.———," said I, "didn't know you were a poet, never had the pleasure of seeing anything of yours."

"Oh, didn't you," he replied with alacrity, "I think I have a bit here you will like, original in subject and design as in metre, I flatter myself."

It was a poem on Rest or Contentment or something of that sort, vapid mediocre rhyme, and as much like poetry as ——— Tupper is like Solomon.

"Ah," said I, after reading it, and handing it back to him, wishing to be grateful for the privilege, and complimentary to the author, "excellent poem; very like Gray's Elegy!" There was a wishy-washy resemblance, like the two-penny photograph of a lovely view.

"Indeed," he replied; "Ah, very likely; but *I never read Gray!* The fact is, I have been told some of my poems are like Crabbe, *but I never read Crabbe.* Now, only the other day, I was told, a piece of mine was like Milton's. *I was so annoyed that I altered it at once.* The fact is, my poems are original. I copy no man's subjects; metre, everything is new about them!"

"Pray what are the principal subjects you have written upon," I asked with curiosity?

"Well, I have a poem on Peace, another on Joy; then I have Fear, Hate, Love, Friendship (friendship is very fine), and others. Perhaps you would like to have a look at them?"

Hastily pleading an important engagement I withdrew, and went off wondering to myself if those poems were published what sort of people would read them, and whether any stray copies would go to the butter shop or greengrocers'.

But to return to our subject. As I said before, we most of us fancy we are something that we are not, and many a man who thinks he is a brilliant speaker has missed his vocation, and ought to have been a cheap John.

We never know when we may be called upon to speak on some occasion or other, at a funeral, at a wedding, at a missionary meeting, or at a lecture.* An old friend of mine, a lawyer, and a much respected one too, by the way (I suppose the phrase is not tautological), once took the chair in the little country town where he resided, on the occasion of Henry Vincent's giving a lecture there on "The United States."

My friend remarked, in introducing the lecturer, that he had always felt a peculiar interest in America, since his only *surviving* brother was buried there! He did not often preside at lectures. It is said of a great county member who lived not so very long ago, that he spoke once in the House, and a very fine speech it was.

"Mr. Speaker; humm, ha! Mr. Speaker: I move, ha——that the window above my head be closed!"

In a neighbouring town, not long since, when they where discussing the late accident in London on the Regent's Canal through an explosion of gunpowder, and

* And amongst the readers of the Masonic Magazine.

* Or even a Masonic Meeting.

the proximity of a magazine, the Mayor solemnly informed the meeting that if they didn't mind what they were about they would all *be blowed into Eternity.*

The high falutin language used at some of the Town Council meetings in the North, and which I have seen accurately reported by a wag of an editor, is something wonderful to read, and must be even more wonderful to listen to.

The crudeness of most extempore discourses must be patent to everybody, and nowhere is it more observable than in the House of Commons. Those who are unaccustomed to attend the House, little know how much they are indebted to the Parliamentary reporters for the speeches they read afterwards in the newspapers.

Last year I visited the House when the Civil Service Franchise Bill was coming on, and the House was talked out at one o'clock in the morning by a Volunteer Colonel, who hummed and haa'd every minute, but who would get up to speak at every possible moment, on every possible question, whether he knew anything or nothing about it; some friends of the Fenian cause, one or two of whom spoke admirably by the way; a young lordling who chaffed the Opposition in a pleasant easy horsey style, and one or two others who addressed the House as if they had no arms or legs, so inanimate and impressive were their gestures.

Shall I say I was disappointed? I think I may, and yet members have been known to complain that they were not properly reported.

Heaven be praised, the reporters know better.

The best punishment I can conceive for some of these ambitious extempore speakers, would be to threaten to report them, verbatim—and do it.

Well, how to remedy all this? Elocution should be taught at our Universities. Cambridge does something in this way now, I think, inasmuch as lectures on elocution, by Professor D'Orsay are given there, *only no one is obliged to attend them.*

Before a clergyman is ordained, it should be as necessary that he should pass an examination in elocution as in Divinity.

At our public institutions it should be a regular part of education, and at our schools, whether public or private.

Amongst our Dissenting brethren we know that their ministers are frequently fluent platform speakers and powerful preachers, simply, because *under the voluntary system, their congregations would not tolerate them were they otherwise.*

Why should there not be lay-preachers too? Men who are specially gifted as speakers, and yet perhaps not able to enter the Church as ministers, and who would possibly be incapable of becoming good parish priests, would gladly give their gifts to the glory of God, and be instrumental in saving many souls alive, who knows, but have no opportunity afforded them in the Church of their fathers. Such men, and there are not a few in these days, —earnest, good, devout and learned laymen,—have been lost to the Church, and welcomed in Dissent,—because the one would not receive them, and the other would.

I know there are some who think such ideas radical, if not revolutionary—but they are by no means new-fangled, believe me.

In the year 1555, a Mr. Tavernier, of Bresley, in Norfolk, had a special license, signed by Edward VI., authorising him to preach in any place of his Majesty's dominions, though he was a layman, and he is said to have preached before the King at Court, wearing a velvet bonnet or round cap, a damask gown, and a gold chain round his neck.

In the reign of Queen Mary he appeared at St. Mary's, Oxford, with a sword by his side and a gold chain about his neck, and preached to the scholars, beginning in these words: "Arriving at the Mount of St. Mary's, where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the Church."

This sort of style, especially the alliterative part of it, was much admired in those days even by the most accomplished of scholars, and was long after in great favour with speakers and hearers. At the time that Mr. Tavernier first received commission as a preacher, good preaching was so very scarce, that not only the King's chaplains were obliged to make circuit round the country to instruct the people, and to

fortify them against Popery (happily we in this great Empire in these days of religious toleration are now more liberal, and allow our neighbour to worship the Almighty in the way which he thinks best without fear of persecution, be he Jew, Catholic, Parsee, Mahommedan or Nonconformist); but even laymen who were scholars were employed for that purpose.

With the present leading towards Infidelity and Materialism which is openly preached by men of science and unquestioned attainments like Professors Tyndal, Darwin and Huxley, who shall say that lay-preachers—men educated in all the mysteries of modern science, and not only learned in the Greek Poets—but who yet put revelation side by side, if not before reason—and who are more fitted perhaps than their clerical friends to cope with the master minds of science—are not needed in these days?

I say that lay-preachers are as much required now, both inside and outside the Church, as in the days of the good Boy-King, Edward VI.

Besides lay-preachers I would have clerical preachers, men specially chosen on account of their elocutionary ability—and who should be exempted from parochial work—for which such men are mostly unfitted.

Both lay and clerical preachers would, of course, be specially licensed by the Bishop of the Diocese, and of course would travel wherever their services were required, and where they would be most useful. Amongst the Roman Catholics, as doubtless you know, there are the Preaching Friars, and among the Jesuits, bodies of men carefully trained as preachers. These men go about from place to place holding missions and creating revivals of religion (let us hope they are lasting), such as the pen alone, without the tongue could never achieve.

Amongst ourselves, I have often thought, that if the sermon were made a separate service, and people were allowed to leave the Church previous to the delivery of that oft-times great affliction, many of our clergy would preach to empty pews and benches, and so the reformation would work itself out, for only good preachers would be listened to, and oh! blessed thought, the poor preachers would preach no more.

The fact is, preachers very often preach over the heads of their congregation, which reminds me of a story told of Dr. Chalmers, who, after delivering a most learned discourse—some one asked an old woman who had heard the sermon, if she knew what it was about, and was met by the naive rejoinder "Wad I hae the presumption?" Some of us are inclined to think there was much cogency in the question proposed in one of the comic papers some time since, and especially the answer: "What should a clergyman preach about? About fifteen minutes."

Whilst on the subject it may not be deemed out of place to recur to the subject of Reading as considered in relation to Public Speaking.

We all know how frequently murdered Shakespere, Milton, Tennyson and other unoffending poets are at our Penny Readings, and on the contrary, how many young and graceful interpreters of those great authors have been found to instruct and amuse us at those popular entertainments, which I understand were first set on foot by a gentleman of Ipswich, Mr. Charles Sulley, himself a talented elocutionist and splendid reader—and perhaps it would be well to introduce in your local debating society (if you have one, and if not, why not?), occasional evenings to be devoted to the reading of our great authors, when the freest criticism may be allowed in discussing the merits of the performer and the selection he has made. Nothing teaches and corrects so well as a little good-natured satire, and the young man who reads first before the members of his college, his school fellows, his society or debating club, and undergoes the fire of their criticism, will only acquit himself the better when he ascends the public platform and reads or recites to an appreciative and often critical though probably good-natured audience.

The Bible, apart from its sacred and inspired character—I speak with all due reverence—is the grandest reading in the world.

How often is it murdered in our places of worship! Passages which ought to rouse our indignation, chill us with fear, melt us into tears or overcome us with awe—how are they given oftentimes, and how do they effect us?

Slovenly is a poor term to apply to the

delivery. Effect? why, they send us to sleep like the sermon which follows.

Would it not be a good thing if lay-readers were appointed in our churches and chapels to shame the clergy and ministers into learning how to read?

And yet there are some amongst them who read and preach magnificently, the mere mention of the names of the late Bishop of Winchester, the Bishops of Peterborough and Ely, the Rev. J. Bellew, (now, alas! no more), is sufficient proof of my assertion.

I had the privilege once of attending the Dean of Ripon, Dr. McNeil's Church in Liverpool, for six or seven months.

During nearly the whole of that time the gifted preacher read the lessons for the day, and preached frequently. I never had such lessons in elocution in my life as I had then: it was wonderful.

By the genius and sympathetic utterance instilled into the tones of that melodious resonant voice, with all its modulations and intonations, the reading was a commentary itself of the chapter before us.

That beautiful chapter in Genesis (the 27th) where Jacob stole Esau's birthright; how well I remember it. When he read: "And Esau cried with an exceeding bitter cry, 'Hast thou no blessing for me, even me, oh, my father'"—you too would have wept in sympathy at the pitiful accents which were real, not simulated—by the great interpreter of the Holy Book—and you would with closed eyes have seen the moving picture, the blind old patriarch, and the wild hunter with his furrowed cheeks bedewed with tears.

It was Demosthenes, I think (as quoted by Cicero and Quintilian), who, when asked what was the first point in oratory, answered—Delivery. The second? Delivery! The Third? Delivery!!

"To superficial thinkers," Blair observes, "the management of the voice and gesture in public speaking may appear to relate to decoration only, and to be one of the inferior arts of catching an audience. But this is far from being the case. It is intimately connected with what is or ought to be the end of all public speaking, persuasion, and therefore deserves the study of the most grave and serious speakers as much as of those whose only aim is to please. For let it be considered," he says, "whenever we address ourselves to others by words our intention certainly is to make some impression on those to whom we speak, it is to convey to them our own ideas and emotions. Now, the tone of our voice, our looks and gestures interpret our ideas and emotions no less that words do, nay, the impression they make on others is frequently much stronger than any that words can make. We often see that an expressive look or a passionate, unaccompanied by words, conveys to others more forcible ideas, and rouses within them stronger passions than can be communicated by the most eloquent discourse. The signification of our sentiments made by tones and gestures has this advantage above that made by words, that it is the language of nature. It is that method of interpreting our mind which nature has dictated to all, and which is understood by all; whereas, words are only arbitrary conventional symbols of our ideas, and by consequence must make a more feeble impression. So true is this, that to render words fully significant they must always in every case receive some aid from the manner of pronunciation and delivery; and he who in speaking should employ bare words without enforcing them by proper tones and accents would leave us with a faint and indistinct impression, often with a doubtful and ambiguous conception of what he had delivered. Nay, so close is the connection between certain sentiments, and the proper manner of pronouncing them, that he who does not pronounce them after that manner, can never persuade us that he believes or feels the sentiments themselves."

How true is the language of the learned author of the "Belles Lettres" there are few of us but will admit.

I suppose that in public speaking the speaker should adopt those tones, looks and gestures, which are most appropriate to the nature of whatever he delivers; he must suit the action to the word, and the word to the action, always remembering that "rightly to seem is transiently to be."

For what says Hamlet? You will remember his advice to the players.

(To be continued.)

LABOUR.

BY BRO. W. ROBINSON.

The sound of the gavel is heard in the East;
Ye Craftsmen, for labour prepare;
There's work for the greatest as well as the least,
Rough ashlars in hundreds to square.

Foundations for structures superb must be laid,
By builders both skilful and wise—
By plans of the Architect, faultlessly made,
The walls of the turrets must rise.

But ere the grand structure can rise to the view
Must gavel and chisel and guage
Be placed by apprentices faithful and true,
In honestly earning their wage.

The level, the square, and the line of the plumb,
By Craftsmen of skill must be plied;
To prove all your labours the master will come—
Each angle and wall must be tried.

The compasses, pencil, and skerret with line—
Must mark the foundations and plan;
Apprentices, fellows, and masters combine
To finish the work they began.

The sound of the gavel is heard in the East,
The sun's in the south at his height,
Then Craftsmen away to your noon-day repast;
Refreshment makes labour more light.

For profit and pleasure you labour and toil,
As Craftsmen both skilful and true:
Unless the material for building you spoil,
Your wages are honestly due.

The sound of the gavel is heard in the East,
The western horizon is bright;
With sunset your labours as Craftsmen have ceased:
Then rest and be happy to-night.

"LITTLE DAN."

We take the following interesting little story from the *New York Despatch*, an important Masonic journal in the United States, and we trust that it will commend itself to our readers.

You see, the people at the post-office soon recognize faces and names, and after a man or woman has appeared at the general delivery window three or four times they are pretty well known. It is a real pleasure to hand out letters to some, while the clerks care little for the calls of others to get hold of their epistles.

One day a year or two ago, a funny-looking little old woman, wearing faded garments, but having a tidy look and a motherly face, appeared at the window and asked for a letter. There was one for her, sent from a distant city, and any one could have told that an unlearned boy directed the envelope. There was a little "d" in "Detroit," with a big "T" to end the word, and it seemed wonderful that the letter ever reached its destination.

The old lady felt so glad that, tears in her eyes and yet trying hard to smile, she put her head into the window and said:

"Thanks! It's from my boy Dan, and you don't know how much good it does me!"

The lady delivery clerk rose up to look after the old woman, and when a second letter came she was looking and watching for "mother" a whole day before the letter was passed out.

"It's from my little Dan again," cried the old woman as she noted the superscription. "He's in Buffalo, learning a trade. He's only a bit of a boy, and there wasn't a show for him in Detroit, and beside he was running out nights and going to the bad. I sent him away, and he's working hard and trying to be good. God bless my Dan! I'm a lone widow, with only him to love, and I hope he'll be good."

"I hope so, too," added the clerk, and after that the two were friends.

Sometimes the letters were far between, and when the old woman would worry over the delay, and the big tears would fall, the lady would almost shed tears with her. "Mother" would open her letters at

the window, and if Dan was feeling brave-hearted and getting along well, both would rejoice, while both would still be anxious if he complained and was discouraged.

Almost every week for a year and a half the old lady received a letter, and just as regularly she came to post an answer. She wrote in a quaint old hand, but the boy could make out every word, and once, when he wrote that her writing was improving, she felt all the pride which a school-girl could have shown. He improved as well. By-and-bye he wrote "Detroit" plain and fair, and he took extra pains to commence his "Dear Mother" with a grand flourish, and to add something extra after the words "Your Son Dan."

Those letters were food and drink to the old lady, and she seemed to actually grow younger. Little Dan had many friends in the post-office, and had the mother been ill any carrier would have hunted till midnight to find her and hand her the looked-for letter. Three or four weeks ago, when she opened her letter, she wept and smiled as over the first. Dan wrote that he was coming home for a week, and her heart was full. She said she'd have the cottage looking like new for him, and she'd be at the depot to welcome him first of all. Everybody felt glad with her, and the lady clerk was to go up some evening and have tea with her, and see little Dan and praise and encourage him, for the more kind words a boy can have the better he will seek to do.

There was no letter the next Tuesday, but the two excused its absence by saying that Dan was getting ready to come home. That was early in February, and he was to come about the 1st of March. The next Tuesday there *was* a letter, but the handwriting was not little Dan's. It was a strange, business hand, and the clerk felt a chill go over her as she turned it over. It might be good news, but she feared not. "Mother" came in at the regular hour, and she turned pale as she took the envelope. Her fingers trembled as she opened it, and she had to wipe the mist out of her eyes before she could decipher a word. She hadn't read over four or five lines when she uttered a moan and sank right down, like one crushed by some awful weight. They lifted her up and took her home, the letter clasped in her stiff fingers, and though she came out of the faint after a while her heart was broken, and in a week she was in her grave.

Dan was dead! The letter said that he had been taken suddenly ill, and that nothing could save him. The blow was too heavy for one with her gray hair and childish heart, and her little old cottage is without a tenant.

No more letters commencing "Dear mother," come from the dead, and the trembling hands which used to linger fondly over the words: "My dear boy Dan," are folded over a lifeless breast, there to rest till the angels unclasp them.

Review.

The Death of Ægeus, and other Poems by W. H. A. Emra. London: Samuel Tinsley.

Mr. Emra—who is a Norfolk rector, though not stated so on the title page, and cousin to our able brother Emra Holmes—has here given us a volume of verse which has the true ring with it, and shows its author to be really a poet. Take for instance, the opening of his "Dedication to A. L. E.":—

"When summer's blaze pours fresh and fierce,
Parching the thirsty plain,
We see the morn with folds of mist
The king-sun's orb detain;
Nor can the straining eye discern
What shapes the valley fill,
Till noontide hastes, and sharp and clear
Stands out each distant hill.

So clear and sharp the present hour,
Its thoughts so well defined;
In such a misty cloud is wrapp'd
The backward-gazing mind,
It fronts the vagueness of the past,
The true full present's light,
And o'er the stormy distance break
Love's sunbeams rosy bright.

The past has charms, but it would bring
The yearning and the strife;
They come not back unmix'd with pain,
Those opening years of life;
And though the present knows its cares,
The light clouds part, how soon!
And only love's pure sunshine lights
Life's golden afternoon.

Yet, dearest, ere they seek the light,—
These few stray thoughts of mine,—
Forgive me, if around me crowd
Some other forms than thine;
Forgive me, if like one who treads
In slumber's tranced way,
I seek awhile the haunts of youth,
The long forgotten day."

And then follow poetic pictures of his quiet rural birthplace or early home, "girt all round with strips of wood, and meads with spring's first blossoms strewed."

"For there, 'mid orchis blooms, we chased
With gauzy net, the summer fly,
Or sought the dove's nest, wondrously
In the oak's ivied hollow placed."

Then we have

"A wider range—the school—world hath the place
Of that home circle, with its crowded gates
When the bell sends us forth, or bids retrace
Each step, or grave, or full of speed and grace,
Where carven desk and class-room's awe awaits:
The hour glides by, while student forms rehearse
The legend's ancient lore, or shape the verse."

A youthful training which has not been lost upon our author, as the present volume shows. But the scene changes:—

"I mark no more where yon dark shade
Shuts out the eve's slant rays;
I turn to where the white high brow
May meet my longing gaze:
I turn where eyes may answer mine,
The trusting voice may sound;—
One thought, one prayer, one heart alone
To two whom love hath bound!

For thee my toil—nor thee alone;
Thy mother arms enfold
That which a mother holds more dear
Than all a kingdom's gold:
The gem that fills the lost one's place,
The two days' treasure riven,
Whose tiny limbs the green turf wraps,
Whose spirit smiles in heaven.

Whate'er the toil, 'tis light and free,
For thou wilt share the weight;
Whate'er the joy, 'tis all for thee,
Who dost such joy create;
Should grief arise, its spell is short,
When those fond eyes are near;
Should darkness cloud, that presence makes
The gloomiest nightfall clear."

There is true feeling in this, and one cannot help wishing as one reads it, that Mr. Emra may long be spared to his family and his parish, with leisure between his pastoral duties to send forth many more as pure poems as those now under review.

The story of the Athenian king Ægeus, the son of Pandion, the faithless husband of Æthra, and the father of Theseus, has been, as Mr. Emra expresses it, "a theme which poets, painters, and sculptors, have already handled in no scanty measure." But he has this to say in his defence, "that most of those who have employed pen, brush, or chisel on this subject, have chosen a different phase of the story. Their scene has been the tangled labyrinth of Crete, or the lonely strand of Naxos. The central figure in their picture has been the hero, with the shaggy trophy in his blood-stained hands; or, still more often, the maiden whom he has deserted, staring in stony horror over the surging sea, and imploring the deaf rocks to restore to her her Theseus. In the present case," says he, "I have as it were filled in the shading of another scene in the fantastic drama—a scene of which Catullus only gives the outline, even after his vivid and statuesque description of Ariadne. In my tableau, the interest centres round the aged king, looking out from his high watch-tower for the white sail that tells of safety and glory, with as anxious a gaze as that of the watchman who waited upon Agamemnon's palace-wall for the beacon-flame which should announce the fall of Troy. It is the doom of the father, and the coming of the son, who has unwittingly wrought that doom, which I have taken upon myself to describe; nor it is not without much diffidence that I thus add a sequel to the Theseus-myths of Catullus and Ovid among Latin authors, and Canon Kingsley among those of our own time." How he has acquitted himself in this task, we hope to show in the next number of the "Masonic Magazine."

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

NOTE.—In my Review of Bro. Woodford's "Defence of Freemasonry," in last Magazine, the printer has made me call Professor Robison, Robinson; the reader will please strike his pen through the *n*, as the two Professors were entirely distinct persons—not even Siamese Twins. G. M. T.

MARK TWAIN'S ENCOUNTER WITH AN INTERVIEWER.

Q.—How old are you?

A.—Nineteen, in June.

Q.—Indeed, I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?

A.—In Missouri.

Q.—When did you begin to write?

A.—In 1836.

Q.—Why, how can that be, if you are only nineteen now?

A.—I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Q.—It does, indeed. Who do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

A.—Aaron Burr.

Q.—But you could not have met Aaron Burr, if you are only 19 years—

A.—Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?

Q.—It was only a suggestion, nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?

A.—Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day, and he asked me to make less noise, and—

Q.—But if you were at his funeral, he must have been dead; and if he were dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not?

A.—I don't know. He was always a particular kind of man that way.

Q.—Still I don't understand it at all. You say he spoke to you, and that he was dead.

A.—I didn't say he was dead.

Q.—But wasn't he dead?

A.—Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't.

Q.—What do you think?

A.—Oh, it was none of my business? It wasn't any of my funeral.

Q.—Did you—. However, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask about something else. What was the date of your birth?

A.—Monday, October 31, 1693.

Q.—What! Impossible! That would make you 180 years old. How do you account for that?

A.—I don't account for it at all.

Q.—But you said at first you were only 19, and now you make yourself out to be 180. It is an awful discrepancy.

A.—Why, have you noticed that? (Shaking hands.) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy, but somehow I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!

This was but the beginning. Before that interview was over there must have been one, at least, of the race of inquirers who had his curiosity satisfied.—*From the Lotus Leaves.*

LOSSES.

Upon the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known;
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tide went out with weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip
Of a fair freighted ship
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had a wilder woe,
For a fair face long ago,
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
With a most loving ruth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the west
Turned an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold—
Some of proud honours told—
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more.
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tale was done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrows free;
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said—
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For wrecks of land and sea;
But howe'er it came to thee—
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

A SYNOPSIS OF MASONIC PERSECUTION IN THE XVIII. CENTURY.

(*From the Freimaurer Zeitung, Vienna.*)

Year.	Country.	Ruler.	Persecution.
1735	Holland	States General -	Lodges dissolved; name of Freemason forbidden.
1737	France	Louis XV. -	Freemasonry and association of Freemasons declared to be illegal and punishable.
1738	Rome	Clement XII. -	Freemasonry excommunicated.
1738	Sweden	Ulric Leon -	Freemasonry forbidden.
1738	Flanders	Emperor Charles VI.	Freemasonry denounced; lodges dissolved.
1739	Poland	Augustus II. -	Excommunication of Freemasonry proclaimed in all the churches.
1740	Spain	Philip V. -	Freemasons handed over to the Inquisition.
1741	Italy	Various Dukes and Republics	Freemasons imprisoned.
1743	Portugal	John V. -	Freemasons, by command of Government, punished by the Inquisition.
1751	Rome	Benedict XIV. -	Freemasonry forbidden; Bull of Clement XII. confirmed.
1764	Austria	Maria Theresa -	Lodges closed.
1781	Naples	Ferdinand IV. -	Freemasons dispersed and persecuted.
1785	Bavaria	Carl Theodore IV. -	Freemasonry and all such societies strictly forbidden.
1785	Venice	Doge and Senate -	Freemasonry forbidden, and the Master banished by Council of Ten.
1785	Austria.	Joseph II. -	Number of lodges reduced.

BE HAPPY AS YOU CAN.

(*From the New York Dispatch.*)

Thy life is not all sunshine,
Nor is it yet all showers,
But storms and calms alternate,
As thorns among the flowers;
And while we seek the roses,
The thorns full oft we scan;
Still let us, though they wound us,
Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses,
As well as joys to share,
And griefs and disappointments,
Which you and I must bear;
Yet if Misfortune's lava
Entombs Hope's dearest plan,
Let us with what is left us
Be happy as we can.

The sum of our enjoyment
Is made of little things,
As oft the broadest rivers
Are formed from smaller springs;
By treasuring small waters
The rivers reach their span,
So we increase our pleasures,
Enjoying what we can.

There may be burning deserts
Through which our feet may go,
But there are given cases
Where pleasant palm trees grow;
And if we may not follow
The path our hearts would plan,
Let us make all around us
As happy as we can.

Perchance we may not climb with
Ambition to its goal,
Still let us answer "Present"
Where Duty calls the roll;
And whatever our appointment,
Be nothing less than man,
And, cheerful in submission,
Be happy as we can.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

The main event of the month has been the Installation of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of English Freemasonry, at the Albert Hall, April 28th. No such meeting of Freemasons has ever been held previously in England, and we shall probably not very soon look upon its like again. Had there been room, we should probably have witnessed a muster of thirty thousand good men and true, instead of about eight thousand. Those who were privileged to be present will not soon forget the proceedings of that day. Despite the cavils of some, and the sneers of others, it was an event indeed long to be preserved in the memories of all true Freemasons. The sight was a wonderful one. That noble hall filled with row upon row of serried Craftsmen, the mass of blue intermingled with the purple, and here and there a sprinkling of red, all gave to the beholder a sense of vastness, accompanied by feelings of warm admiration. The reception of the Grand Master by this great assembly was from first to last most enthusiastic. At times it almost seemed as if the cheering never would cease, as if the cheerers never would tire. The Prince of Wales himself was apparently much affected by that prolonged roll of deafening plaudits, which rose, as if from one man, from that dense mass of living beings before him. All the arrangements were perfect, and reflect the highest credit on Sir Albert W. Woods and Bro. Thomas Fenn, whose labours have been untiring, but whose success has been unexampled. It may fairly be said that never were so many brethren so skilfully handled; and so admirable, and yet so simple were all the details for admission and location of the brethren, that no hitch occurred, and all got to their places, and left them with ease, rapidity and comfort. Lord Carnarvon's speech as the Pro-Grand Master was most happy and eloquent. It exactly suited the occasion. It spoke the truth, and it was thoroughly Masonic. Some one has said that if you say the right thing at the right time, and in the right way, you achieve a great result. And no speech that we have ever listened to seemed to us more befitting the scene and the gathering. Our Royal Grand Master's speech was admirably delivered, was well heard, and warmly received. It came evidently from the heart, and went to the heart. Those who cheered him, and those who heard the cheering, will long remember the bursts of enthusiastic applause which greeted his words, which hailed his advent, and which accompanied his departure. We all must feel glad that we have been privileged to see the installation, and will hope and pray that all good may accompany our Grand Master in his onward career and his exalted position, and that the link thus welded firm and fast between him and our good English Craft may never be broken.

The second great annual festival of our Charitable Institutions has passed over, and with signal success. Under the effective presidency of our worthy and distinguished Bro. the Lord Mayor, the Girls' School Anniversary, May 11th, has served to show how warm still are the sympathies of our benevolent order. £7,268, returned by the Stewards' list, is a striking amount both to collect and acknowledge.

Thus the first two festivals of 1875 have produced £14,000, and we trust that the Boys' School Festival, as we doubt not, will equally redound to the credit of the Craft, and equally advance the cause of Masonic charity.

Here is our best, nay, the only reply we condescend to make to the childish censure and the uncharitable incrimination.

In France the Chapitres and the Grand Orient have come into collision, and though we believe that in their original proceedings the Grand Orient were in the right, we yet feel bound honestly to admit that we deem their present resolutions to be entirely wrong. We speak, however, with some reserve, as it is difficult for us in England, perhaps, to "envisager" the position of affairs in France. But we confess that our advice would be, let the Chapitres go their way and you go yours. Do not begin an endless strife, to be accompanied by mutual recrimination.

ODE ON THE INSTALLATION OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,

As Most Worshipful Grand Master, at the Albert Hall, 28th April 1875.

BY BRO. WALTER SPENCER, OF LODGE 263.

Transmitted by the Author.

Remotest Past hath left its prints sublime,
Its ruined Temples everywhere remain
Admonishing through change of place and time
By monuments not thus bequeathed in vain,
That all things here must suffer change—save TRUTH.
Like sand by sand, earth's crust is worn away,
For Continent and ocean change, as youth
Changes to age, as night succeeds to-day.

Review the vanished Empires of our earth
Which budded, ripened—and then faded out
Until, down-trodden in a wintry dearth,
Their very names become the sport of doubt!
Reckon the leaders who have toiled and wrought
To leave their marks on Hist'ry's page—in vain;
Whose cherished visions have been brought to nought;
Whose praises never can be sung again!
Think of the great thoughts that have flashed to light,
Thoughts to inspire the coming time and mind,
Whose authors rest neglected, in the night
Which gave a brighter dawn unto mankind!
Even Religions—see how changed at last
The creeds that millions clung to in the Past!
Is there an Ideal in whose spirit-youth
There lives enshrined an everlasting Truth?
Is there a ray beaming through Hist'ry's night
Which emanated from the primal Light
To shew us antient symbols, that reflect
The fiat of the world's Great Architect?

Yes! Nature's Truths extending through the Past
As through the Present, shame Man's changeful tale;
And antient Landmarks founded deep, to last,
Those primal Truths in graven symbols veil.
Our allegory claims them for its own,
Echoing a voice which, laden with their lore
Through ages gone, repeats in earnest tone
Their solemn formulæ for evermore;
And teaches Masons, an immortal lot
In "Universal Charity" to found,
Whose centre may be struck at every spot,
And whose circumference no space can bound.

Those truths, to us in allegory told,
With Light in the beginning had their birth;
The banded wisdom of the wise of old
Their moral treasure guarded for the earth.
And ever with the Sun, that *from the East*
Will *to'ards the West* its living radiance shed,
The sacred flame to glow has never ceased
Which for our use departed Brethren fed
That we might tend it in our turn: the while
They numbered years in stone on Carnac's bed,
Recorded Seasons on Stonehenge's pile
Or named the Stars from off the Pyramid.

We work by the inexorable Laws
Which the great Cosmos owns for rule of right,
Nor waste our strength upon the quips and flaws
Over which some dispute and bigots fight!
We gaze up at the canopies of stone
That from the ground aspire to reach the skies,
And (claiming antient Masons' art our own
By which our spiritual temples rise)
Acknowledging a great Ideal divine
Embodied thus by Mason's toil and sighs
Feel, that the altars which those fanes enshrine
Are hallowed by the thoughts we symbolise!

FREEMASONS work for love unto the art,
Not for the hire alone to serve the Lord;
Infusing fervour into every part
Which grows an earnest of our rich reward.
For at the last, our earthly labours done
If worthy, the Great Architect's commands

Will raise each like a proved and perfect stone
Into a temple builded not with hands.

And here—the heirs unto the men of old
Will emulate their fervour and their zeal:
Joining in courses of symmetric mould
To strengthen and adorn the commonweal.
Though dying dogmas shun the Masons' light,
Nor brook the Level laid upon the priest,
Here may the Free of every creed unite
Where one rule tries the greatest and the least!

The Sons of TOLERANCE assemble here,
Christians or Jews, Parsees or Mussulmen.
The same Great Architect we all revere
With those of yore, bonded by Truth as then.
Under our PRINCE a living dome we build
The polished keystone of whose crown is he;
And all for ever in the Temple filled
The Masons'-word seals thrice—

FIDELITY!!!

For God said:

"In STRENGTH will I establish this mine house TO STAND FIRM FOR EVER."

OUR ENGLISH FREEMASONRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

That the Installation of the Prince of Wales is a great event in itself for us English Freemasons, no dispassionate and reflecting person can for a moment doubt or dispute. Though some writers may affect to treat it lightly, though others may ignore it, though some may turn it into ridicule, it is a very appreciable fact in the annals of English Freemasonry.

In the first place, the connection between our Royal Family and Freemasonry has always been a very happy one. In other days and less quiet times no body of men clung more closely to their royal head, no assembly of men were more deeply actuated by the genuine principles of English loyalty than Freemasons in this country.

It is this fact, I think, which has given to English Freemasonry that specially orderly and law-observing character by which it is known alike to friend and foe. English Freemasons have always been most opposed to seditious movements or political combinations; they have never lent themselves to any Utopian schemes or socialistic chimeras, but have been proverbially a most loyal body of patriotic citizens.

They have ever avowed unfaltering obedience to the "Sovereign of their native land," as due from all English Freemasons, and they have ever declared that obedience to the laws of foreign countries is required from all Freemasons in those countries which for a time become the place of their residence, or afford them their protection.

And another reason that the Installation of the Prince of Wales is a notable fact for the age and for Freemasons is, that it is an answer at once to many childish calumnies and ridiculous allegations. The Prince of Wales becomes our Grand Master, two of his brothers are affiliated to our order. They, at any rate, know that we are not a gang of secret conspirators, a hurtful combination of lawless and revolutionary destructives. However in some countries mistaken zeal for social improvements, or high-flown sentiments of humanitarian sympathy, may have induced foreign Freemasons, here and there, to mix themselves up with political questions, we know nothing of such ways or doings in England. We are simply a loyal and charitable brotherhood, intent on works of benevolence and fraternal good-will, and not averse to the genial gathering or the social reunion. In English Freemasonry we know nothing actually of the "tumult of politics," nor of the "controversies of religion."

Hence the Installation of our Grand Master is, as far as we are concerned, an answer to many calumnies and hot-headed calumniators. Let others attack us as they will; they dare not say—they cannot pretend to believe—that we are a political association. We repudiate any such ill-founded and ignorant charge indignantly.

And I think that we have another and remarkable cause of thankfulness that we have witnessed this Installation of the Prince of Wales. There are those who affect to laugh at our assemblies, and to undervalue our professions. Even the *Saturday Review* has lately condescended to the taunt, that *love* of

dress and show is our great rallying point. Formerly it was that we loved a good dinner; now it is that we are victims to a mania for personal decoration. In my humble opinion, these various attacks prove that Freemasonry is really a more stable institution, and more popular, than many like to admit, or to realize.

There is still a good deal of latent, if not open opposition to Freemasonry "per se." We are too tolerant for many, too unsectarian for more. I for one fully admit that Freemasonry, in its world-wide platform, may be a stumbling-block to many most conscientious men, but so it is, and alter it we cannot, and alter it we will not. Freemasonry possesses then one great happy privilege, of being absolutely neutral ground amid the noisy combats and angry combatants in the great arena of this world's disputes, and controversies, and "ologies," and "isms." It is like a "tabula rasa" for many who seek to find a standing place there for favourite dogmas and special hobbies. Our English Freemasonry knows nothing of such hurtful amusements, they are not permitted to intrude on its quiet peaceful pathway of philanthropic progress, and tolerating comprehensiveness. And I, therefore, am glad to remember that the Prince of Wales is at the head of our fraternity, as it is an omen of good for us and for it.

I believe that we have much prosperity before us all, as the good ship glides gently on amid favouring currents and fair winds. So long as we remain true to the great landmarks and lessons of our Order, despite the excommunication, despite the shallow sneer, we shall move on, each day "strengthening our stakes," each year adding to our numbers, because our principles are such as commend them to the age in which we live, conducing alike, as I believe they do, to the honour of God and the welfare of man.

ORIGIN AND BEAUTY OF MASONIC SYMBOLISM.

An eloquent and very instructive oration delivered before the Grand Lodge A. F. and A. M., of Colorado, September 29th, 1874, by the Grand Orator, M.·. W.·. H. P. H. Bromwell, Past Grand Master of Masons of Illinois.

ORATION.

Behold, Most Worshipful Grand Master, the sun at high meridian when the noontide bathes the mountain heights, and floods valley and plain and forest, with all-renewing warmth and light and life.

How the eye seems to go out and expatiate in the boundless expanse, and dwells enchanted in the infinite distances, and amid the scenes of beauty which spread and mingle their charms both far and near!

Not beauty and splendour only flow from the presence of the regal sun—the life-giving beams, which fill all space, pervade, also, all forms and substances however minute,—all agencies and operations however imperceptible,—the teeming earth grows warm, and the marvellous chemistry of nature puts forth its energies in countless and complicated modes; the mineral substances are alive with incessant change and transmutation; the waters, atmospheres and vapours are quick with modulations and undulations of nascent life; the veins and arteries of all plants throb with the secret impulses of the universal soul, and the juices, life-blood of the vegetable world, flow and ebb in their invisible channel, preparing and furnishing substance to the bud, gloss and colour to the leaf, tints and odours to the blossom, and energy and nutriment to the seed and fruit.

The oak towers, the pine buorgeons, the elm spreads its sweeping drapery, the vine flings out its stars and bugles, the berries ripen and glow with auroral colours, the grasses wave their tiny swords and plumes, the flowers spread the tesselated carpet all abroad; the grape and olive prepare their wine and oil, and harvest-fields their corn, for the blessing and consecration of the Sabbath of the year.

All this and more upon the earth, but in the fields of air the life goes on; the cloudy canopy spreads its gold and silver and crimson banners with ever-changing magnificence; the winds go forth upon their circuits, the singing breezes, with their psalms and incense, and the walking storm with its awful hosts.

Well did they say in the olden time, that "the sun is the beauty and glory of the day," for without the sun, all would be still and cold and dumb and dead. Who wonders that men in all ages have hailed

the sun as the fountain of all life, the author of nature, and the god of the universe; that those lacking the searching intelligence which penetrates beyond the outer veil which divides sensible from intellectual things, to explore hidden causes and more universal and primary life, worshipped the day star as the Lord of Heaven and Earth, and with incense and oblations sought to propitiate the favour or appease the wrath of the visible godhead whose smile or frown sped the javelins of light or the bolt of the storm-cloud.

The less the knowledge of astronomical and terrestrial laws, the more absolute the empire of the senses, and the more astounding and awful the phenomena of the ærial and siderial heavens. Hence, those who lived in the intellectual infancy of their race, peopled earth and heaven with imaginary deities, clothed with such attributes as natural forces would represent; and from the external war of the elements and the beneficent fruits of their interior harmony, came forth gods of good and evil. "Hosts of Heaven," and air and sea —celestial and infernal—gods, giants, deeves, genii, gnomes and fays, furies and fates, nymphs and graces—in a thousand weird or awful forms they stalked or flew to the disturbed visions of bards and hierophants.

All lands are filled with relics of such worship of material forces, under strange names, and often with curious and revolting ceremonies.

In all forms of such worship, the sun (the Light God) stood supreme; if not the real, yet as the representative object, whether hailed as Brahm, Om, Odin, Osiris, Mithra, Adonis, Jupiter, or Montezuma; and in imitation of the mysterious secrecy of nature and the order of the planetary and terrestrial courses, both science and worship were veiled and hidden in the forms of peculiar and awful ceremonies, or mysteries conferred in secret degrees, or grades, on the selected few.

To the hierophant of the less enlightened of these mysteries, the natural forces and phenomena were realities—actual beings invested with supernal powers; and superstition and cruelty marked the forms of their institutions.

But there never were wanting in the more enlightened portions of the world those whose sagacious and reflective minds penetrated the recesses of nature and reached toward sublime and primary principles, and who somewhat understood and appreciated the real secret and mystery of the universe, and these, in their retreats of initiation, taught a high and ennobling philosophy under the like natural symbols, and this was doubtless the principal secret in the initiations of the more enlightened nations, the instructing of the initiate in the real secrets, moral, intellectual and physical, contained in the received mythology and popular fables of the age.

In all organized mysteries were to be found the same number of degrees, or steps, corresponding to the number of degrees in which all things of the universe exist, which are three.

In all of them the order of the heavens, the courses of the planets, the change and succession of the seasons, and the vicissitudes of the day, were represented in the forms and appointments of their temples, groves or caverns, as well as in the ceremonies they observed.

In all, as by an instinctive impulse, higher and surer than mere reasoning could attain, the founders acted wiser than they knew; or, by an inspiration few are willing to acknowledge, they caught some insight of the harmony of all things in their order, and traced in the sublime truths of the visible universe the correspondences of the more sublime truths of the human mind; and the most sublime which relate to moral things, and the nature and manifestations of the divine in its infinite character and attributes.

Whether these principles were embodied in any of the mysteries at their beginning, or were developed in the course of ages, we can never know, for the history of the world gives us no beginnings, being itself a thing of yesterday. There are no existing records old enough to explain the monuments and relics of the most ancient past.

This much, however, we may deem assured: that the complete order of the universe, in all its degrees, in the least as well as in the greatest things, which is the secret, and also the key to the whole system of Freemasonry, was to a greater or less extent a part of the religion and philosophy of the principal mysteries and priesthoods of the ancient world.

Besides this, that at some time in remote ages, many of the wisest of those ancient fraternities had set up their temples, or tabernacles, throughout all portions of the habitable globe, and under names which we have never heard or read, and by the laws of Geometry, and by representations drawn from natural things, they symbolized the true theism, the order of life and government, and the landmarks of universal religion.

At whatever time the particular society now called Freemasons was organized as to its peculiar work and landmarks, it seems certain that its principal features have existed in all lands and in all ages, so that nothing more ancient or widely spread is to be found among human institutions existing or extinct.

Whether our Institution may be considered as a descendant from any one of the past systems, or has been collected and collated from several of them, or was a contemporary institution which alone has survived the conflicts and changes of the ages, who is able to declare? Yet to each and to all of them it seems to have been somewhat related.

If the sun rising in the East to "open and govern the day" is a significant lesson in the opening of the lodge, we see the same symbolism in the golden emblem blazoned above the high altar in the east of the most holy place; in the temples dedicated to the worship of Montezuma; and in the morning worship of the wise men of the East on the hills of Persia.

If the parallel lines and point within a circle teach in the lodge the course of the sun between the lines of the tropics in his apparent circle in the heavens, and in a higher sense the lines of charity and truth, between which only can we possibly advance to reach and stand upon the centre; the unhewn pillars of the Druids worn with the storms of ages, still mark upon the plains the figures of the same sublime lessons, though empires have risen and disappeared about them since the hands that reared them were dust of the valleys.

If the circumambulation of the craftsman follows the course of the heavenly bodies, the ancient zodiac of Denderah still bears witness that it was so among the Egyptian mystics before the Pharoahs swayed the sceptre of the Nile

If the square and compasses—that is, the right angle and the equilateral triangles which they contain—are two of the great lights of the lodge to-day, so they were the geometric symbols of matter with its laws and science thereof, and of the first great cause, with its character and worship among the artists and architects of Elephantine and Babylonian temples. If the lodge to-day is opened on the mountain of Moriah, in like manner the temples and groves of Baal, Odin, Aum and Jupiter stood, as that of Jehovah, on the summits of the hills.

If the lion, the ox, the man and the eagle, are blazoned on the banners of the Royal Arch, and together constitute the cherubic standard of Ancient Craft Masonry, we find them among the twelve signs of the ancient zodiac, and set forth in the blessing of the twelve tribes of Jacob, and sculptured combined in the winged bulls of Nineveh, more ancient than the cherubs of the Mosaic tabernacle.

In like manner, the Master's gavel is the great hammer of Thor, the "slaughter weapon" of Ezekiel's vision, and the thunderbolt of Jupiter.

The problem of Pythagoras is still an indispensable figure on the Master's carpet, and is to-day the key to masonic science, as it was when it first bore the inscription, "The Priests of Isis send this to King Solomon."

If the Master and the king sit covered, what is this but the type of the sun crowned with rays on his celestial throne, the visible and representative lord of the universe—the scarlet robe of royalty is but his vestment of glowing fire, and the blue collar with its stars is the circle of the zodiac in the blue heaven, with its twelve constellations.

But more important than these are the analogies between the legends of the Craft and those which severally formed the principal features of the different ancient mysteries.

In all cases, the principal personage represented was the *God of Light*, always the same being, whether called Montezuma, Balder, Osiris, Mithra or Adonis—one who was represented by the sun at high meridian. In every case, the character of this Light god was such that he was well represented by the sun, and the circumstances and incidents of his life and death conform to the facts and conditions of the

natural universe during the changes of the four seasons of the year, and the days which marked the significant changes or positions of the earth and sun respecting each other, as the solsticial and equinoctial days were also the days of festival or mourning observed by those who celebrated the death and rescue of the body.

Principal among the days, Masons observe the summer and winter solstices, as did those in ancient times. It was at the winter solstice that the sun, overcome by cold and darkness, seemed to have succumbed to the wicked and opposing spirit of the evil god of darkness, as Osiris was fabled to be slain by Typhon, Adonis by the wild boar, and Balder by Loke.

It was at the summer solstice, when the sun rode in midsummer power and splendour triumphant on the uttermost limit of the northern tropic, that the most magnificent of the festivals were celebrated in his honour.

If the festival days of the lodge fall three days later in the month than the actual solstice, it is because of the slow change in the earth's position in the ecliptic, which produces what astronomers call the precession of the equinoxes, amounting to about a day in two thousand years—a circumstance that, more than any other, attests the great antiquity of our festivals.

As among the Romans the god Janus (Yahnus) presided over the seasons and opened and closed the gates of the year (from which we derive the word janitor) so in our Institution the two Saints John (Johanus, Yohanus, or Yahanus) preside over the gates of the year—the summer and winter solstices.

But time will not permit the pursuit of these matters further in particulars. Let it suffice to say that the forms of the Craft are representations of the universe and its forms and motions, as much so as the tabernacle of Moses and the great temple of Jerusalem with their furniture, vestments and ceremonies; and these constitute the art of Masonry; but the science of Masonry is the knowledge of the universal order of things, visible and invisible—the correspondence between all that which is external and the more sublime truths of philosophy and religion, which are internal and inmost, as the correspondence between the ground floor, which is external, and the middle chamber, which is internal, and the Holy of Holies, which is inmost.

There is, however, one thing connected with the masonic lodge which is, and has been, a part of its very furniture, as far back as its history can be traced, and by means of which it differs, so far as we can learn, from all the systems of symbolic philosophy or worship which have existed in the world. And this is, the first great light, which appears not only imbedded in the very centre of the system to-day, so that it could not possibly be removed without unhinging and destroying the whole fabric of the three degrees, but from the place it holds and the manner in which it is treated throughout, and the utter impossibility of providing any substitute in case of its removal, must, of necessity, have been present and incorporated as the centre-piece and key-stone of the work at the beginning.

I know that in some places, under the teachings of certain deistic philosophers, the Holy Writings have been set aside, and the Book of Constitutions substituted as the first great light, and placed upon the altar with the square and compasses, and the lodges so furnished have been opened and closed, and have performed the external ceremonies of the several degrees; but no one can say that the so placing of the Book of Constitutions can make it in any sense a great light, or anything like a substitute for the Holy Writings, unless the whole body of the degrees be so changed as to make it immaterial what is first or last, or else the other two great lights be shorn of their sublime significance, in order to reduce them below that which is made the first. For all lights must, of necessity, be subordinated to that which is first, both in kind and degree.

Since the three degrees of Masonry are so formed and co-ordinated that no portion of one exists except in correlation with that which is contained in both the others, it is manifest that the whole, with all its parts, even to particulars, was contemplated in the beginning.

Since the whole order of the three degrees forbids that there should be less than three great lights, and since the square and compasses are well known to be two of the three, and neither of them the first; and as no other implement or geometric figure can be found which can

be placed before them, it follows that the whole body of mere symbolism is exhausted without including the first great light, and if a first is to be found at all, it must be something more exalted than any symbol whatever; and if so, it must be something which conveys intelligence (light) directly, as writings or inscriptions.

But all human writings are inferior to symbols, both in dignity and force; therefore, if any writings could be found, they must be such as are held to be of divine origin—speaking as from the mouth of the Grand Architect of the Universe himself, and such, and such only, could be placed first in a system which, from beginning to end, sets forth the divine order flowing in harmony through the three indispensable and corresponding degrees of the universe, moral, intellectual and physical.

From these considerations, it is clear to my mind that the Holy Writings, that is, those received as such, whether the same we now recognize, or some portion thereof, or some now lost, were, from the very first creation of a masonic lodge, placed on the altar as the first of three great lights which were to illumine, not the corporeal eye, but the soul and mind of the seeker after wisdom.

It is only by contemplating the lodges so "furnished" that we perceive it in its perfection and also in its completeness. Otherwise, its incompleteness would be apparent to all, and the beauty and richness and order of the work be changed to imperfection, poverty and confusion.

Therefore, let who will deny the character which Masonry ascribes to the Holy Writings, it must still be admitted that it was because they, or some portion of them, were deemed to be of divine origin that they were accepted as the first great light, and this by men who, either by inspiration or otherwise, so far transcended in wisdom all of the learned with whose works we are acquainted, that they were capable of discovering and organizing Ancient Craft Masonry.

These considerations should induce us to pause and reflect before we give up our judgment, with that of all the illustrious line of Masonic Masters who have gone before us, to the clamorous and self-sufficient demands of men who deem their special sciences—that is, what they understand of them—the alpha and omega of the universe, and themselves the oracular expounders of all hidden things.

Let us reflect that if masonry and its first great light were taken away to-day, there is among them no man, or body of men, who could reconstruct the one in its wisdom and simplicity, or produce anything to be compared with the other, though they were granted the days of a generation to prepare for the work.

There are words which occur in Masonic discourse more frequently than others. They represent three ideas which are of special significance in Masonry. Take away these, and Masonry would be as completely devastated as the temple of Solomon after the Babylonian conquest. These words are, *labour*, *light*, and *harmony*. They correspond to the three great supports, wisdom, strength, and beauty; for strength is that by which labour is effected, wisdom is light, and harmony is beauty, and because the excellence of any institution is the wisdom of its plan, the strength of its materials and the harmony of its parts, by which all beauty exists and consists. These three are called supports.

These three are all drawn from the order of the universe—from the wisdom, strength and harmony of the whole and of all its parts.

The idea of the lodge is work—work by the Master, work by the Wardens, work by the Craftsman, each according to his degree and station, and according to his *light*. Work in subordinately carrying out the scheme of the universe, which is constant action. Work in imitation of the Grand Architect of all, who is never weary in carrying on the amazing operations of his providence, which is continual creation. Work in accomplishing uses of every conceiveable good; uses of wisdom, of charity, of truth, for in their uses only have these, or aught else, any value to heaven or to earth.

Harmony, without which all toil is worse than useless. That which is in harmony is Masonic; it conforms to the divine plan which is ever carried out by bringing order from chaos. Harmony, by which the sun governs by day, and the moon by night; by which creation comes forth in its infinite stages of progress from that formless void, called in the first great light the *tohu bohu*.

And light, that marvellous thing called light! What would the world be without

light! The earth a corpse, floating in the silent abyss, without inhabitant, without production—silent, lifeless, void!

As to man, without the inner light, what better would be his soul or mind? Could anything be more purposeless, worthless or useless?

It is because the sun, which is by its light and heat the soul of the material world, corresponds to the divine presence, with its love and wisdom, that the term light, and no other, can express divine, angelic or human intellectual communication.

Hence the Deity is compared to the sun, as the most adequate expression of his character and attributes as well as his presence, as in these words: "The Father of Lights, with whom is no parallax or shadow of variance."

The search for light is that which has occupied the masonic or philosophic students of all time. And what is light when it is obtained? Is it not, according to its degree, either knowledge, intelligence or wisdom?

But how can these, which are internal, compare with the solar light, which is regarded as external? Let us see. The truth is, as we will find upon examination, they perfectly correspond, for all light is internal.

The common idea is that the solar light is everywhere around us without, like a sea of brightness, filling all space; but the truth is, that all light is in the eye, and nowhere else, just as all sound is in the ear.

The hearing is in the ear, and that is where the sound is, although it seems to be at a distance—the hearing does not go out of the ear to find the sound, but the sound, which is nothing but a motion, enters the ear and affects its nerves, and it is that affection of the nerves in the ear which we call sound.

So with light, the sight does not go out of the eye to the object, but the light, which is another and more subtile motion, enters the eye and affects its nerves, and creates a picture there, and this is called vision. The light and the sound are in the eye and ear, the real hearing and sight are in the mind itself, and so are wholly internal.

It is the same with knowledge, intelligence and wisdom, all of which are called light; they enter the intellect, the eye of the mind, and form themselves there by affecting it, and it is the same mind which perceives and understands in the one case as in the other.

These considerations serve to show the similarity between physical and intellectual things, and consequently the perfection and truthfulness of the symbolism of Masonry, which is in accordance with the order of nature and is, in fact, more accurate and reliable than any human reasoning without symbolic demonstration can possibly be.

While other ancient and similar institutions have disappeared under the influence of advancing civilization, Ancient Craft Masonry advances and increases most where society has attained its most advanced position. Though it has seen the beginning and end of empires, churches, and even of races, it seems possessed of all the elements of vitality and progress, and spreads its tesselated pavement, and sets up its altars and jewels in the seats of modern learning and refinement, as it did in the days of antiquity on the lonely hills and in the moon-lit valleys of barbaric lands.

Even in this remote and mountain land, where lately was but a wilderness, a Grand Lodge, representing many hundreds of Craftsmen, and those amongst the most enlightened of the world, assembles in due and ancient form, sets up its lights and jewels, unites in the simple but wise and ancient observances taught by kings and prophets in olden lands, and opens and considers messages from half a hundred sister bodies, whose members outnumber the grand army of an empire.

From these mountain gates we can send greetings to our fellows and brothers alike assembled in the capitals of all civilized nations, assuring them that we, too, are searching for the most ancient landmarks, and will maintain the excellent tenets of our Craft with the dignity and honour of our ancient brotherhood, and that we understand how and why the "lambskin," or badge of a Mason, more ancient than the Golden Fleece or Roman eagle, is, when worthily worn, more honourable than Star or Garter, or any other badge which king, prince or potentate can bestow, except he be a Mason.

RESPONSE OF THE PILGRIM.

A weary pilgrim by my side,
His staff and sandals laid,
And to my queries quaint, replied,
As thus to him I said :
"Thou seekest aid—thy garb commends
Unto our hearts all pilgrim friends ;
I do not wish to know thy name—
I only ask ye whence ye came?"

"From where the cypress blossoms bloom,
Upreared above the Saviour's tomb ;
Where many a Templar lost his life
Amid the din of battle's strife,
And Infidel did rue the day
The Pilgrim Warrior passed that way.
From where bold Godfrey, valiant Knight,
Did lead the van, in many a fight,
That our true cross might ever wave
In peace above the Saviour's grave.
From John the Saint, blest be his name—
Jerusalem !—from thence I came."

"Art thou a brother—firm and true—
If so, what came ye here to do?"

"I am a brother. Proud am I
To be one of that mystic tie
That binds us in the bonds of love,
Our truth and friendship thus to prove.
I've crossed the portal, as did you,
My earthly passions to subdue ;
And in the arts to still improve
To fit my soul for realms above.
Entered Apprentice I have been,
Then passed to rank with journeymen ;
As Master, raised with greatest care—
And grip'd a grip both strong and square.
Hard have I toiled in quarries dark,
And graven there my *Master's Mark;*
Inspection passed—firm, square and true,
As none but Master's work can do.
I've travelled East and filled the chair
Placed by the Orientals there ;
And with companions made the march
Beneath the living Royal Arch ;
With Masters Royal and Select
In Council sat ; and did reflect
Within the chamber by the light,
Before I took my vow of Knight ;
I've stood beside our Hiram's tomb,
When every heart was filled with gloom ;
A Provost and a Judge I've been,
And justice dealt unto all men ;
Intendant, too—I helped to build,
And gave the plans to workmen skilled ;
I am a Knight Elect of Nine,
Of Fifteen, and a Knight Sublime ;
I've sat beneath Perfection's light,
Where the lost word is brought to sight ;
Far in the mysteries I've wrought—
Diligently for lore I've sought."

"Then, by thy speech and cunning way,
Thou art a Mason, I should say."

"I heed thy words, and greet thee fair
Upon the level and the square ;
For 'mongst all men who know me well,
For one I'm taken : time will tell
If honoured in their ranks I stand,
Or worthy prove to grasp thy hand.
When years ago, I did them join,
I found a warm hand clasped in mine,
That led me paths I knew the least,
And placed my feet in the North-east.
Since then alone I've worked my way,
Yet willing hearts did by me stay,
And kindly hands were by my side,
Outstretched at once, my aid and guide ;
I am a Mason, and a brother,
And haste to greet thee as another."

"Thou may'st be worthy, a Mason free,
But how dost know thyself to be?"

"Mine age you see in falt'ring limb,
My feeble footsteps, eyesight dim,
My straggling hairs, long turned to grey,
For fourscore years have passed away,
Last of my race—the only one—
All those who raised me dead and gone.
But lessons taught me still will last
Until I'm numbered with the past ;
For knowledge learned by years of toil
Is ne'er forgot ; it is the oil
That feeds the lamp and gives the light
That serves to make the Mason bright ;
And though I often have been tried,
I never once have been denied."

"Denied, thou never yet may be,
But how wilt prove thyself to me?"

"I have the sign, as well as token,
The proof—'tis plain—a column broken,
A weeping virgin by its side—
The point and circle for my guide—
An eye that everything can see—
An emblem in the letter 'G'—
Level and plumb, unerring square—
Those jewels that most precious are—
Trowel and compass, Holy Writ,
And lesser lights that round it flit—
All these I have, and many more,
Whereby the craftsmen set great store."

"Speed on thy journey, pilgrim wan;
I'm satisfied—pass on—pass on!
Here, fill thy scrip with goodly food,
And wine to cheer thine aged blood,
For gold and silver have I none,
But what I have is all thine own.
May every brother thou dost meet
Extend to thee a friendly greet,
And when thy soul's to Maker given,
And thou art summoned home to heaven,
May he who tyles the gate above
Be satisfied thy truth to prove.
At His right hand then may'st thou rest,
A favoured one among the blest;
For are we not in Scripture told,
In words more precious far than gold;
'Be thou faithful till the last,
Wheresoe'er thy lot shall be,
And when thy pilgrimage is past,
A crown of life I'll give to thee.'"

W. L. GARDNER, 14°.

[We publish the above, which has much poetic merit, though we do not profess to belong to the high grades. The teaching embodied in this poem is, of course, that of the Christian Orders.—ED.]

MURIEL HALSIE.

(*Continued from page* 331.)

Early in June scarlet fever broke out amongst the children in the villages around Hillside, and Mrs. Forbes, in terror lest her little flock should be attacked, dispatched them all, governess and nurses, to Rocksend, a small fishing-village on the Welsh coast, for the summer months. It was a healthy place, but very lonely; nestling at the foot of one high cliff, a second on the left seemed to shut the place away from the rest of the world; while the sea at high tide flowed close to its one narrow street—so close that on stormy days the waves looked as though they would engulf it. Endy Bay, with its beautiful sands and wide sea view, was on the other side of the cliffs, and, being easily accessible, made a glorious playground for the happy children, while the bracing air brought a healthy glow to their faces. Nor were the little ones alone benefited; Muriel's pale cheeks were tinged with colour, and her eyes were bright and had lost their former care-worn look; altogether she had improved by the change and freedom from anxiety.

One lovely evening in July Muriel stood on the rough pebbly beach, at the farthest end of the village street. The sea was almost calm and still, the small wavelets making sweet, murmuring music, while overhead, in a cloudless sky, shone the summer moon, throwing bars of gleaming silver light across the rippling waters. Far away in the uncertain distance was a ship, her white sails all spread to catch the rising breeze; on the left towered the lighthouse cliff, with its friendly beacon of warning and hope, while farther on the ruins of Endycourt Castle showed clear against the luminous background of moonlight sky. Down by the water's edge a few fishermen, assisted by their wives, were busy preparing their boats for a fishing expedition, their merry voices, as they rang out on the still air, lending life to the scene. The sharp clang of the church clock striking nine roused Muriel from her reverie; with one parting look she hurried away.

Sounds of boisterous merriment came from the parlour as she reached home.

"The children not in bed!" she exclaimed. "What can nurse be thinking of."

On opening the door, the cause of the children's boisterous mirth speedily became apparent. "Uncle Eric" was on the floor performing the part of refractory donkey to the laughing Gustavus, while the little girls stood by, dancing with amusement.

"Oh, Miss Halsie, such fun!" they shouted in chorus. "Uncle Eric is pretending to be a donkey—and he does kick so!"

Eric started to his feet as he heard the little girl's exclamation, and there was a deep flush on his face as he came forward to greet Muriel. Was it from stooping, or from shame at being caught in so humiliating a posture?

Muriel's manner was cool and dignified.

"I trust that nothing unpleasant has brought you to Rocksend?" she said, after the first greeting. "Is Mrs. Forbes well?"

"I believe so," he answered. "My brother and his wife have gone to Scotland with some friends; and my father, finding it dull at Hillside without the children, determined to come here for a little change."

"I am afraid you will find this place even duller than Hillside," said Muriel—

"there is no society here;" then, to the children, who were teasing their uncle for more play—"No, no, children, not to-night. You must go to bed, or you will not be ready for a game on the sands in the morning."

"We are to have breakfast with grandpa," cried Gustavus—"uncle Eric has come to ask us."

"Yes," said Eric, preparing to take his departure, "my father will be happy if you will breakfast with him to-morrow at nine o'clock. What answer am I to take him, Miss Halsie; will you come?"

"Certainly. If Mr. Forbes wishes me to bring the children to breakfast, it is my duty to do so. Have you taken lodgings, or are we to come to the village inn?"

"Hotel," corrected Eric, with a smile, —"hotel, Miss Halsie—there are no inns. We have taken apartments at the Rocksend Family Hotel; no doubt," he added, gaily, "you will see our arrival announced in the Saturday local paper—'E. A. Forbes, Esq., and son.'"

"I am sceptical on that point," said Muriel, laughing, "Rocksend is too primitive a place for the luxury of a newspaper."

"Newspapers a luxury?"

"Not to you, perhaps, Mr. Forbes, but, to poor fishermen, who can neither read nor write, they are a very useless one," explained Muriel; and turning to the children, she added, "Come, little ones, say good night to your uncle quickly; these are unconscionable hours for small folk."

"And grandpapa will be waiting for his tea," exclaimed uncle Eric, accepting his dismissal, and disengaging himself from the children's clinging hands. "Good night, good night, my pets; be off to bed, or you will not be up in time to breakfast with grandpapa. I am afraid I have given you a troublesome task, to calm those wild little sprites," he said gently, as he pressed Muriel's unwillingly offered hand. "Pray forgive me."

She bowed coldly, and, turning from him, followed her charges upstairs.

* * * * * * * *

"Well," questioned old Mr. Forbes, looking up from his paper as his son entered the inn parlour,—"well, did you see the senora, and make the arrangement for to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, they are coming," answered Eric, dropping into a chair by the open window.

"You must have had a long gossip, judging by the time you have been gone."

"I have had a long romp with the cubs," said Eric. "Miss Halsie was out when I reached Seabeach Villas; and as nobody could tell which way she had taken, I was, perforce, obliged to wait her return. I scarcely said a dozen words to her. Father," he exclaimed, suddenly springing from his chair and pacing the room—"father, it's of no use; I had better make up my mind to marry Cecilia's paragon of earthly perfection, Lucy Standish, or, better still, settle quietly down into bachelordom. After all, I believe it's the best life."

"Why will you not take my advice? Propose; there is nothing lost by trying."

"And be refused *instanter*," muttered Eric, moodily.

"Well, do as you please; only make the best you can of this opportunity; you are not likely to get another so favourable."

Eric shrugged his broad shoulders, and continued to walk up and down till the servant appeared with the tea-tray.

"Are you going to take some tea?" asked Mr. Forbes.

"No," replied his son, petulantly; "I hate tea."

"I prefer the ladies' brewing to my own, certainly," replied the old gentleman, smiling. "Perhaps you would like the paper? I have done with it."

"Nothing in it, I suppose," growled the younger man, taking it up.

"There is a piece of news in it that will please you, I think, if you will take the trouble to find it."

"What is it?" enquired Eric, twisting the paper about aimlessly.

"Old Wellwood is dead at last; so your friend, Captain Ferroll, will come in for the estate. Not a poor one by any means!"

"Lucky Percy! I wonder what quarter of this abominable old world contains him! I don't know any fellow I could have liked better; but he has been married to somebody since I used to know him, and that alters a man so. I wonder who is his wife?"

"I can enlighten you," replied Mr. Forbes—"on one condition; that is, that

you do not take Miss Halsie into your confidence."

"Pshaw! Who is it?" returned his son, with an impatient gesture.

"His wife is Miss Halsie's sister."

"No!"

"It is a fact, my boy. Here is the paper; you can see for yourself."

"Then I suppose we shall shortly hear of Miss Halsie's leaving?"

"Not just yet; the news has to travel to India first, and then the Ferrolls will have to travel home. Oh, I will give you till Christmas or the new year; but there is no need of undue haste now. Cecilia's objections will all be removed when she sees this," and the old gentleman tapped the paper with his spectacles, and laughed delightedly.

"We are the only people up in the house. Had we not better be off to bed?"

"Sensible advice, lad! You are much too crusty just now to be an agreeable companion; if you are not more amiable in the morning, I'm afraid the senora will get but poor amusement at breakfast."

For answer, Mr. Eric took his candle and stalked out of the room; while Mr. Forbes chuckled to himself as he followed his son's footsteps.

* * * * * * *

To the grievous sorrow of the children, "Uncle Eric" did not appear at the breakfast-table—he had gone for a sail. Was it it due to his absence that Muriel's face was so bright, her laugh so gay and ringing? Mr. Forbes wondered. He had never seen her look "so blithe, so bonny."

"You look as if you had heard good news, Miss Halsie," remarked the old gentleman as they sat "discussing" breakfast.

"Not exactly," she said, "but it will come by-and-bye. I saw the announcement of Mr. Wellwood's death in the paper, just now; that will bring Captain Ferroll home, and my sister Christie."

The brown eyes were full of tears, the soft, flexible mouth was wreathed in smiles; it was a sweet April face—shadow on the mountain, sun in the valley.

"So you are rejoicing in the thought of bidding us all good-bye," observed Mr. Forbes, reproachfully.

"No," she said, shaking her head—"only in the thought of seeing my sister."

After breakfast the party adjourned to the sands, where the children usually spent the morning in play; but Muriel was restless—she could not sit quietly and work or read as was her wont—she wanted to be alone with her newly found joy—she wanted to think out the future, wondering if three years of Indian life had altered Christie.

She sauntered up to where the nurse was sitting with the younger children. "Nurse," she said, "I am going to explore the 'Mermaid's Archway;' if I am not back by one o'clock, take the children home to dinner, and I will follow you."

"Very well, miss," answered nurse; then as Muriel turned away, she added, "the tide is nearly an hour earlier to-day."

"I will not forget," said Muriel, nodding good-bye to the children.

Mermaid's bay was a small and very dangerous strip of sand, separated from Endy Bay by a huge, projecting rock, that jutted out some distance into the sea; it was accessible only at low water, and seldom frequented by any but adventurous tourists or poor mussel-gatherers. Sailors studiously avoided it, as being the point of especial danger along that dangerous coast; for many a stately ship's crew had found a grave on the pitiless rocks of Endy Bay. It was a wild, lonely spot, shut in by impassable rockstone, of every variety of shape and size, in one place clustering together in fantastic confusion, in another scattered singly, or in small groups.

"What do they look like?" exclaimed Muriel, as she made her way carefully over them. "I am tempted to believe the old fish-wife's story that they really are petrified sea-monsters. Ah, there are the Arches! Nature has indeed hidden her wonders in strange places."

On a strip of blue bright-coloured sand stood seven clearly-defined well-shaped arches, at nearly equal distances apart. Looking through them, the spectator could imagine himself standing amid the ruins of some grand ancient cathedral, or the days when there were "giants in the land." The arches were quite away from the sea undercliff—standing sideways, not facing it, the farther arch bent a little inward, half leaning against the side of the rock.

"How wonderful!" murmured Muriel.

"What an inextricable mass of confusion all around, yet such perfect uniformity here!"

Seating herself on a broad slab of rock that lay conveniently near, she gazed out over the waters, sparkling in the noonday sun.

"That is the sea Christie will cross," so ran her thoughts; "oh, may it be calm and smooth as now, when the ship that bears her to me sails on its broad bosom! Imagine a ship on these rocks! How they would batter and rend her wooden sides! Imagine the crew tossed on these sharp, jagged rocks! No, no, I will not think of such horrors—I will think only of Christie and Percy. Oh, Christie, my darling, what will you say when you receive the news? I shall have four weeks more of joyful hoping than you will."

Thus she allowed her thoughts to ramble on in happy musing; the monotonous music of the sea aided her dreaming, lulled her to forgetfulness, and then to sleep.

* * * * * * *

"I was dreaming of the sea!" The voice was Muriel's—a low, sleepy voice—but no one was near to hear it; and her eyes unclosed as she sprang to her feet. "Why, how near the sea seems! How shall I get back again?"

How indeed! The only point of egress was covered by the waves. She was shut away from help by sixty feet of unscalable rock. In another quarter of an hour her feet were wet. Something she must do; she could not stand there to wait for death. Mounting on some of the larger blocks of stone, she succeeded, after several unsuccessful attempts, in climbing to the top of the leaning arch. It gave her foothold, that was all; and she felt that it would be impossible to stand there any length of time; besides she was not hopeful that it was beyond the tide mark. Looking around, she discovered a projection above her in the cliff. There, at least, was a chance of safety, but how to reach the ledge? She turned away in despair; it was impossible. Sick and giddy with horror, she stood waiting, watching the waves dash against the rough pillars of the arch, wreathing them round with shiny seaweed, and then glide away, only to return with renewed force.

Muriel covered her white face with her hand.

"If only *he* were here!" fell from her terror-blanched lips. "It must—it shall be reached!" she cried, presently, rousing herself by a violent effort, and fixing her eyes on the ledge above her head. "I cannot die like this, without an effort to save myself!"

The ledge was reached; how, Muriel could never explain. With death staring her in the face, she had acted desperately.

* * * * * * *

"What have you done with your 'dear sweet?'" The questioner was Mr. Eric Forbes; the questioned one his niece, Miss Ceci, who was busily engaged in burying a discarded doll deep in the sands.

The little lady took no notice, so the question was repeated, in another form.

"Where is Miss Halsie, Ceci?"

"Gone for a walk, Eric. And now please go; people never talk at buryings."

Much amused, he sauntered away to another part of the sands. Mr. Forbes came hurrying towards him, Gustavus and Agnes clinging to either hand.

"Eric," said Mr. Forbes, drawing his son aside, "nurse tells me that Miss Halsie left her this morning, to explore the 'Mermaid's Archway,' a dangerous point round the rock yonder. There is but one way of access to it, and that only at low tide. Nurse warned her of the danger, but ———"

"How long has she been gone?" asked his son, growing white to the lips.

"It was about eleven when she started; now they can do nothing till the tide is out again. I never was so horrified as when they told me. "She may be———," but the old gentleman broke off suddenly.

"And they never thought of her before this!" cried Eric, passionately. "She may be dead!" Turning from his father with a wild exclamation, he darted off across the sands in the direction of the village.

Does time ever play the traitor, and stand still? It seemed so to Mr. Forbes, as, after consigning the children to the care of their nurse, he paced up and down, awaiting the return of his son. Half an hour had barely elapsed when he returned, accompanied by an old boatman and his two sons, provided with ropes.

"Have you found a way to get to the bay?" asked Mr. Forbes.

"I tell the gent there's nought for't but to wait out the tide," said the boatman.

"There's ne'er a place along the rocks to the Arches, 'cept through th' opening under the water."

"And we are to stand here, like stocks and stones, without lending a helping hand, while a woman drowns!" exclaimed Eric, fiercely. "I will not do it! You say the inn below has a boat; I will get it, and make at least an attempt to save her, or———." He rushed off without concluding the sentence.

"Eric! Eric!" cried his father, "don't be rash! Wait; the tide is going out fast."

A backward wave of the hand was the only answer, as Eric ran on.

"Don't be afeerd, sir! I'll foller the gent. Bill, Jack, thee bide here. I'll whistle if I wants either on the."

In front of the inn, some distance down the beach, the old boatman found Eric, surrounded by several people, who were trying to dissuade him from attempting to enter Mermaid's Bay with a boat.

"If the young lady is safe, another half hour or so can't make much difference," the landlord said. "If she is dead, why, 'tis useless risking your life for nought."

"I ask none of you to risk your lives," said Eric. "Get me the boat; I am as good a seaman as any of you, and my life is my own, to do as I please with."

"No it baint," called a woman, standing by. "Just think o' yer wife and them children."

"This is unbearable!" cried Eric, stamp his foot. "Twenty—thirty pounds to any one who will launch me the boat."

At that moment a hand was laid on his shoulders, and Dan, the old boatman, spoke his name.

"What is it? What do you want?" asked Eric, excitedly.

Dan drew him away from the little group, down to the water's edge.

"Sir," he said, "listen to an old man, and wait; half-an-hour more, at most, will leave the entrance clear enough for we sailors to pass. Whatever have a happened have a happened. Where's the sense o' yer killing yerself for naught? No boat can stand the bumping o' the rocks; her bottom would be stove in in less than no time. None that I ever knowed on, ever came out o' that bay, that went in!"

Eric turned his gaze slowly from the sea, and faced the man.

"Do you see that sun?" he said, pointing to the western sky, streaked with bars of amber and rose.

"Ay, sure," replied Dan, wonderingly.

"If it never rose again the world would not be as dark as my life will be without the girl who is yonder. Now do you say wait?"

"Sir," cried the old man, stretching out his hand towards the rocky headland – "sir, if my own girl lay drowning there I should say, 'Wait and hope.'" Then he added quietly, "God knows I can feel for yer! A seaman's life is full o' parting. My father and three brothers went down in my sight, and I could give the poor fellows no help. I landed only to find my lass gone, an' they two—lads then, sir—in the workus. I know summat o' trouble, sir; so you may e'en trust me. The moment we can start safely, we will start. Yer honour believes me?"

With a groan half of anger, half of despair, Eric threw himself down on the sands, burying his face in his arms. Visions of Muriel floated through his mind not in bright, glowing beauty, but pale and still in death, with sea-grasses twined among the dishevelled dark hair; but even such thoughts of his darling were faint and indistinct; suspense had almost paralyzed his faculties.

The half hour dragged itself slowly along; Time's chariot wheels seemed clogged with the weight of years. The waves kept up their continuous chant as they rolled up the sands, each less high than the preceding, until, spent with their futile efforts to overstep the bounds they might not pass, they dropped sullenly back into their rocky bed, there to recruit their shattered forces, and gain fresh strength for another essay that would be as vain as the last.

The waters gradually ebbed away, leaving the entrance to Mermaid's Bay to the watchers. Fear-oppressed were the hearts that crossed the rocky threshold. The fisherman's sons, used to the rough walking, took the lead, and hastened across to the arches. For a few minutes their search was fruitless, then one, in looking up, caught sight of a woman's shawl half hanging over a projecting ledge; it was quickly reached by the agile lad, a loud huzzah proclaimed the lost found, and in a few minutes more Eric held in his arms Muriel, wet, unconscious, but living still.

(To be continued.)

DR. DASSIGNY'S ENQUIRY.

By the kind permission of Bro. W. J. Hughan, we are enabled to give this scarce and interesting "brochure," for the information of our readers who may not have seen the Memorials of the Union.

A SERIOUS AND IMPARTIAL

ENQUIRY

Into the Cause of the present Decay of

FREE-MASONRY

IN THE

Kingdon of *IRELAND.*

Humbly address'd to all the BRETHREN Accepted of before and since the *Constitutions,*

To which are added,

Such Instructive Remarks as may be found useful to revive the Honour of that ANTIENT CRAFT.

As likewise, by way of APPENDIX, will be inserted the OLD and NEW REGULATIONS of the *London* CONSTITUTIONS, by the Consent and Approbation of the GRAND-LODGE of *Ireland,* and Dedicated to the Right Worshipful and Right Hon. the Lord Viscount ALLEN, Grand-Master of this Kingdom.

The Whole adorned with a Curious Copper-Plate suitable to the Order and Design.

BY FIFIELD DASSIGNY, M.D.,

Author of the Impartial Answer to the Enemies of FREE-MASONS.

DUBLIN:

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M,DCC,XLIV.

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To the Most Noble and Puissant PRINCE

TRUTH.

Dread Sir,

YOUR excellent Wisdom in distinguishing Sincerity from Falshood, in discovering the Base and Impure from the Generous and Brave, enboldens me at this Time to lay before your Feet the following Enquiry; nor will I doubt your Royal Favour, since I have endeavoured to preserve those lasting and unalterable Principles which the Subjects of your Kingdom so remarkably possess; and notwithstanding that the deepest Arts have been contriv'd, the most subtile Machinations formed to overpower and destroy your Territories, to punish and oppress your stedfast and faithful Servants, you have hitherto had the pleasure to reflect, that all their barbarous and wicked Contrivances have met with a just Disappointment: Nay, Time, that general Depopulator of all other Provinces, hath shown so eminent a Regard to your Government, that it hath brought to light the cruel Intentions of your Enemies, whereby you have been able to overturn their iniquitous Schemes; and as the Palm-tree, tho' depressed, with greater Glory Shone.

Thus may you live, most noble Prince, inheriting the Virtues and Honours of your Ancestors, insomuch that Tyranny, Faction, and Depravity of Nature, may at all Seasons submit, and pay due homage to your Power. I am,

Dread Sir,
Your faithful Subject
and Servant,
The AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

NO government can properly subsist without certain wholesome laws and regulations, and as our commonwealth not only pleads the pride of antiquity, but with equal justice boasts of the beauty, order, regularity, and happy disposition of its fundamental constitutions, and as the happiness of the craft also depends on a perfect intimacy with those rules handed down to us by our wise legislators, whose labours and skill, in the everlasting art of Architecture, will demand the praise and admiration of the learned brethren in future ages, I have endeavoured in the following sheets to represent some mistakes, irregularities, and unseemly transactions, which have been occasioned by the want of an acquaintance with them, nor will the brethren, I hope, take it a miss, (as I have chose Truth for my patron) that I should strictly adhere to its principles, and point out the base and impure from the generous and brave: neither is it to be wondered at, that there are some of the former disposition amongst us, since experience evidently convinces that in all sects of men some impious and turbulent spirits appear, whose unlawful actions ought

rather to be exposed than concealed, that they themselves may see their evil deeds in a proper light, and turn from their iniquities: where such may be found belonging to our order, I have attempted, by cordial advice, to admonish and rouse them up from their fallen-state insomuch that they may not at any time wander from the paths of virtue, but enjoy fully with the true brethren the lasting relish of its ever pleasing fountain. Then will they meet with the reward of their Labours, be countenanced and approved of by their lords and masters, and like profitable and worthy servants meet with a general esteem from all mankind.

THE old and new regulations of the *London* constitutions have, by the worshipful secretary, been carefully transcribed and adapted to the regulations of the Grand Lodge of this kingdom, which will prove of general use to the brethren, who may hereafter have the honour of becoming members of that August assembly, and that my attempts to increase their welfare may not be fruitless, but meet with the intended success, I heartily implore from him alone who is able to grant my boon, and from whom I also crave that perfectness, plenty, peace, and unanimity, may crown the brethren's days, so that this life ended, they may receive the recompence of their toils, and dwell in the presence of that immortal stone belonging to our building, even the *Alpha* and *Omega* of our redemption.

A SERIOUS AND IMPARTIAL ENQUIRY
Into the Cause of the present Decay of FREE-MASONRY.

Brethren,

IT is with the utmost anxiety of mind that I have any occasion to employ my pen in representing the decay of Freemasonry; the increase of its welfare and advancement would have been a more pleasing task to me, but as the design of the present labour is to promote the latter, I shall proceed to make the following enquiries.

First, When or at what time the craft of Freemasonry was instituted.

Secondly, The cause or motive of its Institution.

Thirdly, The qualities or principles of the Craft.

Fourthly, The benefits arising from a strict observance of the principles thereof.

In order to solve the first question, 'twill be necessary to trace antiquity, even unto its infant state, and take a view of our parent *Adam* in his sylvan lodge, where the Almighty Architect imprinted on the very tablets of his heart the amazing symmetry and silent harmony of Geometrical proportion—with these principles our Primogenitor readily instructed his offspring, well knowing that they were absolutely essential to the discovery of the secret powers of nature, into whose adamantine gates, when once entered, we are struck with admiration at the wisdom, strength and beauty of its great Creator. *Cain,* inspired with his father's knowledge, soon erected a fair city and called it after the name of his eldest son *Enoch,* whose posterity daily improved in the discovery and cultivation of various arts, as the way of working in metal, the surprising harmony and modulation of sounds in musick, husbandry, tent-making, and formation of structures in stone and timber. *Enoch* (who by gift of prophecy foretold the deluge, and that great day yet to come of final conflagration) formed two pillars, the one made of brick, the other of stone, whereon he engraved the liberal arts and sciences, in order to preserve them from the implacable fury of the mighty waters, or the irresistible force of elements on fire.

Noah and his three sons, by the skill they had in geometrical masonry, and by the power of divine inspiration, built for themselves and their families a wooden world, which saved the faithful from the impending destruction.

In *Shinar's* plain the masons next appeared, who fraught with vain ambitious views of forming unto themselves a name, laid the foundation of *Babel's* stupendous tower which they intended should reach the summit of *Æther's* wide expanse; but the Omniscient Power (whose edicts none dare dispute) thought it necessary to curb the pride of haughty man, and marr their grand design, for when they had rais'd the building to a prodigious height, having spent 53 years labour therein, he caused their lips to loose their usual sounds, and made each language flow in confus'd terms: yet still the faithful preserved their sacred mysteries, and formed a compact amongst

themselves to hand them down to their successors, which valuable priviledges we are possessors of at this time.

The confusion of tongues did not obstruct the improvement of the royal art; for *Nimrod* who founded the *Assyrian* monarchy, built after the general dispersion many famous cities, as *Ninevah*, *Rhohoboth*, *&c.*, upon the *Tygris* and *Euphrates* flourished afterwards many learned men, known by the names of *Magi* and *Chaldees*, who being skillful in mathematicks preserved and adorned that excellent science Geometry, which in succeeding ages became the favourite of royalty and nobility. But of these premises the Craft will receive a clearer information in a formed Lodge. So likewise did the descendants of *Shem*, *Ham* and *Japhet* in their respective colonies, *viz.* in *Asia*, *Africa* and *Europe*, give undeniable testimonies of their masterly designs, which are sufficient vestiges to demonstrate their skill in Masonry. But of these the *Assyrians* and *Egyptians* made the greatest progress, as *Babylon's* stately walls and the famous *Pyramids* of the latter most evidently prove, and so distinguishable was the early taste and genius of that ancient kingdom, that they were justly styled two of the seven wonders of the universe.

The glorious temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus* next engages our admiration, which was finished by those excellent Master Masons *Dresiphon* and *Archiphron*, and bears the name of the third wonder; nor shall the tomb of *Mausolus* king of *Caria* be passed over in silence, which together with the temple of *Babylon*, the famous light house, or tower of *Pharos*, and the colossus at *Rhodes*, claim characters not inferior to the rest.

The learned *Abraham* instructed his sons in the *Assyrian* learning, who made no great figure in Architecture while under *Pharaoh's* cruel yoke, or during their peregrination in the desarts of *Arabia*, until the inspired *Aholiab* and *Bazaleel* erected a most glorious tabernacle which afterwards proved the model of *Solomon's* temple, according to the pattern which God gave *Moses* in the mount, who then became the Grand Master Mason of the Lodge at *Israel*, and imparted to the Brethren such wise charges and orders, that they daily advanced in the art of Geometry and even excelled the *Canaanites*; yet *Dagon's* temple, or the most beautiful structures of *Tyre* and *Sidon* could not equal that stupendous and finished piece, the Temple of the Eternal God, built by the peculiar influence of heaven, under the direction of that ever memorable Prince of peace and Architecture king *Solomon*, Grand Master of the Lodge at *Jerusalem*, whose father *David* was deprived of that immortal honour because he was unhappily engaged in wars, and seemed fond of destruction, whereby his hands were oft polluted with innocent blood.

This gorgeous and splendid edifice, fit for the special refulgence of the Almighty Glory must transcend the utmost bounds of our imagination, for it certainly was the most curious piece of masonry that ever yet appeared or ever will upon earth; wherefore 'tis natural to believe, that such a beautifull structure soon engaged artists from all nations to view the excellency of the work, which was carried on by the wisdom and dexterity of the learned *Hiram*, Grand Master of the Lodge of *Tyre*, who together with the inspired *Hiram abif*, Master of the work, without the noise of tools, produced the most perfect pattern of Architecture the wonder and amazement of the travelling world.

Masonry, soon after the erection of *Solomon's* temple became in a most flourishing condition, and the artists employed in that grand work dispersed themselves thro' all the neighbouring nations, where they instructed the free-born sons of eminent persons in this useful and liberal art, insomuch that kings, princes, and potentates, became Grand Masters in their respective territories; and being filled with the glorious spirit of emulation, they strove to excell each other in improving and advancing the Royal Art.

This wonderful model of workmanship the Temple, in 416 years after being finished, felt the dreadfull effects of warlike rage, and by the absolute and despotick power of that grand monarch *Nebuchadnezar* was reduced to ashes; and tho' after a general peace proclaimed, his heart relented and he studied with the utmost diligence the rules of Architecture, and raised several stately piles, yet were they vastly inferior in the sublime perfection of masonry to the sacred and amiable Temple of God, which still remained inimitable.

In the reign of grand *Cyrus* the *Jews*, who were carried captives to *Babylon*, on

their return to *Jerusalem* laid the foundation of the second Temple, but that monarch dying before it was finished, the cape stone was put on in the sixth year of *Darius* king of *Persia*, and was dedicated with joy and many large sacrifices by *Zerubabbel*, their prince, and general master mason; and tho' this stupendous fabrick came infinately short of the elegance and order of *Solomon's* temple, yet as it was raised exactly upon his foundation, and according to his model, it must be allowed to be a most regular symmetrical and glorious edifice, as the enemies of the *Jews* have frequently testified.

At length the royal art was carried into *Greece* whose inhabitants erected several noble structures, as the citadel of *Athens*, the temples of *Minerva*, *Theseus*, *Jupiter Olympius*, with many other publick halls, palaces, forums, gymnasiums, &c., do sufficiently witness, yet did they not arrive to any considerable knowledge in Geometry until *Thales Milesius*, and his scholar the greater *Pythagorus* appeared, who proved the author of the 47th proposition of *Euclid's* first book; which if rightly understood is the foundation of all Masonry sacred, civil, and military.

Geometry after *Pythagorus* became the darling study of *Greece*, and many learned philosophers arose, who invented sundry propositions and reduced them to the use of the mechanical arts; nor is it to be doubted but Masonry kept pace with that science, or rather followed it in gradual improvements, until the admirable *Euclid* of *Tyre* flourished at *Alexandria*, under the patronage of *Ptolomeus* king of *Ægypt*, who gathered up its scattered elements, and digested into a method not yet excelled, for which laborious undertaking his name will always meet with renown, and his memory be ever green amongst us.

The next king of *Ægypt*, *Ptolomeus Philadelphus*, was a great improver of the liberal arts, as well as of all useful knowledge, who having collected the most curious library upon earth, he caused the old testament to be translated into *Greek*, and became an excellent Architect and General Master Mason.

We have no reason to scruple but that the *African* nations, even unto the *Atlantic* shore, did soon imitate *Ægypt's* improvements, altho' history gives us no light therein, and travellers have not met with encouragement to discover the valuable remains of Masonry in those once renowned nations.

The learned isle of *Sicily* demands our remembrance, for their flourished that prodigious Geometrician *Archimedes*, and the ancient *Romans* were obliged to that island, as well as to *Greece*, *Ægypt*, and *Asia*, for their knowledge both in the science and in the art; for when they subdued nations mighty discoveries appeared, and the eminent professors were led captives to *Rome*, which then became the centre of learning, and of imperial power, until the reign of *Augustus Cæsar* they advanced to their zenith of glory, at which time the Messiah came, who proved the great Architect of the church, and caused the uneasy multitude to taste delicacies of lovely quiet, and to enjoy the pleasing advantages of humble peace. In this happy state the Craft had many opportunities in making improvements, and giving due encouragement to their dexterous artists whose learned scholars and pupils, but particularly the great *Vitruvius* the father of all true Architects, erected several sumptuous buildings, which are the standard of Masonry at this day.

Therefore it is rationally believed, that the great *Augustus*, who patronized *Vitruvius*, and promoted the welfare of the fellow Craftsmen was the Grand Master of the Lodge at *Rome*, as appears by the many magnificent structures of his reign, which are an epitome of the *Asiatic*, *Egyptian*, *Grecian*, and *Sicilian* Architecture; and which we often express by the name of the *Augustan* style, altho' as yet we are only imitators thereof not having arrived to its perfection.

From the beginning of the world the antient records of Masons afford indisputable proofs, that when the civil powers shewed an abhorrence to tyranny and slavery, and the bright and free genius of the Craftsmen had due scope, that then above all other artists they were the favourites of the most eminent who protected them in order to carry on their grand undertakings. Nor should it be forgotten that all Craftsmen, who work by Geometrical Rules of building, deserved to be called good Masons as well painters, statuaries, as stone cutters, bricklayers, carpenters, &c. tho' no age hath since been adorned

with a man so well versed in cunning in all parts of Masonry, as the renowned *Hiram abif.*

While the *Roman* empire continued in its glory, the Royal art was carefully propagated, even to the *Ultima Thule* and a lodge erected in almost every *Roman* garrison, whereby they generally communicated their cunning to the nothern and western parts of *Europe*, which had grown barbarous before the *Roman* conquest; there being but few remains of good Masonry before that period.

But when the *Goths* and *Vandals* who had never been conquered by the *Romans*, like a general deluge overspread the *Roman* empire, with warlike rage and gross ignorance, few of their finished edifices escaped from being either defaced or totally destroyed.

The *Asiatic* and *African* nations, felt the weight of the same calamity by the conquest of the *Mahometans*, who in stead of cultivating the arts and sciences, designed to convert the world by the cruel method of fire and sword.

Thus upon the declension of the *Roman* empire, when the *British* garrisons were raised, the *Angles* and other lower *Saxons* being invited by the antient *Britons* to come over and help them against the *Scots* and *Picts*, who being related to the *Goths* or rather a sort of *Vandals*, possessed with the same warlike disposition and heathenish ignorance, encouraged nothing but war until they were converted into christianity, when they had cause to lament, tho' too late, the gross ignorance of their fathers in the loss of *Roman* Masonry, which they knew not how to repair. But becoming a free people (as the old *Saxon* laws testify) and having a disposition for Masonry, they soon began to imitate the *Asiatics, Grecians*, and *Romans*, in erecting of Lodges, and giving encouragement to Masons, being taught not only from the faithful tradition and valuable remains of the *Britons* but even by foreign princes, in whose dominions the Royal Art hath been much preserved from *Gothic* ruins; particularly by *Charles Martell* king of *France*, who according to the old records of Masonry, sent over several expert Craftsmen and learned Architects into *England*, at the request of the *Saxon* kings, so that during the Heptarchy the *Gothic* Architecture was as much encouraged here as in other christian lands.

And tho' the invasion of the *Danes* occasioned the loss of some records, yet many venerable *Gothic* buildings remained; and after the *Saxons* and *Danes* were conquered by the *Normans*, *Gothic* Masonry was mightily encouraged even by *William* the conqueror, who built the tower of London, and many strong castles and religious edifices. His son *William Rufus* also built *Westminster Hall*, which is reputed to be the largest room upon earth.

Nor did the *Barons* wars or those of the subsequent *Norman* kings, and their contending branches, in any great measure hinder the clergy, or those who enjoy'd large revenues, from raising sumptuous and lofty buildings, for king *Edward* III. had an officer called the kings Free Mason, who was employed to survey all his buildings and did erect several abbeys, &c. but for the better instruction of candidates and younger Brethren, a certain record of Free Masonry, written in the reign of king *Edward* IV. gives the following authentick account, *viz.* "That tho' the "antient records of the Brootherhood in "*England* were many of them destroyed "in the wars of the *Saxons* and *Danes*, "yet king *Athelstan* (the grandson of king "*Alfred* the great a mighty architect) the "first annointed king of *England*, and "who translated the holy Bible into the "*Saxon* tongue when he had brought the "land into rest and peace, built many "great works, and encouraged many Ma-"sons from *France*, who were appointed "overseers thereof, and brought with them "the charges and regulations of the Lodges "preserved since the *Roman* times who "also prevailed with the king to improve "the constitution of the Lodges, according "to the foreign model, and to increase the "wages of working Masons. "That the "said kings youngest son, prince *Edwin*, "being taught Masonry, and taking upon "him the charges of a Master Mason for "the love he had for the said Craft, and "the honourable principles whereon it is "grounded, purchased a Charter of king "*Athelstan*, his father, for the Masons "having a correction amongst themselves "(as it was antiently expressed) or a free-"dom and power to regulate themselves, "to amend what might happen amiss, and "to hold a yearly communication and "general assembly.

(To be continued.)

THE PROGRESSING MASON.

J. C. D. HOLT.

Working onward, climbing upward,
Such the Mason's mystic art,
Proudly feeling, as advancing,
These great promptings of the heart.

How he learns with satisfaction,
As he mounts each higher round,
That "fraternal" love and justice
Through our Order must be found.

That humanity, in all her forms,
Has nothing more to give,
If in an "ever-faithful breast"
Masonic teachings live.

That deeds of human kindness
Are the ends toward which we strive,
Hence that pride and grand devotion
Which will *all* time survive.

"New light," too, greets his vision
At each succeeding grade,
That from a true Masonic heart,
Is destined ne'er to fade.

With hope and faith inspired,
He gains the "inner door,"
Where, "armed with good instruction,"
He'll "pass on" as before.

Until within the "sanctum,"
The crowning labour done,
He knows his work of mercy
Is now in fact begun.

MASONIC REQUIEM.

Awake the Harp of Mournful song,
Ye Brothers of the Mystic Band,
Ye who support the temple strong,
Or by the sacred Altar stand!
Strike high the cords in wailing strain
Of deepest woe,
And mourn from out our holy Fane
A Brother low!
Bow down the knee—hang low the head—
A Master fallen—a Brother dead.

The Spring op'd with its fairest flowers,
And summer wove her garland gay,
And sunshine o'er this world of ours,
Chased all of wintry gloom away.
But soon the winds of Autumn came,
And winter with its dark'ning gloom;
And now when buds, Spring wreaths proclaim,
We mourn our Brother in the tomb.
Bow down the knee—hang low the head—
A Master fallen—a Brother dead.

The light that lightens Masonry,
Hath lost 'mong us a living ray,
And her handmaiden Charity,
Mourns one from out the ranks away.
The candlestick out of its place
Has been removed, and now
The Brethren sit with sorrowing face,
And sadness on each brow;
The fine gold it is changed and dim—
The Master's honours sleep with him!

Craftsman, Canadian.

NOTES ON THE CHIVALRIC ORDERS OF THE TEMPLE AND OF MALTA, IN CANADA.

Under the Jurisdiction of the Convent General, and the Great Priory of England, Wales, and possessions of the British Crown.

THE UNITED RELIGIOUS AND MILITARY ORDERS OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR AND KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM, PALESTINE, RHODES AND MALTA.—The Order commonly known as the "Knights Templar," represents the *old* order of Knighthood of the Crusades, instituted in 1118, violently but only outwardly suppressed in 1313. The Order was *not entirely abolished*. Its formal dissolution by the Pope, and the confiscation of its property *could not* and *did not* destroy all the brave and noble spirits who had been so long associated together; uniting themselves with *other* existing Orders of *Knighthood*, they perpetuated their *own*, and thus preserving the memory of their misfortunes, continued their assemblies, without attracting attention. Although there is no *real* connection between the Templar Order and Freemasonry, as regards *aim, object*, and *ceremonial*, still the Order of the Temple, from its long connection with that ancient *Fraternity*, which *traditionally preserved* its dogmas and rites from oblivion, requires that all aspirants for the honour

of its chivalry, should be *Freemasons*, should be Master Masons of at least *two* years' standing, as also *Royal Arch Masons.*

The union between the Templars and the Knights of St. John appears to have taken place in Scotland, immediately after the *outward* suppression of the Templars in 1313. In that country the Order was *not* dissolved, but united with that of St. John (afterwards known as the Knights of Malta), and continued until the period of the Reformation; since that time in connection with the Masonic fraternity. The two Orders have been designated as the (combined) "Orders of Knights Templars and of St. John of Jerusalem, *Palestine, Rhodes, and Malta.*" The assumption of the name "*Palestine*" is accounted for, as the Templars and Knights of St. John resided there for many years. "*Rhodes*" and "*Malta,*" from the *Knights of St. John* having possessions and residing in those islands.

The Templars for many years conferred within the body of their encampments or Preceptories the Degrees known as the "Rose Croix," now the 18° of the "Ancient and Accepted Rite," and the "Kadosh," the 30° of the same Rite. Some years since these Grades were surrendered by the greater number of the Preceptories to the *A. and A. Rite,* on its establishment in England, but are still retained by some of the most *ancient* of the bodies of English Templars. An examination into the ceremonial and ritual of these *two* grades of 18° and 30°, will clearly show that they are properly "Templar *grades* instituted for specific reasons, connected with the order of *The Temple*, and that as a part of the *A. and A. Rite* they are quite out of place, and have therein no significance whatever. It must be a subject of regret to every Templar that these grades were ever needlessly and improperly surrendered.

The Templar ceremonial is the *reception* of a *Novice* into the Order. The Rose Croix teaches the great fundamental truths of Christianity by symbolizing as it does the crucifixion, descent into "Hades,' and glorious ascension of our Lord.

The "*Kadosh*" is a grade instituted to keep in perpetual remembrance the violent oppression and *outward* suppresion of the Order, and the martyrdom and sufferings of "*Jacques de Molai,*" the Grand Master, and a number of his Knights, in Paris.

We will now, in a few words, explain the reason *why* the *Papal power* and nearly all the *Monarchs* of *Christendom* united to, if possible, totally extinguish this Order, as the ordinary reasons attributed to "*Philip le Bel of France,*" and *Pope Clement,* with the other authors of their overthrow, will not suffice entirely to account for their catastrophe. When the Holy Land was lost and abandoned the Templars returned to their wealthy European *Preceptories*—the Order was no longer of use as a Military body, and it was felt their day was past—between them and "King Philip" a bitter and undying hatred had been engendered by numerous acts of arrogance and insubordination against his authority, as they claimed an authority and jurisdiction independent of kings; and it cannot be denied they had deviated from the original purpose of their institution, rendering themselves unfit depositors of that wealth which had been bequeathed to them for purposes widely different from those to which, during the last years of their existence, they had appropriated it.

In the second place, the Templars taught within their most secret conclaves the doctrine of the "*Gnostics,*" and that the Papal power was a false and dangerous assumption of authority over the minds and consciences of men, and that very many of the dogmas of Rome were but gross and childish superstitions. Hence, by the *union* of their Templar and *spiritual* power, this *Order,* that was felt by both King and Pope to be highly dangerous to the perpetuation of their despotism over the souls as well as the bodies of mankind, was ruthlessly attempted to be utterly destroyed. As late as 1776, the Jesuits having discovered that the Templar Order was in some continental countries continuing its operations under the designation of the "*Kadosh,*" warned the governments of all Roman Catholic countries against the latter *Order*, and caused it to be proscribed as dangerous and antagonistic to the doctrine of the Church of Rome.

Thus in a few words we have given the real reason why the Order of the Temple was in 1313, and has been since, as at the present moment, under the ban of the Roman Pontiff.

The recent installation of *H.R.H. The Prince of Wales*, as Grand Master of the United Orders in England, Wales, Ireland, and possessions of the British Empire, and revision of the Statutes, eliminating the prefix "Masonic" and *restoring* the *proper* nomenclature of the different officers, &c., has materially tended to place the Orders on a correct and proper footing. It is an error to class that of the Temple amongst the *Masonic* degrees, a classification for which there is no warrant. *The Order* has been from an early period connected with Masonry, but is one of the degrees of *pure* and *ancient* Freemasonry. The *Christian* and *Trinitarian* character is a sufficient proof of this. It merely claims to be a *revival* of the *Great* Order of the *Temple* of the *Crusades, traditionally* preserved and perpetuated to the present time by its connection with the time-honoured *Masonic Fraternity*. From every marked particular that can be ascertained, it would seem the Order of the Temple, as handed down to us, was connected with the "*Haut* or *Hautes Grades*," which were first brought out on the continent of Europe, at the beginning of the last century, but had *long* previously existed, and the Templar ritualistic ceremonies were most probably introduced into the Speculative system of this *high grade* Freemasonry by some of the continental members of the "*Chivalric Order of the Temple*" (now obsolete), which it has been asserted was *regularly* continued from the time of the martyrdom of "*De Molai.*" Freemasonry itself was not generally known until its revival in 1717, when, getting into the hands of visionary enthusiasts, who knowing but little of its true history, in the absence of satisfactory documentary evidence, eagerly sought for and gave credence to every idle legend and tradition, as proofs of its genuine antiquity and amalgamation with the *old* Orders of Knighthood. Whilst endeavouring to give some insight into the history of the Order and place its present position in a correct light, it must not be supposed there is a desire on the part of any true Templar to ignore the obligations the Order owes to "Freemasonry *proper*," which has so long fostered it.

THE HOLY ORDER OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR PRIEST, OR HOLY WISDOM.—This Order is conferred on Knights Templar, and is said to have been instituted in 1686, and seems properly to be the *religious ceremony* constituting *chaplains* of the Order, but in practice is now given to any Knight Templar who may desire it. It is very little known, and in Canada is not practised in more than one or two Preceptories. The ceremonies are of a highly religious character.

NOTE.—Considering the "*Rose Croix*" and "*Kadosh*" as strictly *Templar* degrees, the *proper* arrangement of the United Religious and Military Orders *would* be as *follows* (but, of course, this is all out of the question now, but shows the necessity of every Templar progressing to the *Kadosh*, if possible):

1.—THE "TEMPLAR," or *reception* into the Order.

2.—THE "ROSE CROIX," which teaches the true Templar his faith—the greatest and most important truths of *Christianity*—that *through Christ*, and by his name only, can he be saved.

3.—THE "TEMPLAR PRIEST," which is merely the *religious*, as the "*Templar* is the *military* grade of the Order."

4.—THE "KADOSH" is a perpetual remembrance of the *constancy, courage* and *sufferings* of the Templar Knights, when the Order was *outwardly* suppressed. Formerly the *idea* was *revenge* upon the *instigators* of the *crime*, but is now *modified* to a *Christian spirit*, unto perpetual *warfare* against *the idea* that *caused* the crime, viz., *Priestly tyranny, Kingly oppression, and envy and avarice.*"

5.—THE "ORDER OF MALTA" keeps in remembrance this once famous Order, and the *amalgamation* of a *portion* of the "*Templars*" with the "Knights of St. John." Strictly speaking, this Order has *no connection* with the *Templars*, or *any whatever* with the *legitimate* successors of the *Knights of Malta, still existing* on the continent of Europe, and in England. The association of the title of the "*Order of Malta*" with that of the Templars, arose from a confusion of names in styling them "*Knights Templars of St. John of Jerusalem.*" The ritual is very modern and not derived from the *old* Chivalric Order."

Craftsman, Canadian.

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

Lecture by the Rev. Dr. Kholer, delivered before the Sunday Afternoon Lecture Society of Chicago, America :—

You all have, no doubt, read in the papers of the excavations lately made among the ruins of the ancient cities of Nineveh and Babylonia; few, however, I suppose, have sufficiently watched the progress of these explorations to be aware of their important value in tracing the history of our race. I may, therefore, right at the outset, claim your interest for a discovery which ranks among the greatest achievements of our wonder-working age. By this, of course, I do not mean the digging done with the axe and the shovel in yonder mounds of Mesopotamia, but the deciphering of the Assyrian inscriptions and the subsequent recovery of lost treasures of a most ancient culture.

All great discoveries made on the progressive march of history derive their importance less from what they immediately bring to light than from the chances they offer for widening man's horizon and enlarging his scope. Neither the Eldorado supposed to be detected by the Spaniards, nor the new continent added to the map of our globe, nor the vast territories unlocked for overcrowded Europe, won Columbus immortal fame. The inexhaustible blessing of the discovery of America was that, while putting man in possession of both hemispheres, it made him master of the whole globe, and in making the wide ocean a bridge to connect the most distant lands, it brought, so to speak, the far off heaven within the grasp of his calculations. Likewise the Copernican discovery of the earth's being a mere planet moving around the sun unveiled the vista of the sky for a Kepler, Galileo, Newton, and the Herschels, to perceive innumerable worlds beaming with light in immeasurable distances. Or when geology unfolded the authentic records of creation, as given in the substrata of the earth itself, each of which represents an epoch counting millions of years in the development of our planet, the way was cleared up for Darwin to find in the scale of beings the law of gradual evolution, and thus to lay the corner-stone of a new science and a new philosophy, prompting much higher views of the universe, and sublimer ideas of its Creator than the old one. Now, among these great modern revelations the discovery of Assyrian and Babylonian literature and art fairly bids for a conspicuous place, as it offers indeed a great missing link in the chain of evolution of the human mind. For it is not long since, silently admitted by thinking men that the chasm gaping between the Bushman and a Shakespeare and Humboldt, a Feejee Islander and a Moses and Aristotle, is too wide to be filled up by the few thousand years brought forth by Biblical chronology? Of course, few people are inclined to give up the firm position of good old orthodoxy for a mere "perhaps" and "probably" offered by scientific inquiry. Hence most people fail to be convinced, when the remnants of fossils found in the layers of the earth proved man to have coexisted with the mammoth and mastodon, and ever since 200,000 or 300,000 years fought the struggle for existence. Indeed, all those hunting-caves, and pile-dwellings, and ancient mounds, found replete with specimens of man's handicraft on both hemispheres, give no exact accounts, as regards their age, to convince men of lazy habits of thinking. Nor does the dim and scanty knowledge transmitted to us by sacred and classical writers concerning a remoter past, shed light enough upon the road of groping and struggling mankind in its infancy.

Happily, then, Champollion, the general decipherer of the hieroglyphics, discovered the key to unlock Egyptian antiquity, so long hidden, and to trace the history of civilization thousands of years beyond the supposed flood. By continued researches evidences were brought to light of a highly advanced state of culture the Egyptians enjoyed more than 2,500 years before Abraham trod on the soil of Canaan, as still existing monuments of yonder time witness. But, as when light is brought to shine through a small crevice into a spacious hall, dark from all sides, it merely brightens up the room in that one direction, leaving the other portions in a more contrasting darkness, so it was in our case. To Egypt, henceforth, every historian turned for light. Egypt was declared to be the parent and the inventress of all arts and sciences. Only a few weeks ago I heard Bayard Taylor, in a most interesting lecture on Egypt, express himself in this way: "From

Egypt Moses drew all his wisdom; there he borrowed his laws, and even the holy mystery of the great 'I Am Who I Am' was imparted to him by Egyptian priests." Yet Bayard Taylor failed to account for an institution like the Sabbath, standing almost in the centre of the Mosaic laws, while the Egyptian week consisted of ten days instead of seven, nor for other very essential differences in the rites and forms of temple-worship and priesthood. Besides, Bayard Taylor seemed to be unaware of the fact, ascertained by modern critics beyond all doubt, that the Mosaic laws could not have been written before the prophets, with their sublime monotheism, had, after many hundreds of years' struggle, prevailed over the idolatrous people of Israel.

However this may be, Egyptian civilization, shining forth like an oasis out of a barren wilderness, far from explaining the remote past, offers merely a puzzle more to historians. No single star moves unless influenced by another one; nor is growth manifested anywhere except by the interchange of forces working upon each other. Hence, Egypt points to another centre of culture, acting and reacting upon its own. Really, her earliest monuments speak of conquered nations in the north of Asia bringing fine works of metal as tributes. Her metals, her horses and waggons, bear in their very names the stamp of a Semitic culture. Her art, at its very beginning, shows a perfection which, instead of progressing, degenerated into stiff and stereotype forms. All this, taken together with the language and the physiognomy of the Egyptians, both betraying a mixture of African and Asian people, tends to accumulate proofs of the existence of a country rivalling with Egypt in culture and antiquity. This, with the help of the Assyrian disclosures, has now been found, and the veil lifted from the very dawn of culture.

But, before giving you the results of these studies, let me first show you how these invaluable discoveries were brought about. At the close of the last century the attention of scholars was directed towards a curious kind of inscriptions found on the ruins of Persepolis, the old Persian capital, first, I believe, by English travellers. The fresh breeze of the sea, with the aspect of its unsteady waves, seems ever to induce people to new undertakings and explorations. At last Niebuhr, the German historian, copied these inscriptions. But nobody knew what to make of these curious signs, which looked neither like our alphabet, nor like the Egyptian, the Chinese, and Mexican picture-writings, but consisted of strokes in the shape of wedges, combined in various forms to represent some kind of letters. Finally, the unremitting efforts of a German professor named Grotefend, who devoted a life's study to their deciphering, was crowned with a success which assured to him the honour of being to these cuneiform inscriptions what Champollion was to the hieroglyphics. His task was even more difficult than Champollion's, as the latter had a Greek inscription at his command, helping him to find out the names of Cleopatra and Ptolemy, which he used as a clue for his further researches, while Grotefend, without any clue, pried into those signs, until, after many years' labour, he arrived at the track of the royal names of Xerxes and Darius. But his fame was soon eclipsed by the fame of an English scholar, whose name you are undoubtedly acquainted with, Major Henry Rawlinson. Being employed in the service of the British army in the East, he succeeded in first reading and translating the famous inscriptions of Darius and Artaxerxes on the table-work of Behistun, in Persia, while other scholars established a scientific method of the old Persian language.

Thus far, however, only half of the task was accomplished, as the inscriptions, presenting besides the Persian two other ones of an entirely different character, offered new problems to solve. Still the work was easier, since the Persian could be used as a key to decipher the others. Again Grotefend sounded the key-note in recognizing the one as an Assyrian inscription, and trying a rudimentary solution. But Rawlinson carried off the laurel, offering a tolerable reading, and was soon followed by Dr. Oppert, a Jewish-German savan at Paris, who presented a method and a grammar.

In the meantime, while scholars pondered over these dry readings, the mine of Assyrian treasures, long looked after under the sand of Mesopotamia, was opened by Botta, a French Consul. Grappling with many difficulties, laid in his way both by the superstition of the Arabs, who looked upon

those mounds as tombs of holy men, and by tricks of Turkish officers, he at last broke the death-spell of the doomed city of Nineveh. And lo! there he stood in the midst of a ruined palace, whose gorgeous chambers, with their marvels of art covering in fragments the floor, with their magnificent bas-reliefs on the walls, and their winged bulls and lions of gigantic size gazing at him as if they welcomed the light, filled his soul with both admiration and awe. You may imagine it to have been no easy work for him to move these precious loads on trees and rafts along the Euphrates, and ship them home to the Louvre. Yet it was done. But soon England followed to take the lion's share. Austin Henry Layard, the British statesman, soon after having met in his travels in the East the French Consul at his successful excavations at Chorsabad, in 1842, planned the scheme for other investigations. In 1845 he commenced excavations at Nimroud, a village close by Mossul, and his repeated success made the British Museum the focus of Assyrian studies.

Herodotus tells a story he learned from the Assyrians, of the vast treasures of King Sardanpalus, which, though concealed in subterranean vaults, were carried off by thieves, who dug holes in the ground to reach them, when nobody suspected anything of the kind. Layard, while unburying this King's palace, failed to find these treasures, they having been plundered by Persian and Macedonian conquerors long ago, but he carried off most valuable trophies of a much nobler conquest.

What an amazing beauty and perfection of art is displayed in these ruins of walls, depicting hunting scenes, battles, and religious ceremonies, with a fascinating vividness of expression in all their details. There the King is seen riding in his brilliant chariot, followed by his armour-bearers, in the company of his sons, hunting wild bulls and lions, of whom some are pierced with arrows, while others lie prostrate under the wheels of his running chariot. All these scenes are portrayed on frescoes with an accuracy of design and a reality of life that is really surprising. Other tablets show Assyrians attacking the enemy with bows and spears, besieging cities with battering-rams and movable towers, and having taken them by assault, leading the inhabitants away as captives, while their leaders are either hung or flayed alive, or, if pardoned, have their eyes pierced with a spear at the King's hand.

(To be continued.)

THE INSTALLATION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

April 28, 1875.

Great day for English Freemasonry!
Most joyous festival of our famous Craft
That all these hurrying years have witnessed.
Twelve months ago in peace serenely lapped,
Like tranquil meadows by the water side,
The order rested, calmly confident
In all fraternal growth and peaceful labours,
For it was proud of its kind leader and its mission.
A few short hours and gloom came o'er us all.
Another power, dangerous and ambitious,
Fell in its hatred, potent in its spell,
Had come between the ruler and the ruled.
No more for him the genial amity of his ancient mates,
No more those goodly truths he taught so well,
No more those loving words he spoke so often.
We sorrow for him with the earnest sorrow
That those most feel who love a cherished friend,
From whom time's everlasting separation,
Has here divided from each for evermore.
And then there fell upon us a storm of words,
And idle threats and childish censures,
The angry and the uncharitable anathema!
But yet to-day that darker season's sped.
The Heir of this great empire, in his own words,
"Vouches" for our loyalty and truth,
Our charitable enterprise, and our fraternal love,
And so we heed not those who curse or blame.
The past is all forgotten, our word is onwards!
Onwards under the banner of our Royal Grand Master!
To him we pledge our unstained loyalty;
And round the throne—the guardian of us all,
Our liberty, our laws, our peace—we rally once again,
Like our good forefathers in some darker days.

O most auspicious festival of our old Craft!
In after years let still the tale go round,
Of those who gathered gladly and rejoiced,
To see the Prince of Wales installed
Grand Master of our English Brotherhood!
May all of good attend our Royal Brother;
May many years still see him at our head,
Strengthened and cheered by a whole order's love.
And may we English Masons, free and true,
Maintain the even tenour of our way
In happy labours, none making us afraid;
And may, indeed, our true Masonic principles
Bind closer man to his own Brother man,
And make us feel that we indeed are One,
One all of us in one another here,
One all of us in God Most High.

W.

RELIEF.

BY MRS. C. W. TOWLE.

How cold, how dreary the day was! The wind sounded hoarsely as it moaned among the bare branches of the trees, and died away in distant murmurs. A white frost had fallen the night before, and nipped leaf and floweret. The sky looked like lead, and now and then a cloud, fleecy and white, as if laden with snows, drifted in mid air. Blue-lipped, shivering little children, with satchels and books, hurried by to school, or stopped for a few moments at the street corners.

I had taken my drawing pencils and portfolio, and seated myself before the blazing fire. When the wind rattled the casement, I drew my vizette closer about me, and thanked God for a comfortable shelter from the inclemency of the northern blast. A piece of Bristol board was beneath my pencil. Scene after scene grew beneath its touches. But all was dreary. A frozen mill, an ice-bound tree, a snowstorm, a man striving to hold his cloak on in the blast, these were the prominent features in my pencil sketches. I could not be cheerful, do what I might. I could not forget the drear aspect of nature without.

I threw aside my pencil, and wheeled my chair to the fire. The coals glowed almost fiercely in the grate, and I began tracing pictures and images among them.

The door opened, and a strong blast swept through. I looked up and saw a cloaked figure—a tall, noble, and commanding person. He threw aside his travelling cap, unclasped the steel buckles confining his mantle in front, and Uncle Roger sat down beside me, to thaw out before the genial blaze his stiffened fingers.

As he sat there, his deep olive complexion became almost scarlet in hue. His keen black eye rested musingly upon the coals. Was he, too, tracing imagery among them? It might be, but it was not probable. My uncle had little imagination, and was never to my knowledge fanciful. It was more probable that he was weighing in his mind some East India speculation, for all his latter life had been spent there. It was to its torrid clime that he owed his olive complexion, quick flashing eye, and susceptibility to cold. The fire was peculiarly agreeable to him. When he went into the frigid atmosphere without, his broad stout person shook like an aspen, and he clasped and drew his cloak closer and still closer about him. He was a bachelor, one nearly fifty years old. His hair was sprinkled with grey, but it looked handsome, nevertheless; indeed, all who looked upon my uncle called him, even at that age, a fine-looking man. I had oftentimes puzzled my brains to discover why he had all his life remained matchless; why one, with his love of social life, affectionate disposition, and domestic tastes, had lived without enjoying life's great charm—a home.

But mysteries are curious things, and this fact remained a mystery in spite of all my speculations. I could not fathom it; but now a stronger desire than ever before I had, seized me to know why he had never married. As he sat in the light of the grate, he looked so stately, genial, and handsome, that the mystery grew greater to my mind than ever, and I determined, by direct questioning, to find out the secret.

"A cold day, uncle," I said, by way of introduction; "a cold day, and I imagine you feel it sensibly; it is not much like the East Indies."

"No," said he abruptly, and relapsed back into the dreamy state he had sat in before.

"You do not like this climate, I imagine," I continued.

"Not much," was the laconic answer wrung from him.

"But you did at one time like to live in your native land," I said; "why did you go in the first place to the East Indies, uncle?"

"To trade," said he; "to buy and sell and get gain. That is what the world lives for. Gold is the lever that moves the world."

"True," I said; "but you have won gold; you are what the world calls rich; are you happy?"

His brow contracted. "Happier than I should have been without wealth, I presume," said he. "But perfect happiness is not the lot of man."

"You never had a family, uncle," I continued; "you have lived alone all your life. Why did you never marry? Did you never love?"

A deeper shadow stole to his cheek; I saw that I had touched upon a tender point. He did not reply immediately, but sat, I imagined, half moodily before the fire, as still as a statue.

At length he turned abruptly towards me. "Yes, I have loved," he said, "but it was long years ago. The romance of life is over with me now. The flame has gone out that passion kindled; there can scarcely be found one smouldering ember that has survived the wrecks of time and its accompanying sorrows."

"Tell me all about it, uncle," I said anxiously; "when was it that you found your *beau ideal*,—where did you meet with her? In America or in the East Indies?"

"It was long years ago," he said, "long before I went to the East Indies, that I first met Adelaide Sullivan."

"Was she *very* beautiful, uncle?" I queried. "Had she blue eyes, a Grecian nose, and delicate features? Was she very lovely?"

"To me," he replied, "she was as beautiful as an angel, although perhaps you might not at first sight have termed her very fair. She had eyes as blue as the violets which opened in the spring woods, lips and cheeks that might have stolen colours from the rosebud, and a forehead white as snow. But beautiful as she was in person, she was more attractive in mind. She had wit, sprightliness, intelligence. She was gentle and refined. To me she appeared, in those days, of all her sex the paragon."

"And still you did not marry her," I said; "why was this?"

"Mercenary parents stood in the way,—parents who said that something more than love was wanted to commence housekeeping upon,—parents who frowned upon my schemes, until, in a fit of passion, I vowed to amass gold until their cupidity was satisfied; and with this vow upon my lips, I bade adieu to Adelaide, and sailed for the Indies. For long years I toiled unsuccessfully. My head grew gray with time, thought and care. At length the news reached me of Adelaide's marriage. From that hour I relinquished all ideas of ever possessing a home of my own,—of forming the centre of a domestic circle. I amassed gold, for acquisition had grown into a passion,—a habit with me, and it is a passion with me still. Just now I was planning the sale of some ten-acre lots on my plantation. There was not much romance about that operation, you will admit."

"No," I said, thoughtfully. "But what of Adelaide? do you know anything of her now? Have you ever found her since your return to your native land?"

"No, not I. Why should I? She is the wife of another, and has forgotten me. At any rate, she has no business remembering me; a pretty chap I should consider myself, looking up married women, and reviving old flames. No, no!" and my uncle shook his head decidedly.

Just then a rough blast shook the casements; the day was, in truth, a most inclement one. The wind not only shook the casements, but forced open the door. My uncle jumped to his feet, and sprang to close it immediately; but he did not accomplish his design. A weak voice arrested his hand. The figure of a pale and half-frozen child stood upon the door-steps, as if hesitating whether a welcome waited for him inside or not.

"Come in, boy, come in!" said my uncle, hastily; "a dog should not be abroad in such weather, much less a delicate child. Come in, and thaw out your stiffened fingers, dear."

The boy mounted the threshold, and tottered towards the fire. He was very weak; it might be through hunger, it might be through cold, perhaps from both combined.

I rose and offered him a low chair by the

grate. He sank into it; and as he felt the genial heat of the room stealing into his benumbed frame, a few tear-drops rolled down his wan cheeks.

My uncle was a benevolent-hearted man. He regarded the lad for a few moments with an expression which showed that much contact with a rough world had not entirely dried up the fountains of sympathy in his heart.

"Why are you abroad in such rough weather?" he asked. "Your parents certainly cannot have sent you?"

The child's under lip trembled with emotion, and tears sprang into his eyes. "My father is dead," he said, "and my mother is very ill and destitute of bread."

"Poor child!" said my uncle compassionately, "and this is the reason why you are out; you are too fine a little fellow to be sent on begging expeditions."

The boy's cheek flushed, but it was with mortified pride and anger.

"I am *not a beggar*," he said, disdainfully. "I never took a copper in my life, and never mean to, without giving something in return. My mother sent me out this morning to sell this, and not to beg." As he spoke he drew from his pocket a small roll. I watched and admired the little fellow as he untied the string and unrolled the brown paper that enclosed his treasure.

I was surprised when I saw it at last held up for exhibition. It was a white satin apron, beautifully painted and trimmed,—one which must at some time have belonged to the most honourable of the Fraternity.

My uncle was a bright Mason. I saw his eye kindle and his cheek flush at the sight of the satin texture now offered in exchange for bread,—for the common wants of life.

"To whom did this belong, my boy?" said my uncle in a mild voice; "was this your father's?"

"Yes," said the child; "my father used often to wear it, and a pretty sight it was, sir, to see him dressed out in his beautiful regalia. My mother hates to part with it, sir; indeed she has parted with everything else before she would part with this, but she is sick and in great distress. This morning she said I must offer this for sale, for she cannot bear to see me beg, and we have nothing else to sell. A man up town to whom I offered it told me he was not a Mason, and had no use for such regalia, but if I would come here perhaps I could sell it. I accordingly came, and how would you like to buy it, sir?"

"Buy it!" cried my uncle; "no, I would not buy it for the world; but your mother if she is the widow of the man that wore this, shall never again send you forth on such an errand. I pledge the word of a gentleman and a Mason. Take your hat, boy, and show me the way to your residence."

My uncle had taken his cloak, and was already clasping it around him.

"You will not surely go forth, uncle, in such an hour, and with your East India constitution, to brave this inclement storm," I said, rising and standing before him. "You can send money and relief to this unfortunate lady, without exposing yourself."

"I *cannot* send," he replied implicitly. "If the widow and child of a Mason can brave the rigours of the storm, I certainly am not too weak, too effeminate, for the task. Give me my cane and hat."

I handed them to him, and, taking the child by the hand, he went forth into the wind and sleet, for the latter had commenced falling. I went to the window, and watched them both until they were out of sight. I felt, as I saw my uncle's stalwart frame braving the inclemency without, and yielding support to the delicate, fragile boy, that he was indeed one of God's noblemen, and I mused over the mysterious organization of men to which he belonged, and the benevolence of whose creed had led him forth to peril the safety of a constitution rendered peculiarly sensitive to cold, from a long residence in a foreign clime.

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It was quite dark before my uncle returned. He came in, and to my surprise, exhibited no great symptoms of cold. He leisurely unclasped his cloak, and sat down to the supper table, which was already spread, without a remark.

I looked into his face as I sat down to pour the coffee into the cups, but it was unreadable as a scratched and torn page. I could not unravel his thoughts. He was serious, without being sad, and gave brief answers to all my questions.

"Did you find that poor woman in great distress?" I queried.

"Yes," said he.

"She is suffering for the want of the necessaries of life, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Did you do anything for her?"

"To be sure I did; that was what I went for."

"True, true," I said, "but I thought you would only look into her condition, and then lay her case before the lodge."

"Lay her case before the fiddlesticks," said he abruptly. "Adelaide Sullivan's case is already attended to. She will never seek relief from a Masonic Lodge while there is strength in this right arm to provide for her and her boy."

"Adelaide Sullivan!" I exclaimed in surprise. "*It is not possible that your old* flame, Adelaide Sullivan, has been reduced to widowhood, penury, and want, and that you have just found her?"

"It *is* true," said he. "Her husband has been dead two years, and wretchedly poor he must have left her; but thank fortune, I have enough for both."

"And mean to share it with her," I said mischieviously. "But I forgot, the romance of life is over with you, uncle. The fires of passion are extinguished,—not a smouldering ember exists. So it is not probable that you will marry her."

"*It is probable,*" *said my uncle* in his straightforward way, "probable and certain. The romance of life may be over, but I have a feeling of love for this woman, nevertheless,—a feeling that can be smothered, but never extinguished."

And so, kind reader, it proved in the end. My uncle married her, and a sweeter, kinder woman, never gladdened a domestic scene.

All things to her had shown its dark side, but at last there came through Masonry "light."—*Masonic Monthly.*

"ERADICATION OF ERROR."

REPLY BY BRO. W. J. HUGHAN.

We think that some of the points alluded to by our friend, Bro. Jacob Norton, have already been examined by us in the pages of the *Voice of Masonry*, Chicago, but in order that the proof demanded for our statements be plainly seen and freely given to the brethren in the United States as well as in the "old country," we have penned the following facts of our final explanation of the matter, and we hope they will prove as satisfactory to Bro. Norton and your readers, as we believe them to be fairly and accurately described, according to the evidence so far known.

As the introduction in Bro. Norton's article does not allude to our views, we proceed at once to the portion which does so. It appears that our good friend has had some little difficulty in making up his mind "to attack the shortcoming of even Bro. Hughan himself;" but, after a most courageous and stubborn resistance, his desire to shield our "defenceless head" has been silenced, and he has boldly stated his objection to our only "stopping short on one point," in the acceptance of our learned Bro. Findel's opinions on Freemasonry. We should have been exceedingly sorry if Bro. Norton had been silent instead of exposing our error; indeed, we consider his valued friendship ought not to have, and has not, kept him from demonstrating the fact that "a *fair* field and *no favour*" is the only inalienable right of those who seek to enlighten others, either as respects the history of Freemasonry or of any other institution. We have either *proof for our statements*, or we *should* be quiet. We either know what we are talking about, or discretion should lead us to wait until we do, and then the time may come for us to speak to some purpose. Several years of close application to Masonic studies, with Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., of London, and Bro. D. Murray Lyon, of Ayr, as our esteemed and indefatigable collaborators—have enabled us, in our united or individual capacities, to probe many curious stories which have been *foisted* on the records of the craft, as well as to confirm many links in the chain of Masonic history, reaching far back into past centuries, and especially to *prove the existence* of speculative Freemasonry antecedent to the "revival of 1717."

Bro. Norton, first of all, tells us that the fact of John Boswell, Esq., attending the Lodge of Edinburgh on the 8th January, 1600, and signing his Masonic *mark* to the record of the meeting, "has nothing to do with our mark degree, which is

modern." We quoted the foregoing fact to prove that non-operatives were accepted as Masons as early as 1600, according to existing records, and by so doing, considered that Freemasons were not wholly operative in 1600, but partly speculative. We said nothing about the mark degree in such a connection, because there is no evidence of its existence for more than a century later, though there was a charge made in the Mother Lodge Kilwinning "on choosing the mark," about the middle of the seventeenth century, and the promoters of the degree in question are evidently preserving an important custom in their ceremonies, which has been neglected in most craft lodges. But Bro. Norton objects to our terming the admission of the gentleman aforesaid a "speculative Mason," and also declares that a non-operative holding office in a Scotch lodge, a long string of gentlemen and noblemen being enrolled as members, and the initiation of Elias Ashmole and others during the seventeenth century, "do not prove that they were speculative Masons!" But we know that they were not operative Masons, and therefore, being Masons, they were speculative, for they must have been either one or the other, if Masons at all. "Non-operative" is only another name for speculative, and it is, therefore, idle to cavil about the use of synonymous terms. The question of wages is foreign, we apprehend, to the inquiry, and whether Masons got less or got more than other crafts in early days, does not in any way determine the speculative and operative and solely speculative periods of the craft. It would be as reasonable to ask the colour of Bro. Norton's hair, if we desired to know if he is in London just now (as he really is), as to expect to decide the speculative character of Freemasonry by reference to the wages of the crafts. Those gentlemen who were admitted into the company of carpenters in the sixteenth century, were certainly speculative carpenters, *i. e.*, they were not operative, and so were speculative or non-operative, provided their admission made them virtually carpenters, if not actually, by the communication to them of the *esoteric* portions of the ceremony of reception; but unfortunately, we have not been able to discover any accounts of any such admissions, except in connection with Freemasonry. We know that in Masonic lodges gentlemen were made Masons, and had certain signs, a word or words, etc., etc., communicated to them; but we are not aware of anything of the kind being done at the assemblies of the carpenters, tailors or the fishmongers, etc. If there were such esoteric ceremonies in connection with the latter—and there may have been; we only say *we know not*—then the gentlemen admitted were as much speculative tailors, carpenters and shoemakers, as those made Masons in Edinburgh and Kilwinning and Aberdeen were speculative Masons; so we accept such a result as flowing from our adoption of the term speculative, and hence what Bro. Norton thinks is an impediment to the reception of our belief, is to us its confirmation.

We should be especially glad to be informed of any documentary proof of our friend Lyon's statement about the "secret modes of recognition among other than Masonic craftsmen being traceable through several generations." We wrote Bro. Lyon, on the appearance of his invaluable History of the Lodge of Edinburgh—without which the best library would be incomplete, and which every Lodge should procure for the examination of its members—and drew his attention to the statement about the "Squaremen" and their esoteric ceremonies in the seventeenth century, asking for *verbatim et literatim* transcripts of the minutes, but he informed us he knew of none, and that his information was derived from some of the present members!

Bro. Norton next tells us that the "rise of Masonic popularity dates with the admission of Wren in 1691." This is news to us, and, we think, to all Masonic students who prefer fact to fiction. Sir Christopher Wren, so far as we can tell, never took any part in the constitution of the Grand Lodge of England, 1717, and there is not a line of MS. which exhibits his connection with the revival of Freemasonry; neither is there a scrap of evidence that Freemasonry was popular from 1691, because of Sir Christopher Wren's admission into the fraternity, or, in fact, that the fraternity was at all popular from 1691 to 1720!

So much for fancy; now for fact. Bro. Norton declares that "*We have no evidence* that purely non-operative lodges, or even lodges wherein the non-operative element

predominated, existed before the beginning of the eighteenth century." We deny the statement emphatically, because we have evidence of what we are by him said not to have. In our "Early History of British Freemasonry," written for the *Voice of Masonry*, March, 1872, will be found a list of the members of the lodge at Aberdeen, A.D. 1670. There were forty-nine in all, but only some *twelve* were operatives, the remainder being non-operative (or, as correctly termed, speculative), Masons! There were three noblemen, two or three ministers, several wrights (or carpenters), a schoolmaster (who was the Master of the lodge, A.D. 1670), an advocate, glaziers, hair-dressers, surgeons, etc., etc., on the list, and the records are still to be seen in Aberdeen. We have had the pages with the signatures of these operatives and speculative Masons of A.D. 1670, photographed by Bro. Garey, by consent of the lodge, and our dear friend, Bro. Chas. Eugene Meyer has copies of the same, as we are as anxious for the new country to participate in the results of our researches as the old. The "successors" were as follows: A mason of 1685, a slater of 1687, a merchant of 1688, a merchant in London of 1688, and a carpenter of 1688, etc., etc. It was, however, an operative lodge for all that, as the minutes prove, and yet the major portion of the members, A.D. 1670, were not operative Masons, but speculative!

As to non-operative (or speculative) lodges prior to the last century, or "before the revival of 1717," we are bound to confess that but little evidence exists, but what little there is points to the reverse of Bro. Norton's statement. The lodge at Haughfoot, Scotland, (whose minutes have been made known by Bro. Sanderson, Provincial Grand Secretary, of Peebles and Selkirk,) was a non-operative (or speculative) lodge from the earliest date. Its meetings have so far been traced back to 1702. We consider this a most important fact, and all interested will find particulars afforded by us in the *Voice of Masonry* for August, 1872.

Dr. Plot, in his History of Staffordshire, A.D. 1686, says of the Freemasons: "Persons of the most eminent quality did not disdain to be of this *fellowship*." . . . "the admission of them, which chiefly consists in the communication of certain secret signs, whereby they are known to one another all over the nation." This is a valuable statement from a foe to the Masonic society, occurring, as it does, in a printed work of the seventeenth century, and beyond doubt of any kind.

We presume our good friend, Bro. Norton, will no longer "doubt very much whether Bro. Hughan can with certainty prove that either speculative Masons or speculative Masonry, in our acceptation of the term, was known before Anderson and Desaguliers were initiated," for the records submitted of 1670 certainly date before the initiation of either of these well-known craftsmen, as they were not born until some years after that period!

In conclusion, let us say we have no desire to be "pat upon the back," but only to discover the truth. We recognize the right of Bro. Norton or any other Mason to challenge our statements, which appear from time to time in print, and are always pleased to make known our sources of information at any time. Brothers Woodford, Lyon and ourselves have been amused sometimes at our discoveries being plagiarized, but such conduct never causes any deeper feelings. We have at all times to gratefully recognize the hearty support afforded us by the Masonic press, particularly in England and the United States, and we have had no more earnest and faithful friends than those who like Bro. Norton, freely criticize our writings and acknowledge the importance of facts brought to the light. We may fairly, however, ask that our articles and works may be carefully read before being called upon to furnish the proof which has already been submitted.

UNCERTAINTY.

REV. HENRY G. PERRY.

Uncertainty is written high
And low on Nature's scroll;
Yet e'er sublime Philosophy
Decrees unto the soul,
Thy bourne is far above the sky,
Where nameless glories roll;
Blessed heir of all eternity—
The end is no uncertainty
'Tis the celestial goal!

Uncertain as a fitful dream
Are fortune, fame and power,
Whose hollow honours flaunt and gleam
And fade each passing hour;
Uncertain every human scheme,
But thou, immortal flower,
Shalt bloom throughout eternity!
The soul knows no uncertainty,
Tho' rude Time's tempests lower.

When Time itself its race hath run,
And o'er our earth shall fall
No more the sheen of star or sun,—
Blind ruin spreads its pall—
Thou, seraph soul, lov'd, lingering one,
Shalt spurn life's hated thrall;
Exultant and eternally
Triumphant o'er uncertainty,
Where spirit voices call.

Voice of Masonry, America.

Review.

(*Continued from page* 350.)

The Death of Ægeus, and other Poems. By W. H. A. Emra. London: Samuel Tinsely.

The principal poem is a dramatic one; the persons represented being Ægeus, King of Athens; a merchant, a fisherman, a messenger from Theseus; Theseus, son of Ægeus; and the chorus of Athenian old men. The whole scenery is laid upon and near to Mount Sunium; and Mr. Emra has succeeded in giving freshness to an old-world story, and is evidently a man of fine classical tastes.

The piece opens with the chorus before the tent of Ægeus, on the summit of the Attican promontory:—

"Rise, young dayshine, over the sea,
And the glimmering earth,
Rouse the white birds on the soaring cliff,
Till they shriek in their mirth;
And bring fresh life to the waking world
With thy purple birth."

The dream of Ægeus, as told by himself to the chorus, is powerfully written:—

"Now listen to the things I dream'd,
Just ere your voices woke me. Round me raged
The storm's full fury; yet me thought I stood
On this wind-lash'd and pathless precipice,
Unheeding of the rain which dash'd around,
Unheeding of the fury of the blast,
Unheeding of all things except the line
Of yon far-off horizon, kindled up
Into a long white streak of living fire
Each fitful moment. Suddenly, a pause,
A hush; the wild storm slept, and all was dark,
And then there came again a gust of wind
That sent a shivering through my aged limbs,
And dash'd me to the cliff. There, while I clung
With clench'd hands grasping at the rooted tufts,
A forked flash lit up the black abyss;
And as it play'd upon the distant wave,
I saw—ye gods! do I not speak the truth?—
I saw the doom-ship on that distant wave,
Black-sail'd, death-freighted,—and beside my ear,
With heaven's loud-crashing thunders intermixt,
Some voice was hissing,—'Fool, that lov'st a son,
He *was*, for whom thou watchest. Death is kind
To thee; thou shalt not live to feed thy woe
With all the store of past-day memories,
And thoughts of bold words and of bolder deeds.
But yet to join him in the Hades gloom,
To link love-arms together, and to crown
His shadowy brows with twisted asphodel,
And hear a faint voice call thee once again
"Oh, father, father!" that alone is thine!
Go, fool, and join him.' Then methought a grasp
Was on me—unresisting, forward bent,
Prone o'er the summit of the rock I fell;
And as I fell, once more the flashes lit
The wild cliff, and the wild birds shriek'd with fear
To see me falling, and I shriek'd and woke."

The scene between the fisherman and the chorus is a fine one:—

"FISHERMAN.
My news is for the king,
Not for such dotard ears as yours to hear.

CHORUS.
Fine are thy words; but we are here, his guards.

None passes if we do not. We will hear
What tidings thou may'st bring of good or ill.

FISHERMAN.

Oh, greed of gold! thou teachest men too much.
Their hoary heads would hear me, then retail
My words, and reap reward that should be mine.

CHORUS.

Out on thee, peasant born; in deed and word
True churl; what motive have we for reward?
Our work, to serve—our wages, a kind word,
A smile, a thankful trust—and not base gold.

FISHERMAN.

The high may scorn it, but the poor must seek it.

CHORUS.

Perchance; but think not all must think the same.

FISHERMAN.

All seek some wage, though it may not be gold.

CHORUS.

Peace to thy prating,—we will hear thy tale.
Should there be truth—not all a braggart's talk—
We then will say, Pass on. He will not stint
His gift for aught of hope about his son.

FISHERMAN.

Pledged? Are ye pledged by Zeus and his strong oath?
Bound are ye by the vow that none may break?
Then, friends, I trust you. Cast your eyes below:
See there in a creek of the bay, drawn up to land,
A light-sail'd craft—my hope, my home, my world.
In that, with two to aid to trim the sails,
Or range the nets, or let the anchor go,
For years the seas I've skimm'd, and know each isle,
Fair, rich, bleak, rocky, over all the sea.
Last week we plied by Naxos. We had fill'd
Full oft our boat, and changed our stock for brass,
Or barter'd it for things we need at home.
Then we would sail. But the gods sent a calm.
Windless, our craft lay useless. Overhead,
The noonday sun drew off the silent waves
A filmy haze, that wrapp'd the bush crown'd cliff,
'Neath which out flash'd a myriad motes of sand,
And whitest of all sights save newborn snow,
The tide sent up its spray-flakes, lingering
For the fresh strength to take them back again."

And so on. The reader must procure the poem for himself if he would once more enjoy the whole Ægean story as told in a new form by a young English poet of great promise. I had marked several more passages for quotation, but pass them by for want of space, hoping the reader who cares for the specimens already given, will buy the book, in which he will find much to please him, and nothing to offend the most fastidious.

From the shorter poems we must content ourselves with two extracts. The first is—

"DUST TO DUST.

Past the toil, so hard to bear,
Pain and hunger, want and care;
Past the fever and the strife
Of the pauper's struggling life;
Plain deal coffin, contract bought,
Common shroud, for paupers wrought,
And the narrow unmark'd mound
In the common burial-ground.

Poor in life, but not in death—
Poor in wealth, but rich in faith;
Shrunk the form those deal boards cover,
Rank the weeds, thick waving over;
But for him the gold heaps blaze
In a world beyond our gaze;
There, and not below the sod,
Lives the poor man, rich to God!

'Dust to Dust'—O formal prayer!
'Earth to earth'—so lay him there!
Leave him with no tear-drop shed,
Softly o'er the nameless head:
Leave him—angel tears shall flow,
Joy for sad life snatch'd from woe:
Lead him—vilest dust shall vie
With heaven's immortality!"

They who have read that valuable work, *The Schoolmaster* of Roger Ascham, and

revelled in his glorious description of that visit "to Brodegate in Leicestershire," to take his leave of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, before he went to Germany, will never forget how, when "her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park," he "found her in her chamber, reading *Phædo Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace." How she "wist all their sport in the park" was "but a shadow" to the pleasure she found in Plato, has been delineated for us by the pen of the honest Yorkshireman, with the minute fidelity to nature of a Flemish painter. To such lovers of literature, the following verses need no commendation :—

"LADY JANE GREY.

Shine, sunlight, through the blazon'd pane,
Spring morning, light the girlish hair,
Shed on that form thy golden rain,
That Danaë, self-imprisoned there,
Sweet student of the Good and Fair ;—
Her Plato's high ideals portray
The charms that sharp death cleft away.

Not useless the philosophy
Which told of Socrates' last breath,—
His calm voice taught her how to die,
Bade her be firm in her true faith,
That dawn when *she* was led to death.
When the grim axe-fall quench'd for aye
That unsought queendom of a day."

From a poet of such promise—whose purity is equal to his power—we may reasonably look forward to other volumes to help to enrich our noble English literature.

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE DYING CHILD.

BY MARY A. BERTRAND.

There is something unnatural in the death of a child. It is like the blight that withers the young buds—the untimely rains beating down the green corn. That the petals of the full-blown flowers should fall, seems only to follow in the right order of things; their mission is fulfilled, their odour is gone, the joy of their existence is past. We could not desire to detain them, excepting in the perfumes we may have extracted from them, as the essence of the minds of our poets, and artists, and sculptors, is left behind them in their works. The patriarch, "old and full of years," is fit for the sickle, like a field of ripe corn. In another aspect, however, the death of a child may be regarded as not so very sorrowful a thing; for as no one will deny that the fate of a rose-bud is much exalted when placed in the bosom of beauty, so, if we could sincerely believe that Providence takes our human blossoms to place them in a region of perfect bliss, we should the less regret their loss. Yet talk as we will upon the abstract question, the strong instincts of our nature will triumph over faith and philosophy when the time of trial comes; and when we see a woman so perfectly resigned as to shed no tear over the coffin of her child, we involuntarily shrink from her as an unnatural monster.

* * * *

An anxious mother, who sits by a little bed, on which her youngest child is lying. The doctor, with his kind, grave face, sits on the opposite side, and on him her eyes are fixed.

"Your fears are too well founded," he said, as he laid the little emaciated hand gently upon the coverlet; "it will be useless for me to call again; but I will do so if it will give you any satisfaction."

"Oh, yes! pray come again, sir," sobbed the poor woman.

"I warn you that nothing more can be done for him," said the doctor, "and that I can give you no hope of his recovery. However, I will look in in the morning, or, if you should wish to see me during the night, send for me, and I will come."

"God bless you, sir," said the woman, rising mechanically to light him down stairs.

"No, no; do not stir," he said, putting her gently back into her chair, "there is a light in the passage. I can find my way down."

For half the night the wretched mother continued to watch by the bedside of her dying child; and though already nearly worn out, how gladly would she have hailed the prospect of sitting up with him for twenty nights longer, with the certainty of his being then restored to health and strength!

For a short time, the hope of such a consummation gladdened her heart. The little sufferer opened his large languid eyes and asked for something to drink. The cooling beverage refreshed him. The wild look of fever was gone; he smiled and puckered up his thin lips—once so full and pouting—asking for a kiss.

"Do you feel better, darling?" asked the mother, with hope and despair struggling in her heart.

"Yes, mamma, much better. What will to-morrow be?"

"Monday, dear."

"I wonder whether I shall be well enough to go to the singing class."

His mother put her hand to her throat, and pressed it and swallowed, as if something were choking her, before she could find voice to speak.

"I don't think you will be well enough, Willy."

"Then I will practice at home," he replied. "Give me the book, will you, mother, dear? There it is on that shelf, wrapped up in paper."

She gave him the book, raised him up with pillows as he asked her, and then went to dispatch a messenger for the doctor, as "there was a great change, which she hoped was for the better."

When she returned to the room the little fellow was singing, in a weak but very sweet voice, one of the songs from his singing-book It was a childish ditty about birds and flowers.

"I hope, mother," he said, when the song was ended—"I hope when I die I shall be buried among flowers. and under the blue sky, and where the birds can sing all about me. I should not like to be put into one of those nasty London grave-yards."

"You shall not be put into one of them, my child, if I am alive to prevent it," replied his mother.

"Thank you, dear mamma. But I don't think I am going to die yet—do you?"

"I hope not, darling," she replied, but her heart-broken aspect belied her words.

"No, I think I must be getting much better, as I can sing again. I wish so to sing, you can't think, for Mr. Mainzer said I was a good boy the last time I went; and he patted me on the head, and said I was getting on very well. That was my favourite that I sang just now. But here's another one I know that you like better than that. Now, I'll sing your favourite, mother dear."

As he was singing the first words, "Be just and true," the door opened softly, and the doctor entered. His face was bright and anxious, but at the first glance upon his patient his countenance fell, and the wretched mother read the death-warrant in his dimmed and sorrowful eye.

"There, that's all," said the child, while the poor woman held her handkerchief over her mouth to stifle her sobs; "I shall go to sleep now, mother; it is quite dark. Give me a kiss. Good night."

He kissed her, turned on his pillow, and lay still.

MASONRY v. ANTI-MASONRY.

Suggested on seeing illustration of same in February No. Voice of Masonry.

J. D. C. HOLT.

In majesty that rock has stood,
Exposed to storm and breaker,
The pride of all discerning minds,
The work of our great Maker.
Oppression has no effort spared
That lofty crest to mar;
Her ships approach with shot and sail,
Retire with scarce a spar.

Creeds, too, have long that cliff assailed,
But vain proved each endeavour,
For there it's stood and there it stands,
A beacon light for ever.
It soars aloft above the waves,
Mad billows lash its side;
While unity and peace prevail,
No danger can betide.

Superstition has her votaries armed,
This peaceful realm to gain,
But fixed it stands amid the tide,
The victor of the main.
So let them set their minions on
With ignorance hand in hand,
And not a shot can they evoke
From this beleagured band.

In spite of all their deadly aim,
Her rampart colours fly;
She still with charity extends
A *silent*, firm reply.
As furious as the storm may dash
Against that rocky shore,
As often will their shafts rebound,
The same as heretofore.

Voice of Masonry, U.S.

THE PALACE OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

CARL MAUCH'S JOURNEYS IN SOUTH-EAST AFRICA.

[We take the following most interesting and very thrilling account from the *Guardian* of March 17th, and which we reproduce "in extenso," as it will repay perusal.—ED.]

Dr. Augustus Petermann's Geographical Miscellany (Erganzungsheft, No. 37, zu Petermann's *Geographischen Milthulungen*), published at the establishment of Justus Perthes, in Gotha, contains an abstract of the various journeys undertaken by Herr Carl Mauch between Natal and the Zambesi during the years 1865—1872, illustrated by an original chart showing his latest journey to the ruins of Zimbabye, thence northwards across the sources of the Sabia River to the head waters of the Luenza. a well-known auriferous tributary of the Zambesi, and from this, in a nearly easterly direction to Senna, a Portuguese town on the Zambesi, in latitude 17° 12′, and approximate longitude 35° 12′.

Of course, even in the fifty-two pages devoted to the subject it is only possible to give a mere outline of the various journeys, and in the limits of a review we can merely glance at those of minor importance, and notice but briefly those in which real exploration of countries unvisited by modern travellers (and in some cases known to us only from native reports collected by the early Portuguese) has been affected.

On the 15th January, 1865, the discoverer of our gold-fields escaped the dangers of the roadstead and the bar and entered the harbour of Natal.

We may again refer to his description of our railway, our wilderness between the station and the town, our fountains, and the mangroves and malaria bordering our bay, as well as his journey to Pietermaritzburg and excursions in its vicinity; but we must now briefly notice his first journey from Natal through the Orange Free State to Rustenburg in the Transvaal Republic, his graphic description of the waggon journey, of farmers' dwellings in the Transvaal, of the geology of Wikewaters Randt—the watershed between the Vaal River and Limpopo, and of his first year's residence in the Transvaal Republic, enjoying its beautiful climate and making himself acquainted with its mineral riches and its capabilities as a corn and fruit producing country, and its revelations of animal life which impress the new comer with wonder and astonishment at the apparently inexhaustible fertility of nature. His account of the derivation of the name of Potchefstroom is that the first syllable was taken from the name of the commandant Potgieter, the second "chief" indicated his rank, and the third linked the named to the stroom or river; and his night's lodging in an umbrageous, with a lion roaring round him, and the inhospitality of the suspicious Boers when they found him gold-seeking on their farms and threatened to shoot him are humorously described, as well as the march of a commando, which we will not spoil by abbreviating. But we cannot omit to say that the researches of Herr Mauch, combined with the knowledge of the Rev. Merenski and the enterprise of Mr. Frederiek Jeppe, Postmaster-General of the Transvaal, produced for us the first tolerably complete and reliable map of that Republic.

We come now to the more extended journeys northwards, by which Mauch achieved his Enropean reputation as an explorer and a discoverer of gold.

On the 15th of February, 1866, he met the veteran hunter, Mr. Henry Hartley (formerly of Bathurst, in the eastern province of the Cape Colony), who had already travelled to the Zambesi, a few miles below the Falls, and he had more recently gained the friendship and goodwill of the great Matabili chieftan, Moselekatse, and now enjoyed permission to hunt in his dominions. Hartley had long known the traditions current among the Boers of the gold beyond the Zoutpansberg, and while following the spoor of elephants over the vast tracts of country desolated by the conquests of the Matabili, had observed the surface workings of the former inhabitants (the Mashonas) on the numberless quartz reefs, and connecting them in his own mind with the legends above mentioned, sought further information from the survivors of that tribe, who now, as subjects to the Matabili, have taken service with him. In a few minutes Mauch

stated his plans and hopes, and received an invitation to accompany the hunter on his next journey to Matabililand. A couple of months later in the same year (1866) the expedition set out on its journey northwards, Mauch having as his sole means of geographical observation a pocket compass, while his little outfit of clothing and writing materials were packed in a small chest in the wagon. This occupation seemed inexplicable to the Matabili: his researches on the geology, the vegetation, and the natural history of their country aroused their suspicions, and, like all wild tribes, they looked upon the man who travelled with no ostensible and reasonable hope of profit, either from traffic or the chase, as either a spy with evil intentions towards their nation, or a lunatic who might be allowed "fool's liberty" so long as he kept out of active mischief.

The history of these journeys is somewhat too hurriedly passed over in notice before us, and we may therefore supply a few dates to enable our readers to understand what the energy and determination of the explorer enabled him to accomplish, with such imperfect means, and in the face of so many difficulties. On the 3rd of August, 1866, the party had halted on the Umvuli river, and there, between that river and a little tributary, probably the Simbo rivulet, he had discovered and marked down gold; this he placed by estimation in latitude 17° 40′, or about 30 miles too far north. A small error, indeed, considering that he had no instrument for astronomical observation; and in July, 1867, he had gained a point about 20 miles further on the Imbula River; during this journey he found gold in one place on the Umshezwie River, and no fewer than four on the Sebaque; and he had also discovered the precious metal on the Tati and the Impagne Rivers. He had mapped with a very close approximation to correctness the river and geographical features of this region, and had probably indicated its geology and the probability of finding the precious metal in the various parts of it.

In his own words, he sums up the results of the two journeys thus:—

"I give you short notice that I have been very successful in finding gold; not in small scarcely visible specks, but in great quartz; *i.e.*, goldfields, one of them more than 60 miles long, the other about 20 miles broad (length not then ascertained), besides numerous small parallel veins."

The letter was dated Potchefstroom, 2nd December, 1867, and on the 3rd he again writes:—

"Ivory, ostrich-feathers, and gold have always been considered the main products of Africa. The two first now form the chief remittances from here, but gold—aye, precious gold, has been hitherto been hid. But I speak now of days past, for Mr. Hartley, the elephant hunter, may count among the results of his last hunt the discovery of two goldfields of enormous extent; the first of which has been traced and seen in different latitudes to be more than 80 miles in length by 2 or 3 in breath; the other is 22 miles broad, and promises to be most valuable; in fact, rivalling the diamonds recently discovered near Hopetown—of the purest W—No. gold. Many smaller and so-called veins of the precious metal have likewise been discovered. The vast extent and beauty of these goldfields are such that at a particular spot I stood as it were transfixed to the place, struck with amazement at the sight, and for a few moments was unable to use the hammer. Thousands of persons might here find ample room to work without interfering with one another. I vouch for these facts, and specimens in my possession will prove them truth.—Signed C. MAUCH, Naturalist."

To be continued.

A CHINESE SOLOMON.

How he decides which of two men loved a woman best.

An unusual case, showing the fertility of resource and quickness of thought of the better class of the Chinese is reported by the *North China Herald* from Nankin. During the Taeping rebellion a married Chinaman resident in that city, joined a regiment which was ordered for service against the rebels. He did not return at the close of the struggle, and nothing being heard of him for several years afterwards, his wife believing herself a widow, listened to the advances of another man who professed love for her, and who pressed his suit so ardently that she consented to join

her lot with his. They went before the proper authorities, were made husband and wife, and lived together in conjugal happiness, as they believed—at all events, they were happy. This continued for a year or two, when the first husband presented himself, alive and well, and demanded the restoration of his wife.

"Oh, no," said No. 2; "you left her, remained away for years, nobody heard of you, she thought you dead and mourned for you. *We* are married now, and here are the papers."

No. 1, not having heard of the example of Enoch Arden, probably, still clamoured for his wife, and it was ultimately decided to take the matter before the Chensien. The magistrate listened attentively to both sides of the story, and at first appeared puzzled what course to take. The papers produced by the second husband were legal, but the first husband was obdurate, and would not yield. At length the magistrate told them to leave the wife in his hand for ten days, and then both to come back again for his decision. This was agreed to.

About the fifth or sixth day the magistrate in great haste sent for the two men, and with a mournful countenance informed them that the wife had been suddenly smitten with an illness which had proved fatal, and that she was dead; and he asked the first husband whether he would take away the body and provide for the funeral. This man demurred, said he wanted a living wife, not a dead one, and should have nothing more to do with the matter. Turning to the other, the magistrate put the same question to him, saying that one of them must remove the body. The man said he was very poor, but the deceased had been a good wife to him; they had loved each other dearly, and, cost what it might, he would raise the money and pay for the burial.

"Very well," said the magistrate, "then here she is—take her away with you."

And drawing aside a curtain showed the astonished men the wife, standing and living and in good health before them. It being clear that the first husband really cared nothing for her, she willingly abided by the magistrate's method of settling the complication. The only drawback to this story is, that we are unable to hand down to posterity, in plain English, the name of this Chinese Solomon.—*N. Y. Despatch.*

CROWN THE SACRED HILL.

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

Crown the Sacred HILL!
Raise the golden SHAFT!
God doth bless the cheerful will,
Oh, Brothers of the Craft!
Long, in sleep, Moriah lay,
Mourn her desolation day;
Now, awake, in accents clear,
Speaks, and willing Masons hear:—
To crown the Sacred HILL!
Raise the golden SHAFT!
God doth give the cheerful will,
Oh, Brothers of the Craft!

Bring each mystic Tool,
Old and worn they are,—
Trowel, Gavel, Line and Rule,
And Level, Plumb and Square.
Spirit of the ages gone,
Guide you to the Corner-stone!
Strangers wait you, loving Band,
Westward gazing, yearning stand,
To crown the Sacred HILL!
Raise the golden SHAFT!
God doth bless the cheerful will,
Oh, Brothers of the Craft!

Lo, the ruined Shrine!
Ours that mighty pile;
See on every stone the SIGN,
We know and love it well.
Though in dust the BUILDERS lie,
Though their works in ruin sigh,
Yon DEVICE in whispers read,
Give the lesson earnest heed,
To crown the Sacred HILL!
Raise the golden SHAFT!
God doth bless the cheerful will,
Oh, Brothers of the Craft!

Keystone, American.

A VERY LAMENTABLE LAMENTATION.

BEING A NEW BALLAD IN AN OLD STYLE.

They've lagged our mates so shameful,
They've taken a female, too,
How werry 'ard and flinty like
Is the arts of them men in blue.
What with inspectors and detectives
They wont give a "fellar" a chance,
And then in walks a chap from the *mint*—
I wish I'd got off to France.

We 'ad dun so werry werry well,
No hend of tizzies hand bobs,
But I must say as them as peached on us,
They is nothing more nor snobs,
For they've taken the bed from beneath our feet,
As well as our moulds and stuff,
And they've hactilly seized the book for working,
As hif they addunt bagged henuf.

250 new bobbies is a hawful loss
For an 'onest tradesman like me,
And then when they tuk the softer sects,
They did a cruel thing you see,
For werry hoften vere men hentirely fail,
A wuman she will succeed,
And I've known some werry leery ones
For to make the gudgeons bleed.

Well, I don't think much of Hold Hengland now,
And werry much less of the law,
I believe that heverything's a going wrong,
And hall is as cross has hever I saw,
For a poor feller now can be taken hup,
For the werry slightest thing,
And thimble-rigging haint wot it were,
And they've neerly busted the ring.

But wot I feels truly the most hon,
Is their treatment of a wuman,
I says as 'ow to search 'er pockets
Is certainly not human;
If they haddunt found that bag of bobbies,
We might 'ave got hoff afore the beak,
But 250 counterfeet shillings,
Does heverything helse but speak.

Still never say die, old matey,
And here's good luck to our 'ed,
If the Kops haddunt been down upon us,
We should 'ave 'ad a fustrate spread,
For we had got hon so werry prosperous,
And taken lots of the tradesfolks hin,
That we should 'ave done uncommon comfortable,
And made a little tin.

But hi ham allus down hon my luck, ham hi,
And hive got no more to say,
The pollis they wuddent give us a chance,
To get hourselves away.
We shall 'ave to do some wurk gratis,
And get, like Horton, thinner;
I wish they'd give hus somethin' better,
Than Government skilly for dinner.

BILL SIKES,
× His Mark.

A FEW EXTRACTS
FROM
A *RELATIVE* NATURAL HISTORY.

AUNT.—The Aunt is generally a domestic animal, sometimes *fat* and sometimes *lean*. They often have great affection for their nephews and nieces, which occasionally shows itself by "tips" of five or ten pound notes; when this is the case they are greatly to be admired.

BROTHER.—The Brother is sometimes a *wild* and sometimes a *tame* animal—often rather a bore. When tame, generally "very tame," and may then be known by *green* spectacles, a pale face, and fondness for "milk and watery" novels; when wild, by a weakness for betting, billiards, late hours, &c.

COUSIN.—The cousin is often a very *useless* animal. If of the opposite sex, may be used for ordinary flirtation; when of the same sex and *rich*, they may be *tried* for borrowing purposes (success doubtful). Often known as "hangers on."

DAUGHTER.—These are often *lovely* creatures, and may be seen *to advantage* at balls, flower shows, the opera, &c. They are often found playing the piano, singing, flirting, &c. Their chief characteristic is a love of dress and sentiment.

GRANDPA.—Is usually *aged*, with a fondness for being read to before—and a nap after—dinner. Will occasionally grumble, but, when of the "red nose" species, Old Port, applied at frequent intervals, will be found to have a soothing effect. May be known by comparing *youth* of the present generation with those of his *own*, not *always* to the former's advantage.

NEPHEW.—The Nephew when "awfully clever" at spending and *borrowing* money, may generally be considered a nuisance, as he is then continually asking favours. The only *certain* remedy is to send him abroad. Chiefly known by his *want* of cash.

UNCLE.—The uncle may be divided into *two* classes, "the jolly" and "the crusty." The jolly can be *bled* freely and still comes up smiling; but the crusty, if *once bit*, it is best not to try again, as he is then in a very dangerous state. Both kinds are generally found with either a gold or silver snuff box. After dinner may be considered the best time to see them *to advantage*.

R. A. J.