

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF  
FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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## Monthly Masonic Summary.

Before we shall meet our readers again the Installation of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master will have taken place, amid the loyal enthusiasm of our order. Everything points to a most successful and rejoicing assembly, such as has never been seen before, and which English Freemasonry "pour les longues années ne reverra pas."

Prince Leopold has received his third degree, and the Duke of Connaught will have received it before our readers will peruse these lines, so that the Prince of Wales will be, like George Prince of Wales, surrounded by his royal brothers, and we shall be reminded of goodly meetings in times long gone and past.

It is satisfactory to note how clear and straightforward is the position which English Freemasonry assumes, alike to the great pride of its friends, and according to the reluctant admission of its foes.

English Freemasonry, unlike some other foreign bodies studiously eschews political question and abnormal topics, and confines itself to its own mission and its proper duty. Foreign Freemasons sometimes complain of their own authorities, as looking with an unfavourable eye on themselves and their Masonic labours. In seven cases out of ten the fault is with the Freemasons, not with the lawful authorities. For foreign Freemasons are apt to forget that Freemasonry is a secret society, and that all governments have a right to object to secret societies discussing the affairs of the State. Now some of our foreign Brethren are most unwise in this respect.

They discuss in their Lodges habitually the most "vexatas questiones" of Government and order and social polity, and

national interests, all which are beyond the sphere of Freemasonry, and they wonder,

"That Kings and Courts are watching  
o'er their state,  
And some will doubt, and others will  
debate"—

whether Freemasonry is a safe institution to foster or to patronize. Let the foreign Freemasons imitate us benighted English Freemasons, and they need fear no more any Government's objection.

Masonic literature has received a great addition by the superb Memorial Volume of the Philadelphia Masonic Hall Dedication. It is a credit to American printers, and, above all, to the Superintending Committee, and to American Freemasonry. The Committee is composed of some of the most distinguished brethren of Pennsylvania. We congratulate them on the result of their "magnum opus," and the greater work it so fitly commemorates.

L'affaire Bradlaugh has taken a new phase, in that it appears he was received into a French lodge in 1862, under the Grand Orient of France, though that lodge is apparently no longer on the official list. This, however, does not, as far as we are concerned, do away with the original vicious admission. The High Cross Lodge Brethren are, to a certain extent, relieved from their share of the impropriety of the proceedings, as they received him on the faith of his French certificate. It is a very untoward event, look at it in whatever light we may. A surreptitious certificate has been published in the *Freemason* of April 17th, which must alarm all order-loving Freemasons, and is a great disgrace to its concocters and issuers.

We shall give our readers a full account of the installation next month.

We may remind our readers, that Bro. Hartey has published a very striking lithograph of our Grand Master in his clothing.

We will publish next month a portion of D'Assigny's rare pamphlet, by Bro. Hughan's kind permission.

FREEMASONRY CONSIDERED IN  
ITS RELATION TO SOCIETY.

BY G. A. R.

(Continued from page 301.)

In a Lenten Pastoral admonishing his flock against Fenianism, a few years ago, Cardinal Cullen says: "As to the leaders of this secret society, their words of infidelity and blasphemy, like those of the adepts of Freemasonry, are in keeping with their wicked career." And in another pastoral in 1870, the Cardinal describes Freemasonry thus: "The first evil which I shall mention, is the existence of the Masonic, Fenian, Ribbon, and other secret societies \* \* \* \* In regard to Freemasons, we learn from the history of modern times that many of them have been the greatest enemies of religion, and the principal leaders of the revolutions which brought so many evils on society. The greatest infidel of the last century, Voltaire, who laboured incessantly to destroy Christianity, and who never hesitated to use sarcasms, lies and calumnies for that purpose, was a Freemason, and obtained a sort of apotheosis from his brethren in one of the lodges in Paris a few days before his unhappy death; Marat, Danton, Robespierre, and other similar monsters of iniquity, who were the great actors in the French Revolution; and in our days, Mazzini and Garibaldi, the principal authors of all the convulsions of Italy belonged to the craft \* \* \* \* From their works will you know them, says the Lord; and hence though we do not pretend to penetrate the mysteries of Freemasonry, we may conclude that the plant is bad, radically bad, which produces such poisonous fruits."

So far did the Cardinal carry his antipathy, that on the occasion of Prince Arthur's visit to this country a few years ago, when a Masonic Ball was given in his honour, all Roman Catholics were interdicted from taking any part in it. With this visit some peculiar circumstances were connected, and no doubt the Cardinal thought he had the game in his own hands. However, the same year, the Prince of Wales became a Freemason, and since that event, Prince Arthur, like a worthy son of the Queen of England, became a Free-

mason simultaneously with assuming the title of Duke of Connaught.

From the short extracts from Papal documents given in the foregoing pages, it will be apparent that there exists a strong feeling among the hierarchy of Rome against Freemasonry. Their denunciations cannot harm the craft, but they can render uncomfortable many honourable Roman Catholics, who, loving Freemasonry for its intrinsic worth, yet feel as a matter of conscience they are doing something forbidden so long as they continue their connection with it.

Reasoning men will decide for themselves whether there is anything morally wrong in Freemasonry, and whether any of the charges brought against it be true. Freemasons are enjoined—"to be good men and true, and strictly to obey the Moral Law, to be peaceful citizens and cheerfully to conform to the laws of the country in which they reside, and not to be concerned in plots and conspiracies against the government, but patiently to submit to the law and the constituted authorities; to pay a proper respect to a civil magistrate, to work diligently, live creditably, and act honourably by all men." This should be a sufficient refutation of the scandalous and unfounded charges made against the order by designing men.

But there is another evil to be apprehended. Since the Vatican Council promulgated that startling dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, many will be induced to believe implicitly the charges made by different Popes, requiring no other proof but assertion. Suspicion will fall on the order, and many will be deterred from becoming Freemasons, fearing to be ranked with those who are described as "enemies of the Church and of God."

In Cardinal Cullen's pastoral of 1870 from which an extract has already been given, he adroitly uses some names of bad repute who were prominent characters in the atrocities of the French Revolution,—Marat, Danton, Robespierre. These men he asserts were Freemasons, and he affects to discover in Masonic teaching something calculated to develop any latent badness a man may have, and hence he concludes that the plant is bad which produces such poisonous fruit. This is judging of the size of Hercules by his foot with a vengeance. If they were Masons they were

most unworthy members of the society, unworthy of the name of men, and deserving of the fate which overtook them. But is it fair to select names of men the most odious, who may or may not have been Masons, and from these to infer that the teaching they received led to the turn their lives took? Would the Cardinal consider it a fair process of reasoning, to adopt his own method, to say that Danton, Marat, and Robespierre were Roman Catholics \* \* \* therefore "we may conclude that the plant (viz. the Roman Catholic Church) is bad, radically bad, which produces such poisonous fruits!" or to say, that because such monsters have worn the tiara as John VIII., John X., John XI., John XII., Sergius III. and Roderigo Borgia-men whom no one ever accused of being Freemasons, that their crimes should be attributed to the present Pontiff, or that because Joan occupied the Papal throne, therefore all the Popes were old women, or to infer from their lives that the religion they professed was the cause of their wickedness. The one influence is as legitimate as the other.

Owing to the eminently Catholic composition of Freemasonry, the Roman hierarchy cannot make it subservient to their ends, and hence they avail themselves of every opportunity for reviling and denouncing it. Great was the jubilation when the Marquis of Ripon joined the Church of Rome, and when in obedience to her mandate, he retired from Freemasonry. He knew, for his high office should have taught him, that there was nothing incompatible in Freemasonry with his allegiance to the Pope. His action in the matter goes far to prove Mr. Gladstone's assertion: "That no one can become her convert without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another."\* In calm and dignified language the great statesman has proved his proposition, and has shown that even in our day the Roman Church is opposed to progress and modern civilisation. On the other hand Freemasonry is quite *en rapport* with the spirit of the age, encourages a search for light and truth both in the domains of science and theology.

But it is not in the Roman Church alone

\* "The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance," p. 12.

its enemies are to be found. There would almost seem to be a secret understanding among the clergy of various religious bodies to do all they can for the destruction of Masonry. Happily, it is constructed of too solid materials, and stands on too firm a basis to be shaken by the united efforts of Priest and Presbyter.

In a pamphlet published in 1873, entitled "The Principles and Practices of Secret Societies opposed to Scripture and Reason," by the Rev. James Kerr, Greenock, and bearing the *imprimatur* of "The Joint Reformed Presbyteries of Edinburgh and Glasgow," a violent onslaught is made on Freemasonry. In a note, the writer of the pamphlet acknowledges that much of his information is taken from "Light on Masonry," and "The Master Mason, &c.," but he does not give the full title of the latter treatise. It is "Solomon in all his glory; or the Master Mason, being a true guide to the inmost recesses of Freemasonry, both ancient and modern, containing a minute account of the proceedings from an Entered Apprentice to a Past Master, with the different signs, words, gripes, and form of oath. By Thomas Wilson, Esq., an Officer in the Army, and late Master of the Swan Tavern Lodge, Strand, a deserter from the Banners of Masonry. Price one penny." The trumpety affair is the work of some illiterate scribbler, who, finding dupes, copied from Mr. Kerr's other work, and heralds it under its high-sounding title as the veritable production of a Freemason. In the appendix Mr. Kerr gives a long quotation from this work purporting to be an exposé of the arcana of Masonry. The other work from which he derives information, "Light on Masonry," purports to be signed "by about 100 Masons who seceded from the craft." And at page 29 he says, the persons calling themselves Masons whom he quotes, swore "not to write, print, stamp or engrave it (viz., the secrets) or anything moveable or immoveable, &c." Now on his own showing Mr. Kerr is quoting the words of men who are telling wilful and deliberate lies, or who are guilty of wilful and deliberate perjury, so that until he produces some more reliable testimony, his statements must be received with a grain of salt. No such evidence would be received in a Court of Justice, and if offered, would of itself be sufficient to damage the case of the person tendering it.

In all the charges brought against the order, neither the Pope nor Cardinal Cullen is so unwary as to be caught by *quasi* Masonic revelations. They are too astute to found their charges on books repudiated by the craft—books which are mere frauds on the public.

Having referred to the authorities, it may be interesting to turn to the other portions of his pamphlet. Had he simply condemned Freemasonry on some of the grounds set forth, without endeavouring to lift the veil of secrecy which separates the Institution from the outer world, he would have only done what any man has a perfect right to do; but when, with a prurient curiosity, he endeavours by illegitimate means to gain an insight to that "mysterious light which none but craftsmen ever saw," he leaves himself open to suspicion.

He condemns Freemasonry on account of—1. Its secrecy. 2. Owing to set forms of prayer being used in Masonic ritual. 3. Because it admits persons of all religious persuasions. 4. On account of the vanity of its titles. 5. Because of the objectionable practise of laying Foundation Stones. 6. Its treating irreverently the Word of God. 7. Its profanation of the ordinance of the Oath, besides several other objections of more or less magnitude. Some of these points belong to the domain of theology, but it will not be out of place to reply to them in a paper of this kind.

1. As has been shown already, although in the strict acceptation of the term Freemasonry is not a secret society, yet it has profound secrets carefully guarded, and notwithstanding what Mr. Kerr or any of the enemies of the order may say to the contrary, those secrets have not been and will not be divulged. The objection as to secrecy finds favour in many quarters. It is well answered in the words of Mackey: "Its force is immediately destroyed when we reflect that to no worthy man need our mysteries be for one moment covered with the veil of concealment, for to all the deserving are our portals open. But the traditions and esoteric doctrines of our order are too valuable and too sacred to be permitted to become the topic of conversation for every idler who may desire to occupy his moments of leisure in speculations upon subjects which require much previous study and preparation to qualify

the critic for a ripe and equitable judgment."\* Sickles answers the objection from a different point of view. He says: "That origin (the obligation of secrecy) must be found, and can only be found in the intrinsic value and divine excellence of the principles of secrecy itself. Among the ancients, silence and secrecy were considered virtues of the highest order."†

Most people who urge this as an objection are ignorant of the fact, or affect an obliviousness of it, that at its inception the doctrines taught by Freemasonry were of such a nature as to clash with most of the religious beliefs of the time, and to have openly promulgated these would have led to certain death, and to the destruction of the institution. Secrecy was thus imposed on Masonry as a necessity, and in each succeeding generation, the same means were resorted to in order to preserve the mysteries from the popular gaze. In this age, happily, Freemasonry does not clash with any religion which teaches the existence of the one true God. But the question is not whether Freemasonry is in harmony with revealed religion, or whether its doctrines should be openly promulgated without restriction. Freemasonry must be taken as it is. It has come down to our time surrounded by secrecy, and the veil which hides it can only be opened to the worthy seeker after truth.

2. "The offering of prayer to God by *reading set forms* is its invariable practice," and this is considered a grave objection by Mr. Kerr. Well, Freemasons have ancient precedent for such a practice. The same practice prevails in many Christian Churches; and in the synagogue service of God's ancient people set forms of prayer alone are offered. It might save some people from another practice, equally objectionable, the saying of sermons called prayers by them, if they had set forms to guide them.

3. Another very objectionable practice is the union of all religious denominations. This, as has already been shown, is one of its chief glories, and while bigots fight for forms and creeds, Freemasonry teaches that men may differ in many points, religious and political, and yet feel that they are brethren all journeying to the same bourne.

\* Lexicon, p. 311.

† The General Ahiman Rezon, p. 61.

4. The vanity of its titles is another charge against the order. Masons do not object to Mr. Kerr calling himself Rev., nor to his claim to belong to the "Joint Reformed Presbyteries of Edinburgh and Glasgow," nor to his assuming any other title he pleases, and he should in this tolerant age give the same latitude even to Masons. For all the effect his denunciations will have, he might as well have objected to the Emperor of China's claim to kindredship with the sun and moon. Many of the titles to which he objects are not to be found in "Solomon in all his Glory," and the presumption is, that he has found them in his other equally veracious authority, "Light on Masonry."

5. The practice of laying foundation stones is objected to on the ground that its rites amount to a profanation of the worship of God. Most Masons are familiar with the ritual used on such an occasion. The ceremony is solemn and impressive, and how any one can discover profanity in it is only explicable by supposing that the person labouring under the delusion has yet another, viz :—his doxy is orthodoxy, and every other person's doxy is heterodoxy. This objection is similar to some others adduced by him. He is like a man looking through green spectacles: everything appears green to him, while the greenness is only in the glasses.

6. From information derived from "Solomon in all his Glory," and "Light on Masonry," he comes to the conclusion that Freemasonry treats irreverently the Word of God. This charge is altogether unfounded. Freemasonry teaches the greatest reverence for that Sacred Volume, admonishing every craftsman "to consider it as the unerring standard of truth and justice, and to regulate their actions by the divine precepts it contains." Freemasons may not all square their actions with that Holy Book, but that is not the fault of their teaching—it is a fault of some obliquity of judgment or erroneous teaching on the part of some institution outside the pale of Masonry.

7. Freemasonry is charged with profaning the ordinance of the oath. Having attempted to demonstrate this, the same religious teacher goes on to teach doctrines which he would condemn in Liguori. He teaches that all Masonic oaths are not binding. He describes Masonic oaths as

rashly taken, and he raises two questions: "Are the Officers of Masonic Lodges lawfully qualified and entitled to administer oaths?" "Are the circumstances of the case so momentous as to warrant an oath?" To the first question the answer simply is: The officers of a Masonic Lodge *are* lawfully qualified and entitled to administer oaths. To the second question the answer is, Masons themselves are the proper judges as to whether an oath is warranted.

It is needless to follow the pamphlet through all its tortuous windings. Not content with condemning Freemasonry, he uses a few euphonious epithets to give weight to his denunciations, *e.g.*, he speaks of it as blasphemous, dishonouring to God, heinous, unchristian, irreligious, horrid and sanguinary. Some of its rites he describes as daring blasphemies, daring profanation of the Worship of God. Its oaths are characterised as brutal imprecations. Having used these choice epithets regarding Freemasonry, it is not to be wondered at that he should teach that perjury is lawful. This is a proposition which affects the well-being of society, and it is painful to read in the pamphlet under notice that an oath taken by a Mason is not binding. What is an oath? It is a solemn act of religious worship, wherein a direct appeal is made to God as a witness, and must be taken without any dissimulation or mental evasion. A writer who is regarded as an authority by Mr. Kerr's body asks this question: "Is an oath which is lawful as to the matter, though simple as to the manner, and even obtained by deceit and rashly made binding and obligatory upon the person who has sworn it."\* To this he replies: "Yes, as is evident from the instance of the Gibeonites who deceived Israel into a league with them by oath, and yet their oath was binding." That Masonic oaths are lawful does not require demonstration, for they are sanctioned by the legislature, and it has never been shown that they contain anything repugnant to religion. Besides, were those oaths so horrible, so brutal, so daringly blasphemous as this gentleman represents them to be, no person is bound to take on him a second obligation. If any one finds on mature reflection that any deception has been practised, that he has taken it rashly, or

\* Fisher's Catechism.

that it is repugnant to the religion he professes, he is not required to burthen his conscience with the guilt of a second; and from the fact that so many men from the highest to the lowest, statesman and philosopher, men of business and clergymen proceed from degree to degree, the inference, even to a person outside the Masonic pale, is obvious—there is nothing in the oath hostile to religion or to society.

Mr. Kerr's argument against Freemasonry is based on the assumption that his authorities are trustworthy, and that things described as Masonic are so. But when a writer attempts to sap the foundations of Freemasonry, using as one of his engines "Solomon in all his Glory" he leaves himself open to retort. What would he say if it were said that the religion he professes is sanguinary, that it teaches the lawfulness and necessity for persecution, and that the members of his church are banded together by horrid oaths to extirpate Popery, Prelacy, &c., &c. One of his own church commenting on this teaching, that by Popery and Prelacy are meant Papists and Prelatists! Or to leave the realm of fact for that of fiction, would he consider it fair to make an onslaught on his religious denomination by appealing to the authority of "Old Mortality," which is a far more reliable book than "Solomon in all his glory!" Would Mr. Kerr think it fair to quote Manse Headrigg with her profusion of vituperative epithets, and John Balfour of Burley, with his practical application of the extirpation theory, as fair representatives of the laity; and the Reverends Gabriel Kettledrummle, Ephraim McBriar, and Habakkuk Mucklewrath as fair typical specimens of the clergy of his church!

The mission of Freemasonry is not to return railing for railing, but while it never seeks to interfere with any man's honest convictions, it is not to be deterred from its onward march by the united efforts of the Pope in council, and the Rev. James Kerr, backed by the Joint Reformed Presbyteries of Edinburgh and Glasgow, nor by all "The long-neck'd geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise, because their natures are little."

If Mr. Kerr, judging from his pamphlet, had the power of the keys, he would doubtless excommunicate the whole fraternity; and should he ever attempt an

amendment of the "Solemn League and Covenant," he will doubtless give the Freemasons a permanent place for extirpation. There is an old proverb he would do well to profit by, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," and let Freemasonry alone.

Other religious sects, both orally and by writing, have condemned Freemasonry, and attempted to raise a crusade against it. Each sect finds some specious cause of complaint, the most general being the antagonism which is said to exist between Freemasonry and religion, as represented by denominationalism, and the assumption that Freemasonry purports to be a religion itself. It is worthy of notice that all the demoniations that have attacked Freemasonry have not been sparing in their abuse of each other. Freemasonry knows nothing of the hair-splitting schisms which have brought reproach on Christianity. Content to be the humble handmaid of religion, it opens its portals to every worthy man who worships him whom we reverently term the Great Architect of the Universe. When forms and creeds have plunged nations into war, when men under the sacred name of religion have anathematized each other, hated each other, and butchered each other, it is no small praise to Freemasonry, that with true Catholicity it has invited into a common brotherhood, men of widely divergent forms of faith. Instead of banning Freemasonry, how much better would religious teachers be employed if they endeavoured to imitate it, at least to the extent of seeing how much they hold in common with their opponents.

These periodical outbursts of bigotry will not harm Freemasonry—they rather serve to place it in a more favourable light. Quaintly has the dreamer of Bedford, in his immortal allegory, portrayed the prototypes of these traducers in the persons of Ill-will and Prejudice, who are represented as casting dirt at a man clothed in a white garment. Bunyan says: "Those that threw dirt at him are such as hate his well-doing; but as you see, the dirt will not stick upon his clothes—so it shall be with him that liveth innocently in the world."

It is not without significance that when the most virulent attacks are made on the craft it flourishes to a proportionate extent. When the Marquis of Ripon threw down

the standard, and deserted to the enemy, Albert Edward Prince of Wales, boldly stepped forward and raised it; and when the noble old man, who for two generations ruled the craft in Ireland so well, died true to his colours, another noble brother, the Duke of Abercorn accepted the high office of Grand Master. Thus we have in the one country the heir to the throne, and in the other the viceroy, the chiefs of the order, proving that to civil society at least there is nothing inimical in Freemasonry.

While it is pleasant to have the names of illustrious men associated with the craft, it must not be forgotten they can add no fresh lustre to it; and were all its titled members to withdraw, Freemasonry would suffer no more than any of the sciences would lose by the death of their ablest exponents. The humblest individual who worthily performs the round of his Masonic duties, exerts an influence in his own circle relatively as great as the most exalted personage in the realm; and by his conduct in an opposite direction may lead the outer world to infer that the charges made against Freemasonry have some foundation.

Freemasonry has been misunderstood and therefore misrepresented. It inculcates a spirit of intoleration—a universal brotherhood. It endeavours to leave society better than it found it. It has mitigated the horrors of war, and endeavoured to obviate its necessity. Its high aim has been to seek the Truth and to disseminate Light, and to assist in fulfilling the dream of one who

“ \* \* \* Dipt into the future, far as  
human eye could see,  
Saw the vision of the world, and all the  
wonder that would be;  
Saw the heavens filled with commerce,  
argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping  
down with costly bales;  
Heard the heavens filled with shouting, and  
their rain'd a ghastly dew,  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in  
the central blue;  
Far along the world-wide whisper of the  
south wind rushing warm,  
With the standards of the peoples plunging  
through the thunder-storm;  
Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and  
the battle flags were fur'd

*In the Parliament of man, the Federation  
of the world.”\**

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MURIEL HALSIE.

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Number nine, Percy Terrace, was closed. During the night the Angel of Death had visited the house. “The last of his race and his father's name” had passed behind the veil that hides the vague, mysterious hereafter from human gaze.

“Heart disease,” said the doctor, gravely, as he stood by the bedside, looking down on the handsome face half pillowed on the arm that had so often been raised in defence of Queen and country. “Heart disease,” he repeated, raising his eyes, to meet those of a young lady standing on the other side, pale and motionless as a statue. She seemed as though she heard him not. “Your father suffered no pain,” he added, in a lower tone; “he died in his sleep.”

The tightly-clasped hands of the girl unlocked themselves suddenly and covered her quivering face, deeply-drawn breath heaved her chest for a few moments, and then the tears gushed forth as though they would never cease.

For a while the doctor let her weep; presently he spoke again:

“It is a quiet ending to a well-spent life, my dear Miss Halsie. Do not weep. Your father has been saved much trouble; he would never have been happy out of harness; already inaction has begun to chafe his energetic spirit.”

“Do you think that all my tears are dropped for him?” cried the girl, passionately. “No, they are partly for myself! He is happy—at rest; but I—I am lonely and desolate; before me spreads a dark future I fear to tread, for I have no one to lead or guide me.”

The doctor did not know what reply to make; and, suddenly remembering that he had other people waiting for him, he held out his hand and said “Good-bye,” promising to call again next day.

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Colonel Halsie was a retired Indian. For some months he had been residing with his youngest daughter at Newcombe, a seaside village in Devonshire. His wife had died when her children were very

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\* Locksley Hall.

young—too young to remember her. Her marriage with Colonel—then Captain—Halsie had given great offence to her family, and after it very little intercourse was maintained between them—for Mrs. Halsie was too high-spirited and independent to solicit affection or kindness that was not given spontaneously. Idolizing her husband, the smallest slight offered to him cut her to the heart, and roused a spirit of haughty pride that was only kept slumbering by her naturally amiable disposition and firm religious principles. Much of her short married life had been spent abroad, principally in India, and it was during a return voyage from that country, for the benefit of her health, that she died. There had been three children. Merville Halsie, the only son, had been killed in the Indian Mutiny; Christine, the eldest daughter, was married, and was in India with her husband, Captain Ferroll; Muriel, her father's companion and favourite, was left almost desolate by his sudden death.

A short obituary notice in an obscure corner of the daily paper, a semi-military funeral, and the memory of Colonel Halsie passed from the minds of all save his sorrowing daughters. In their hearts loving memories raised an imperishable monument over which many a bitter tear was shed.

Muriel was not entirely without sympathy. Her mother's two sisters came to her immediately on receiving notice of the Colonel's sudden death, and they remained till after the funeral, giving the sorrowing girl such consolation as was in their power, but, as they had little love for their brother-in-law while living, their expressions of condolence were not of the warmest.

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It was the evening of the funeral. Mrs. Standerwick and Mrs. Rolf Haverill were sitting over the fire, consulting as to the best means of disposing of their orphan niece with the least possible expenditure of time, trouble, and money to themselves. Muriel was supposed to have retired, or their opinions might have been less freely expressed.

"I cannot have her to live with me, sister," said Mrs. Standerwick, a rich widow with one son and daughter. "You must see that for yourself."

"Why?" queried Mrs. Rolf Haverill, curtly.

"Why? Do you think I am going to put such a temptation in Victor's way, or spoil Kate's chances in life by taking Muriel as an inmate of my house? No, indeed! I do not mind having her for a week or two till she has had time to look out for a suitable situation, but——"

"She is a pretty girl," interrupted Mrs. Rolf, musingly—"much too pretty for a governess. I think I shall take her home with me—she could make herself useful, I dare say, and would be a companion for Nellie. At all events the arrangement will do for the present. I do not like to see my sister's child turned adrift on the world."

"You always had peculiar notions, Jane," exclaimed Mrs. Standerwick, impatiently. "How do you think Rolf will like the increased expense she will be to you? You forgot that he is not rich."

"I will risk the arrangement, and take her home with me to-morrow."

"If you find Rolf does not like your plan, Jane, you may send her on to me for a week or two. In the meantime I will look out for some employment for her amongst my large circle of friends. I dare say I can manage it."

"Thanks, aunt Mary—I will not trouble you," said a quiet voice; and, trembling with indignation, Muriel stepped from behind the curtains of the bow-window. The two ladies started; Mrs. Rolf turned pale with annoyance—Mrs. Standerwick flushed scarlet.

"So you listened to our conversation, Muriel, did you?" said Mrs. Standerwick, who was the first to recover her equanimity. "Then there is no occasion for me to repeat my offers of assistance. Will you accept them?"

"Not on any account, aunt! I would not for the world stand in the way of your son or daughter. We are strangers, and had better remain so," replied Muriel, with bitter scorn.

"But you will come home with me, Muriel, will you not?" asked Mrs. Rolf, hoping to conciliate her niece.

"No, thank you, aunt Rolf; I will be no burden on you—or any one else long," added Muriel with a heavy sigh.

"Pray what are you going to do then, Miss Fine-airs?" was Mrs. Standerwick's



angry question; while Mrs. Haverill added uneasily—

“I hope you will do nothing foolish.”

“I am going to remain with the Rector’s sister till I get a situation,” said Muriel, quietly.

Finding that there was no use in prolonging the conversation further, after a few more words the sisters proposed to retire, and then left the room together.

“Oh, papa, papa! what shall I do without you?” sobbed Muriel, throwing herself on the sofa, and hiding her tear-stained face in its cushions. “Aunt Jane meant to be kind if she could, but I—oh, I shall never govern my proud spirit without you to help me! Oh, if Christie were but here! India is so far; and, besides, I could not go to them—they too are not rich! No, Christie shall not know all—Christie shall not think that I suffer in going out into the world a dependant—a servant. I know Captain Ferroll would say ‘Come’—Christie would say ‘Come’; but would it be right? They have only his pay—and there is baby to think of. No; it would not be right to go. I must work. Dear Christie! she shall never know how bitter is the cup I am drinking. I will keep my sorrows to myself; they shall think I grieve only for papa. And I do grieve for him! I want him more than I can express—I do—I do!”

The voice sank into a soft murmur, then ceased. Worn out with sorrow, Muriel Halsie had fallen into a dreamless slumber.

\* \* \* \* \*

Outside, a cold easterly wind made the trees tremble and quiver, shaking down showers of dead leaves with a mournful patter on the damp gravel walks; overhead a leaden-hued sky cast a sombre, cheerless gloom upon the sad earth. Inside, an elegant apartment, half study, half boudoir, with a thick velvet-pile carpet, rich velvet hangings to the windows, books and fancy work on the table, while about the room are scattered objects of dainty uselessness, that tell of luxury and plenty. Before the fire stands a girl, waiting—a girl of nineteen, with a tall, graceful figure, her shapely little head crowned with rich masses of dark hair coiled simply round under her black bonnet; her face is pale, the features are regular, their expression is sweet, but dignified. From her deep con-

templation of the fire she turned to greet an elegantly-dressed lady who had entered the room.

“Miss Halsie, I presume?” said the lady, bowing slightly, and drawing a chair towards the fire. “You have called in answer to my note of yesterday, I suppose? Do you bring any references with you?”

“I have the addresses of two gentlemen who can, I think, give you every satisfaction with regard to my mental capabilities and respectability,” answered Muriel, with proud humility. “Should they not be sufficient, Miss Morton—”

“Oh, they will be, I dare say,” interrupted the lady, with languid impatience. “About salary, Miss Halsie? There are three children to instruct.”

“Sixty pounds,” murmured Muriel.

“Sixty! I only gave madame Salique fifty. However,” she added, quickly, “it would be too much fatigue and trouble to me to extend my inquiries; so we will consider the matter of salary settled. Will you oblige me with the addresses you spoke of, that I may write to-night? I will let you know my decision in the course of the week. You can come at any time, I suppose?”

“Whenever you wish, madam,” replied Miss Halsie, laying two cards on the table.

“Now will you ring the bell, please? Mr. Forbes will deem himself injured if I do not consult him.”

A servant answered the summons, and was sent in search of Mr. Forbes—a bright, cheery-looking old gentleman, whose kindly smile and pleasant greeting lessened the cold weight gathering round poor Muriel’s heart.

“My dear,” he exclaimed, turning to his daughter-in-law—“my dear, Miss Halsie is standing!”

“Pray take a chair,” said Mrs. Forbes, languidly. “Grandpapa,” she continued, “this is the young lady who has applied for our vacant situation.”

“Well, does Miss Halsie meet your requirements, my dear, and does she think we shall satisfy hers?” he asked, briskly.

“The children are rather troublesome, I own,” said Mrs. Forbes, haughtily, not replying to the question put to her. “For ourselves, we should so little interfere with Miss Halsie, or intrude in her apartments, that I really do not see what objections she can have to make.”

"I am too anxious to secure employment to make objections," returned Muriel, hastily. "I am with friends at present, but—," her lips quivered too much to permit of her finishing the sentence.

"I have heard of your late sad loss," said Mr. Forbes, kindly. "Have you no relatives left?"

"A brother and sister in India—those are all," she answered, sadly.

Then Mrs. Forbes rose and signified that the interview was at an end.

"It is long since I have seen so handsome a girl!" exclaimed Mr. Forbes when the door had closed on Miss Halsie. "What a figure she has! Is she purely English, Cecilia?" turning to his daughter.

"I am sorry I cannot inform you, grandpapa, since you are so interested," replied Mrs. Forbes, sarcastically. "I only hope she will not put herself too forward when the house is full of company."

"I think you may rest content on that point," he said. "If I am any reader of character, Miss Halsie has too much pride to force herself into notice."

\* \* \* \* \*

"So you are come at last to spend a day with me!" exclaimed Miss Morton, looking up in surprise at the bright face bending over her chair.

"At last!" answered Muriel, gaily, divesting herself of hat and cloak. "How long it seems since I was in this dear old room!"

"Nearly six mouths, if my memory serves me rightly," replied her friend. "Now bring your chair to the window, Muriel, and tell me the news. You are looking at my fire; it makes the room look less lonely when I come down to breakfast—now that I have you for company, it may go out."

"Does not Mrs. Morton come to see you?" asked Muriel.

"Oh yes, sometimes. But, what with parish matters and company, her time is pretty well monopolized."

"I thought she did very little parish work."

"Well, my dear, to tell the truth, she does not do a great deal; but then she thinks she does, and to think is to do with some people, you know. Let us talk of

something else. How does the teaching go on?"

"Nicely. The children are tractable enough now; but it is weary work steering clear of all the shoals and quicksands one meets with in governess life. I get woe-fully disheartened sometimes, and pine for Christie's return; but even then I do not know that I should be much better off, for I could not live at their expense."

"Unless Percy's uncle dies meantime, and he comes into the Wellwood estates," suggested Miss Morton, with a smile.

"Yes—unless that occurs, of course," answered Muriel, with a deep sigh; "but such an event is unlikely," she added. "Sometimes I think I should be better if I could come and grumble to you; however, I am not my own mistress, or I should often be seen at Newcombe—perhaps take up my abode here altogether."

"By the way, Muriel, there has been an increase in the family at Hillside since I saw you. How do you like it?"

"The baby—oh, it does not make any difference to me at present," replied Muriel, smiling.

"I had forgotten the baby when I spoke. I meant Mr. Eric Forbes—do you like him?"

"I do not see much of the family, you know, dear Miss Morton."

"Ah, no, I suppose not. Still, I should like to have had your opinion of this famous Mr. Eric; I hear him lauded on all sides when I am at the Rectory parties. Miss Vauban dubbed him Sir Launcelot, and pretty Miss Rivers calls him the Saxon Knight. Is he really as nice as they say, Muriel?"

"How can I know?" answered Muriel, impatiently. He is handsome and agreeable, I believe, the children are fond of him—they could tell you better than I can." All over the girl's pale face there spread a scarlet glow; she turned her head away quickly.

"Has it come to that, Muriel?" Miss Morton bent forward, and touched one of the crimson cheeks with her finger.

Muriel started. "To what?" she asked, sharply.

"Is discomposure at the mention of a name a sign of indifference?" questioned her friend, quietly.

Muriel made no reply for a few moments; with a very thoughtful face she sat watch-

ing the sparrows hopping about the garden path.

"If I liked him ever so much, I would not let him know it under present circumstances," she said presently.

"Does he like you, Muriel?"

"It is unmanly, cruel, to pay me attentions which render my position in the house anything but agreeable!" exclaimed the girl, passionately.

Miss Morton smiled; she did not see love's difficulties as Muriel did.

"You are sure that Mr. Forbes has not seen that you care for him?"

"Miss Morton, do you think I have no pride?"

"Pride is a treacherous friend to trust to, dear," said Miss Morton; "it may lead you into all sorts of straits."

"So may love," answered Muriel. "Pride cannot be altogether dispensed with; for true love is founded on respect; and there can be no real respect where there is not equality of position."

"Certainly; but, Muriel, that argument cannot be applied to your case."

"Can it not?" she answered, with a little smile. "He is a gentleman, I am only a governess."

"And Colonel Halsie's daughter!"

"That is all altered now—please let us talk of something else."

Miss Morton laughed to herself, a quiet little satisfied laugh. "I will be merciful, and change the subject," she said. "Tell me about Christie."

So Christie's last epistle was read over and discussed, nor was the name of Mr. Eric Forbes mentioned again during Muriel's visit.

\* \* \* \*

The sun had set some time when Muriel Halsie stepped from the railway-carriage at the Hillside station, but the evenings were light now long after the sun had betaken himself to rest, and the cool, sweet freshness of the air was very pleasant after the unusual heat of the day. Her heart beat fast as she reached the lodge gates, for slowly sauntering down the drive was Mr. Eric Forbes. Where was the latch of the gate? Her hand sought up and down vainly.

"You are on the wrong side, Miss Halsie," said the gentleman, advancing, and holding open the gate for her to pass through; then, letting it swing to, he

placed himself by her side and began to talk.

"Have you had a pleasant day? I hope my old friend is well?"

"You are mistaken, Mr. Forbes; I have been to see no friend of yours," answered Muriel, coldly.

"I am sure I beg your pardon," he said, frankly. "I understood from my father that you had gone to see Miss Morton."

Muriel looked up in flushed surprise.

"Miss Morton! The Rector's sister?"

"Yes. Did you not know that we were friends. Mr. Morton was my tutor before he was Rector of Newcombe, and his sister kept house. I assure you that I had good reason to remember Miss Morton; she helped me out of many a scrape. Did she not tell you that she knew me?"

"No."

"Have you been friends long, Miss Halsie?"

"About two years," Muriel said.

"I wonder she never told me! I had quite a long chat with her the other evening at the Rectory."

Muriel looked up hastily; the flush on her face deepened.

"You met Miss Morton at the Rectory," she asked in surprise.

"Yes," he said, "I went there to dinner—I often go. You look surprised."

"Why should I?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell," he answered, smiling; then he added, "May I show you the greenhouses? They are just in perfection, and there is plenty of light for that."

Suddenly Muriel stood still and faced him.

"You forget, sir," she said, haughtily, "that I am not a visitor at Hillside, but the governess—as such, entitled to no such attentions, which must only subject me to false representation, and cause me much annoyance." And with a slight bow she hurried away, leaving her companion in a state of amazement.

"So that is the way the wind blows," he ejaculated, with a low whistle. "What a shame! I must stroll over to Newcombe to-morrow, and make myself agreeable to Miss Morton."

Then he lit another cigar, and sauntered slowly back to the lodge.

(To be continued.)

## DAFFODILS.

(From an unpublished blank verse poem, entitled *Welcombe Hills, or the Land of Shakspeare*, composed by Bro. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL, during a week's visit to the late Mark Philips, Esq., at Welcombe House, Stratford-on-Avon.)

Fair Daffodils, (erst known as *ofto dyles*,  
Or "that which cometh early,") as of old,  
Ye "come before the swallow dares, and  
take  
The winds of March with beauty,"\* as  
ye did  
When SHAKSPERE'S eyes beheld you,—  
and as when  
His well loved Spenser † look'd with such  
delight  
On your bright amber coronals, that shine  
'Midst paler petals, like some holy flame—  
The bloodless sacrifice you offer up  
On nature's altar to the God of all.  
Dear DRAYTON, Shakspeare's friend, he  
loved you too.  
It was no base idolatry, I ween,  
Which caused our pious fathers to adorn  
Their churches with your "Lenten lilies"  
fair!  
Better than burning candles at mid-day  
Is gazing with delight on your pure flame.  
Brave MILTON—'ere long blindness fell  
upon  
The patriot-bard—loved well to see your  
flags  
Of purest yellow waving in the breeze,  
Like banners of his country's liberty:  
Hence with delight he sings in that fine  
poem,  
His *Comus*, how each sheperdess and swain  
Assembled on the Severn's flowery banks,  
To "throw sweet garland wreaths into her  
stream"—  
Garlands of which you form'd important  
part—  
In memory of Sabrina, "virgin pure;  
Whilom she was the daughter of Lochrine,  
That had the sceptre from his father Brute;"  
But, "guiltless damsel, flying the mad  
pursuit  
Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen,  
Commended her pure innocence to the flood,  
That stay'd her flight,"—as MILTON sweetly  
sings.  
Now you have bloom'd and perish'd for  
the year,

And, like sweet HERRICK, I could weep  
to see

You haste away so soon." But you will  
bloom

Again in early spring; and in the verse  
Of our true poets you will bloom for aye.  
DRYDEN, too, loved you; and the great  
high-priest

Of Nature, WORDSWORTH, felt his soul on  
fire

With your pure flame, when he beheld that  
"host

Of golden Daffodils beside the lake,  
Beneath the trees," to nature's harmony

All "fluttering and dancing in the breeze."  
So that I feel to fear no worldling's scorn

In owning that I love you, Daffodils,  
As greater bards have done in days gone  
by;

And every flower that blows to me hath  
charms,

That raise my thoughts from things of  
earth to heaven.

\* SHAKSPERE puts the words into the mouth  
of his Perdita, in the third scene of the fourth act  
of his *Winter Tale*. That scene, "before a Shepherd's  
Cottage," alone is worth a king's ransom.

† The Shakspearean reader will remember the great  
poet's mention of Spenser by name, in the Sonnet  
given as the sixth canto of his *Passionate Pilgrim*:—

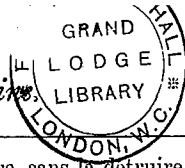
"If music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.  
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;  
*Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,  
As, passing all conceits, needs no defence.*  
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious round  
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music makes  
*And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,  
When as himself to singing he betakes.*  
One god is god of both, as poet's feign;  
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain."  
Spenser's friendly allusions to his brother bard are  
fully pointed out by Charles Knight, and in my  
*Shakspeare, his Times and Contemporaries*.

## LES MACONS INDIFFERENTS.\*

From *Le Monde Maconnique*.

L'indifférence est un état particulier de  
l'âme, qui fait que rien de ce qui a rapport  
à certaines choses ou à certaines personnes

\* We publish this interesting article of our able  
Bro. Caubet, the Grand Secretary of the Grand  
Orient, in his own nervous French, as we entirely  
agree with the views he puts forward with so much  
clearness and eloquence.



n'est capable de nous affecter, et que nous n'éprouvons pour elles ni désir ni répulsion, parce que rien de ce qui les touche ne parvient à nous intéresser.

L'indifférence peut être naturelle ou raisonnée. Elle peut résulter de la froideur de notre tempérament, d'une atrophie de nos sentiments ou de notre volonté, d'une série de raisonnements dont l'effet a été de détruire en nous tout attachement à des opinions qui ont perdu à nos yeux leur valeur, ou à des croyances évidemment hypothétiques. C'est ainsi que la raison peut nous amener à une complète indifférence des questions indémontrables d'origine et de fin. Indifférence volontaire, réfléchie, pleine de réserve et de sagesse, parce qu'elle prend sa source dans la certitude de l'impuissance où nous sommes de résoudre des problèmes placés au-dessus ou en dehors de notre étendue, et sur lesquels, par conséquent, nous ne saurions nous prononcer sans témérité.

Mais si, en raison des dangers considérables qui peuvent découler de l'importance trop grande donnée à des idées fausses ou à des hypothèses invérifiables, cette indifférence est prudente, sensée, digne d'éloges ; combien au contraire est coupable et impardonnable celle qui, dédaignant des intérêts moraux et matériels chers à tous les hommes de bien, nous pousse à l'oubli des devoirs les plus réels et les plus impérieux !

C'est surtout pour les Franc-maçons que l'indifférence aux travaux et aux efforts de la grande Institution à laquelle ils ont juré de prêter leur concours est plus qu'une faute grave ; c'est une désertion devant l'ennemi, un véritable acte de félonie. Vouée à la recherche de la Vérité et à la conquête de la Justice, la Maçonnerie, malgré les violences et les injustes inimitiés dont elle est l'objet, lutte avec énergie contre les erreurs, contre les préjugés et les superstitions, contre l'oppression et le mensonge. Pour une telle œuvre, elle a droit de compter sur tous ceux qui sont venus s'asseoir à son foyer et lui demander la lumière. Mais leur concours pour être utile et efficace doit être chaleureux et actif. Ici nulle mollesse n'est permise ; nulle tiédeur n'est tolérable ; des cœurs ardents et véritablement dévoués peuvent seuls servir dignement notre grande et fraternelle association.

Comme les Maçons inconséquents, les Maçons indifférents ont fait à la Franc-maçonnerie tout le mal qu'il était possible

de lui faire sans la détruire. Ce sont eux qui paralysent nos élans et rendent nos efforts stériles. Ce sont eux qui font le vide dans nos Loges et qui en éloignent ceux-là même qui seraient les plus propres à servir la cause que nous défendons. C'est l'indifférence qui, s'étendant de proche en proche, glace les cœurs, éteint l'enthousiasme et nous enveloppe de cette froide atmosphère qui paralyse les meilleures volontés. Un Maçon indifférent n'est pas seulement un membre inutile de notre Institution, c'est un membre nuisible, corrompant ce qui l'entoure et entravant la marche régulière de nos travaux ; c'est un paralytique volontaire, presque un cadavre, que nous traînons à notre suite et qui gêne et ralentit tous nos mouvements.

Rien de ce qui intéresse nos semblables, rien de ce qui peut contribuer à l'amélioration de leur sort et au développement de leurs facultés intellectuelles et morales ne saurait être indifférent aux hommes de cœur, et plus particulièrement aux Maçons dont les obligations sont plus grandes, et qui, venus volontairement et sans contrainte dans notre association, ont des devoirs d'autant plus impérieux qu'ils ont été plus librement consentis. Cependant, le nombre des Maçons indifférents semble, depuis quelque temps, augmenter sans cesse. D'où vient cette situation anormale ? Evidemment de causes multiples de natures très-différentes.

Les divers prétextes qui tendent à justifier cet oubli injustifiable des devoirs maçonniques sont connus : "impuissance de la Maçonnerie à réaliser son programme, inanité de ses efforts, aridité et stérilité de ses travaux." Misérables arguments qui se retournent contre ceux qui les emploient, car si la Maçonnerie est impuissante, sans efforts vains, ses travaux stériles, on ne peut raisonnablement en accuser que la mollesse et l'indifférence de ses ouvriers. Il faut donc chercher ailleurs les véritables causes du mal qui nous occupe.

A nos yeux les Maçons indifférents peuvent se diviser en trois grandes catégories :

1° Ceux qui, étant entrés dans notre association avec une idée exagérée de l'action et de la puissance maçonnique, ont éprouvé des déceptions et des découragements, que la nature de leur esprit les a poussés à porter à l'excès, comme ils avaient poussé à l'excès leurs premières espérances.

2° Ceux qui, venus jeunes dans notre

Institution, ont éparpillé et perdu, dans les luttes décevantes de la vie, leurs espérances et les nobles sentiments qui animaient leur jeunesse.

3° Les ambitieux vulgaires, qui ne sont entrés dans la Maçonnerie que pour solliciter un appui qu'on ne pouvait leur prêter.

De ces trois catégories, la première peut aisément revenir à des sentiments plus raisonnables; la seconde, quoique à peu près incurable, mérite notre pitié. Quant à la troisième, incorrigible et incapable d'inspirer le moindre intérêt, nous ne pouvons qu'engager les Frères qui la composent à renoncer à leur titre de Maçons réguliers. La conscience et l'honneur leur interdisent de rester dans une association qu'ils découragent en affectant pour son œuvre un inqualifiable dédain.

À ces trois catégories d'indifférents nous aurions pu en ajouter une quatrième, plus nombreuse que les autres, qui se compose de Maçons toujours disposés à subir légèrement l'influence de ceux qui les entourent; mais nous avons pensé qu'il valait mieux ne pas insister sur la faiblesse de ces Frères, et nous efforcer, par de bons exemples, de réveiller leur zèle et de les ramener à une véritable et féconde activité.

L'indifférence, ajoutant, ses ravages à ceux que nous devions à la dernière guerre, a énérvé, depuis quatre ans surtout, la Maçonnerie française; nos Ateliers ont été en partie désertés, et malgré les efforts des Maçons les plus dévoués, les travaux languissent et restent inféconds. Contre les périls d'une telle situation, le devoir de tous ceux qui sont sincèrement attachés à notre institution est du lutter avec la plus grande énergie.

Les Elections générales viennent d'avoir lieu dans toutes les Loges de l'Obédience. Que les nouveaux élus signalent leur avènement à la direction des affaires par une guerre sans merci à cette mortelle ennemie de notre grande famille. Qu'ils la poursouvent, sans relâche, jusque dans ses derniers retranchements, et qu'ils donnent, en toutes circonstances, aux tièdes et aux incertains, l'exemple réconfortant du zèle et de l'activité. Tous les hommes de bonne volonté sont prêts à s'associer à leurs efforts et à travailler ardemment, avec eux, à rendre à nos Ateliers la vie qui les abandonne. Pour cette œuvre de réparation nulle hésitation n'est possible, nul dévouement ne fera défaut... Et puisque l'indiffé-

rence est de tous les dangers qui nous menacent le plus grave et le plus immédiat, n'ayons en ce moment, dans tout le ressort de la maçonnerie française, qu'une préoccupation, qu'un but, qu'un cri de ralliement : *Guerre à l'indifférence!* — CAUBER.

## OLD LONDON TAVERNS IDENTIFIED WITH MASONRY.

1722. (Continued from page 318.)

The Grand Lodge assembled in ample form March 25, 1722, at the *Fountain Tavern*, in the Strand.

The *Fountain Tavern* in the Strand was famous as the meeting place of the ultra-loyal party in 1685, who here talked over public affairs before the meeting of Parliament. Roger Lestrange, who had been recently knighted by the king, took a leading part in these consultations. But "the fate of things lies always in the dark;" in the reign of George II., this same house became a great resort of the Whigs, who sometimes used to meet here, as many as two hundred at a time, making speeches and passing resolutions.

For this reason it was proposed that Master Johnson, the landlord, should write under his sign :

"Hoc Fonte derivata libertas  
In Patriam, Populumq: fluxit."

"From this fam'd Fountain Freedom  
flow'd,  
For Britain's and the People's good."

In this tavern, Law, subsequently famous as the Mississippi schemer, quarrelled with the magnificent and mysterious Beau Wilson; they left the house, adjourned to Bloomsbury Square, and fought a duel, in which the Beau was killed.

On the 25th of April, 1723, the Grand Lodge met at the *White Lion*, in Cornhill.

The lion of the sign-board being seldom seen *passant*, it is more than probable that it was not derived from the national coat of arms, but rather from some badge, either that of Edward III., or from the *White Lion* of Edward IV. Though silver in general was not used on English sign-boards, yet the *White Lion* was anything but uncommon. Several examples occur

amongst early booksellers . . . For inns, also, it [the sign] was not an uncommon decoration. Thus the *White Lion* in St. John's Street, Clerkenwell, was originally an inn frequented by cattle drovers and other wayfarers connected with Smithfield market.

On the 25th November, 1723, the Grand Lodge met at the *Crown Tavern*, in Threadneedle Street, and congregated at this place nine times. The *Crown* already noticed was in a different locality.

The records show that the Grand Lodge held a meeting at the *Bell Tavern*, Westminster, on the 17th March, 1724, and some four or five times afterwards.

One of the oldest *Bell* taverns in Middlesex stood in King Street, Westminster; it is named in the expenses of Sir John Howard (Jockey of Norfolk), in 1466. Pepys dined at this house, July 1, 1660, invited by purser Washington, but came away greatly disgusted; for, he says, "the rogue had no more manners than to invite me, and let me pay my club." In November of the same year he was there again, "to see the 7 Flander mares that my Lord has bought lately." In Queen Anne's reign, the October club, consisting of about one hundred and fifty county members of Parliament, all unmitigated Tories, used to meet at this tavern.

The first session of the Grand Lodge at the *Devil Tavern*, Temple Bar, was held on the 20th May, 1725. Between that year and 1767, it convened there about seventy-five times, showing that it was a favourite place of resort for that body.

St. Dunstan, the patron saint of the parish of that name in London, was godfather to the *Devil*,—that is to say, the sign of the famous tavern of the *Devil and St. Dunstan*, within Temple Bar. The legend runs, that one day, when working at his trade of a goldsmith, he was sorely tempted by the devil, and at length got so exasperated that he took the red-hot tongs out of the fire and caught his infernal majesty by the nose. The identical pinchers with which the feat was performed are still preserved at Mayfield, in Sussex. They are of a very respectable size, and formidable enough to frighten the arch-one himself. This episode in the saint's life was represented on the sign-board of that glorious old tavern. By way of abbreviation, the house was called the *Devil*, though

the landlord seems to have preferred the *other* saint's name; for on his token we read "*The D—*—(sic) *and Dunstan*," probably fearing, with a classic dread, the ill omen of that awful name.

Allusions to this tavern are innumerable in the dramatists: one of the earliest is in 1563, in the play of "*Jack Jugeler*." William Rowley thus mentions it in his comedy of a "*Match by Midnight*," 1633:

*Bloodhound*. As you come by Temple Bar, make a step to the Devil.

*Tim*. To the Devil, father?

*Sim*. My master means the sign of the *Devil*, and he cannot hurt you, fool; there's a saint holds him by the nose.

*Tim*. Sniggers, what does the devil and a saint both on a sign?

*Sim*. What a question is that? What does my master and his prayer-book o' Sundays both in a pew?

So fond was Ben Johnson of this tavern, that he lived "without Temple Bar, at a combmaker's shop," according to Aubrey, in order to be near his favourite haunt. It must have been therefore, in a moment of ill-humour, when he found fault with the wine, and made the statement that his play of the "*Devil is an Ass*" (which is certainly not among his best) was written "when I and my boys drank bad wine at the *Devil*."

The principal room was called "the Oracle of Apollo," a large room, evidently built apart from the tavern; and from Prior's and Charles Montagu's *Hind and Panther Transversed*, it is shown to have been an upper apartment:

"Hence to the Devil—"

Thus to the place where Johnson sat, we climb,

Leaning on the same rail that guided him."

Here the famous Apollo Club was accustomed to meet. Above the door was the bust of Apollo and "the welcome" by "Rare Ben Johnson." Over the fireplace were the rules of the club, which were greatly admired for the conciseness and elegance of their Latinity. Over the clock in the kitchen, in 1731, there remained "*Si nocturna tibi nocet potatio vini, hoc in mane bibes iterum, et fuerit medicina*."

\* If the wine you drink at night should do you harm, drink it again in the morning, and it will prove a medicine.

An elegant rendering of the well-known phrase, "A hair of the dog that bit you."

In the Apollo chamber were rehearsed, with music, the Court-day Odes of the Poets Laureate; a practice which gave rise to the following epigram by a wit of the time:

"When Laureates make Odes, do you ask of what sort?

Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?

You may judge—from the Devil they come to the Court,

And go from the Court to the Devil."

Ben Johnson being one night at the *Devil Tavern*, a country gentleman in the company was obtrusively loquacious touching his land and tenements; Ben, out of patience, exclaimed, "What signifies to us your dirt and your clods? Where you have an acre of land, I have ten acres of wit!" "Have you so," retorted the countryman, "good Mr. Wiseacre?" "Why, how now, Ben?" said one of the party, "you seem to be quite stung!" "I was never so pricked by a hobnail before," grumbled Ben.

The *Tatler*, October 11, 1709, contains Bickerstaff's account of the wedding entertainment at the *Devil Tavern*, in honour of his sister Jenny's marriage.

Swift tells Stella that on October 12, 1710, he dined at the *Devil Tavern* with Mr. Addison and Dr. Garth, when the doctor treated.

In 1746, the Royal Society held here their annual dinner; and in 1752, concerts of vocal and instrumental music were given in the great room.

It was demolished in 1787.

Benjamin Johnson, the celebrated English poet, was born at Westminster, June 11, 1574, and died from an attack of palsy, August 16, 1637.

Previous to 1767, but one meeting appears to have been held by the Grand Lodge at the *Queen's Head Tavern*, in Great Queen Street, namely, on the 26th November, 1728. The elegant and commodious apartments now occupied by that body are in Great Queen Street, where they have been for many years.

That Queen Elizabeth was for more than two centuries the almost unvarying type of the *Queen's Head* need not be wondered at when we consider her well-deserved popularity.

During the Queen's lifetime, however, the sign-painters had to mind how they represented "Queen Bess," for Sir Walter Raleigh says that portraits of the queen made by "unskillful and common painters" were, by her order "knocked in pieces, and cast into the fire."

In the bar of the *Queen's Head Tavern*, Great Queen Street, is preserved a carved wooden sign, which formerly hung before this house, representing two men standing near a large tun.

"Grand Lodge, in ample form, at the *Three Tuns*, Swithin's Alley, near the Royal Exchange, on March 27, 1729, with former Grand Officers, and those of thirty-one lodges." But one meeting, that above named, was held at this inn.

There seems to have been a kind of fatality attached to this sign, for the *London Gazette* for September 15-18, 1679, relates a murder committed at the *Three Tuns*, in Chandos Street, and in the same house, Sally Pridden, *alias* Sally Salisbury, in a fit of jealousy, stabbed the Honourable John Finch, in 1723. Sally was one of the handsomest "social evils" of that day, and had been nicknamed Salisbury, on account of her likeness to the countess of that name. For her attempt on the life of Finch she was committed to Newgate, where she died the year after, "leaving behind her the character of the most notorious woman that ever infested the hundreds of old Drury." Her portrait was painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

The record reads: "Grand Lodge in ample form at the *Half Moon Tavern*, in Cheapside, on Thursday, 24 June, 1731." This is the only time it met here.

Ben Johnson once desiring a glass of sack, went to the *Half Moon Tavern*, in Aldersgate Street, but found it closed, so he adjourned to the *Sun Tavern*, in Long Lane, and wrote this epigram:—

"Since the Half-Moon is so unkind,  
To make me go about,  
The Sun my money now shall have,  
And the Moon shall go without."

The *Half Moon*, Upper Holloway, was famous in the last century for excellent cheesecakes, which were hawked about the streets of London by a man on horseback, and formed one of the London cries. This circumstance is noticed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1753, entitled "A



journey to Nottingham." In April, 1747, the following advertisement appeared in the same magazine :

" *Half Moon Tavern*, Cheapside, April 13. His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cumberland, having restored peace to Britain, by the ever memorable Battle of Culloden, fought on the 16th April, 1745, the *choice spirits* have agreed to celebrate that day annually by a Grand Jubilee in the Moon, of which the Stars are hereby acquainted, and summoned to shine with their brightest lustre by 6 o'clock on Thursday next, in the Evening."

I quote again from the record : " Grand Lodge in *due* form at the *Castle*, in Drury Lane, on Thursday, 8 June, 1732, with the Earl of Inchiquin and other former Grand Officers, and those of thirty-nine lodges." This was the only session at this house.

The *Castle* being such a general sign, many traders adopted some particular castle. *Dover Castle*, or *Walmer Castle*, is amongst the most frequent. This first is mentioned in the following amusing advertisement :

" FOR FEMALE SATISFACTION.

" Whereas the mystery of Freemasonry has been kept a profound secret for several ages, till at length some men assembled themselves at the *Dover Castle*, in the parish of Lambeth, under pretence of knowing the secret, and likewise in opposition to some gentlemen that are real Freemasons, and hold a lodge at the same house; therefore, to prove that they are no more than pretenders, and as the ladies have sometimes been desirous of gaining knowledge of the noble *art*, (sic) several regular-made Masons (both ancient and modern), members of constituted lodges in this metropolis, have thought proper to unite into a select body, at Beau Silvester's, the sign of the *Angel*, Bull Stairs, Southwalk, and stile themselves Unions, think it highly expedient, and in justice to the fair sex, to initiate them therein, provided they are women of undeniable character; for tho' no lodge as yet (except the Free United Masons) have thought proper to admit women into the fraternity, we, well knowing they have as much right to attain to the secret as those *Castle Humbugs*, have thought proper so to do, not doubting but that they will prove an honour to the Craft; and as we have had the honour to inculcate several worthy

sisters therein, those that are desirous and think themselves capable of having the secret conferred on them, by proper application, will be admitted, and the charges will not exceed the expences of our lodge."

—*Publick Advertiser*, March 7, 1759.

In the reign of George I., the *Castle*, near Covent Garden, was a famous eating-house, kept by John Pierce, the *Soyer* of his day. Here the gallant feat was performed of a young blood taking one of the shoes from the foot of a noted toast, filling it with wine, and drinking her health, after which it was consigned to the cook, who prepared from it an excellent *ragout*, which was eaten with great relish by the lady's admirers.

A meeting of the Grand Lodge was held at the *Crown Tavern*, "behind the Royal Exchange, on Friday, April 13, 1739."

Upon the site of the present chief entrance to the Bank of England, in Threadneedle Street, stood the *Crown Tavern*, "behind the 'Change;" it was frequented by the Fellows of the Royal Society, when they met at Gresham College hard by. The *Crown* was burnt in the great fire, but was rebuilt; and about a century since, at this tavern, "it was not unusual to draw a butt of mountain wine, containing 120 gallons, in gills, in a morning."

"Behind the 'Change," we read in the *Connoisseur*, 1754, a man worth a plum used to order a twopenny mess of broth with a boiled chop in it; placing the chop between two crusts of a halfpenny roll, he would wrap it up in his check handkerchief, and carry it away for the morrow's dinner.

About sixteen sessions of the Grand Lodge were held at the *Crown and Anchor*, in the Strand, the first occurring on the 24th of January, 1760.

The *Crown and Anchor*, the well-known badge of the Navy, is a great favourite. One of the most famous taverns with this sign was in the Strand, where Dr. Johnson often used to "make a night of it." "Soon afterwards," says Boswell, "in 1768, he supped at the *Crown and Anchor*, in the Strand, with a company I collected to meet him. There were Dr. Percy, now bishop of Dromore; Dr. Douglas, now bishop of Salisbury; Mr. Langton; Dr. Robertson, the historian; Dr. Hugh Blair, and Mr. Thomas Davis." On this occasion the

great doctor was unusually colloquial, and according to his amiable custom "tossed and gored several persons."

This tavern was in existence as late as 1813. On the 8th of November of that year, an "Especial Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of England, according to the old Constitutions" ("Ancients") was convened in it there. During the following month this body united with the Grand Lodge of "Moderns," forming "The United Grand Lodge of Ancient Freemasons of England."

On the 16th of February, 1766, an occasional Grand Lodge was held at the *Horn Tavern*, in the New Palace Yard; and another on the 9th of February, 1767, at the *Thatched House Tavern*, in St. James Street.

The annual "Assembly and Feast" were celebrated in various places, chosen no doubt for the better accommodation of the large number of the brethren brought together on these yearly occasions than the taverns would afford. These gatherings were held at Stationers' Hall; Merchant-Taylors' Hall; Mercers' Hall; Fishmongers' Hall; Haberdashers' Hall; Drapers' Hall; Leathersellers' Hall; Barber-Surgeons' Hall; and Vintners' Hall. In another paper I may give descriptions of these halls, some of which evidently belonged to one or another of the noted guilds of London, as the names indicate.

In the library of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts is an interesting relic of the past, entitled, "A List of Regular Lodges, according to their Seniority and Constitution, by order of the Grand Master." It is addressed, "To the Right Honourable Sholto Charles Douglas, Lord Aberdour, Grand Master." Lord Aberdour served as Grand Master of England from May 18th, 1747, until May 3rd, 1762. The "List" is dated 1761, and particularizes two hundred and sixty-one lodges which were then on the roll of the Grand Lodge. It is in pamphlet form, with paper covers, and contains twenty-three pages, each of which is about six and a half inches long, and two and a half inches wide. It is a beautiful piece of copper-plate workmanship, and was "Printed for and sold by Benjamin Cole, Engraver and Copper Plate Printer, the Corner of King's Head Court, Holbourn." The left hand column gives numbers to lodges from one upwards; the next

column to the right contains the signs, in diminutive, of the places where the lodges met; the next, the streets, squares, towns, etc., in which the places of meetings were located; the fourth, the days of the week for meeting; and the fifth and right hand column shows the date of constitution of each lodge. The work is particularly valuable for the *fac similes* of the sign-boards of the taverns where the lodges assembled.

—*New England Freemason, America.*

J. T. H.

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### PADDY'S EXPERIENCE OF MASONRY.

BY REV. M. MAGILL.

Says Paddy one day, as he went on his way,  
"What is all this great pucker about?"  
The Masons were coming with music and  
drumming,  
And crowd's of sight-seers were out.

"Arrah, honey," says he, "but they look  
very spree,  
With their sashes and aprons so fine,  
And the jewels so rare, their compass and  
square;  
If I were a Mason; Oh, dear, but I'd  
shine."

Then off Paddy went, nor was he content,  
Till his wants to the Master he told;  
He was in for a lark, or a ride in the dark,  
And he felt both courageous and bold.

Says the Master, "My lad, take care you're  
not mad,  
In your wishes to become a Freemason;  
There's a goat on the way, and mischief to  
pay,  
With gridiron and poker in season.

So now Master Pat, if you can stand that,  
And have courage and money galore,  
You may come to our lodge, and be sure  
you don't dodge,  
We have secrets for you in good store."

Away Paddy went, but not quite content,  
That goat he had no wish to ride;  
And the gridiron and poker, were rather a  
choker,  
Still his purpose he now would abide.

When the evening arrived, the Masons contrived,

To give Paddy a cordial reception ;  
The goat was on hand, and a merry brass band,  
With that poker and gridiron to roast on.

Pat was met at the door, where he saw on the floor,

All sorts of things, even halters and chains,  
He was stripped to the skin, that he might begin

His hard journey, with torture and pains.

After knocking around, at length he is found

Rather weary, and tired of the fun ;  
Placed on the goat's back, he came down with a crack,  
And made for the door with a run.

The goat not content, for Paddy he went,  
Determined that he should remember  
The sights he had seen, and where he had been,

That fearful lodge night in September.

It would not be well, nor indeed may I tell,  
All that Paddy went through on that night ;

But this I do know, that he never would show

Any more longing for Masonic light.

Days had passed by, but Paddy was shy,  
He limped and felt sore for a season ;  
Some secrets he gained which he never revealed,

For his silence he has a good reason.

Should any feel loath to ride on the goat,  
From Pat they may gain information,  
Or else, when too late, have to mourn their fate

With sad proofs of their initiation.

*Voice of Masonry, America.*

POLLY RIVERS'S TRIP TE STOWS-  
LAY CATTLE SHOW, AN' WHAT  
COM ON'T.\*

(TELT IV HER AWN TALK).

Hev Ah ivver been at Stowslay Cattle Show? Ah just think Ah hev. Ah, monny a tahme. Bud ther was yah year 'at Ah went 'at Ah sall nivver forget.

Thou wad like te hear about it. Whyah, then, Ah'll tell tha.

It's three or fower year sen Ah'd mcead up me mahnd te gan tit Show ; an' Ah gat a nice blew gown, an' a new black jackit, an' a round hat wiv a greeat blew fedder in't, te gan in. Bud Ah mun tell tha fost what Ah had i' me heead wi' macking mesel' seea smart.

Thou sees me fayder's fahm 's fahve mahle an' a hawf fra Stowslay, an' hiz neean's Tommy Rivers ; an' about a mahle fodder up t' rooad ther 's annudder fahm ; an' awd Jooney Fallows lives there. Our fooaks an' them had awlus bin gud frimnds ; an' they had a sun call'd Bill. An' our fooaks had a dowter call'd Polly ; an that 's me. Now, Ah oft thowt 'at Bill had a bit of a nooashin o' ma, an' Ah seer Ah had a gud deead of a nooashin about him ; bud we nivver com te onny understandin' about it. Bill awlus secam'd seea shy, an' Ah did n't like te be ower forrard wiv him. Bud Ah thowt te mesel', if nobbut he draws up te ma at t' Show, Ah weean't be seea shot wiv him as Ah 've oft been. Poor Bill !

Ah gat up betahmes that mooanin' ; an' Ah skuffer'd about, an' helpt me mudher an' t' lass forward wi' t' wark ; an' then Ah went upstairs, an' gat mesel' drisst up wi' all me finery. As Ah leeakt at mesel' i' t' glass, Ah thowt ther wad n't be monny lasses there 'at wad be onny better drisst ner me. An' Ah thowt, as Ah teak annudder leak, 'at Ah was n't seea varry plain leekin' nowder. But our Tom com tit stair fut, shoutin' was n't Ah riddy ; fer he 'd getten t' awd meer yoked, an' he wanted to be off at yance ; seea down Ah went, an' gat in tit spring cart, an' off we set.

Ther was heeaps o' fooaks on t' rooad ; an' when we 'd getten about tweea mahle off Stowslay, Ah heeard a galloway cumin' canterin' away behint us ; bud Ah wad n't leeak round, fer all Ah was seer weeah 't was. Prissently Ah heeard a voice sing out :—"Hollo ! what, are yah off tit Show ?" an' Ah culler'd up tit hair reets, fer it wer Bill along sahde on us.

\* We have taken this amusing story, in the Cleveland vernacular, from a most interesting little work, "Rhymes and Sketches of Cleveland, to illustrate the Cleveland Dialect," by Mrs. Tweddell, the wife of our well known Brother and Masonic Litterateur, G. M. Tweddell. The work is published by Tweddell & Co., Stokesley, and copies can be obtained at Bro. G. Kenning's, 198, Fleet Street.

"Ay," sez Tom. "What, Ah 'll awand 's gahin' t' seeam geeat?"

"Ay," sez he, "Ah is. Bud how 's thou this mooamin', Polly?" An' he rahde round te mah sahde.

Ah telt him 'at Ah was varry weel, an' Ah howped he wer t' seeam; an' we toked on all t' way tit toon. An' we drahve up tit Gowlden Lion, an' put up there; an' Bill went down tit Bay Hoss, fer that awlus wer their wost house, an' Farrows hez kept it a vast o' years.

Our Tom an' me went tiv a frinnd's house, te wer dinners; an' efter we 'd had 'em, we tonned out te hev a leeak about t' toon. An' when we were nicely te wer sels, Ah telt Tom, 'at Ah thowt we 'd better pate, fer he mud be i' mah way, an Ah mud mebbly be iv hiz; an' he sed 'at Ah wer reet, fer he wanted te gan wi sunboddy else, an' he thowt 'at he knew weea Ah wanted te gan wiv; but we wad meet at six o'clock, at t' Lion. Seca off he went, an' Ah set off te hev a leeak a t' shops.

Ah wer just stanin' leeakin' in at Barker's winder when Bill com aback o' mah; an', sez he,—

"Ista chusin' thesel' a new gown?"

"Nay," sed Ah, "Ah, izzent i' want o' yan, or else Ah cud chuse plenty here."

"Ay," sez Bill, "Barkers awlus hez a lot o' bewties. Bud iz tha gahin' up tit field, Polly?"

Ah sed 'at Ah wer; an' he sed 'at he wer just gahin', an' we might as weel gan tegidder; an' Ah sed 'at Ah wer willin'. Seca off we set. An' when we gat there, we went all round beeath show fields, an' had a gud leeak at t' kye, an' t' sheep (sike teeaps an' yowes!) an' t' pigs, an' ther wer a bouny lot on 'em. Ther was sum varry big bulls fra Westadill. Bud toking about beesas, Ah think ther wer t' bonniest heffer at Stowslay Show last year 'at ivver Ah clapt e'en on. Sheea belangt tiv Ed. Barker, o' Stowslay, an' her neck wer fairly hung round wi' medals 'at sheea 'd won at udder Shows. But Ah 's wandrin' fra my stooary.

We went ower t' wooden brig across t' beck into t' udder field, an' Lad a gud leeak at t' hosses. We 're oppen tiv all Inghland fer showin' hosses; seea there was cart-hosses, an' cooach-hosses, an' hunters, an' rahdin'-hosses ov all sooarts,—mair ner yan had fairly tahme te leeak at. Onny

body 'at likes hosses, Ah seear, owt te gan te Stowslay Cattle Show. They 'll see plenty ov all sooarts there, Ah seear, te settisfy 'em.

Then we com ower t' wudd brig in tit t' fost field ageean, te hev a leeak at t' pooltry; an' ther was a fahne lot. T' turkeys an' geese was nivver better. Storry o' t' Teeam Brig had gotten t' fost prahze fer beeath, an' he desahv'd it teea. An' t' ducks fra Fidler's mill cuddent be bet. Then ther was sum bonny rabbits; an' sike o' lot o' fahne pidjins as Ah nivver seed afooar. An' Bill an' me steead an' watcht 'em ivver seea lang. Ther was a pair i' yah cage 'at they sed was duvs; an' they kept *coo, coo-in'* ou yan at annudder, an' they leacakt seea luvin'; an' Ah noostatist 'at Bill had n't mitch te say ov a bit. At last he gat hool o' me hand, an' he squeeaz'd it fast iv hiz; an' then sez he:—

"Polly," sez he, "if nobbut thou an' me was as luvin' to yan annudder as them tweea yung pidjins is, how pleased Ah sud be!"

Ah wer rayder teean aback when it com, for all Ah 'd bin thinkin' it wad cum te this sum day. Howsumivver Ah manisht te say:—

"Now wad ta recally, Bill?"

"Ay, that Ah wad," sed he. "Bud wad thou be pleeas'd annole?"

An Ah sed:—

"Whyah, Ah can't see mitch in 't te vex onnybody. Bud cum on," sed Ah, "let 's hev a walk outsahte."

An' out we went, an' had a tonn in tiv a pate o' t' field where ther wahnt seea monny fooaks. An' we had a gud lang talk. An' he sed 'at he'd wanted te tell mah fer a lang wahle what a vast he thowt about mah. An' Ah telt him 'at Ah thowt 'at he did; an' Ah 'd offen wunder'd 'at he nivver sed owt timmah about it afooar. An' he sed, "Whyah, it wer varry weel 'at we 'd cumm'd tit Show tegidder; fer if it haddent been fer them pidjins, he did n't think he sud a muster'd corridge then." Howivver, we gat te understand yan annudder afooar we left t' field, better ner we 'd ivver decan i' wer lives afooar.

At six o'clock, Bill an' me went tit Lion, te meet our Tom. We 'd seen him wiv a yung wurman tweea three tahmes i' t' efterneean. An' Tom sed we need n't set off yan fer an hour yit, as it wer sike a

fahne neet; bud we sud hev to be at wur journa's end biv neen o'clock, fer our awd fooaks nivver liked us te be out efter that tahme. They awlus sed:—

“Arly te bed, an' arly te rahse,  
Maks yan hilly, wealthy, an' wahse.”

Tom an' t' yung wumman, an' Bill an' me, teeak a tonn rouud t' toon; an' t' lads bowt us a lot o' fairins; an' Ah thowt it wer t' nicest Cattle Show 'at Ah'd ivver been at. At t' lang length, howivver, we gat yoked up; an' Bill went an' gat his galloway, an' com an' join'd us. An' Ah nivver knew befooare 'at our Tom wer sike a breet fella as he preeaved hisselt te be thatneet; fer just efter we'd gettin ower Bounsin' Brig, at Stowslay toon end, Tom sed, if Bill liked, he wad change pleeaces wiv him,—he cud rahde t' galloway, an' Bill cud drahve mah; an' 't were neea seeaner sed ner deeane. An', uppon mah wod, Ah nivver knew t' rooad atween t' toon an' our house seea shooat i' my life afooar. What, we wer there iv a jiffey. An' Tom gat off t' galloway te oppen our yat; an' then they changed spots, an' we bad good-neet. Bud afooar Bill gat out o' t' cart he ga' ma t' sweetest—Nay, bon, Ah 'll nut tell what he did. Thou sees what maks mah think on 't seea weel; it wer t' fost tahme 'at ivver Bill had kisst mah.

Dash mah! Ah 've letten 't out efter all. Bud nivver mahnd. It 's nowt te be shan'd on. Ther's nut monny fooaks bud what's deean 't seeam thing, sum tahme i' ther lives. What, ther can't be mitch harm iv a simple kiss, neeahow.

When we drahve up tit t' house, me fayder com out wiv t' greeat steecable lanteren, an' he sez:—

“What, you 've getten back seef an' sound. An' how hez tha enjoy'd thessil', Poll?”

“Oh, nivver better,” sed Ah.

“Whyah, git the ways in,” sed he; “the mudher hez sum gud yat coffee riddy fa' yah, and a few nice rashers o' bakin an' sum eggs fried.”

Seea Ah went in, and put off me things, an' tonn'd out me fairins. Then me fayder an' Tom com in, an' we all sat down te wer suppers. An' me mudher ast Tom if Ah 'd getten a sweetheart, an' Ah culler'd up, an' Ah dipt me speean intit t' seeager, an' put sum on te me egg, thinkin'

it wer sawt, an' they all brast out o' laffin, at mah. Bud Ah pluckt up a bit, an' telt 'em ther was mair mistacks then hay-stacks. An' Tom diddent let out aboot mah; fer meebby he mud think Ah sud let out about him. An' all that week out Ah sang about t' house like a nightingell; an' me mudher sed gahin' tit Show 'ad quite rouzt mah up.

T' next Sunda' efterneean, Ah went tit t' chetch; an' Bill wer there, riddy te set mah yam when wa left; an' he went as far as our yat; an' we steead a guddish bit. An' we did t' seeam tweea three Sunda's.

At t' last me mudher sed tinmma, yah day:—

“Polly, what's t' reeason 'at Bill Fallows nivver cums in wi' tha on a Sunda'. Ah sees ya stanniu' at t' yat.”

“Whyah,” sez Ah, “Ah nivver axt him.”

“Then,” sez sheea, “thou better had anudder tahme. It izzent civil te let him gan away i' that manner.”

Thou may be seear 'at Ah axt him t' next Sunda'. An' he went in, an' had his tea wiv us: an' he gat started te cum down on a neet, tell he gat te be like yan o' wer sels. An' Ah really think 'at ther nivver was sike fahne moonleet neets as ther was that back-end. An' our lass an' me nivver forgat te bring t' sticks in afooar dark as we did that winter. Then Bill youst te hev te gan wiv us wi' t' lanteren. An' ther wer a yung chap youst te cum fra t' next fahm te see Dolly. An' efter Bill an' me had getten sum gether'd, we youst te len' 'em t' lanteren te see te fill Dolly's basket. Ha, dear! what happy tahmes them war! an' what fun we youst te hev! Howsumivver, t' upshot on 't all were 'at Bill an' me gat wed. Beeath our fooaks an' ther fooaks was willin'. An Bill's fayder teeak a canny lahtle farm fer us, an' mah fayder helpt te stock 't. An' Bill sed he wer detarmin'd we wad hev a gud pidjin-cooat, fer they wer t' nicest bods 'at flew. Ah knew wecl eneef what he wer drahvin' at. An' Ah seear there can't be a mitch happier cupple neeahere ner me an' our Bill iz. We hev a vary canny farm, at a eeasy rint, and plenty ov ivvery-thing 'at wa want; an' tweea as bonny bairns as onnybody hez. T' yungist, thou knaws, iz a lad, an' we call him Bill. Bill's fayder an' mudher, an' mah fayder an'

mudher, steed fer him when he wer kessund ; an' they all vow'd, an' Bill an' me sed t' seeam thing, that we nivver clapt e'en on a strangher ner a boumier babby neawhere ner he wer that day. Bill axt ma afooarhand what Ah thowt about kessenin' him William Dove. But Ah sed, Ah thowt we waddent ; fer fooaks wad ax seea wheea we call'd him efter ; an' we knew wersels 'at he war wer awn dear little pidjin. Bill sed 'at Ah cud please mesel' about it ; "bud," sez he, "thou knaws, Polly, we might mebbly nivver hev had him—fer Ah deeaant know when ivver Ah sud ha' muster'd t' corridge te speeak—if t' haddent been fer them tweea canny, bonny, luvvin' duvs 'at wa saw at Stow-slay Cattle Show."

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### AN ORIGINAL DISSERTATION ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

Delivered before the members of the Working Men's College, Ipswich, afterwards given at Hadleigh, Dovercourt and Woodbridge.

Delivered under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, at the *Town Hall, Colchester*, on the 10th November, 1874.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

It was Talleyrand, I think, who once cynically said that speech was given to us to *conceal* our thoughts. Perhaps it was in his time, and may now be in France, but here in England, where we boast of our freedom of speech, the day has long gone by when we need mince matters in saying what we think of peer or peasant, of king or people, of the governors or the governed. Sometimes this liberty has lapsed into licence, and the language of sedition has been used by tap-room orators out on the stump, or would-be Presidents of an English Republic ; yet as a rule, I think, it will be owned, that the Englishman's love of law and order, and his innate loyalty to the throne and reverence for the powers that be, have rendered nugatory the effects of the jeremiads of blatant demagogues on the one hand, whilst on the other, the press of this country (with the exception of one or two newspapers, which, pandering to the lowest passions

of the lowest classes, deserve to be suppressed) has denounced the wrong, and supported the right, has echoed and applauded the sentiments of this great patriot, or ridiculed the pretensions of that unprincipled adventurer, and so kept in check as it were our noblest heritage from the dead past—freedom of speech. After the devoted expression of loyalty shown on Thanksgiving Day, when our beloved Prince recovered almost miraculously from a disease which had nearly proved fatal, Sir Charles Dilke and his followers have had a lesson taught them they will not soon forget, and men like Odger were better if they retired into the wretched obscurity from whence they spring.

Freedom of speech is one thing, unbridled licence another. The press, perhaps, has been to blame in noticing the miserable attempts of the contemptible tailors of Tooley Street, and ventilating their wretched schemes and pernicious efforts to turn England against its present rulers.

But the illness of the Prince coming as it did, and when it did, roused the people of this mighty Empire, proved to the world that the great heart of England is still sound, and that we, the loyal subjects of a good and gracious lady, love and venerate our Queen and Constitution. Yet, having this great gift, this palladium of liberty in our favour, is it not wonderful that, as a rule, Englishmen are the worst public speakers in the world ? I appeal to any of my hearers if I am not right in saying that we are very poor, desperately poor public speakers. Of course, I do not allude to the public men of Ipswich or Colchester. There is no question but that they are all gifted beyond the general race of men, and therefore my remarks do not apply to them ; but take any neighbouring town or village, and call a public meeting, and supposing you have time, stop and listen to all the speeches, and if you do not come away amazed at the nonsense, amused with the eccentricity and, perchance, disgusted with the incapacity therein displayed, you are not the people I take you for.

Yes, one must say it—for *appropriateness of diction, for grace of expression, for the utter absence of, or the too great vehemence of action and gesture, and for simple stolidity, commend me to the*

average English pater-familias suddenly called upon his hind legs to address an audience of his fellow countrymen. I propose to give you one or two examples illustrative of the British citizen under the trying circumstances—which he as often as not brings upon himself—with the firm impression that he was born to be an orator, and anxious at all cost to astonish the weak nerves of his audience.

Bro. Holmes, then amidst roars of laughter, introduced the character of the fidgety young gentleman, who responds for the bridesmaids amidst much perplexity and nervousness, and who after much stammering and hesitancy sits down, after thanking the guests for drinking his health and *the rest of the bridesmaids*.

Assuming next the rôle of the chairman of a public meeting, "his Washup the Mayor," a gentleman with a bullying manner and stentorian voice, who explains the financial state of the town, complains of the state of the town pumps, and abuses the gas and water company, Bro. Holmes in his assumed character put to the meeting (oblivious of the fact that it is not the town council he is addressing), the new rate of twopence in the pound, proposed by Councillor Sprat, in the midst of great laughter and applause.

The third impersonation given, was that of a well-known type, the tap-room spouter of Hibernian origin, rather the better or the worse for liquor, presenting a testimonial, a pewter pint pot, to mine host of the Rose and Gridiron, who has been chairman of the local convivial society—Sons of Memnon—for so many years.

The orator grew sentimental and lachrymose over the pot and its recipient, as is the manner of tap-room spouters after a certain stage, and his plentiful tears strangely enough, contributed greatly to the hilarity of his audience.

The fourth and last illustration given was that of the stump orator rendered familiar to us by the Christy Minstrels, in which the speaker brought in all the leading topics of the day in an *olla podrida* of rhapsody, *high falutin* and absurd fun in such a way as seriously to affect the risible faculties of the large auditory, and which called forth hearty and long continued applause.

The speaker resumed :

For outrageous, downright nonsense,

recommend me to the stump orator, and yet I could mention public speakers, whose speeches are stump orations—*only they don't know it*. One might easily multiply examples amongst the clergy as well as amongst the laity (for we are not all so fortunate as you are at Colchester), but I refrain.

But go to many a church or chapel, anywhere outside Colchester, of course (laughter), and listen for 35 minutes to a beautiful discourse—which, whether doctrinal or practical has nothing on earth to do with the text which is tacked on to it for ornament sake, or respectability, and because it is the custom—delivered, it may be either in a dull nasal tone, a shrill quavering voice, or perhaps in a heavy bass thundernote key, which in trying to be sublime, is only ridiculous, and tell me do you not come away perplexed, chagrined, hardly edified and strengthened, sadder, let us hope wiser men.

And then the gestures! What with the sledge-hammer movement, the air sawing movement, the thumping cushion movement, the animated log business, and the dying duck in a thunder-storm, one has enough and to spare.

Do you remember what Sydney Smith said about his first sermon?

"When I began to thump the cushion of my pulpit on first coming to Foston, as is my wont when I preach, the accumulated dust of 150 years made such a cloud that for some minutes I lost sight of my congregation."

The dying duck in the thunderstorm I have seen excellently simulated by pious ladies of uncertain age, who are garrulous speakers at Dorcas meetings and Muffin struggles, and also by other old women of the male persuasion, objurgating in public with strong minded females (what the Saturday Review calls the shrieking sisterhood), against the Contagious Diseases Act, or Cremation, and declaiming generally against the follies of the age.

It is our boast that the clergy of the Church of England, taken as a body, are the most learned, the most moral, whilst they are the most influential for good, and the most highly esteemed of any priesthood of any religion in the world. Yet in the matter of sermonizing and public speaking there is a lack, and I am persuaded, dear friends, that no clergy can beat ours in the

pulpit—as no foreign politician can beat our average county member on the floor of the House, in grace of expression, *appropriateness of gesture*, in trite allusions, moral platitudes, or polemical twaddle.

Most people think they can speak. I know numbers who fancy they could compose a better sermon than the parson; let them try it.

Many of us flatter ourselves that we could write a novel; not a few have an idea that they could pen an excellent leader, equal to the *Times*, and nearly as good as the *Daily Telegraph* (oh! wonderful agglomeration of fine sounding words!) and I dare say there are numbers even in this intellectual audience,\* who sometime or other in their lives thought they were fated to be poets.

I had an attack of that sort myself once, but then I was in love, and much may be excused under such circumstances.

Josh Billings said, he thought it was his manifest destiny to be a poet. He says:

"I sent a specimen of the disease to the editor of our paper. The editor wrote me next day as follows: Dear Sir—You may be a d— fule, but you are no poeck!"

I have come across many poets, mute inglorious Milton's, in my time—as who has not?

I remember once an infliction of that sort. I stumbled upon an acquaintance whom I had learnt was on the point of publishing a volume of his poems.

"Ah, Mr.——," said I, "didn't know you were a poet, never had the pleasure of seeing anything of yours."

"Oh, didn't you," he replied with alacrity, "I think I have a bit here you will like, original in subject and design as in metre, I flatter myself."

It was a poem on Rest or Contentment or something of that sort, vapid mediocre rhyme, and as much like poetry as —— Tupper is like Solomon.

"Ah," said I, after reading it, and handing it back to him, wishing to be grateful for the privilege, and complimentary to the author, "excellent poem; very like Gray's *Elegy*!" There was a wishy-washy resemblance, like the two-penny photograph of a lovely view.

\* And amongst the readers of the Masonic Magazine.

"Indeed," he replied; "Ah, very likely; but *I never read Gray!* The fact is, I have been told some of my poems are like Crabbe, but *I never read Crabbe*. Now, only the other day, I was told, a piece of mine was like Milton's. *I was so annoyed that I altered it at once*. The fact is, my poems are original. I copy no man's subjects; metre, everything is new about them!"

"Pray what are the principal subjects you have written upon," I asked with curiosity?

"Well, I have a poem on Peace, another on Joy; then I have Fear, Hate, Love, Friendship (friendship is very fine), and others. Perhaps you would like to have a look at them?"

Hastily pleading an important engagement I withdrew, and went off wondering to myself if those poems were published what sort of people would read them, and whether any stray copies would go to the butter shop or greengrocers'.

But to return to our subject. As I said before, we most of us fancy we are something that we are not, and many a man who thinks he is a brilliant speaker has missed his vocation, and ought to have been a cheap John.

We never know when we may be called upon to speak on some occasion or other, at a funeral, at a wedding, at a missionary meeting, or at a lecture.\* An old friend of mine, a lawyer, and a much respected one too, by the way (I suppose the phrase is not tautological), once took the chair in the little country town where he resided, on the occasion of Henry Vincent's giving a lecture there on "The United States."

My friend remarked, in introducing the lecturer, that he had always felt a peculiar interest in America, since his only *surviving* brother was buried there! He did not often preside at lectures. It is said of a great county member who lived not so very long ago, that he spoke once in the House, and a very fine speech it was.

"Mr. Speaker; humm, ha! Mr. Speaker: I move, ha——that the window above my head be closed!"

In a neighbouring town, not long since, when they were discussing the late accident in London on the Regent's Canal through an explosion of gunpowder, and

\* Or even a Masonic Meeting.



the proximity of a magazine, the Mayor solemnly informed the meeting that if they didn't mind what they were about they would all be *blowed into Eternity*.

The high falutin language used at some of the Town Council meetings in the North, and which I have seen accurately reported by a wag of an editor, is something wonderful to read, and must be even more wonderful to listen to.

The crudeness of most extempore discourses must be patent to everybody, and nowhere is it more observable than in the House of Commons. Those who are unaccustomed to attend the House, little know how much they are indebted to the Parliamentary reporters for the speeches they read afterwards in the newspapers.

Last year I visited the House when the Civil Service Franchise Bill was coming on, and the House was talked out at one o'clock in the morning by a Volunteer Colonel, who hummed and haa'd every minute, but who would get up to speak at every possible moment, on every possible question, whether he knew anything or nothing about it; some friends of the Fenian cause, one or two of whom spoke admirably by the way; a young lordling who chaffed the Opposition in a pleasant easy horsey style, and one or two others who addressed the House as if they had no arms or legs, so inanimate and impressive were their gestures.

Shall I say I was disappointed? I think I may, and yet members have been known to complain that they were not properly reported.

Heaven be praised, the reporters know better.

The best punishment I can conceive for some of these ambitious extempore speakers, would be to threaten to report them, *verbatim*—and do it.

Well, how to remedy all this? Elocution should be taught at our Universities. Cambridge does something in this way now, I think, inasmuch as lectures on elocution, by Professor D'Orsay are given there, *only no one is obliged to attend them*.

Before a clergyman is ordained, it should be as necessary that he should pass an examination in elocution as in Divinity.

At our public institutions it should

be a regular part of education, and at our schools, whether public or private.

Amongst our Dissenting brethren we know that their ministers are frequently fluent platform speakers and powerful preachers, simply, because *under the voluntary system, their congregations would not tolerate them were they otherwise*.

Why should there not be lay-preachers too? Men who are specially gifted as speakers, and yet perhaps not able to enter the Church as ministers, and who would possibly be incapable of becoming good parish priests, would gladly give their gifts to the glory of God, and be instrumental in saving many souls alive, who knows, but have no opportunity afforded them in the Church of their fathers. Such men, and there are not a few in these days, —earnest, good, devout and learned laymen,—have been lost to the Church, and welcomed in Dissent,—because the one would not receive them, and the other would.

I know there are some who think such ideas radical, if not revolutionary—but they are by no means new-fangled, believe me.

In the year 1555, a Mr. Tavernier, of Bressley, in Norfolk, had a special license, signed by Edward VI., authorising him to preach in any place of his Majesty's dominions, though he was a layman, and he is said to have preached before the King at Court, wearing a velvet bonnet or round cap, a damask gown, and a gold chain round his neck.

In the reign of Queen Mary he appeared at St. Mary's, Oxford, with a sword by his side and a gold chain about his neck, and preached to the scholars, beginning in these words: "Arriving at the Mount of St. Mary's, where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the Church."

This sort of style, especially the alliterative part of it, was much admired in those days even by the most accomplished of scholars, and was long after in great favour with speakers and hearers. At the time that Mr. Tavernier first received commission as a preacher, good preaching was so very scarce, that not only the King's chaplains were obliged to make circuit round the country to instruct the people, and to

fortify them against Popery (happily we in this great Empire in these days of religious toleration are now more liberal, and allow our neighbour to worship the Almighty in the way which he thinks best without fear of persecution, be he Jew, Catholic, Parsee, Mahomedan or Nonconformist); but even laymen who were scholars were employed for that purpose.

With the present leading towards Infidelity and Materialism which is openly preached by men of science and unquestioned attainments like Professors Tyndal, Darwin and Huxley, who shall say that lay-preachers—men educated in all the mysteries of modern science, and not only learned in the Greek Poets—but who yet put revelation side by side, if not before reason—and who are more fitted perhaps than their clerical friends to cope with the master minds of science—are not needed in these days?

I say that lay-preachers are as much required now, both inside and outside the Church, as in the days of the good Boy-King, Edward VI.

Besides lay-preachers I would have clerical preachers, men specially chosen on account of their elocutionary ability—and who should be exempted from parochial work—for which such men are mostly unfitted.

Both lay and clerical preachers would, of course, be specially licensed by the Bishop of the Diocese, and of course would travel wherever their services were required, and where they would be most useful. Amongst the Roman Catholics, as doubtless you know, there are the Preaching Friars, and among the Jesuits, bodies of men carefully trained as preachers. These men go about from place to place holding missions and creating revivals of religion (let us hope they are lasting), such as the pen alone, without the tongue could never achieve.

Amongst ourselves, I have often thought, that if the sermon were made a separate service, and people were allowed to leave the Church previous to the delivery of that oft-times great affliction, many of our clergy would preach to empty pews and benches, and so the reformation would work itself out, for only good preachers would be listened to, and oh! blessed thought, the poor preachers would preach no more.

The fact is, preachers very often preach

over the heads of their congregation, which reminds me of a story told of Dr. Chalmers, who, after delivering a most learned discourse—some one asked an old woman who had heard the sermon, if she knew what it was about, and was met by the naive rejoinder “Wad I hae the presumption?” Some of us are inclined to think there was much cogency in the question proposed in one of the comic papers some time since, and especially the answer: “What should a clergyman preach about? About fifteen minutes.”

Whilst on the subject it may not be deemed out of place to recur to the subject of Reading as considered in relation to Public Speaking.

We all know how frequently murdered Shakespere, Milton, Tennyson and other unoffending poets are at our Penny Readings, and on the contrary, how many young and graceful interpreters of those great authors have been found to instruct and amuse us at those popular entertainments, which I understand were first set on foot by a gentleman of Ipswich, Mr. Charles Sulley, himself a talented elocutionist and splendid reader—and perhaps it would be well to introduce in your local debating society (if you have one, and if not, why not?), occasional evenings to be devoted to the reading of our great authors, when the freest criticism may be allowed in discussing the merits of the performer and the selection he has made. Nothing teaches and corrects so well as a little good-natured satire, and the young man who reads first before the members of his college, his school fellows, his society or debating club, and undergoes the fire of their criticism, will only acquit himself the better when he ascends the public platform and reads or recites to an appreciative and often critical though probably good-natured audience.

The Bible, apart from its sacred and inspired character—I speak with all due reverence—is the grandest reading in the world.

How often is it murdered in our places of worship! Passages which ought to rouse our indignation, chill us with fear, melt us into tears or overcome us with awe—how are they given oftentimes, and how do they effect us?

Slovenly is a poor term to apply to the

delivery. Effect? why, they send us to sleep like the sermon which follows.

Would it not be a good thing if lay-readers were appointed in our churches and chapels to shame the clergy and ministers into learning how to read?

And yet there are some amongst them who read and preach magnificently, the mere mention of the names of the late Bishop of Winchester, the Bishops of Peterborough and Ely, the Rev. J. Bellew, (now, alas! no more), is sufficient proof of my assertion.

I had the privilege once of attending the Dean of Ripon, Dr. McNeill's Church in Liverpool, for six or seven months.

During nearly the whole of that time the gifted preacher read the lessons for the day, and preached frequently. I never had such lessons in elocution in my life as I had then: it was wonderful.

By the genius and sympathetic utterance instilled into the tones of that melodious resonant voice, with all its modulations and intonations, the reading was a commentary itself of the chapter before us.

That beautiful chapter in Genesis (the 27th) where Jacob stole Esau's birth-right; how well I remember it. When he read: "And Esau cried with an exceeding bitter cry, 'Hast thou no blessing for me, even me, oh, my father'"—you too would have wept in sympathy at the pitiful accents which were real, not simulated—by the great interpreter of the Holy Book—and you would with closed eyes have seen the moving picture, the blind old patriarch, and the wild hunter with his furrowed cheeks bedewed with tears.

It was Demosthenes, I think (as quoted by Cicero and Quintilian), who, when asked what was the first point in oratory, answered—Delivery. The second? Delivery! The Third? Delivery!!

"To superficial thinkers," Blair observes, "the management of the voice and gesture in public speaking may appear to relate to decoration only, and to be one of the inferior arts of catching an audience. But this is far from being the case. It is intimately connected with what is or ought to be the end of all public speaking, persuasion, and therefore deserves the study of the most grave and serious speakers as much as of those whose only

aim is to please. For let it be considered," he says, "whenever we address ourselves to others by words our intention certainly is to make some impression on those to whom we speak, it is to convey to them our own ideas and emotions. Now, the tone of our voice, our looks and gestures interpret our ideas and emotions no less than words do, nay, the impression they make on others is frequently much stronger than any that words can make. We often see that an expressive look or a passionate, unaccompanied by words, conveys to others more forcible ideas, and rouses within them stronger passions than can be communicated by the most eloquent discourse. The signification of our sentiments made by tones and gestures has this advantage above that made by words, that it is the language of nature. It is that method of interpreting our mind which nature has dictated to all, and which is understood by all; whereas, words are only arbitrary conventional symbols of our ideas, and by consequence must make a more feeble impression. So true is this, that to render words fully significant they must always in every case receive some aid from the manner of pronunciation and delivery; and he who in speaking should employ bare words without enforcing them by proper tones and accents would leave us with a faint and indistinct impression, often with a doubtful and ambiguous conception of what he had delivered. Nay, so close is the connection between certain sentiments, and the proper manner of pronouncing them, that he who does not pronounce them after that manner, can never persuade us that he believes or feels the sentiments themselves."

How true is the language of the learned author of the "Belles Lettres" there are few of us but will admit.

I suppose that in public speaking the speaker should adopt those tones, looks and gestures, which are most appropriate to the nature of whatever he delivers; he must suit the action to the word, and the word to the action, always remembering that "rightly to seem is transiently to be."

For what says Hamlet? You will remember his advice to the players.

*(To be continued.)*

## LABOUR.

BY BRO. W. ROBINSON.

The sound of the gavel is heard in the East ;

Ye Craftsmen, for labour prepare ;  
There's work for the greatest as well as the least,  
Rough ashlars in hundreds to square.

Foundations for structures superb must be laid,  
By builders both skilful and wise—  
By plans of the Architect, faultlessly made,  
The walls of the turrets must rise.

But ere the grand structure can rise to the view  
Must gavel and chisel and guage  
Be placed by apprentices faithful and true,  
In honestly earning their wage.

The level, the square, and the line of the plumb,  
By Craftsmen of skill must be plied ;  
To prove all your labours the master will come—  
Each angle and wall must be tried.

The compasses, pencil, and skerret with line—  
Must mark the foundations and plan ;  
Apprentices, fellows, and masters combine  
To finish the work they began.

The sound of the gavel is heard in the East,  
The sun's in the south at his height,  
Then Craftsmen away to your noon-day repast ;  
Refreshment makes labour more light.

For profit and pleasure you labour and toil,  
As Craftsmen both skilful and true :  
Unless the material for building you spoil,  
Your wages are honestly due.

The sound of the gavel is heard in the East,  
The western horizon is bright ;  
With sunset your labours as Craftsmen  
have ceased :  
Then rest and be happy to-night.

## "LITTLE DAN."

We take the following interesting little story from the *New York Despatch*, an important Masonic journal in the United States, and we trust that it will commend itself to our readers.

You see, the people at the post-office soon recognize faces and names, and after a man or woman has appeared at the general delivery window three or four times they are pretty well known. It is a real pleasure to hand out letters to some, while the clerks care little for the calls of others to get hold of their epistles.

One day a year or two ago, a funny-looking little old woman, wearing faded garments, but having a tidy look and a motherly face, appeared at the window and asked for a letter. There was one for her, sent from a distant city, and any one could have told that an unlearned boy directed the envelope. There was a little "d" in "Detroit," with a big "T" to end the word, and it seemed wonderful that the letter ever reached its destination.

The old lady felt so glad that, tears in her eyes and yet trying hard to smile, she put her head into the window and said :

"Thanks ! It's from my boy Dan, and you don't know how much good it does me !"

The lady delivery clerk rose up to look after the old woman, and when a second letter came she was looking and watching for "mother" a whole day before the letter was passed out.

"It's from my little Dan again," cried the old woman as she noted the superscription. "He's in Buffalo, learning a trade. He's only a bit of a boy, and there wasn't a show for him in Detroit, and beside he was running out nights and going to the bad. I sent him away, and he's working hard and trying to be good. God bless my Dan ! I'm a lone widow, with only him to love, and I hope he'll be good."

"I hope so, too," added the clerk, and after that the two were friends.

Sometimes the letters were far between, and when the old woman would worry over the delay, and the big tears would fall, the lady would almost shed tears with her. "Mother" would open her letters at

the window, and if Dan was feeling brave-hearted and getting along well, both would rejoice, while both would still be anxious if he complained and was discouraged.

Almost every week for a year and a half the old lady received a letter, and just as regularly she came to post an answer. She wrote in a quaint old hand, but the boy could make out every word, and once, when he wrote that her writing was improving, she felt all the pride which a school-girl could have shown. He improved as well. By-and-bye he wrote "Detroit" plain and fair, and he took extra pains to commence his "Dear Mother" with a grand flourish, and to add something extra after the words "Your Son Dan."

Those letters were food and drink to the old lady, and she seemed to actually grow younger. Little Dan had many friends in the post-office, and had the mother been ill any carrier would have hunted till midnight to find her and hand her the looked-for letter. Three or four weeks ago, when she opened her letter, she wept and smiled as over the first. Dan wrote that he was coming home for a week, and her heart was full. She said she'd have the cottage looking like new for him, and she'd be at the depot to welcome him first of all. Everybody felt glad with her, and the lady clerk was to go up some evening and have tea with her, and see little Dan and praise and encourage him, for the more kind words a boy can have the better he will seek to do.

There was no letter the next Tuesday, but the two excused its absence by saying that Dan was getting ready to come home. That was early in February, and he was to come about the 1st of March. The next Tuesday there *was* a letter, but the handwriting was not little Dan's. It was a strange, business hand, and the clerk felt a chill go over her as she turned it over. It might be good news, but she feared not. "Mother" came in at the regular hour, and she turned pale as she took the envelope. Her fingers trembled as she opened it, and she had to wipe the mist out of her eyes before she could decipher a word. She hadn't read over four or five lines when she uttered a moan and sank right down, like one crushed by some awful weight. They lifted her up and took her home, the letter clasped in her stiff fingers, and though she came out

of the faint after a while her heart was broken, and in a week she was in her grave.

Dan was dead! The letter said that he had been taken suddenly ill, and that nothing could save him. The blow was too heavy for one with her gray hair and childish heart, and her little old cottage is without a tenant.

No more letters commencing "Dear mother," come from the dead, and the trembling hands which used to linger fondly over the words: "My dear boy Dan," are folded over a lifeless breast, there to rest till the angels unclasp them.

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### Review.

*The Death of Agæus, and other Poems*  
by W. H. A. Emra. London: Samuel Tinsley.

Mr. Emra—who is a Norfolk rector, though not stated so on the title page, and cousin to our able brother Emra Holmes—has here given us a volume of verse which has the true ring with it, and shows its author to be really a poet. Take for instance, the opening of his "Dedication to A. L. E.":—

"When summer's blaze pours fresh and fierce,

Parching the thirsty plain,  
We see the morn with folds of mist  
The king-sun's orb detain;

Nor can the straining eye discern  
What shapes the valley fill,  
Till noontide hastes, and sharp and clear  
Stands out each distant hill.

So clear and sharp the present hour,  
Its thoughts so well defined;  
In such a misty cloud is wrapp'd  
The backward-gazing mind,  
It fronts the vagueness of the past,  
The true full present's light,  
And o'er the stormy distance break  
Love's sunbeams rosy bright.

The past has charms, but it would bring  
The yearning and the strife;  
They come not back unmix'd with pain,  
Those opening years of life;  
And though the present knows its cares,  
The light clouds part, how soon!  
And only love's pure sunshine lights  
Life's golden afternoon.

Yet, dearest, ere they seek the light,—  
 These few stray thoughts of mine,—  
 Forgive me, if around me crowd  
 Some other forms than thine ;  
 Forgive me, if like one who treads  
 In slumber's tranced way,  
 I seek awhile the haunts of youth,  
 The long forgotten day."

And then follow poetic pictures of his quiet rural birthplace or early home, "girt all round with strips of wood, and meads with spring's first blossoms strewed."

"For there, 'mid orchis blooms, we chased  
 With gauzy net, the summer fly,  
 Or sought the dove's nest, wondrously  
 In the oak's ired hollow placed."

Then we have

"A wider range—the school—world hath  
 the place

Of that home circle, with its crowded  
 gates

When the bell sends us forth, or bids  
 retrace

Each step, or grave, or full of speed and  
 grace,

Where carven desk and class-room's awe  
 awaits :

The hour glides by, while student forms  
 rehearse

The legend's ancient lore, or shape the  
 verse."

A youthful training which has not been lost upon our author, as the present volume shows. But the scene changes :—

"I mark no more where yon dark shade

Shuts out the eve's slant rays ;

I turn to where the white high brow

May meet my longing gaze :

I turn where eyes may answer mine,

The trusting voice may sound ;—

One thought, one prayer, one heart alone

To two whom love hath bound !

For thee my toil—nor thee alone ;

Thy mother arms enfold

That which a mother holds more dear

Than all a kingdom's gold :

The gem that fills the lost one's place,

The two days' treasure riven,

Whose tiny limbs the green turf wraps,

Whose spirit smiles in heaven.

Whate'er the toil, 'tis light and free,

For thou wilt share the weight ;

Whate'er the joy, 'tis all for thee,

Who dost such joy create ;

Should grief arise, its spell is short,

When those fond eyes are near ;

Should darkness cloud, that presence makes

The gloomiest nightfall clear."

There is true feeling in this, and one cannot help wishing as one reads it, that Mr. Emra may long be spared to his family and his parish, with leisure between his pastoral duties to send forth many more as pure poems as those now under review.

The story of the Athenian king *Ægeus*, the son of *Pandion*, the faithless husband of *Æthra*, and the father of *Theseus*, has been, as Mr. Emra expresses it, "a theme which poets, painters, and sculptors, have already handled in no scanty measure." But he has this to say in his defence, "that most of those who have employed pen, brush, or chisel on this subject, have chosen a different phase of the story. Their scene has been the tangled labyrinth of *Crete*, or the lonely strand of *Naxos*. The central figure in their picture has been the hero, with the shaggy trophy in his blood-stained hands ; or, still more often, the maiden whom he has deserted, staring in stony horror over the surging sea, and imploring the deaf rocks to restore to her her *Theseus*. In the present case," says he, "I have as it were filled in the shading of another scene in the fantastic drama—a scene of which *Catullus* only gives the outline, even after his vivid and statuesque description of *Ariadne*. In my tableau, the interest centres round the aged king, looking out from his high watch-tower for the white sail that tells of safety and glory, with as anxious a gaze as that of the watchman who waited upon *Agamemnon's* palace-wall for the beacon-flame which should announce the fall of *Troy*. It is the doom of the father, and the coming of the son, who has unwittingly wrought that doom, which I have taken upon myself to describe ; nor it is not without much diffidence that I thus add a sequel to the *Theseus-myths* of *Catullus* and *Ovid* among Latin authors, and *Canon Kingsley* among those of our own time." How he has acquitted himself in this task, we hope to show in the next number of the "*Masonic Magazine*."

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

NOTE.—In my Review of Bro. Woodford's "Defence of Freemasonry," in last Magazine, the printer has made me call Professor Robison, Robinson ; the reader will please strike his pen through the "s," as the two Professors were entirely distinct persons—not even Siamese Twins. G. M. T.

MARK TWAIN'S ENCOUNTER WITH  
AN INTERVIEWER.

Q.—How old are you?

A.—Nineteen, in June.

Q.—Indeed, I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?

A.—In Missouri.

Q.—When did you begin to write?

A.—In 1836.

Q.—Why, how can that be, if you are only nineteen now?

A.—I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Q.—It does, indeed. Who do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

A.—Aaron Burr.

Q.—But you could not have met Aaron Burr, if you are only 19 years—

A.—Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?

Q.—It was only a suggestion, nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?

A.—Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day, and he asked me to make less noise, and—

Q.—But if you were at his funeral, he must have been dead; and if he were dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not?

A.—I don't know. He was always a particular kind of man that way.

Q.—Still I don't understand it at all. You say he spoke to you, and that he was dead.

A.—I didn't say he was dead.

Q.—But wasn't he dead?

A.—Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't.

Q.—What do you think?

A.—Oh, it was none of my business? It wasn't any of my funeral.

Q.—Did you—. However, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask about something else. What was the date of your birth?

A.—Monday, October 31, 1693.

Q.—What! Impossible! That would make you 180 years old. How do you account for that?

A.—I don't account for it at all.

Q.—But you said at first you were only 19, and now you make yourself out to be 180. It is an awful discrepancy.

A.—Why, have you noticed that?

(Shaking hands.) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy, but somehow I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!

This was but the beginning. Before that interview was over there must have been one, at least, of the race of inquirers who had his curiosity satisfied.—*From the Lotus Leaves.*

LOSSES.

Upon the white sea sand  
There sat a pilgrim band,  
Telling the losses that their lives had  
known;  
While evening waned away  
From breezy cliff and bay,  
And the strong tide went out with weary  
moan.

One spake with quivering lip  
Of a fair freighted ship  
With all his household to the deep gone  
down;  
But one had a wilder woe,  
For a fair face long ago,  
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth  
With a most loving ruth,  
For its brave hopes and memories ever  
green;  
And one upon the west  
Turned an eye that would not rest,  
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold—  
Some of proud honours told—  
Some spake of friends that were their  
trust no more.  
And one of a green grave  
Beside a foreign wave,  
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tale was done,  
There spake among them one,  
A stranger, seeming from all sorrows free;  
"Sad losses have ye met,  
But mine is heavier yet,  
For a believing heart hath gone from me."  
"Alas!" these pilgrims said—  
"For the living and the dead,  
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,  
For wrecks of land and sea;  
But how'er it came to thee—  
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest  
loss."

## A SYNOPSIS OF MASONIC PERSECUTION IN THE XVIII. CENTURY.

*(From the Freimaurer Zeitung, Vienna.)*

YEAR.	COUNTRY.	RULER.	PERSECUTION.
1735	Holland	States General	- Lodges dissolved; name of Freemason forbidden.
1737	France	Louis XV.	- Freemasonry and association of Freemasons declared to be illegal and punishable.
1738	Rome	Clement XII.	- Freemasonry excommunicated.
1738	Sweden	Ulric Leon	- Freemasonry forbidden.
1738	Flanders	Emperor Charles VI.	- Freemasonry denounced; lodges dissolved.
1739	Poland	Augustus II.	- Excommunication of Freemasonry proclaimed in all the churches.
1740	Spain	Philip V.	- Freemasons handed over to the Inquisition.
1741	Italy	Various Dukes and Republics	- Freemasons imprisoned.
1743	Portugal	John V.	- Freemasons, by command of Government, punished by the Inquisition.
1751	Rome	Benedict XIV.	- Freemasonry forbidden; Bull of Clement XII. confirmed.
1764	Austria	Maria Theresa	- Lodges closed.
1781	Naples	Ferdinand IV.	- Freemasons dispersed and persecuted.
1785	Bavaria	Carl Theodore IV.	- Freemasonry and all such societies strictly forbidden.
1785	Venice	Doge and Senate	- Freemasonry forbidden, and the Master banished by Council of Ten.
1785	Austria.	Joseph II.	- Number of lodges reduced.

## BE HAPPY AS YOU CAN.

*(From the New York Dispatch.)*

Thy life is not all sunshine,  
 Nor is it yet all showers,  
 But storms and calms alternate,  
 As thorns among the flowers;  
 And while we seek the roses,  
 The thorns full oft we scan;  
 Still let us, though they wound us,  
 Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses,  
 As well as joys to share,  
 And griefs and disappointments,  
 Which you and I must bear;  
 Yet if Misfortune's lava  
 Entombs Hope's dearest plan,  
 Let us with what is left us  
 Be happy as we can.

The sum of our enjoyment  
 Is made of little things,  
 As oft the broadest rivers  
 Are formed from smaller springs;

By treasuring small waters  
 The rivers reach their span,  
 So we increase our pleasures,  
 Enjoying what we can.

There may be burning deserts  
 Through which our feet may go,  
 But there are given cases  
 Where pleasant palm trees grow;  
 And if we may not follow  
 The path our hearts would plan,  
 Let us make all around us  
 As happy as we can.

Perchance we may not climb with  
 Ambition to its goal,  
 Still let us answer "Present"  
 Where Duty calls the roll;  
 And whatever our appointment,  
 Be nothing less than man,  
 And, cheerful in submission,  
 Be happy as we can.