

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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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 ;
 ꝛef 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, ꝛef that thou conne,
 When *gloria tibi* is begonne ;
 And when the Gospel ys y-done,
 Azayn thou myꝝth knele adown ;
 On bothe thy knen down thou falle,
 For hyse love that bowꝝht us alle ;
 And when thou herest the belle ryng
 To that holy sakerynge,
 Knele ꝛe most, both ꝝyng and olde,
 And bothe ꝝor 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,
 ꝛer that y schal hennus go,
 And very contrycyon of my synne,
 That y never, Lord, dye thereynne ;
 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 myꝝht say, or sum other thyng,
 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 down vp on the flette,
 And pray to god wyth herte meke
 To zeue hem gracc and mercy eke.
 Soffere hem to make no here,
 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 ryng
 To that holy sakerynge,
 Teche hem knele downe boþe zonge & olde,
 And hoþe here hondes vp to holde,
 And say þenne in þys manere
 Feyre and softely wyth owte bere,
 "Jhesu, lord, welcome þow be,
 In forme of bred as I þe se ;
 Jhesu ! for thy holy name,
 Schelde me to day fro synne and schame ;
 Schryfte & howsele, lord, þou graunte 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 neuer to be for-lore,
 But whenne þat I schale hennes wende,
 Grawnte me þe blysse wyth-owten ende.
 AMEN.
 Teche hem þus oper sum opere þyng ;
 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 assassins. 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, Union of Masons of March, 1863.*



Woman—what is she made of? Is 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 headquarters 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, work-houses, 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 fre-

quently to be found in the Union work-houses, 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 work-house. 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 portrayed 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 uncontroversial 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 Marshalsea, 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 confidently 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 Plumptions, 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 Tipplers,
 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.

COELES.

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 archaeology 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 archaeological 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 "resumé" 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 *passé-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 give 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 Jerusa-

lem, 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 Uruk 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 Ethiopian 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 Cocklane 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 occurrence. 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 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 apparition, 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 every-
where,
Both in our happiest moments, as in those most de-
pressed by care.

E'en youth in all its glowing hours, and scener
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 al-
lotted 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 un-
changing doom,

Which turns your laughter into sobbing, your bright-
ness 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 un-
known,

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 dis-
appear,

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 FREE- MASONRY?

(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, unwearied 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 crane 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

* At the present time 150 orphan daughters of Freemasons are educated in a happy home.

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 immature young and tender candidates; the painful brandings which make sitting down impossible; the raw heads, red-hot poker, 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.

* 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 Archaeological 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 savagery, 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 marvellous 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 twilight 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 secrecy 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 *secrecy*, 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 unflinching 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 subvert 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 vigilance 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 pre-eminently 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 educat-

ing 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 dis-
pleasure,

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 rhythm with the notes.
Our steps, our thoughts, together,
As the music swells and dies;
While Edith sits on the stairway,
And smiles in unlooked 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."