

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF  
FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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## Monthly Masonic Summary.

The meeting of Grand Chapter was not marked by any business of importance, as the one point of interest was very wisely adjourned for future and careful consideration.

The first gathering of Masonic Charity, that of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, took place on the 27th January, under the presidency of Bro. the Earl of Shrewsbury. The meeting was large and enthusiastic, and the Lists of the Stewards produced in round numbers nearly £6,700, a very noble amount, £6,630 being announced in the room, with several lists to come in. This is indeed a good beginning for our Masonic charitable crusade in this year of light and grace, and we trust that our two succeeding anniversaries for the Girls' and Boys' Schools, may equally testify to the zeal of the Stewards, and the benevolence of our Order.

There is one question now which greatly interests the Order—where the Installation of H.R.H. the Grand Master Elect is to take place? Some have suggested the Alexandra Palace; some the Albert Hall; the last-named has been selected, and full notice of all the arrangements will be given to the Brethren. It is probable, that the Installation of our popular and Royal Grand Master, will draw together such a meeting of Freemasons, as has never been before witnessed, as not only is our Brotherhood a very loyal body always, under all circumstances and in every emergency, but, just now, warm and grateful are the feelings of the entire fraternity towards that august Brother, who, in an hour of great anxiety, so gallantly cast in his lot with us assailed and calumniated Freemasons.

Beyond this, we have little to report at home or abroad.

We hear of new Lodges being consecrated, and Freemasonry in Great Britain and the United States seems to be advancing with rapid strides. It may be a question deserving serious consideration, whether the staple of new membership is not becoming a little lowered, in con-

sequence of the number of applicants for admission. But that is, to say the truth, an evil not peculiar to the present system, or the passing hour, but is one of which we have always more or less to complain. Some correspondence has appeared on the subject in the *Freemason*, but the only practical and certainly only available remedy, lies in the hands of the members themselves.

A Bro. Valleton, who lives in London, the French Correspondent of "*Le Monde Maconique*," has been writing some amusing articles in that Journal on English Freemasonry. Amusing are his contributions, because, marked by a complete ignorance of the subject in which he professes so learnedly to hold forth. His letters are as good a specimen of "high falutin," and of the Masonic "Stump" as we have had the ill-fortune for some time to peruse.

He clearly has hardly ever been within an English Lodge; he knows nothing of our sentiment, sympathies, or "modus procedendi," but having a purely foreign "coup d'œil" of our teaching and ceremonial, and a continental views of the very advanced type, he amuses himself by running a muck at our peaceable, loyal, religious, English Freemasonry.

Well, it has not done us any harm, and we don't think will do us any. We are not likely to give up our principles or practices in consequence of Bro. Valleton's opinion of them, but his words serve to shew, how wide is after all the demarcation between true and pseudo Freemasonry, and how opposed to all the subversive theories, and unbelieving dogmas of foreign sciolists are the good old fashioned and steady going declaration of our English Brotherhood.

We are sorry to find that our able Bro. A. Mackey has had to discontinue the *National Freemason* from lack of support. We cannot understand the apathy of so enlightened a brotherhood as the Americans on the subject, but we are glad to note, that our able Brother is now acting as Joint Editor in the *Voice of Masonry* and *Family Magazine*. We wish him all success.

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## COMPARISON OF MSS.

[ROYAL MS. 17 A I.; COTTON MSS. CALIG.  
A. II.; CLAUD. A. II.]

These three MSS., though written in different hands, and nominally referring to different subjects, are connected very closely with one another, so much so that there are whole passages of exactly the same words in each, or rather, more strictly speaking, one of them contains passages which occur in one or other of the other two.

In describing them I will take each separately, and give a short account thereof. Perhaps, before doing so, I should say that I am not a Freemason, and, therefore, am unable to say much upon the special interest to members of the craft which they may have, holding it true that one should have some slight knowledge of a subject before one writes about it—a truism by no means sufficiently regarded in these days.

## I.

The Masonic Poem, Roy. MS. 17 A. I.

This manuscript is a small book of thirty-three vellum leaves, measuring four inches by three. The text is in a hand of about the \* latter portion of the 14th century, or quite early 15th century, fairly written in black, with rubricated headings. There are no attempts at illumination, either of borders or initial letters, the margins being left perfectly plain. The letters used are of an upright form, and of what is usually called the Gothic type. In accordance with the usual custom of the time the old Saxon letter (borrowed from the Runic alphabet) known as *thorn* is used to represent the sound of *th*. In later times this letter was confounded with *y* and so written, but in the MS. under consideration this confusion had not yet begun, and a different letter, always dotted, is used in the case of the sound of *y*. The only other peculiar letter is the Saxon *g* (written somewhat like the *z* of modern English manuscript), and this is used in many words which now begin with *y*. The

\* The MS. has been even said to be middle 14th century. It is in our humble opinion more 14th than 15th.—ED.

MS. is in good preservation, the vellum rather thick, and but slightly discoloured by age, and no leaves are wanting.

As to the subject matter of the poem, much has been said upon it by Mr. J. O. Halliwell, who has edited a printed edition of it as part of an early History of Freemasonry. He maintains that the poem is a veritable record of the Masonic craft, and so indeed it doubtless may be, in the sense of being a poem on the trade of building, and on the guild of Masons, but it seems to be very little else besides that, and appears to have very little connection with what an outsider generally understands by Freemasonry, though, as I before implied, I cannot consider myself qualified to give an opinion on the subject. To me it seems from what I read therein to be nothing more than a metrical version of the rules of an ordinary mediæval guild, or perhaps a very superior and exemplary sort of trade's union, together with a number of pieces of advice for behaviour at church, and at table, or in the presence of superiors, tacked on at the end.

The subject of the poem is on this wise. It begins with an account of the origin of Masonry, or, as it is called, Geometry, which it attributes to Euclid, and mentions Egypt as the birth-place of the Art. The preliminary discourse ends with the story of the introduction of Masonry into England by King Athelstan :

“Thys craft com into England as y you say,  
In tyme of good Kyng Athelstonus day,  
He made the bothe halle and eke bowre,  
And bye templeis of gret honoure,  
To sportyn hym yn bothe day and nygth,  
Au to worschep hys God with alle hys  
mygth.”

It then tells of how fifteen articles and fifteen points of Masonry were made by Athelstan, and on each of these points and articles it has something to say. They are very simple, and consist chiefly of good advice to Master Masons in the choice of apprentices, and in their behaviour towards their fellows, applicable to any trade as well as to Masonry, and, in some cases, to any men, whether of any craft or not. It is curious, however, to note that the word *lodge* (spelt “logge”) as applied to meetings of the craft, is used several times in these pieces of advice. The “points” are followed by a section of about three hun-

dred lines' length, consisting of advice for behaviour in church, and at other times. The passage begins with citing the example of the "Quatuor coronati," or Four Crowned Martyrs, who appear to have been Masons, and are commemorated in the calendar on the octave of All Saints (Nov. 8), or, as the poem gives it:—

"Whoso wol of here lyf yet mor knowe,  
By the bok he may hyt schowe,  
In the legent of Scanctorum,\*  
The names of quatuor coronatorum,  
After Alle Haloven the eyght day."

The directions for church time, which are very simple, and of no very unusual stamp, referring chiefly to the celebration of mass, and the directions for behaviour at table, etc., will be treated of under the MS. of the poem "Urbanitatis." The importance of these to the subject, however, is very considerable, for they form the connecting link between the three poems, since the one set, that is to say, the rules for church time occur almost word for word in the "Instructions for Parish Priests," and the other similarly in the poem "Urbanitatis."

## II.

"Urbanitatis." [Cotton MS. Caligula  
A. II.]

This poem occupies but a small part of a large collection of early English poems on various subjects, known in the Museum catalogue by the enigmatical name of *Caligula A. II.* Perhaps it may be as well to explain here the origin of the name, though it has not the slightest connection with the contents of the volume. The MS. forms part of the collection made by Sir Robert Cotton, in whose library each press or book-case was surmounted by a bust of one of the Roman Emperors. Each shelf was lettered, and each book upon it numbered, and thus the MS. under consideration was the second book on the A. (or top) shelf of the press dedicated to Caligula.

The volume is written on paper in double columns, in a clear and upright hand of the 15th century, and contains some two hundred leaves. The contents are for the most part early narrative—poems, with one or two didactic pieces. It

begins with a curious alliterative poem, entitled "Sussan," which is a metrical version of the History of Susanna. This is followed by some Romances, in rhyming verse, such as the story of "Eglamour of Artois," and the Arthurian poem of "Launfall Miles" (the latter being simply the history of Sir Launcelot of the Lake), and the quasi-historical account of "Octavian Imperator." Besides these there is the curious and well-known poem of "Tundale," and two metrical lives of saints, namely, those of Jerome and Eustace. Bound up with these at the end of the volume are the decrees of general Chapters of the Carthusian Order, together with its Constitutions, on a leaf of which part of the book is inscribed the name of "Thomas Cooke de Mylton," probably its former owner.

The poem "Urbanitatis" itself is very short, and occupies not more than three columns. It consists of minute directions for behaviour—(1) in the presence of a lord; (2) at table; (3) among ladies. Some of these directions are curious, but some also there are which may not well be written down here, and strange indeed it is to think that it should have been found necessary to give them at all, for they show a state of manners more notable perhaps than praiseworthy. Perhaps, however, the intention of the author is to leave no point unprovided for.

In the "Liber Niger," a book of exchequer accounts and household ordinances (temp. Hen. II.), mention is made of what is there called the "Booke of Urbanitie," and, doubtless, it is the same as the one now treated of. It is there recommended to the notice of the *henomen* (henchmen) or pages of the king, who were to be instructed out of it in all good behaviour.

The last hundred lines of the "Masonic Poem" are almost word for word the same as the whole of this poem, and vary only in spelling, and in a few slight differences of reading. To show this similarity I will now give the first few lines of "Urbanitatis," followed by the parallel passage in the "Masonic Poem."

"Whso wylle of nurtur lere,  
Herken to me & ye shalle here,  
When thou comeste be fore a lord,  
In halle yn bowre or at the borde,  
Hoode or kappe thou of tho,  
Ere thou come hym all on to,

\* *Legenda Sanctorum.*

Twyse or thryse withowten dowte,  
To that lorde thou moste lowte,  
With thy rygth kne lette hit be do,  
Thy worshyp thou mayst saue so,  
Holde or thy cappe & thy hood also  
Tylle thou be byden hit on to do."

The same from the "Masonic Poem :"

" When thou comest before a lorde,  
Yn halle yn bowre or at the borde,  
Hod or cappe that thou of do,  
Yer thou come hym allynge to,  
Twyes or thryes withoute dowte,  
To that lorde thou moste lowte,  
With thy rygth kne let hyt be do,  
Thyn owne worschepe thou save so,  
Holde of thy cappe and hod also,  
Tyl thou have leve hyt on to do."

The text of "Urbanitatis" has been printed by the Early English Text Society, in 1868, as part of a volume on Manners and Meals in Olden Times, edited by Mr. F. J. Furnivall.

### III.

John Mirk's Instructions for Parish Priests.

(Cotton MS. Claudius A. II.)

This work, perhaps more interesting than either of the foregoing, forms part of a volume of English pieces mostly in prose, and is written on vellum, in a hand of the latter part of the 15th century.\* Several different scribes appear to have been employed upon it, though much about the same time, and, as is often the case in English books of that period, the writing is clear and easy to read.

The author, John Mirk, or Myrkus, as his name is here Latinized, was a canon regular of the Augustinian Order, belonging to the Monastery of Lylleshul (*hodie* Lilleshall), in Shropshire. It has been conjectured that this poem, avowedly translated from a Latin work, called in the colophon "Pars Oculi," was an adaptation from a similar book by John Mirceus, prior of the same monastery, entitled "Manuale Sacerdotis," and there is certainly some similarity between the two, though that of the prior is much longer and fuller. Mirk was also the author of certain sermons for festivals, which are included in this volume under the title of "Festialis."

\* The Early English Text Society give the date also of 1420.

The poem contains instructions for the manners, dress, and general conversation of the clergy, for preaching, hearing confessions, baptising (including directions to the effect that children likely to die are to be, in case of necessity, baptised by midwives), marriages, preparation for confirmation, etc., and full directions for behaviour at mass. After a few minor details of behaviour, addressed both to a priest and his parishioners, instructions are given on prayer and the seven sacraments, and a treatise on the seven deadly sins, for the use of a priest in the confessional, closes the poem.

It is remarkable that those who look upon the middle ages or Pre-reformation era as a time given up to superstition, will find little in support of their theory here. The advice is plain straightforward morality, of a sort that might be preached in any church at the present day. As may be supposed, the dogmatic teaching is Catholic, but it is set forth in a manner as plain and straightforward as the morals, and the greatest care is taken to leave nothing so far unexplained as to be able to be turned to a superstitious meaning. Thus it is clearly set forth that the "holy bread," (similar to the "pain benit" of the Parisian churches, and the *ἀντιδωρον* of the Eastern Church, and a remnant probably of the Early Christian *ἀγάπη*) is not the Body of Christ, and is not intended to be looked upon as a substitute for that Sacrament, and as in many other cases, the people are to be made well aware that there is no connection between the two. As a specimen of the language and style of the poem, it may be interesting to give the versions of the two great prayers of the Catholic Church, the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary," as rendered in English in this poem, and it is, perhaps, worthy of note that in the latter prayer the second part "Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus et nunc et in hora mortis nostræ," is omitted.

Fader owre that art in heuene,  
Halowed be thy name with meke stouene  
Thy kyngdome be for to come,  
In us synfulle alle and some,  
Thy wylle be do in erthe here,  
As hyt ys in heuene clere,  
Owre uche dayes bred we the pray,  
That thou geue vs thys same day,

And forgyue vs owfe trespas,  
 As we done hem that gult vs has,  
 And lede vs in to no fondynge,  
 But schelde us alle from evel thynge.  
 Amen.

Hayl be thow Mary fulle of grace,  
 God ys wyth the in euery place,  
 I-blessed be thow of alle wymmen,  
 And the fruyt of thy wombe Ihesus.  
 Amen.

The M.S. has been edited for the Early English Text Society, by Mr. E. Peacock, and is to be found in one of the 1868 volumes of their publications. The similarity between this and the "Masonic Poem" has been already pointed out in the number of this Magazine for November, 1874.

R.S.

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### THE HOUR GLASS.

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Life's sands are dropping, dropping,  
 Each grain a moment dies ;  
 No stay has Time, no stopping,  
 Behold, how swift he flies !  
 He bears away our rarest,  
 They smile and disappear,  
 The cold grave wraps our fairest ;  
 Each falling grain's a tear.

Life's sands are softly falling,  
 Death's foot is light as snow ;  
 'Tis fearful, 'tis appalling  
 To see how swift they flow ;  
 To read the fatal warning  
 The sands so plainly tell,  
 To feel there's no returning  
 From death's dark shadowy dell.

Life's sands give admonition  
 To use its moments well ;  
 Each grain bears holy mission,  
 And this the tale they tell ;  
 "Let zeal and time run faster,  
 Each grain some good afford,  
 Then, then at last the Master  
 Shall double our reward.

### WAITING FOR HER—A MESMER- IST'S STORY.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER II.

We were still sitting round the fire. Philip had just put a great log of wood on, and Lizzie was saying that it was far too pleasant to have the lights brought in yet ; it was so cosy, sitting in the fire-light listening to uncle's story.

"Take another glass of wine, uncle," Tom said, "you will be getting tired of talking."

"Well, I think I will, my boy," uncle Archdale replied, rousing himself. He had been looking dreamily into the fire for the last ten minutes, and had never spoken a word.

"Now, boys, you must look after yourselves," he said cheerily, "remember this is Liberty Hall. Tom, I think the bottle is with you ; and you young ladies, I suppose you would like to go up to the drawing room and have some music."

"Oh, please, uncle, we would much rather stay here and listen to your story. Let Mary bring in the coffee," Lizzie put in. She was the eldest, and therefore fit spokesman—spokeswoman, I should say.

"As you please, young people," he answered, "as you please."

So we had tea downstairs, and aunt Miriam rang the bell and gave the desired order.

Aunt Miriam was uncle Archdale's elder sister, who kept house for him. A very quiet old maid, with whom we did just what we liked. She was a maiden lady, I should say, not an old maid: the distinction is obvious. I know many a dear old maiden lady, with no queer ways, no cold-hearted whims and oddities, no desire to snub young people and backbite their neighbours, but women with warm young hearts and generous sympathies, always trying to do their best to win the love of all around them, by their deeds of beneficence and charity ; always striving to merit the approbation of the Almighty Giver of all good things, the Ruler of us all. I did not mean to digress in this way, but I can't bear to hear people carp-

ing at single ladies for being single. Dear me, I know many an one single from choice; and let me tell you, young people, it's my belief that there are very few women indeed but have had chances of marrying, if they liked.

"Well, my dears," uncle began, "I suppose you wish me to go on with my story."

"Yes, yes," we all answered.

"Imagine then, my dears," uncle went on, "that two years had passed away. I was entered at St. Thomas' Hospital. Dr. Elliotson was then assistant physician there; he had been elected to that post in 1817. It was not till 1837 that he owned himself the leader of the mesmeric party; but at this time, 1824, mesmerism was much discussed amongst the students at St. Thomas', and about three years later Professor Gregory, who filled the Chair of Chemistry at Edinburgh, had his attention drawn to the subject by Monsieur Courdet, of Geneva, who had seen the famous cases of Dr. Petelin, of Lyons, whose work on the subject I read.

"I had become much interested in the subject, and had determined, if opportunity should offer, to try for myself the truth or falsehood of mesmerism.

"An opportunity did offer, and sooner than I had expected. But I must not anticipate. Since the day when I gave up the charge of Milicent, I had never seen her but twice. She had gone home, had speedily recovered, and the last tidings I had heard of her were that she was engaged to be married to a young clergyman who had recently come to reside in the neighbourhood of Orley House, Mr. Bertram's residence.

"Mr. Bertram, Milly's father, was a gentleman of great pride and of undoubted ancestry. The barony of Bertram, of which he was one of the descendants, had fallen into abeyance in 1311, when Roger, son and heir of the first baron (so created 1264), died, leaving an only daughter, Agnes, who, dying *sine prole*, as the heralds say, the barony fell into abeyance amongst the descendants of her four aunts, daughters of the first lord. I merely mention this to show that if he was proud of his family and lineage, length and nobility of descent were some excuse. He owned a small estate in the country, and had contracted but few intimacies amongst his neighbours, your father being, how-

ever, one of the notable exceptions to this rule of non-fraternity.

"I don't think I ought to blame Milly for changing so suddenly. She had not indeed changed really, only she had fancied she loved me, and now she found she did not. Looking back upon it now, I *cannot* blame her. I had now been some two years in London, and had never written to her, as, indeed, I had no right to do; but though my sister had seen her often, she never sent a kindly message to me, perhaps fearful to give me encouragement, and I, equally proud with herself, never expressed any desire to know how or where she was. I knew she *liked* me, but I knew also that she did not *love* me. So, I had been waiting for a sign of the change, and this was the sign.

"My own Milly—the idol of my heart—the one hope of my life—she to whom I had sacredly and secretly affianced myself, as I madly thought, though she, poor girl, had never been a party to the bargain—she whom I so fervently, passionately, and deeply loved, had bestowed the whole wealth of her affection upon another, and I was left alone. What would I not give to make her love me! What would I not do to make her wholly mine. A sudden thought came over me, and made me shudder, as I pictured it in my mind.

"What was this new science of mesmerism? this wonderful power of fascination? Could it be used to make her bow to my will? Could I make her yield to my wishes?

"I should tell you that I lodged in London with one Mrs. Wingrove. Ralph Wingrove, who was a distant connexion of her husband's, and who was my chum at St. Thomas', first took me there, and I soon changed my quarters to come and live with the family at Bloomsbury. Kate Wingrove was a sweet, nice girl, very lady-like, with black ringlets and a pale face.

"They were what I am afraid Mr. Thackeray would call a shabby-genteel family; indeed, Mrs. Wingrove was a decayed gentlewoman, who was forced to make a living out of her boarders. I rather think they fancied I wanted to marry Kate. We certainly were great friends, and I was very much interested in her, poor girl, for there was something indescribably mysterious that attracted us to each other's society far oftener, perhaps,

than was good for either. Mrs. Wingrove trusted Kate and trusted me so thoroughly, however, that there was no bounds to our intimacy.

"I think in this she was wrong, as the sequel will show.

"Ralph and I were tyros in mesmerism. One day he said to me, 'I say, Herbert, did it never strike you that Kate would make a good clairvoyant? I think that's the new name for these ecstatic mesmeric subjects.'

"Well, I will confess the idea has entered into my mind,' I said.

"Why not try her,' he went on.

"I don't know, I'm sure; perhaps she would object.'

"Not a bit of it, old fellow—not at your hands, I promise you.'

"Well, some day we'll try the experiment, if Kate's agreeable.'

"Singularly enough, that very night Kate was complaining of neuralgia in the face and head.

"I offered to try and cure her, and then began our mesmeric *seances*. Would to God they had ended there. In ten minutes I had succeeded in putting her into a profound sleep. Mrs. Wingrove and Ralph were both present. In five minutes more I required her to awake, refreshed and recovered. And she did so.

"Charmed with my success, we were led to make further experiments, and I soon found that Kate possessed the true clairvoyant faculty.

"The study of animal magnetism is a strangely fascinating one. I had yielded to its subtle influence, and within six months I had so completely gained possession of Kate's will, that I could send her into a profound slumber in the course of a minute or two.

"I remember one night when she had gone off into a state of *coma*, and I was asking her questions relating to all things from time unto eternity, she suddenly startled me by saying, 'I see a fair lady, with such a sweet, sad, pensive face,' she added; and in a minute she continued, 'it is the same face as that in your locket.'

"Where is she?' I asked.

"I cannot tell.'

"But you must,' I replied; and I touched her heaving bosom, her eyes, and her lips with a little magnetized steel rod which I carried about with me, at the

same time placing in her hand the locket containing Millicent's likeness, and a lock of her beautiful hair.

"My good sister Miriam (your aunt there) had procured this a year or two ago, and I always wore it next my heart. Milly did not even dream of its existence.

"In a minute or two, with a deep-drawn sigh, she said, like one speaking in a dream, 'I see now. She is standing in a garden which crowns a lofty hill—a pretty house, built like an Elizabethan cottage, is behind her. In the distance is a wide-spreading landscape, with great hills on either side, and the river running between. She is talking with a gentleman.'

"What is he like?' I asked.

"Well, he is tall and slight, with auburn hair and large eyes. He is pale and rather sickly looking, and looks like a clergyman.'

"My rival,' I thought.

"Yes, your rival,' she answered to *my thought*. I started. 'Had it come to this,' I said to myself, 'that she can even read another's thoughts.'

"Well,' I said, 'do you think you can impress her with the thought that I love her?'

"That you love her?' she repeated painfully.

"Yes.'

"I will try," she said, in a mournful tone; 'but you must will it, too, with all your power.'

"Presently a smile crept over her face, and she murmured, 'It is done. I see her start, and then grow sad and thoughtful. She is thinking now she wishes she could love you.'

"Is there any hope?'

"Yes,' she said fervently, after a long pause. 'Yes, if —'

"If what,' I urge, impatiently.

"If your rival were out of the way.'

"Out of the way,' I muttered to myself. 'Out of the way?' A horrid thought seized me. 'Can you impress *him*?' I said fiercely.

"For your sake I will try.' For my sake! What was this? I paused to collect my thoughts. I let her rest awhile while I think. That last effort did her harm, I fancy, for she put her hand to her side and complained of her heart beating so fast and feebly. She had said to me

once, 'You can do anything with me, I am powerless in your hands; you will kill me some day.'

"Do impress him, then, for me. Haunt him,' I said sternly. 'Let him think this of Milicent—*she shall be mine, not thine.*'

"Take my hand, press it hard,' Kate answered, 'and send your will with it.'

"I did so; she remained quiet for a minute, and then half rose from the sofa on which she was reclining, heaved a deep sigh, and fell back, apparently utterly exhausted.

"Wake me,' she said; 'wake me. I am in pain.'

"I got up for a moment, slowly made the passes over her, and firmly replied, 'Be calm, and be refreshed.' In a few minutes she recovered, but again begged me to awake her.'

"Did you affect him?' I ask.

"Yes.'

"How?'

"When you pressed my hand, I went to him, and I impressed him with your thought.'

"What did he do?'

"He fell to the ground.'

"What then?'

"I could see no further."

"I mused awhile. 'Kate,' I said at length, 'I want to talk to you. Sleep for an hour,' I continued; 'sleep, and be refreshed.'

"I waved my hands slowly over her for a few minutes, until she sank into a slumber so profound as to startle the neophyte magnetist, but I knew that she would derive fresh vigour and support from so peaceful a slumber, and would be of more service to me in my schemes when she recovered.

"Kate's was a dual existence now. I was sapping her very life's blood to attain my own selfish end; but what did I care for that? I loved Milicent, and I had determined she should be mine. Circumstances had been against me of late. Mrs. Bertram, even before Milly was engaged to Mr. Thornton, had discovered my secret, and had discouraged my visits to the house in consequence. I had not yet got my certificates from the College of Surgeons, so was not in anything like a position to offer.

"I had thought the Bertrams were

mercenary; but it was clear they were not so, or they would not have allowed their daughter to be engaged to so poor a man as this Mr. Thornton must be. If I could only drive him away—I did not wish to do him harm—perhaps she might get to like me. 'In love and war all politics are fair,' I said to myself. I don't suppose it will harm him. What I had resolved to do you will soon learn, my dears.

"In an hour exactly Kate awoke, that is to say, she came out of the death-like trance in which she was previously. I should tell you that when Kate was awake to self-consciousness she liked me, that was all. When she was under the influence of my magnetic power she loved me—she was my slave. It is an awful power for one human being to have over another. Mesmerism, like other of God's good gifts, can be perverted to evil.

"Kate,' I said, 'I want you to help me; will you do so?'

"Yes.'

"Whatever I ask you to do?'

"Yes,' she answered slowly, almost sorrowfully, 'whatever you command, I must obey.'

"Then I wish to marry Milicent.'

"Do you?' she murmured, with a sigh.

"Yes, and you can help me win her, by removing all obstacles from my path. Look for the clergyman. Do you see him?'

"After a long while she muttered painfully, 'No; I cannot find him.'

"I touched her with the rod of steel. She bounded as if a flame of fire had darted through her, and then replied faintly, 'I see him.'

"Where?' I ask.

"In the house; he is reclining on the sofa, and they are all round him.'

"What is he saying?'

"He is telling them that he had a horrid dream, that was all; that some one came behind him, and pressed his hand so painfully that he turned round, but no one was there, and he heard words like this—*Milicent, she shall be mine, not thine.*'

"I smiled at this triumphantly, and then I formed a resolution. 'Kate, you can wake now,' I said, and she awoke.

"I resolved then in my own mind that I would haunt him.

(To be continued.)

THE PRESENT.

Dim are the clouds above us,  
 As on our pathway lies ;  
 Stern brows and wistful glances,  
 Sad faces, tearful eyes,  
 We note in all that toiling crew,  
 Which early and which late,  
 Advance with hurrying, halting steps  
 Along the path of fate.

All have their load of sorrow,  
 All have their claims of care,  
 We see the decadence of man  
 Confronts us everywhere ;  
 The weaknesses of earthly stiaus,  
 The griefs which never end,  
 The petty miseries of our race,  
 Base actions, faithless friend.

If youth has sometimes jocund smiles,  
 And boasts of spirits high,  
 How soon those smiles and spirits pass,  
 When darker hours draw nigh ;  
 How often laughing infancy,  
 How often joyous youth,  
 Yield to the sad experience  
 Of age's sterner truth.

We once were full of pleasant dreams,  
 The sun could gild the scene,  
 The deep blue sky above us  
 Was cloudless and serene ;  
 To-day the stormy billows  
 Of life's more boisterous shore,  
 Have driven away that peaceful calm,  
 Which can be ours never more.

For fancy's cold, and hope is gone,  
 Affection's waned and dead,  
 The fond pure tones of sympathy  
 Have long since fleetly fled ;  
 The smiles of many a fragrant moment,  
 Our castles in the air,  
 Have left us wan and jaded—  
 The world is everywhere.

And so our present has for us  
 Often a dim-earth hue,  
 For the colours gleam before us  
 Daily darker to the view ;  
 Around us are confusion,  
 And numerous doubts and fears :  
 What else, alas ! is still the sum  
 Of all our life-long years ?

Yet for those to whom this present  
 E'en now is all-in-all,  
 To whom in sceptic unconcern  
 All scenes of time befall,  
 To whom the changing aspects  
 Of this earth are earthly ever,  
 Vain is the solemn sense of truth,  
 Kind faith, or fond endeavour.

To them this world is nothing  
 But gaud, and pomp, and show ;  
 For them this being has no meaning  
 For us sojourners below ;  
 If life departs, as pass it will,  
 'Tis but the end of man,  
 'Tis but the pause of the machine—  
 The closing of the plan.

But those who look, in love and faith,  
 Beyond the present hour,  
 Beyond the trials which alarm,  
 Beyond the storms which low'r,  
 They still can find a meaning  
 In all of human sight,  
 Which tells them aye of better hopes,  
 Eternal, pure, and bright.

The present is not all for us,  
 Nor is it our all-in-all,  
 Its scenes are only passing,  
 Its pleasures ever pall ;  
 There is a happier hour,  
 When the present's gone and past,  
 When life and time have vanish'd,  
 And God's future dawns at last.

ORATION, BY S. C. DENNISON, OF  
SACRAMENTO.

Most Worshipful Grand Master and Brethren of the Grand Lodge:—To us who have grown to manhood amid the resounding machinery of modern progress it does not appear surprising that we sit to-day around the common altar which we have established in this beautiful temple, "erected to God and dedicated to his holy name;" but to our patriot fathers who, within the present century, held dubious title to their firesides, in constant warfare with wild beasts and savages, how improbable would have seemed a prophecy that a Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons would be convened under the present circumstances, on the verge of the western world, where the pulses of the Pacific Ocean throb and the setting sun takes its leave of the American continent.

The fact that we are here to-day is but one more demonstration that our Order is founded upon living principles of broad and universal application.

Those valiant sons of knighthood and chivalry, who in ancient times rode forth emblazoned with the crude emblems of our Order, and illuminated a dark and cruel age with deeds of heroism and mercy, never imagined, even in their wildest dreams of romance, that the principles of justice and charity which they could maintain only by fostering the martial spirit, would survive the assaults of superstition and fiendish folly in religious guise, and finally arise triumphant, and build for themselves temples in the hearts of an enlightened people to live in a world to them unknown.

From the windows of this Grand Lodge room we look to-day, with pride and admiration, upon a city grand and beautiful, teeming with life and reverberating with a thousand industries—the centre of a large and constantly increasing population—the only city in the world presenting the compactness of apparent antiquity, and, at the same time, embellished with the symmetrical beauty of modern architecture.

Upon the crowded thoroughfares the European, the Saxon, the Celt, the Asiatic, and the tawny sons of the isles of the

ocean, meet upon a common level of civil and religious liberty, each intent upon working out for himself the solemn problems of life,

A few short years ago the site of this splendid city was a waste of shifting sands. For untold ages had the stars of heaven kept silent watch by the unpeopled portals of the sea, while none but ships of mist rode at anchor in this beautiful port.

It was long after the intrepid Columbus discovered and presented a new world to the Queen of Castile, that the first civilized man stood upon the mountain's summit and gazed in raptured wonder upon the placid waters of the Pacific Ocean; and later still, when the English corsair and Spanish buccaneer dropped anchor in San Francisco Bay; while far up in the nineteenth century this bright land of the vine and fig, the shining metal, and the golden harvest, was so little known that even the greatest of American statesmen characterized it as a land fit only for the habitation of reptiles and beasts of prey.

The votary of an occult science looked to the crucible of the alchemist for gold; wiser and more courageous, the Californian pioneer sought and found it in the mountain's gorge in the land of the sunset.

Scarcely a quarter of a century has elapsed since this fair State was an unexplored waste; and now, no land beneath the sun is better known for its wonderful productions, or for the enterprize and intelligence of its people.

To the accomplishments of these splendid results, Masonry has contributed in no small degree. Full well do we know that a firm reliance on the universality and reality of Masonic charity moved many of our bravest, wisest and noblest pioneers to endure the hardships and perils incident to their immigration and the conquest of a remote and mysterious land.

Amid all the excitements and distresses, and the moral and political revolutions caused by the pouring in of a cosmopolitan population, Masonry was neither forgotten nor entirely neglected, but constantly raised its kind and pleading voice in solemn admonition, and undoubtedly exerted a mighty influence in moulding the destinies and giving character to the State.

This beneficent work of the past indicates that we have before us opportunities

involving high duties and presenting a field for unprecedented achievements; while the past history of our society formulates this distinct proposition:—*The genius of Masonry is productive and conservative of republican institutions.*

By becoming Masons we are none the less integral parts of the body politic, and as such should carefully study our Order and ourselves in the relations that it and we bear, collectively and individually, to the State and to our fellow citizens.

Upon the very threshold of Masonry we are taught to "be quiet and peaceable citizens, true to our government, and just to our country," and "not to countenance disloyalty or rebellion, but patiently submit to legal authority, and to conform with cheerfulness to the government of the country in which we live;" but this is the bare suggestion of a thought to be constantly elaborated, and we, as members of an enlightened and conservative craft, owe it to ourselves, our Order, and the Government which sanctions our lives, protects our property, and approves the celebration of our ancient rites and ceremonies, to devote untiring service to that Government, and to purify, preserve, and protect it from political gangrene and decay.

And just here, lest my position be misunderstood, I take occasion to declare that I would not have our excellent Order become a political body or interfere in partisan issues. I am proud to say that from time immemorial, the Masonic lodge-room has been a sanctuary where the disturbing elements of partisan politics could not enter or mar the fraternal harmony; but as men and citizens, we have enjoyed the broadest discretion in the exercise of individual duty to the State.

I am not of those who believe the world is growing worse, nor do I believe that wickedness is the handmaid of enlightenment; but with the present facilities for the transmission of news we hear more of current gossip. And again, the unusual and remarkable incident attracts attention, so that more is said, thought, and written of one vile act, than of ten thousand noble, virtuous deeds that invoke the applauding smiles of angelic hosts.

But we have no right to justify ourselves by the standard of the past. We claim to be wiser than our predecessors,

and ought to be better and purer than they.

In the midst of all our intelligence, crime like a grim demon stalks through the land; error goes capering through the highways and by-ways; and corruption, like the obscene vulture, sits unbidden at the public feast, and threatens to taint and pollute what it does not destroy. So long as these things exist, our field of labour is extensive, and we must not sit idly by the wayside and see the clouds of error obscure the warming rays of freedom's light.

A vigorous and concerted effort should be made by our benevolent fraternity to foster, mould, and create in the public mind sentiments of honour, patriotism and self-sacrificing devotion to the affairs of state.

Governments are merely the compacts of the people for mutual benefit—an extended family—a co-operation of the multitude for the benefit and protection of the individuals; and to say a government is corrupt, as such, is tantamount to an assertion that the mass of the people comprising the same is corrupt, or so neglectful of vital interests as to permit a vicious and polluted minority to hold the reins of power. The character and nature of a government will depend upon the virtue, intelligence, bravery, and patriotic zeal of its subjects. No good government can exist in a debauched and wicked people, and no bad one can long hold sway over a virtuous and intelligent people.

Then the most direct means of securing a good government, is by an infusion of the proper spirit into the minds of the masses; and here, my brothers, is our widest field of action, and where we owe our first and highest duty as members of an enlightened and benevolent body, having for its object the promotion and the amelioration of the condition of man.

My brothers, are we prepared for our exalted mission? Have we each and all succeeded in "divesting our hearts and consciences of all the vices and superfluities of life, thereby fitting our minds as living stones for that spiritual building, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?"

We have plucked from our hearts all the vile weeds of selfishness, jealousy, envy, bickering, ill-will, malice and hatred, and substituted the fragrant flowers of

fraternal love, sympathy, faith, hope, charity, and nobleness of purpose.

If we go forth clad in the armour of justice, crowned with the helmet of reason, protected by the shield of personal purity, armed with the sword of truth, and inspired with an unfaltering determination to purify the world, we shall not entirely fail.

We must stand before mankind characterized by the virtues which we profess to teach, and it should be notorious to the profane world that to be a Mason is to be a good and upright man. Each individual Mason should so live and act, that all his neighbours and acquaintances shall respect him for his sterling virtues, his integrity, moderation, and wisdom, and look to him for aid, comfort, advice, and example.

As neighbours we must be just and liberal; as husbands, kind, devoted, true, and affectionate; as parents, circum-spect, genial, and open-hearted; as citizens, loyal and punctual; and as Masons, true to our tenets, and strict in observance of our ancient charges.

Being thus enabled to wield that salutary influence which every leading citizen should exert over his immediate friends and associates, the minds of these would yield to the influence and become assimilated to his in habits of thought and action.

Thus will the moral sense of each family and social circle be elevated, the sense of justice sharpened, and correct habits of thought and reasoning engendered.

Each individual member of the State will thus become an independent power for good, and the constant tendency will be to cast off from society all that is vicious and detrimental to advancement, as well as every obstacle that impedes the progress of the sublime philosophy of the moral and political economy.

The ignorant must be instructed, the morally weak encouraged and strengthened, the evil-disposed admonished, cautioned, and curbed, and above all, the high and low, rich and poor, educated and unlettered, must be brought to a realization of the supreme importance of a strict observance of the command, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

It should be the constant care of every good man, and particularly of every Mason,

to positively discourage crime at every stage, from incipency to final culmination, and encourage an elevated and jealous regard for every law of the land. The thoughtless and careless should be brought to realize that the only route to individual happiness and national stability is along the pathway of dignified and virtuous citizenship.

There is too great a tendency in the public mind to excuse and palliate transgressions of the laws; and while this disposition is founded in a great measure upon the virtue of charity, crudely existing in the hearts of the people, it too often exceeds all reasonable bounds, and degenerates that priceless virtue into a morbid sentimentalism.

It is not enough that we proclaim and recommend the inculcation of the excellent virtues espoused by our order; we must educate the public mind to a just realization of, and a nice distinction between those virtues. Undeserved or applied mercy in weighing the guilt of men, is quite as detrimental to the well-being of the body politic, as the fierce application and enforcement of the arbitrary will of a Jeffreys.

To each person in his individual capacity is due a truly merciful consideration in weighing his guilt when accused; but to the thousands who never trespass across the bound of legal right, and to those who by warning might be restrained within the line of duty, is due the higher obligation of a firm and undeviating application of the square of Justice.

The mind of the community must be elevated to that standard which frowns on crime and injustice, and exacts a strict observance of every law, written or unwritten, by meeting out to every crime committed its merited penalty, regardless of the wealth or position of the criminal.

From him who violates a public trust must be withdrawn the respect and recognition of honest men, that his name may become infamous and a terrible warning given to others.

It is a matter of shame and disgrace upon the intelligence of the age in which we live, that it should even be surmised that the wealthy criminal may easily evade the penalties of the law; and upon us, as the vanguard of moral reform, rests the duty of eradicating from the public mind

the corruption or moral aberration that gives plausibility to such a scandal.

With commendable pride we point to the long genealogy of our Order, and rejoice in the achievements of many splendid triumphs over ignorance, error, and superstition; but we must not idly stand, in conceited retrospection, forgetting the future and neglecting the present, and permit our society to become fossilized and overgrown by some more vicious though worthless growth. We can not stand supinely by and permit the growth of error, the commission of crime, or the spread of corruption, without doing violence to our most sacred trusts; nor do I believe we can remain spotless in the eyes of the Supreme Grand Master, if wrong or crime be committed when within our power to prevent it. Is the heartless mother who forgets all the finer impulses and affections of nature, and permits her helpless offspring to perish for the want of maternal nurture and care, less guilty than the highwayman, who, for gain, will sacrifice human life?

The man who sees a fellow-being unconsciously approaching a precipice, and raises no warning voice, nor stretches forth a restraining hand, but permits him to go on to destruction, is morally no better than he who by more direct means accomplishes the same result.

It is at least safe for us to assume the proposition that we are guilty of the commission of all the wrong that we might, but do not, prevent; and I believe it possible, by long and continued effort and education, to eradicate crime from the human mind, and eliminate wrong from the conduct of men. All wrong is unnatural, unreasonable, and productive of unhappiness, while the necessary result of every good deed is the increase of human happiness, and it may be considered as an evidence of dereliction in duty on our part, that this fact has so slight a hold on the public mind at this day.

There are great evils which have been admitted into place in the fundamental constitutions of the governments of the earth, which, although seemingly permissible in their inception, have become, by the enlightenment of the age in which we live, disgraceful to the genius of our civilization.

What have we, as leaders in moral improvements, and as advocates of "peace on

earth and goodwill towards men," done towards the suppression of the hideous ogre of war—that inhuman practice of wholesale murder, which has caused more suffering, more immorality and demoralization in society, more darkened households, more blighted hearts, more tears, and more anguish, than all other existing evils? There is a glaring inconsistency in the laws which, by the infliction of capital penalties, prohibit individuals from an appeal to arms to settle their disputes, and at the same time countenance the code of war between nations.

The encouragement and practice of international homicide is as antagonistic to the minds of a majority of the earth's enlightened people, as would be the establishment of a government bureau for the introduction, propagation, and dissemination of plague, contagion, and pestilence. And we have cowardly refrained from striking down this fell monster, while for a century past the enlightenment of the people composing the great powers of the world has been prepared to immortalize the name of the heroic and humane order that would blot the name of war from the vocabulary of international law.

Masonry, by its ancient lineage, its chosen councils, and its universal organization, is peculiarly fitted for this sublime and glorious conquest. There is no land so dark, no corner of the earth so remote, and no people so unlettered as to be beyond the warming influence of the genial rays of the sun of Freemasonry. There is in all this broad domain scarcely a hamlet, or cross-road village, that has not within it an organization of our craft.

The power and influence of our Order in moral reform, especially if we begin by reforming ourselves, is such, that if we place the seal of earnest Masonic condemnation and anathema upon the hell-born practice of slaughtering men by thousands because statesmen quarrel, the iniquity must cease.

The times are propitious and the genius of the age is ripe for this great reform. Indeed, the question of an international tribunal for peaceful arbitration of all national disputes is in agitation, and if the Freemasons of the world will throw their weighty influence into the good work, the result will be accomplished.

We can not without violence to the im-

portant trusts committed to our care, nor in view of the obligations due from us to the Government under which we live, neglect this opportunity to serve humanity.

The Grand Lodge of California, by its surroundings, its history, its youthful fire and rapid growth, the cosmopolitan character of our population, and the fructifying influences of our mental and moral atmosphere, seems peculiarly indicated for the formal promulgation of the Masonic condemnation of homicidal war for any purpose or upon any pretext.

The history of the past gives a hopeful and cheering view, and shows that from the earliest gleams of traditional light to the present, the constant tendency of mankind has been towards enlightenment; and I fear not successful contradiction, when I declare that with all the existing evils, the moral and political horizon of the nineteenth century is clearer and brighter than in any century past.

We cannot hope to acquire for mortal man the quality of absolute perfection; but we can and must prune away his vices and imperfections, and cultivate and develop his inherent virtues.

The result of the education and advancement of each generation is in some degree transmitted to the next, and places it at a starting-point one degree higher in the scale. Each generation may advance nearer to perfection than its predecessors, and I have sometimes indulged the fancy that the cycles of eternity will evolve from rudimentary man a perfect being, who will be enabled to comprehend the mysteries of infinity, and hold rational intercourse with the "Supreme Intelligence that rules the universe."

We must not feel discouraged in the reflection that all the life of our generation is barely long enough, and that with devoted effort, to accomplish one short step in the lengthy journey; but we should rather take courage and work more zealously.

Indeed, the advancing steps of development calls us to hopeful and diligent labour for the welfare of mankind.

My brothers let us rekindle the fire upon our altar, and go hence to-day inspired with redoubled zeal and determination more vigorously to prosecute our wonted crusade against vice and folly. May fortitude, prudence, temperance, and justice,

constantly hover around our bloodless banner, and Hope, illuminated by the star of Faith, enable us to behold, in the distant future, a bright and beautiful field of sunshine and joy, where martial strife and bloodshed will be things forgotten; where the golden chains of fraternal love and charity will bind the children of the earth in harmonious sympathy; where brilliant rays of heaven-born reason will guide the actions of men; where the penal code will be an antique mystery; where the beneficent mission of Freemasonry will be accomplished, and where its forms and ceremonies, "like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past."—*American Freemason.*

### TALKING TO THE DEAD.

BY MADAME VON OPPEN.

"O ye dead! the tears I shed for ye have robbed me of my youth:

From your voices I can never more hear words of love and truth.

Your friendly hands are withered, and your loving eyes decayed,

And ye lay there mingling with the dust of which ye first were made.

Do ye sometimes watch the seasons as of old they come and go?

Do ye know when we have sunshine? do ye know when we have snow?

Do ye see us? can ye hear us? do ye know our hopes and fears?

Can ye recollect the time that ye yourselves shed bitter tears?

Don't you often wish to speak to us and help us in the strife?

When ye see how much we suffer in the thorny path of life?

If we could know the secrets that ye know beyond the tomb,

Would such knowledge make us cowards? would it cheer us in our gloom?

Oh, ye dead! oh, ye dead! in your peaceful blest estate,

Ye can read what God has written in the books of life and fate.

But since the day ye went away from earth for well or ill,

Ye have kept your secret from me, and alas! ye keep it still.

## RUDDER GRANGE.

(Continued from page 246.)

It was a proud moment. Euphemia glanced around, her eyes full of happy tears, and then she took my arm and we went down stairs—at least we tried to go down in that fashion, but soon found it necessary to go one at a time. We wandered over the whole extent of our mansion and found that our carpenter had done his work better than the woman whom we had engaged to scrub and clean the house. Something akin to despair must have seized upon her, for Euphemia declared that the floors looked rather dirtier than on the occasion of her first visit, when we rented the boat.

But that didn't discourage us. We felt sure that we should get it clean in time.

Early in the afternoon our furniture arrived, together with the other things we had bought, and the men who brought them over from the steamboat landing had the brightest, merriest faces I ever noticed among that class of people. Euphemia said it was an excellent omen to have such cheerful fellows come to us on the very first day of our housekeeping.

Then we went to work. I put up the stove, which was not much trouble, as there was a place all ready in the deck for the stove-pipe to be run through. Euphemia was somewhat surprised at the absence of a chimney, but I assured her that boats were very seldom built with chimneys. My dear little wife bustled about and arranged the pots and kettles on nails that I drove into the kitchen walls. Then she made the bed in the bedroom and I hung up a looking-glass and a few little pictures that we had brought in our trunks.

Before four o'clock our house was in order. Then we began to be very hungry.

"My dear," said Euphemia, "we ought to have thought to bring something to cook."

"That is very true," said I, "but I think perhaps we had better walk up to Ginx's and get our supper to-night. You see we are so tired and hungry."

"What!" cried Euphemia, "go to a hotel the very first day? I think it would be dreadful! Why, I have been looking forward to this first meal with the greatest

delight. You can go up to the little store by the hotel and buy some things and I will cook them, and we will have our first dear little meal here all alone by ourselves, at our own table and in our own house."

So this was determined upon and, after a hasty counting of the fund I had reserved for moving and kindred expenses, and which had been sorely depleted during the day, I set out, and in almost an hour returned with my first marketing.

I made a fire, using a lot of chips and blocks the carpenter had left, and Euphemia cooked the supper, and we ate it from our little table, with two large towels for a table-cloth.

It was the most delightful meal I ever ate!

And, when we had finished, Euphemia washed the dishes (the thoughtful creature had put some water on the stove to heat for the purpose, while we were at supper) and then we went on deck, or on the piazza, as Euphemia thought we had better call it, and there we had our smoke. I say *we*, for Euphemia always helps me to smoke by sitting by me, and she seems to enjoy it as much as I do.

And when the shades of evening began to gather around us, I hauled in the gang-plank (just like a delightful old draw-bridge, Euphemia said, although I hope for the sake of our ancestors that draw-bridges were easier to haul in) and went to bed.

It is lucky we were tired and wanted to go to bed early, for we had forgotten all about lamps or candles.

For the next week we were two busy and happy people. I rose about half-past five and made the fire,—we found so much wood on the shore, that I thought I should not have to add fuel to my expenses,—and Euphemia cooked the breakfast. I then went to a well belonging to a cottage near by where we had arranged for water-privileges, and filled two buckets with delicious water, and carried them home for Euphemia's use through the day. Then I hurried off to catch the train, for, as there was a station at Ginx's, I ceased to patronize the steamboat, the hours of which were not convenient. After a day of work and pleasurable anticipation at the office, I hastened back to my home, generally laden with a basket of provisions and various household necessities. Milk

was brought to us daily from the above-mentioned cottage by a little toddler who seemed just able to carry the small tin bucket which held a lacteal pint. If the urethm had been the child of rich parents, as Euphemia sometimes observed, he would have been in his nurse's arms—but being poor, he was scarcely weaned before he began to carry milk around to other people.

After I reached home came supper and the delightful evening hours, when over my pipe (I soon gave up cigars, as being too expensive and inappropriate, and took to a tall pipe and canaster tobacco) we talked, and planned, and told each other our day's experience.

One of our earliest subjects of discussion was the name of our homestead. Euphemia insisted that it should have a name. I was quite willing, but we found it no easy matter to select an appropriate title. I proposed a number of appellations intended to suggest the character of our home. Among these were "Safe Ashore," "Firmly Grounded," and some other names of that style, but Euphemia did not fancy any of them. She wanted a suitable name, of course, she said, but it must be something that would *sound* like a home and *be* like a boat.

"Partitionville" she objected to, and "Gang-plank Terrace" did not suit her, because it suggested convicts going out to work, which naturally was unpleasant.

At last, after days of talk and cogitation, we named our house "Rudder Grange."

To be sure, it wasn't exactly a grange, but then it had such an enormous rudder that the justice of that part of the title seemed to overbalance any little inaccuracy in the other portion.

But we did not spend all our time in talking. An hour or two every evening was occupied in what we called "fixing the house," and gradually the inside of our abode began to look like a conventional dwelling. We put matting on the floors and cheap but very pretty paper on the walls. We added now a couple of chairs, and now a table or something for the kitchen. Frequently we had company, and our guests were always charmed with Euphemia's cunning little meals. The dear girl loved good eating so much that she could scarcely fail to be a good cook. We removed our bed to the extreme bow part

of the boat, and put up muslin curtains to separate it from the parlour.

We worked hard, and were very happy. And thus the weeks passed on.

In this delightful way of living, only one thing troubled us. We didn't save any money. There were so many little things that we wanted, and so many little things that were so cheap, that I spent pretty much all I made, and that was far from the philosophical plan of living that I wished to follow.

We talked this matter over a great deal after we had lived in our new home for about a month, and we came at last to the conclusion that we would take a boarder.

We had no trouble in getting a boarder, for we had a friend, a young man who was engaged in the flour business, who was very anxious to come and live with us. He had been to see us two or three times, and had expressed himself charmed with our household arrangements.

So we made terms with him. The carpenter partitioned off another room, and our boarder brought his trunk and a large red velvet arm-chair, and took up his abode at "Rudder Grange."

We liked our boarder very much, but he had some peculiarities. I suppose everybody has them. Among other things, he was very fond of telling us what we ought to do. He suggested more improvements in the first three days of his sojourn with us than I had thought of since we commenced house-keeping. And what made the matter worse, his suggestions were generally very good ones. Had it been otherwise I might have borne his remarks more complacently, but to be continually told what you ought to do, and to know that you ought to do it, is extremely annoying.

He was very anxious that I should take off the rudder, which was certainly useless to a boat situated as ours was, and make an ironing table of it. I persisted that the laws of symmetrical propriety required that the rudder should remain where it was—that the very name of our home would be interfered with by its removal, but he insisted that "Ironing-table Grange" would be just as good a name, and that symmetrical propriety in such a case did not amount to a row of pins.

The result was, that we did have the ironing table, and that Euphemia was

very much pleased with it. A great many other improvements were projected and carried out by him, and I was very much worried. He made a flower-garden for Euphemia on the extreme forward-deck, and having borrowed a wheelbarrow, he wheeled dozens of loads of arable dirt up our gang-plank and dumped them out on the deck. When he had covered the garden with a suitable depth of earth, he smoothed it off and then planted flower-seeds. It was rather late in the season, but most of them came up. I was pleased with the garden, but sorry I had not made it myself.

One afternoon I got away from the office considerably earlier than usual, and I hurried home to enjoy the short period of daylight that I should have before supper. It had been raining the day before, and as the bottom of our garden leaked so that earthy water trickled down at one end of our bedroom, I intended to devote a short time to stuffing up the cracks in the ceiling or bottom of the deck—whichever seems the most appropriate.

But when I reached a bend in the river road, whence I always had the earliest view of my establishment, I didn't have that view. I hurried on. The nearer I approached the place where I lived, the more horror-stricken I became. There was no mistaking the fact.

The boat was not there!

In an instant the truth flashed upon me.

The water was very high—the rain had swollen the river—my house had floated away!

It was Wednesday. On Wednesday afternoons our boarder came home early.

I clapped my hat tightly on my head and ground my teeth.

"Confound that boarder!" I thought. "He had been fooling with the anchor. He always said it was of no use, and taking advantage of my absence, he has hauled it up, and has floated away, and has gone—gone with my wife and home!"

Euphemia and "Rudder Grange" had gone off together—where I knew not,—and with them that horrible suggester!

I ran wildly along the bank. I called aloud, I shouted and hailed each passing craft—of which there were only two—but their crews must have been very inattentive to the woes of landmen, or else they

did not hear me, for they paid no attention to my cries.

I met a fellow with an axe on his shoulder. I shouted to him before I reached him:

"Hello! did you see a boat—a house, I mean,—floating up the river?"

"A boat-house?" asked the man.

"No, a house-boat," I gasped.

"Didn't see nuthin' like it," said the man, and he passed on, to his wife and home, no doubt. But me! Oh, where was my wife and my home?

I met several people, but none of them had seen a fugitive canal-boat.

How many thoughts came into my brain as I ran along that river road! If that wretched boarder had not taken the rudder for an ironing table he might have steered in shore! Again and again I confounded—as far as mental ejaculations could do it—his suggestions.

I was rapidly becoming frantic when I met a person who hailed me.

"Hello!" he said, "are you after a canal-boat adrift?"

"Yes," I panted.

"I thought you was," he said. "You looked that way. Well, I can tell you where she is. She's stuck fast in the reeds at the lower end o' Peter's Pint."

"Where's that?" said I.

"Oh, it's about a mile further up. I seed her a-driftin' up with the tide—big flood tide, to-day—and I thought I'd see somebody after her, afore long. Anything aboard?"

Anything!

I could not answer the man. Anything, indeed! I hurried on up the river without a word. Was the boat a wreck? I scarcely dared to think at all.

The man called after me and I stopped. I could but stop, no matter what I might hear.

"Hello, mister," he said, "got any tobacco?"

I walked up to him. I took hold of him by the lapel of his coat. It was a dirty lapel, as I remember even now, but I didn't mind that.

"Look here," said I. "Tell me the truth, I can bear it. Was that vessel wrecked?"

The man looked at me a little queerly. I could not exactly interpret his expression.

"You're sure you kin bear it?" said he.

"Yes," said I, my hand trembling as I held his coat.

"Well, then," said he, "it's mor'n I kin," and he jerked his coat out of my hand, and sprang away. When he reached the other side of the road, he turned and shouted at me, as though I had been deaf.

"Do you know what I think?" he yelled. "I think you're a darned lunatic," and with that he went his way.

I hastened on to Peter's Point. Long before I reached it, I saw the boat.

It was apparently deserted. But still I pressed on. I must know the worst. When I reached the Point, I found that the boat had run aground, with her head in among the long reeds and mud, and the rest of her hull lying at an angle from the shore.

There was consequently no way for me to get on board, but to wade through the mud and reeds to her bow, and then climb up as well as I could.

This I did, but it was not easy to do. Twice I sank above my knees in mud and water, and had it not been for reeds, masses of which I frequently clutched when I thought I was going over, I believe I should have fallen down and come to my death in that horrible marsh. When I reached the boat, I stood up to my hips in water and saw no way of climbing up. The gang-plank had undoubtedly floated away, and if it had not, it would have been of no use to me in my position.

But I was desperate. I clasped the post that they put in the bow of canal-boats; I stuck my toes and my finger-nails in the cracks between the boards—how glad I was that the boat was an old one and had cracks!—and so, painfully and slowly, slipping part way down once or twice, and besliming myself from chin to foot, I climbed up that post and scrambled upon deck. In an instant, I reached the top of the stairs, and in another instant I rushed below.

There sat my wife and our boarder, one on each side of the dining-room table, complacently playing checkers!

My sudden entrance startled them. My appearance startled them still more.

Euphemia sprang to her feet and tottered toward me.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed; "has anything happened?"

"Happened!" I gasped.

"Look here," cried the boarder, clutching me by the arm, "what a condition you're in. Did you fall in?"

"Fall in!" said I.

Euphemia and the boarder looked at each other. I looked at them. Then I opened my mouth in earnest.

"I suppose you don't know," I yelled, "that you have drifted away!"

"By George!" cried the boarder, and in two bounds he was on deck.

Dirty as I was, Euphemia fell into my arms. I told her all. She hadn't known a bit of it!

The boat had so gently drifted off, and had so gently grounded among the reeds, that the voyage had never so much as disturbed their game of checkers.

"He plays such a splendid game," Euphemia sobbed, "and just as you came, I thought I was going to beat him. I had two kings and two pieces on the next to last row, and you are nearly drowned. You'll get your death of cold—and—and he had only one king."

She led me away and I undressed and washed myself and put on my Sunday clothes.

When I reappeared, I went out on deck with Euphemia. The boarder was there, standing by the petunia bed. His arms were folded and he was thinking profoundly. As we approached, he turned towards us.

"You were right about that anchor," he said, "I should not have hauled it in; but it was such a little anchor that I thought it would be of more use on board as a garden hoe."

"A very little anchor will sometimes do very well," said I, cuttingly, "when it is hooked around a tree."

"Yes, there is something in that," said he.

It was now growing late, and as our agitation subsided we began to grow hungry. Fortunately, we had everything necessary on board, and, as it really didn't make any difference in our household economy, where we happened to be located, we had supper quite as usual. In fact, the kettle had been put on to boil during the checker-playing.

After supper, we went on deck to smoke,

as was our custom, but there was a certain coolness between me and our boarder.

Early the next morning I arose and went up stairs to consider what had better be done, when I saw the boarder standing on shore, near by.

"Hello!" he cried, "the tide's down and I got ashore without any trouble. You stay where you are. I've hired a couple of mules to tow the boat back. They'll be here presently. And, hello! I've found the gang-plank. It floated ashore about a quarter of a mile below here."

In about ten minutes the mules and two men with a long rope appeared, and then one of the men and the boarder came on board (they didn't seem to have any difficulty in so doing). Then we carried the ironing-table on deck and shipped it into its place as a rudder.

We were then towed back to where we belonged.

And we are there yet. Our boarder remains with us, as the weather is still fine, and the coolness between us is gradually diminishing. But the boat is moored at both ends, and twice a day I look to see if the ropes are all right.

The petunias are growing beautifully, but the geraniums do not seem to flourish. Perhaps there is not a sufficient depth of earth for them. Several times our boarder has appeared to be on the point of suggesting something in regard to them, but, for some reason or other, he says nothing.—*Scribner's American Monthly Magazine.*

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### THE MASONS' TEMPLE.

"A TEMPLE NOT MADE WITH HANDS."

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#### SONG

*Written by Comp. W. M. Stanton, to music by Bro. Charles Bonnington, and sung by Comp. C. A. Deacon, at the Banquet celebrating the consecration of the Trafalgar Royal Arch Chapter of Nelson, at the Masonic Hall, October 14th, 1874.*

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Fill the rosy cup to the brim! to the brim!  
Raise the cheerful song and joyous hymn!

Every Mason's heart rejoices

At the work this day begun,

And as jubliant our voices,

Be our hearts and souls as one,

We have left behind our labours

With the setting of the sun.

So around the festive table be banished  
every care,

As we meet upon the level, and part upon  
the square.

The temple we are building is sublime! is  
sublime!

Its pillars are eternal! beyond time!

In Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty,

Our Grand Architect Divine

Has traced each Craftsman's duty

To the true Masonic line;

Then let brother aid each brother,

Love and labour thus combine,

Cheerfully, untiring, let us build our temple  
fair,

Meeting on the level—parting on the square.

Then forward with the structure! let it  
rise! let it rise!

Rear up its lofty arches to the skies!

Ply the chisel and the gavel

Till the ashlar square become,

Lay a true and perfect level,

Fix a true and upright plumb.

Then pile up the glorious temple,

The perfect Mason's home,

And adorn the sacred building, that palace  
bright and rare

Where we meet upon the level, to part  
upon the square.

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### EARLY HISTORY OF AMERICAN FREEMASONRY, ONCE MORE.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

I was pleased with Bro. McCalla's frank admission in the July No. of this Magazine, that Boston is not the mother of American Masonry, and that our "popular text writers" misled him. But he still insists, that he knows more about Boston Masonry

than I do. Our brother seems to be totally unaware, that this Price question was discussed in several journals. My remarks about Price in the April No. of this Magazine seem to have startled him, and my allusion therein to Bro. Gardner's address, induced him to read it, and now armed with the logic of said address, he comes forward to *sq Welch* me.

My friendly opponent's first onslaught is the date of Price's Deputation. The petition to constitute the first Boston Lodge, gives the date of Price's Deputation, April 13th, 1732—5732. The figures 2 were altered into 3, so that it now reads 1733; but on the record the Deputation of Price reads April *thirtieth*. That the numerals were altered some years after the petition was written, is evident on the original copy, the lower curves of the two figures 3 being black, while the upper parts are yellow and faded. The date "thirtieth" is found in the record *once only*, while in other parts of the record, the date of Price's Deputation corroborates the date on the petition. Of this, Bro. McCalla himself has unconsciously and *innocently* furnished an instance. The Deputation of Rowe quoted by Bro. McC. on page 4, reads "April 13th." It was written by the G.S. of England, and cannot consistently be imputed to a clerical error. And furthermore, if I needed assistance on that point, I really believe that Bro. Gardner himself would join with me against Bro. McCalla.

Bro. McCalla's quotation from Bro. Gardner's address, viz., "In the year 1734, our record states Price received order: from the G.M. of England," etc., is utterly worthless. If "our records" had been genuine, they might have been cited as evidence, but they are not genuine; they were manufactured in 1751; there is even no copy in the record of the Cranford Deputation, nor the date when issued. Here is the paragraph from the record about the Cranford Commission:—

"June 24th, 1734. About this time, our W. Bro. Franklin, from Philadelphia, became acquainted with our Rt.W.G.M. Mr. Price, who further instructed him in the Royal Art. And said Benjamin Franklin on his return to Philadelphia called the brethren there together, who petitioned our Rt.W.G.M. for a continuation to hold a Lodge, and our Rt.W.G.M.

having this year received orders from the G.L. in England to establish Masonry in all North America, did send a deputation to Philadelphia, appointing the Rt.W. Benj. Franklin first Master, which is the beginning of Masonry there."

Bro. Moore's version in his life of Price, is as follows: (Mass. Cons. 1857). "The first Lodge in Pennsylvania; the authority for it was granted to his intimate personal friend, Benj. Franklin, who was its first Master. The warrant bears date June 24th, 1734. \* \* \* And in explanation of this, it is proper here to state, that early in the year 1734, he had received authority from the G.L. of England to establish Masonry in all North America \* \* \* as were also his two immediate successors, Robert Tomlinson in 1736, and Thomas Oxnard in 1742."

This is a fair specimen of our "text writers." Price received his second deputation *early* 1734. Tomlinson's Deputation was for all North America. The truth is, Tomlinson's Deputation was for New England and its territories only. If Price had received a deputation for all North America, why was Tomlinson's Deputation for N.E. only? There is not a particle of evidence to sustain that second deputation; except the article in the Boston prints which Franklin refers to, there is no copy of it in the record. Both Franklin and the Boston record state that the *G.L. of England* granted the deputation. But the Earl of Cranford was so busy with other matters, as to find no time to come to London to hold a Lodge during the year 1734. And yet my opponents want to persuade me that the G.M. did come to London and took the trouble to get the officers of the G.L. together, in order to make Henry Price, an *illiterate and ignorant tailor*, G.M. of all America. And this Henry Price was evidently so little impressed with the mark of distinction conferred upon him, as to forget the date of such an important deputation. The article from the Boston prints which Franklin refers to was doubtless a *bare-faced fraud*. Price did not send a Warrant to Franklin June 24th, 1734, as Bro. Moore says, nor did he send any Warrant afterwards. Franklin asked for a Warrant in November 28th, 1734, on account of having read in the Boston prints, that Price's powers were extended

over all North America by a G.L. held there in August last. But the record of Massachusetts and Bro. Moore tell us that the Warrant was sent to Franklin on the 24th June that year. This is "putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance," and it is only on a par with Price having sent a deputation to Halifax before 1740; while in reality no Halifax existed in Nova Scotia before the close of 1749. And yet the advocates and defenders of Price's Grand Mastership cite the record as evidence.

The other arguments of Bro. McCalla are equally baseless. They have all been tested and weighed, and like a counterfeit coin, have been found either of short weight, alloyed with base metal, or made exclusively of dross. But before Bro. McCalla rushes into this controversy, he should inform himself of what had been said on the other side. I, therefore, refer him to the following pages of the *Freemason*, 1870—viz: 68, 80, 105, and 308. On page 80, are Bro. Hughan's comments on the former. Page 105, he will read Franklin's letter; and in the last, he will see that I fully admitted the genuineness of Franklin's letter. The long depositions on oath by Bros. Moore and Lewis before the Hon. Charles R. Train, Attorney-General, Justice of Peace, etc., were simply superfluous. And Bro. Train, when I told him that I did not dispute the authenticity of the letter, regarded all that swearing as mere clap-trap.

I next refer Bro. McCalla to a series of seven articles in the *American Freemason* edited by Bro. Brennan at Cincinnati. The first article appeared February, 1870, and then continued monthly until finished. Next, to page 434 of the *Freemason* containing Bro. Hughan's remarks on the above. Next, to the *Freemason*, August 10th and 17th, 1872. There he will find Bro Gardner's address reviewed. Next, to a review of the Henry Price controversy, in the *addenda* to the G.L. proceedings of Illinois, 1872. The above review is from the pen of Dr. Joseph Robbins, S.G.W. and Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence of the above G.L. And last, I refer him to my communication, viz., "Origin of Masonry in N.S." in the October No. of this Magazine, 1873. I also promise to give him any explanation or information as far as I can, and when my brother has fully

informed himself on the subject at issue, I believe that he will once more come forward and display the same kind of generosity as he did in his last communication, acknowledging that the *popular text writers* have misinformed him about Massachusetts Masoury.

Bro. McCalla deserves credit for hunting up the fact of the Masonic celebration in 1730, and for showing the succession of Grand Masters who succeeded Franklin. But all this does not prove that Price sent to Franklin his deputations authenticated by the Wardens and Secretary of Boston. Again, if the Boston record is reliable, Benjamin Franklin was appointed only as first Master, not G.M., nor does the said record mention that the successors of Franklin were confirmed by the Boston G.M.

Nor do I feel satisfied with Bro. McCalla's deduction, that because Major Cox received a deputation from the Duke of Norfolk in 1730, for N. J. Pen., and N.G., that the Philadelphia Lodge of 1730 must necessarily have been chartered by the said Cox. First, if such had been the case, Franklin, who had already visited England, would have applied on the expiration of Cox's Deputation, direct to the G.M. of England for a renewal thereof. Secondly, the record of Boston distinctly says, "which is the beginning of Masonry there." Now, either Franklin never informed Price about Cox's Deputation, or Bro. McCalla must admit that Price falsified in the record. And thirdly, does our Brother know whether Cox did not die in Europe? or was not drowned at sea? In short, has he any evidence that Cox ever returned to America after he received his deputation. Tomlinson was lost on his passage to America; the same might have occurred to Cox. Our Brother should search the records of the town where Cox lived, and of the locality where his landed property was located; search the record of the Court of Probate, where his will may be found; the records of deeds of landed property. There he may ascertain something about Cox's life and when he died, or whether he died abroad. Or let him produce some testimony that Franklin, or his Masonic predecessors, knew anything of the Cox Deputation. The arguments of Bro. McCalla about lost records is simply fallacious. He does not in the first place

know that any records existed, and if even so, they might have contained testimony against his theory, as witness the Boston records, wherein it says that Franklin was appointed, not G.M. but first Master, and that it was "the beginning of Masonry there." Fortunately for Bro. McCalla's theory, the said record is unreliable. Besides which, this mode of reasoning about lost records smacks too much of our "popular text writers'" style of logic, and it is high time to discountenance it.

There is, however, a better argument for Bro. McCalla's theory, and I am surprised that he overlooked it. "Masonic Magazine," Vol. 1, page 168-9. The Pennsylvanian G.M. advanced the Cox's theory, and he cited a letter which, if true, would settle the question. But statements of American Grand Masters should be received with caution; they are too apt to be carried away by pride and conceit to put forward groundless statements. But yet, it should be inquired into. I will here add, that the Boston record of the last century contains some remarks of an inquiry then made relative to Cox's Deputation, and Bro. Titus, the G.M. promised me to hunt it up.

I have already mentioned two discoveries made since my review of Bro. Gardner's address appeared in the *Freemason*, viz., the Halifax charter, and the date assigned in the record to the constitution of the first lodge. These two discoveries furnish additional testimony to the worthlessness of the record. But Bro. Gardner did not only appeal to the said G.L. record, but also quoted from a record of the first lodge, which was said to have been lost. Bro. Moore's version was that he borrowed the record from Bro. Whiting, Secretary of St. John's Lodge, and after he copied some extracts, he returned it, and that it was burnt with the Temple in 1864. The successor of Whiting, however, assured me that after Bro. Whiting's death, he carried away all that belonged to the lodge, from the widow's house. That no such a book was there, and no book of his lodge was burnt in the Temple. Knowing the proclivity of Moore to stick to books that he borrowed, I expressed my firm belief that the book was still in Bro. Moore's house. Among other matters furnished by Bro. Moore for the Price address of Bro. Gardner, was the following:—"I, C. W. Moore,

certify that the above is a true copy made by me of the Bye-Laws of the first lodge in Boston, from the first record book of said lodge. I further certify that said record book commenced on the 30th of July, 1733—5733," etc. The Bye-Laws are printed with Bro. Gardner's address, and are dated October 24th, 1733. The question whether the lodge adopted the Bye-Laws at the above date, or later, does not in the least influence the main question, viz., whether Price received a deputation or not. I never disputed the statement of the G.L. and lodge having been organized July 30th, 1733, and therefore the lodge might have adopted those Bye-Laws as stated. But the Bye-Laws themselves seemed as if they could not have been adopted so early; and for certain reasons given in the *Freemason*, August 17th, 1872, I charged Bro. Moore with with mis-stating the date, altering 1733 into 1733.

I had no doubt that a first lodge record did once exist. It was lost and recovered either at the close of the last century, or the beginning of this. But for reasons which will be explained, I came to the conclusion that that lodge record was also manufactured by Chas. Pelham; but it was not manufactured until after the G.L. record was finished, and I predicted again and again, that should the first lodge record ever be recovered, it will be seen, that from July 30th, 1733, to the close of 1753, would all be in Pelham's hand writing. The reasons that led me to that conclusion, are as follows:—That the G.L. record was written at the close of 1751, there can be no doubt. Now, among the loose MSS. I found the following slip: "Sept. 25th, 1751. On the 13th of April, 1750, our Rt. W. G.M. called a Grand Lodge, consisting of the R.W., the Grand Officers, and Masters and Wardens of the several Lodges, when it was determined to hold four quarterly communications in a year, viz., the second Friday in April, July, October, and January; and the Grand Committee of Charity, consisting of the Rt. W. Grand Officers and Masters of several Lodges, shall meet eight days before the G.L., which has been regularly observed to this time [Sept. 25th, 1751] where has been quarterly contributions of charity from the several lodges, and the business of Masonry in general transacted to the satisfaction and

advantage of the lodges and brethren in general. N.B.—The several intervening festivals of the Saint John not mentioned before, has been all celebrated in due manner and form.”

(To be continued.)

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

It is her right to bind with warmest ties,  
The lordly spirit of aspiring man,  
Making his home an earthly paradise,  
Rich in all joys allotted to life's span ;  
Twining around each fibre of his heart,  
With all the gentle influence of love's  
night,  
Seeking no joy wherein he has no part—  
This is undoubtedly—a woman's right !

It is her right to teach the infant mind,  
Training it ever upwards in its course,  
To root out evil passions that would bind  
The upward current of his reason's force ;  
To lead the erring spirit gently back,  
When it has sunk in gloom of deepest  
night ;  
To point the shining path of virtue's track,  
And urge him forward. This is woman's  
right.

It is her right to soothe the couch of pain ;  
There her pure mission upon earth to  
prove,  
To calm with gentle care the frenzied brain,  
And keep her vigil there of holiest love,  
To watch untiring by the lonely bed,  
Through the bright day, and in the solemn  
night,  
'Till health ensues, or the loved form is laid  
To rest for ever. This is woman's right.

She is a flower that blossoms best, unseen,  
Sheltered within the precincts of her  
home ;  
There, should no dark'ning storm-cloud  
intervene,  
There the loud strife of worldlings never  
come.  
Let her not scorn to act a woman's part,  
Nor strive to cope with manhood in its  
might ;  
But lay this maxim closely to her heart—  
That which God ordains is surely right.

Mrs. Rebekah Hyman.

THE ANGEL MINISTERS.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

BY JEFFERSON.

“Why come not spirits from the realms of glory,  
To visit earth as in the days of old,  
The times of sacred writ and ancient story?  
Is Heaven more distant? Or has earth grown cold?”

“I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow :  
Their's was the soft tone and the soundless tread ;  
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,  
They stood 'between the weeping and the dead.’

“There have been angels in the gloomy prison ;  
In crowded halls ; by the lone widow's hearth ;  
And where they passed the fallen have arisen,  
The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had birth.”

“That was a painful sight we saw to-day,” said my friend, Dr. Herbert, as we passed down the steps of the Louisville Hotel, just after dinner on a hot day in June.

“Indeed it was,” we responded with the deepest feeling, for the scene had impressed us with a sorrow of heart, such as we had not felt for years.

We had been that morning at the St. Joseph's Hospital, where among many cases we had looked in upon, we had been led to the room of a lady whose wan cheeks and sad spirits had stricken us both with the deepest feelings of pity and sympathy. By her bedside sat continually a sweet fair-haired little daughter of some nine summers, who seemed unwilling to leave her for a moment. Like an angel eliminating from the ethereal life, she held her position on the side of the bed, and looked out of her clear blue eyes at the almost dying one, affectionately smoothing her hair and kissing her, and speaking cheerful words, as angel-child only can to its mother.

The sick woman was her own dear mother and for several weeks had she been confined to her bed in that hospital, the victim of a cruel typhoid fever. The mystic death cloud had almost gathered over her, and the dreary monotony of the long, dismal days and nights, which she had spent in that gloomy room, had well nigh crazed her brain, and in her weak and helpless condition she felt, if it was not for her little angel, Nettie, she would have taken it as a pleasure-dream to have passed on to the land of death, whatever that mysterious land might inflict upon her.

"I am so tired of this life," she said to Dr. Herbert, "that I have scarcely wished you to be successful in raising me from this sick bed. I have almost hoped it would be my last earthly illness."

"I know you've been desponding, madam," responded the doctor, "and this has been my greatest difficulty in treating your case—which has been a very stubborn one at best. But I hope, Madam," he added, "you will now cheer up, for your disease has now given way, and the present indications promise you a speedy restoration to life and health again."

"But, ah, Dr. Herbert," said the forlorn patient, "you know I've nothing now to encourage me back to life, save this poor, dear child," placing her white bony hand on the head of the little darling, who was leaning affectionately over her pillow, with her eyes full of tears and catching the desponding words of her much loved mother. "She is all that is left me," she added, "of my once happy family." The good woman evidently wished to say more, but she had not the strength, and closing her eyes she looked as one really already dead. Her life vigour was indeed evidently well-nigh spent, and when she opened her eyes again, the big tears that swelled up in them told of the depth of the struggle within. The night of her darkness was now only lit up by a single star, and the raven wings of despair, which for so many weeks had been so threateningly flapping over her, made the whole world seem to her as if life itself was but an idle mockery.

It is, indeed, sorrowful enough to be sick, and hovering near death's door, even in the midst of kindred and friends, but when these evils come upon us intermingled with life's saddest bereavements, in a land of strangers, where we have been thrown by the mysterious and relentless hand of a seeming relentless adversity, without a friend and without a dollar, and with only the promiscuous and personal attentions of hospital kindness, sensitive minds often sink under such vicissitudes of adverse fortunes, as the cast off stone returns to its native bottom. They feel as if they were deserted by Providence, as if no mortal relations held them any longer in earthly guardianship.

This was the sad condition of Mrs. Fitzgibbon. She had never known before what it was to want a friend. The sun of

her life had been bright and promising, and the horizon around her had ever been gilded with its golden tinsels. But within the last two short months she had lost her father, husband, and only son, and the painful excitement had well-nigh broken her life-spirit, and had thrown her into a fever, which had assumed the very worst type, and to still add to the darkness of her captivity, a gloomy hospital was the only receptacle of her sufferings and sorrow.

Until within the last few days, even the doctor himself had not learned Mrs. Fitzgibbon's history, for she had only been his patient, and where he had so many he but seldom ever learned anything of their antecedents or peculiar relations, unless it was forced upon him. It was his business to administer medicine, and he did not often stop to ask the life-story of those he attended.

In the hospital, more especially he left this to the Sisters of Charity, who were the angel ministers of the institution. They had, in this case, more than done their duty to Mrs. Fitzgibbon, and though it was the first time in her life that she had ever received any services at the hands of these Church recluses, she was full of admiration and gratitude for their constant devotion and watch-care over her and her little daughter through all her long illness.

During much of the time, it is true, she had been unconscious of all her surroundings, and she only lived in a sort of wild dream-life of buffetings and mishaps. Her mind-wanderings had indeed been terrible; and weary and bed-worn, she had for weeks hovered along the banks of the mysterious river, like some lost one who was only seeking entrance to the other shore. But the past few days had lifted her soul out from the dark mists, and placed her feet on the nearer shore again. She began to realise at last that this was not her time to go on this long journey, and she submitted to the mysterious decision with grace and thankfulness, chiefly for her dear little Nettie's sake.

Beautiful and sprightly this only remaining jewel of a once blissful family now clung to her mother with a tenderness which knew no bounds. Her touching simplicity of spirit and action had been sympathisingly noticed by everyone, and she had been tenderly cared for as an only child plucked from the fire.

The entirely destitute condition in which Mrs. Fitzgibbon had been carried to this hospital, together with the fact of her being in a raging fever at the time, precluded the possibility of knowing anything of her circumstances, save what was gleaned from little Nettie. She of course, like all children, was ready to tell what she knew, and she had told the nuns that "Pa and Ma, with Grandpa and Robbie and herself, made their family, and that they were all burnt up in that terrible boat, save Ma and me."

Many will call to mind that fearful collision of the America and United States on the Ohio River. It was the most shocking and dreadful sight ever witnessed on any of our western waters.

It was a little after midnight when the two boats came together. The passengers, of which there were many, were all asleep in their state rooms at that time, dreaming nothing of their horrible impending fates. The descending boat being heavily laden with coal oil, in an instant was enwrapt in flames, and the two mammoth steamboats, thus locked together, were at once one grand sheet of devouring fire, for the crash of the terrible collision had dashed the coal oil barrels to pieces, and the liquid ran out over the water in burning streams, making a most frightful sea of death and lapping flames. The screams of the perishing passengers, and the confused noises of the frightened crew, together with the involuntary workings of the struggling engines, made the entire scene one of unmitigated horror.

On the upward bound steamer, the Fitzgibbon family had taken passage the evening before, hoping to reach Cincinnati in time for the morning train East. At ten o'clock they retired to their state rooms for their night slumbers, and when the crash came, they were with the exception of Mrs. Fitzgibbon, all asleep. Of course she did not know what had happened, yet she knew it was something terrible, for she felt as if the boat was slipping from under her. She sprang to her feet and seized her little Nettie in her arms, and holding her as with a death grip, she endeavoured to arouse her husband and Robbie. Her father, old Mr. Rothfield, was in another state room, and Mr. Fitzgibbon with Robbie went to look after him, which was the last Mrs. Fitzgibbon saw of her husband or son.

In the excitement of the wild and fearful moment she was seized by the arm by some one who fairly forced her to the stern of the boat, where she was told to jump to the deck of the other, which she did without thought of consequences; yet, lighting fairly on her feet, she still held her child in her arms, and in a few minutes more of frightful struggle she was across the boat and on the Kentucky shore, out of reach of the oncoming flames.

The sudden and terrible reality of so fearful a collision had seemingly deprived even the stoutest of their self-possession, and many perished in the flames, or found a watery grave, who with the smallest guidance might have safely escaped.

What was the fate of her husband, son, and father, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, in the dire confusion, could not learn a word, and frantic with grief, and almost dead with the horrible excitement of the hour, she was compelled to lie down on the bare ground in her night clothes, where she remained until she fainted away with the overwhelming and surging grief which consumed her spirit.

When she awoke she found she was on a steamer bound for Louisville, with only her little Nettie by her side. But before she reached the destination of the boat she was wild with a raging fever and wholly unconscious of all her misfortunes. Fitful and spasmodic emotions of disturbed grief were her only manifestations. But diligent and affectionate, and wonderfully self-possessed far beyond her years, little Nettie sat fanning her mother, while the big tears which stood in her heavenly eyes told of her deep realisation of the sweeping bereavement, until the boat reached the wharf at Louisville. In a brief period a close carriage conveyed them to the hospital, where for so many long weeks the door of the world seemed to be shut against them.

Yet how true it is, that the silver lining of life and hope often skirts the darkest clouds which come over us. The weight of darkness is not, after all, so heavy as imaginary dreams often make them. The hand of Providence, indeed, is ever merciful, and it is only when we get out of that hand that misfortune overtakes us. Life itself is always a season of trial, of educational subordination, where the *true light* shows that we are always cared for, always watched over and dealt with, ultimately,

according to our worth and merit. To trust in the Higher Power is therefore the duty of all men, in adversity as well as in prosperity.

"Your wife and daughter were both lost, you tell me, Mr. Fitzgibbon, in that terrible collision," remarked one of the merchants of Boston, to the deeply bereaved and afflicted husband.

"O yes, yes, both were snatched from me in a moment by the devouring flames," Mr. Fitzgibbon exclaimed, with a deep sigh which seemed to come from the bottom of his heart.

"Why, how was it? Where did you see your wife last?"

"I was sound asleep, Mr. Benton, when the collision occurred, and when I opened my eyes the first person I saw was my wife, with our little Nettie in her arms. I jumped out from my berth and seized my boy who was lying at the foot of the berth, and we all left the state room together, and entered the cabin, when I thought of my dear father-in-law, who had retired to a state room by himself, in the gentlemen's cabin. Still holding my little Robbie by the hand I went to look after him. I was gone but a moment, but that terrible moment snatched my dear wife and daughter from me forever, for when I got back to the spot where I had left them, with the old gentleman, Mr. Rothfield, they were gone, and the flames were bursting all around us. I looked, I searched, I cried for them, but they were gone, the maddening fires were consuming everything, and amidst screams and groans, and the direst confusion I ever saw, my dear father-in-law fell in the flames with suffocation, and in an instant was hid from my sight. I heard him cry 'O Lord! My God!' and I heard him no more. With my little boy in my arms I ran, I know not how, to the stern of the boat, from which I sprang directly into the river. Of course we both went under the water, but when we rose to the surface again I placed the little fellow on my back and struck out first to get away from the burning boats and out of harm's way. I swam to the right and quartered down stream, and after a long and exhaustive struggle we landed safely about one mile and a half below the burning vessels on the Indiana shore. I crawled up through the bushes, carrying my dear little manly boy in my arms, and

when I sat down, almost wholly exhausted, he crouched down by my side and asked:

"Papa do you think God has taken care of Mamma and Nettie?"

"I hope so, my son," I answered, consolingly, to his sore little heart, for I felt that it would kill him to lose both of these dear idols of his life in a single hour.

"After resting a little while I started again to make my way up the banks of the river, leading and sometimes carrying my little Robbie in my arms, when I came to a cabin, the family of which seemed all gone. I passed on, and in a short space I met them returning.

"They insisted that I should return with them and they would do the best they could do for us. Of course I could not do better, and we all started back for their cabin, where they kindled up a nice, big fire for us to dry ourselves by. They were poor, and had no dry clothes to give us a change, and we had to do the best we could in drying ourselves by the fire.

"When daylight came, which was not long, the man got a canoe and rowed us over the river to the Kentucky shore, where the wrecks of our sad misfortunes lay burnt and sunk to the water's edge.

"Hundreds of people were gathered all along the shore, and I made every possible inquiry to obtain some light in regard to the sad fate of my loved ones, but not a ray of hope was given me. Nothing was left me but the cold and dismal conviction that their poor bodies were burnt to ashes, or else, having found a watery grave, their lifeless remains would be food for the fish of the river."

"So you left the sad scene, Mr. Fitzgibbon, and came on here?" asked the patient and interested listener.

"Yes, after stopping several weeks in Cincinnati, and making every effort I possibly could to learn something more of the sad fate of my poor wife and child, I came here, partly on business, but chiefly, if possible, to find some relief from the dismal death-sorrow which so oppressively preys upon me."

"I deeply sympathise with you, Mr. Fitzgibbon," said Mr. Benton, his merchant friend, "and now if you will accept of my hospitality, I think you and your little son will find some relief, if not pleasure, in going with me, this evening, out to my seashore home and spend a few days with us.

It is only twenty-four miles out from the city by rail, and we will try and make you as pleasant a stay as may be in our power."

This generous offer of his mystic friend, Benton, Mr. Fitzgibbon thankfully accepted, and that evening a short hour's ride brought them to the princely home and family of the Boston merchant. Here Mr. Fitzgibbon was received and treated with all the kind attentions and tenderness which could have been bestowed upon a brother. The scenes at every point of this rural palace home were grand and beautiful, and had it been under any other circumstances he would have felt that this grand locality, with its magnificent surroundings and social hospitalities, would have been an Eden home of the highest and purest earthly happiness. But as it was, his very heart was dead to all enjoyment, and nothing but death and the grave seemed to have any allurements for him, or even to feed the thoughts of his mind for a moment. Still he tarried there because it shut him out from the world, and to some extent appeared to bury the deep, deadly grief to his soul.

"Papa, did God take care of Mamma and Nettie?" asked little Robbie again the fifth evening of their sojourn at this lovely sea-shore home, as he and his papa were taking a walk over the extensive lawn, just as the whistle of the locomotive announced the return of Mr. Benton from his day's business in the city. "I hope so, my dear child," was the only response the deeply afflicted father could make.

But the train had scarcely stopped, when he saw Mr. Benton on the run and jump towards him, as if he was wild. He stopped to meet him. Mr. Benton leaped, threw up his arms, and when he came up to where Mr. Fitzgibbon and his little boy was standing he cried out, shouted:

"They live! they live! your wife and daughter both live! Thank God! thank God for ever, my dear brother."

Mr. Fitzgibbon thought the man was wild, stark mad. He could give no other explanation to his conduct.

Mr. Benton seeing that his glad tidings of great joy were not credited, broke out again:

"Why, my dear man, you don't believe me, but I am telling you the happiest news of your life. Your dear wife and daughter both still live. It is true, it is true."

"Yes, I know," said Fitzgibbon, solemnly, "but it is in Heaven."

"No, no, sir, it is here on this earth; in Louisville, Ky."

Then seizing Mr. Fitzgibbon by the arm and turning him in the direction of the residence he led him almost as a child. As they walked along the greatly excited and big-hearted merchant said:

"To-day, an old customer, a shoe merchant from Louisville, Ky., came into the store, and I began telling him all about you, when he at once asked your name, and just as soon as I said Fitzgibbon—"

"By Jove," said he, "I'll bet a hundred dollars he's the husband of that Mrs. Fitzgibbon who has been sick so long in our St. Joseph's Hospital. She and her little daughter were saved off the United States when she collided with the America."

"Is that so? Is that so?" I asked, in wonderful astonishment.

"It is," said he, "for I have seen her and her daughter, too, for we learned she was the widow of a Masonic brother, and we had her removed from the hospital to the best hotel in the city."

By this time they had entered the parlour, where Mr. Fitzgibbon threw himself down upon the lounge in delirious doubts of what he was hearing, and yet he could but hope, in the name and mercy of God, that it was all true.

"But this is not all, my dear brother Fitzgibbon," continued the generous heart-ed Benton, "Brother Morris, the gentleman from Louisville, and I went at once to the telegraph office and sent this dispatch:

"Tell us the names of Mrs. Fitzgibbon and daughter sick at the Louisville Hotel."

"The answer came in perhaps a half hour:

"Eliza Fitzgibbon and Nettie, of Mobile."

"That convinces me, satisfies me, Benton," said Fitzgibbon, "that God has actually saved them." He could say no more. His heart was full, and pressing his little Robbie to his bosom again and again he wept great tears of unspeakable joy.

"I was stifled, too," said Benton, "that it was all right, and I wanted your wife to be as happy to-night as you are, and I sent a dispatch stating that:

"Major Henry K. Fitzgibbon, of Mobile, was in this city, in good health, with his little son, Robbie, and will be pleased to death to know that his wife and daughter still live. He will meet them as soon as the locomotive will permit him."

"How soon can I leave?" asked Fitzgibbon, as he raised his head.

"At ten o'clock to-night," answered Benton, and though I know you ought to join them as soon as possible, if it was under any other circumstances you should not leave yet for a week."

"Thank God! thank God! they live; the dead's alive, the lost are found," was Fitzgibbon's only response.

Taking a solemn and thankful leave of his noble-hearted mystic brother, Benton, he took the earliest train, and two days after Louisville witnessed the re-union of as happy a family as that famous and hospitable city ever entertained.

The dead still lived, and the angel throng  
Sang anthems of joy, as they passed along.

*Masonic Advocate.*

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### THE LIVING TEMPLE.

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Though Solomon's Temple, they tell us, of  
old,

Excelled in its marbles, its cedars, and gold—  
Its altar of incense, its tables of bread—  
Its ark, where the light of the Presence  
was shed—

A far nobler Temple each Mason may raise,  
In wisdom and strength to endure thro' all  
days;

Of which Israel's proud pile was the type  
and the plan—

And this Temple so stately, so perfect—is  
Man.

How more precious than gold are honour  
and truth,

With these let him build in the days of his  
youth,

Its Light of the Presence—sweet peace,  
may be there;

Its altar of incense—humility's prayer;

Its table of show-bread—his gifts to the  
poor;

A Temple thus built, thro' all times shall  
endure,

And to perfect the shrine, tho' no gems  
form a part,  
The bright "Holy of Holies" shall be  
found in his heart.

*Keystone.*

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### OLD LODGE WARRANTS AND CERTIFICATES.

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BY W. J. HUGHAN, P.M., TRURO.

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I have been for some time endeavouring to procure copies of *old warrants*, but have only been partially successful. Plenty are to be had about 1750, and subsequently, but the difficulty is to obtain copies of actual warrants and certificates of lodges from 1720 to 1740. There is now some hope of my obtaining the sight of a lodge warrant which, if it turns out to be as represented, will be the oldest yet made public in this country.

In looking over Bro. Kenning's "Cosmopolitan Calendar," the other day, it occurred to me that it was worth while seeking the proof for the several years of origin ascribed to several of the lodges, and the Grand Lodge of Ireland was selected for the test. The first on the roll is the Grand Master's Lodge of the year 1749, and the next is No. 1, First Lodge of Ireland, held at Cork, 1731; No. 2 being held at Dublin, and said to have been constituted A.D. 1727. We applied to an able Mason in the city to obtain for us a copy of the warrant (if any such existed) for the year 1727, and we were duly favoured by a transcript of the document, a copy of which is appended. The date, however, is not 1727, but 1732, and it is stated at the foot of the charter that the centenary of the lodge was celebrated in the year 1832.

[*Copy of Warrant, 1732.*]

"By the Right Worshipful and Right Honourable Lord Viscount Netterville, G.M. of all the Lodges of Freemasons in the kingdom of Ireland, the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Kingsland, D.G.M., the W. James Brenan, M.D., and Robert Nugent, Esq., G.W.'s.

"Whereas our trusty and well-beloved Bros. Mr. James Rafter, Mr. John King, Gent., and Mr. George Harland, Warden, have besought us that we would be pleased

to erect a Lodge of Freemasons in the city of Dublin, of such persons who, by their knowledge and skill in Masonry, may contribute to the well-being and advancement thereof. We therefore, duly weighing the premises, and having nothing more at heart than the prosperity and true advancement of Masonry, and reposing special trust and confidence in our trusty and well-beloved brothers, the said James Rafter, John King, and George Harland, of whose ability and knowledge in Masonry we are satisfied, do by these presents, of our certain knowledge and their motion, nominate, create, authorize and constitute the said James Rafter, Master, John King and George Harland, Wardens of a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons to be held by them and their successors, lawfully admitted in the said lodge for ever, and we do hereby give and grant unto the said James Rafter, John King, and George Harland, and their successors, lawful authority from time to time, to proceed to election of a new Master and Wardens, to make such laws, rules and orders as they from time to time shall think proper and convenient for the well-being and ordering of the said lodge, reserving to ourselves and our successors, Grand Masters and Grand Wardens of Ireland, the sole right of deciding all differences which shall be brought by appeal before us and our successors, Grand Masters and Grand Wardens of Ireland.

"In witness whereof we have hereto set our hands and seal of office, this twenty-fourth day of October, in the year of our Lord God 1732, and in the year of Masonry 5732.

"Intra pli.

"JOHN DENNELLY, Secretary."

There are several lodges with the date of their decade of last century ascribed to them still in existence in Ireland. Whether they all have the right to be so designated, we cannot yet determine, but most probably they are about the age stated, for there must have been many lodges in active work before 1740, and the early history of Freemasonry in Ireland has yet to be written. There is no lodge in that country which claims an existence prior to the Provincial Grand Lodge of Munster (or Grand Lodge, as it is sometimes called), so that there is no evidence, as yet, of lodges being in existence in Ireland before

the premier Grand Lodge of the world was established at London, A.D. 1717. In Scotland there are many, however, which were working in the *seventeenth century*, and which still continue to be lodges of Free and Accepted Masons. There are of this class—Mother Lodge of Kilwinning, No. 0, at Kilwinning; St. Mary's Chapel, No. 1, Edinburgh; Cannongate Kilwinning, No. 2, Edinburgh; Seor and Perth, No. 3, Perth; St. John's, 3 bis, Glasgow; Cannongate and Leith, No. 5, Leith; Hamilton Kilwinning, No. 7, Hamilton; St. John's, No. 9, Dumblane; Ancient, No. 30, Stirling; Aberdeen, Lodge No. 34, Aberdeen; St. John's Kilwinning, No. 57, Haddington; and the ancient lodge at Melrose. There are also several which have records, or can prove their existence as lodges during the early part of the last century, when there was no Grand Lodge in Scotland, it not having been instituted until 1736.

Particulars of a goodly number of these "*Ateliers*" are to be found in my friend Lyon's "*History of the Lodge of Edinburgh*," and many interesting details of their early career are thus preserved in a work which, for interest and value, has never been surpassed by any writer on Freemasonry in this or any other country.

Our desire, however, in distributing these "*sparks*" through the medium of the *Voice*, is to make known fresh items of Masonic history as they are traced and brought to light, so we shall not quote now from Lyon's splendid work, but advise our readers to procure copies for their own perusal.

We append one of the earliest lodge certificates, in conclusion of our present communication, and which was granted by the ancient lodge at Aberdeen. It has not been published before, and it will be found curious and instructive to the Masonic student.

[Copy, 1749.]

"We, the Master, Wardens and Deacons of the Honourable the Mason Lodge of the city of Aberdeen, number Three of the kingdom of Scotland, do hereby certify and declare that the bearer hereof, William Jeans, of Aberdeen, is a just and worthy member, lawfully Entered, Past and Raised within the said lodge, and has bore distinguished offices in the same, during which time he has behaved himself as

a most worthy member in all points relative to our society, and can acquit himself to the satisfaction of any brother, and therefore we recommend him to every Regular Lodge where Providence may order his Lott."

"In testimony whereof we have subscribed these presents, given at our lodge and under our hands and seals, this day of September, seventeen hundred and forty-nine years."

We find that Bro. Jeans was initiated in 1744, acted as "Key Master," then as Junior Deacon, and last of all as Junior Warden of the lodge.—*Voice of Masonry (America)*.

#### T' DISTANT SPRING.\*

Git t' bawks ower the back, Jim, an' hing  
the pails on ;

Thou'll be foorst te fetch watter fra  
t'spring :

It's a lang way te gan, bud our rummel's  
dried up,

An' 'twad teeave t'lass te decaath thruff  
all t'ling.

It mayn't be thah job—ah deean't say 'at  
it iz—

Bud yan can't stick te that, mon, thruff  
life ;

Thou'll deca't te seeave Poll : what, ah  
knao how things stans,—

An' a rare lass sheea'll be fer a wife.

Thou knaws what t'chap sang at t'mell  
supper last year,

About werkin' yer trew heart te pruv :

He sed wark seeam'd like laik, or summat  
like that,

If ya did it fer them 'at ya luv.

Seea git on the bawks, Jim, an' hing the  
pails on,

An' wissell away, lad, tit spring :

Temooan all be Sunda', youse beeaath gan  
tit chetch ;

Think o' that, an' thou'll seean weead  
thruff t' ling.

\* From a volume now in the press, entitled *Rhymes and Sketches to Illustrate the Cleveland Dialect*, by Mrs. G. M. TWEDDELL (FLORENCE CLEVELAND).

#### NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

The death of the Rev. Canon Kingsley must be regarded as a loss to society by every true craftsman who really makes the liberal arts and sciences his especial study. Not only did this worthy clergyman carry his researches into the hidden mysteries of nature and science, but he also taught them widely to the people, both by tongue and pen, and that too in language that was easily understood, and in a style which proved that science, when taught aright, is far more interesting than the sensation tales now so much in vogue. Had he never produced anything more than his *Town Geology*, he would have deserved well of humanity. I am glad that his worn-out carcass was deposited at his own quiet Eversley ; for why should not the country have its sacred shrines where the lovers of departed genius may muse and "put them to worship" in the country, instead of crowding all their ashes together in the great metropolis ? Who would think of moving the dust of Shakespeare from his own dear Stratford-on-Avon, or that of Wordsworth from his graceful grave in Grasmere Churchyard ; though in the latter case I would certainly like to see his grave decently protected, so that the grass and his beloved wild flowers might cover it with beauty, which was far from being the case when I paid it a pilgrimage.

At a time when foolish zealots, both Papist and Protestant, are reaping up all the old worn-out slanders against our dearly-beloved craft, and denouncing our benevolent binding together, in one common bond of brotherhood, honest men of the most opposite opinions in religion and politics, so far as sect or party is concerned, who are really more anxious to benefit mankind than to propagate their own opinions, it is pleasant to peruse so calm, manly, and truthful a *Defence of Freemasonry* as that just produced by our able and well-known brother, the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., Past Grand Chaplain ; a work which I would earnestly recommend to the careful atten-

tion both of those who have *honest* prejudices against the craft, and also of all those who have been admitted amongst us. The former cannot but be convinced that our lodges are not really so many "devil's regiments of the line," and the luke-warm Mason will see his duty more clearly, and be prompted to a more active and energetic discharge of the same. The book ought to have an extensive sale, and a very careful reading. In my own opinion it is one of the best contributions to our Masonic literature, being certainly totally unanswerable from beginning to end.

M. Nordenskjold, the enterprising explorer, has found in ice and snow of the Arctic Polar Sea, a black dust, which on being melted and chemicalized, proved to be composed of nickel and cobalt, and similar in constitution to the meteorites. Some suppose that this powder is really caused by the disintegration of these meteors at a short distance from the earth. Perhaps the ice seas which this undaunted traveller, M. Fordenskjold, has explored, are the most lonely portion of our planet, rising about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, with dangerous crevices concealed by snow and fog. And yet he is organising another expedition to start this spring. May the Great Geometrician of the Universe have him in his safe keeping.

The *Engineer* states that "the largest trip hammer in the United States has recently been completed at Nashua, N.H., at an expense of 75,000 dollars. The weight of iron used in it is about 200 tons. The ram weighs 12 tons; its striking force is about 100 tons, and four large boilers are brought into use to furnish steam to run the 600-horse power engine required to successfully operate it. The immense crane, with which the iron that is manipulated is hoisted into position, is the largest in the country, and is rigged with modern mechanism so nicely, that two men can easily hoist 50 tons dead weight."

The *Academy* informs us that "from his examination of the spectra of stars Professor d'Arrest has come to the conclusion that colour cannot be taken as a certain indication of the nature of the spectrum, and that the connection between colour and temperature, though not improbable, has not been satisfactorily established; while the assertion that the red stars are older than the yellow, and the

yellow than the white, is, according to M. d'Arrest, entirely without foundation. The spectroscopic examination of stars which M. d'Arrest has made at Copenhagen has resulted in increasing the number of stars of Secchi's third type three-fold. These stars are distinguished by channelled spectra, indicating that their temperature is so low that combination of the elements in their atmosphere has taken place."

Stokesley.

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## Chippings.

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A PIG ON SHARES.—Stephen and his mother owned a pig in company, and on purchasing the animal, agreed how they should divide the spoils in killing him—the mother was to have the head and fore-quarters, Stephen taking the hind quarters.

Well, the old lady fed the pig at her own proper cost for three months, and then, thinking it about time to be relieved, she told her son that she thought he ought to buy some corn for the porker.

"No, no, mother," said Stephen; "I've nothing to do with the head and forepart—that belongs to you—you take care of that—and I'll look out for my half."

A priest who was examining a confirmation class in the south of Ireland, asked:

"What is the sacrament of matrimony?"

A bright little girl at the head of the class answered:

"A state of torment into which [sowls enter to prepare for a better worruld."

"That's the answer for purgatory," said the priest.

"Put her down fut of the class," said the sub-deacon.

"Lave her alone," retorted the priest; "for anything you or I know to the contrary she may be perfectly right."

A countryman was dragging a calf in a cruel manner. An Irishman asked him, if that was the way he treated his fellow creatures.

Benedict offers to walk ten miles with any young lady, acceptable to himself, in five hours, at a wager to be agreed upon by themselves.

When is a cook like a Roman Catholic official? When she is a fat fryer.

"Sir, I'd have you to know that I keep one of the best tables in the city, sir," exclaimed an indignant New York landlady to a boarder, who had been finding fault with his fare. "That may be true, ma'am," quietly retorted the boarder, "but you put very little upon it."

Artemus Ward says in "His Book," "A female woman is one of the best institutions of which the land can boast. It's impossible to get along without her. She is good in sickness, good in wellness, good all the time. O, woman, woman! You are an angel, when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper apparel, and (metaphorically speaking) get into pantaloons, and undertake to play the man, you play the devil, and are an emphatic noosance."

"NAKED TRUTH."—The late eccentric John Holmes used frequently, in his addresses to different juries, to explain the meaning of the phrase "naked truth," by relating the following fable:

Truth and Falsehood, travelling one warm day, met at a river, and both went in to bathe at the same place. Falsehood, coming first out of the water, took his companion's clothes and left his own vile raiment, and then went on his way. Truth, coming out of the water, sought in vain for his own proper dress—disdaining to wear the garb of Falsehood. Truth started, all naked, in pursuit of the thief, but not being so swift of foot, has never overtaken the fugitive. Ever since he has been known as "naked Truth."

A country editor, who has recently been married and returned from his bridal tour, got fifty new lady subscribers on the strength of a two column and a half leading editorial, describing his trip.

A modern philosopher thinks it is a mistake to suppose that women have stronger attachments than men. "A man," he says, "is often attached to an old hat, but who ever heard of a woman being attached to an old bonnet?"

Machinery has reached a great state of

perfection. "We recently saw some burned peas put into the hopper of a coffee-mill, and in less than two minutes they were occupying a place in a grocery window labelled 'Fine Old Mocha.'"

"Off she goes!" said a lady. "You have mistaken the gender," said a gentleman; "this is the mail train."

"Digby, will you take some of this butter?" "Thank you, ma'am, I belong to the Temperance society—can't take anything strong," replied Digby.

An armless Milwaukee woman boxes her husband's ears with her feet.

HIGH LIVING.—The highest inhabited spot in the world is the Buddhist cloister at Hanle, in Thibet, where 21 priests live at an altitude of 16,000 feet.

"Is that your offspring, madam?" asked a Missouri judge of a woman who had hold of a snub-nosed boy's hand. "No," sir, she replied, "this is my oldest boy."

A race of sculptors—The Chip-away Indians.

An awful swell—The cheek after the toothache.

Bored, yet happy—A girl with her first pair of ear-rings.

A young lady fearful of becoming stout, devotes two hours to every meal, because she had read somewhere that "haste makes waist."

A pleasant error—An invalid was ordered by a physician to take three ounces of brandy a day, and, knowing that sixteen drams made an ounce, has patiently been taking forty-eight drinks a day ever since.

A touching obituary of an eminent citizen of a neighbouring village concludes as follows: "With the exception of the fact that twenty years ago he took lessons on the fiddle, his life was blameless."

Milton, the blind author, was once asked by a friend of the female persuasion if he did not intend to instruct his daughter in the different languages. "No, sir," replied Milton, "one tongue is enough for a woman."

A little girl was told to spell ferment, and give the meaning with a sentence in which it was used. The following was literally her answer: F-e-r-m-e-n-t, a verb, signifying to work; I love to ferment in the garden.