

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF  
FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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## Monthly Masonic Summary.

The nomination of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of our English Brotherhood, was confirmed unanimously amid the heartiest of cheering at the last Quarterly Communication.

The installation of our Royal Brother will take place at the Albert Hall, April 28th, and a very large attendance of our ever loyal order is expected on that auspicious occasion. The arrangements for the day's proceedings are under the direction of Bro. Sir Albert W. Woods and Bro. Thomas Fenn, and will, no doubt, reflect credit on those distinguished brethren. Additional Stewards have been appointed, one from each London lodge, and two from each Province, and they will mainly be employed in seating the numerous applicants for admission. Happily the Albert Hall lends itself completely to such a "mise en scène." Being in the form of an amphitheatre, everybody can see from every seat, and no one seat is better than another. When filled by our brethren in their Masonic clothing, the "coup d'œil" will be very striking. We fear that we shall not be able to give, in the number for May, a complete description of the installation, if indeed any, as the laws of printers are like those of the Medes and Persians, they "alter not." But in the number for June we hope to allude to the subject fully. Otherwise there is not much news.

Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, who has been addressing Masonic Lodges in the United States as a quasi-English Freemason, appears not to be a regularly accepted Freemason at all. So far as is clear at present, he was initiated by the "Philadelphes," a spurious political order, and became a joining member of the High Cross Lodge, Tottenham, though we cannot see with what claims, in which lodge he remained only one year as a subscribing member. He professes to have been received into a French lodge, "La Perseverante

Amitie," though whether a regular lodge does not yet appear. Anyhow, his inception in Freemasonry being radically bad, vitiates all his subsequent steps, and we fancy that he is at the present moment, as far as English Freemasonry is concerned, a nondescript, being neither "fish, flesh, fowl," or even "good red herring." The brethren of the High Cross Lodge, and in the United States, seem to have been equally lax, and it is patent that in his recent visit, when he patronized King Kalakua, he had not a Grand Lodge certificate, or any regular certificate at all. It is a very untoward affair, look at it which way you will.

Literature in the United States has to struggle hard, like as in the old country, for existence. Bro. Gouley, of St. Louis, threatens to "lay down" his *Freemason*, as he cannot afford, for the amusement of indifferent Freemasons, to make a "labour of love, a labour of loss." We trust to hear that the "esprit de corps" of the American Freemasons, and their literary proclivities, have induced them to come to the rescue.

Bro. Kenning's new show-room is now open, 1, 2, and 3, Little Britain, and will repay a visit from our country cousins.

## THE MASONIC MEASURE OF LIFE.

We live in deeds, not years; in thought,  
not breath;

In feelings, not in figures on the dial;  
We should count time by heart-throbs when  
they beat

For God, for man, for duty. He most  
lives

Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the  
best.

Life is but a means unto an end—that end,  
Beginning, mean and end to all things,  
God.

WITTIER.

THE PUBLIC MASONIC CHARITIES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BY CLIFFORD P. MACCALLA.

The amount dispensed in charity by Masonic bodies all over the world will never be known. Our principles forbid us to speak of, much less to boast of, or publish it. Just as the rays of the sun fall silently upon the earth, every day warming it into new life, so Masonic charity comes to the distressed—in the beginning unheralded, and afterwards unsung. I therefore have nothing to say respecting the noblest and most characteristic gifts of the Craft. But the purposes of Masonry have been deemed not entirely fulfilled by the dispensing of charity through the ordinary channels of fraternal benevolence—hence Public Masonic Charities have been established in all civilized countries, with a view to providing permanent homes for aged and infirm needy brethren, and their destitute widows and orphans, and likewise to educate, free of charge, the promising sons and daughters of indigent Master Masons. The guard of secrecy cannot be thrown around such efforts, and it has not been attempted. It is permitted, therefore, to speak or write freely of institutions of this character, since they, like our constitutions and bye-laws are open to public observation, and, therefore, are no part of the secrets of Masonry.

England, as the oldest grand jurisdiction in the world, naturally leads the way in examples of public Masonic charities, with her Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, founded A.D. 1788; the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, founded A.D. 1798; and the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution for Aged Freemasons and Widows of Freemasons, founded A.D. 1842; but the United States is following in the footsteps of her Masonic mother at no unequal pace. Not a few of her forty-three Grand Lodges are now engaged in the organization of Masonic homes, orphan asylums, colleges and schools; and four of them, at least, have had such institutions in successful operation for years. I invite attention to these, as demonstrating what has been done, and is doing, in certain jurisdictions,

and may be done in all, where fraternal wisdom and charity are combined in furthering similar public efforts.

The most successful public Masonic charities in the United States are: the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home, of Kentucky, founded in 1867; St. John's Masonic College, Arkansas, founded in 1850; the Masonic Orphan Asylum, North Carolina, opened in 1873, upon the previous foundation of a St. John's College, which was unsuccessful; and the Southern Masonic Female College, Georgia, founded in 1853. Of each of these institutions I shall give some general details, gathered from official sources.

Prior, to doing this, however, I would mention, that the fraternity in the jurisdictions of Pennsylvania and Connecticut have recently taken the initiatory steps to establish Masonic homes for indigent brethren, their widows and orphans, which promise to be entirely successful at no distant day. The brethren having the Pennsylvania Masonic Home in charge have asked for \$50,000 in voluntary contributions, as the nucleus for the foundation of this charity, and \$35,000 of this sum have been already subscribed; while the brethren in Connecticut are striving to raise \$100,000 for a similar purpose, and the Grand Master and Grand Lodge of that jurisdiction are labouring earnestly in behalf of their noble work. The Grand Lodge of New Jersey, several years ago, undertook the establishment of a like charity, but contributions for it were obtained so slowly, that it has recently been abandoned. The comparative business stagnation of the last two years has been especially unfavourable for the promotion of new efforts of this kind, and hence we cannot reasonably look for their speedy success.

*The Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home.*

This is the best known and the most successful of the Masonic Charities of America. It is located in the city of Louisville, Kentucky, and was incorporated by Act of Assembly, in 1867. Its object is to provide a home for destitute widows and orphans of deceased Freemasons of the State of Kentucky, and an Infirmary for the reception of sick and afflicted Freemasons who may be placed under its care. It is authorised to hold real estate

to the value of \$100,000, exclusive of the improvements thereon. No orphan is received into the home under three years of age, or over 13; nor any having adequate means of support; nor any half orphans whose living parent is able to support them. It is now in its eighth year since its incorporation, and its fifth since its opening for the reception of beneficiaries. During the year 1873 it was under the management of Past Grand Master Bro. E. S. Fitch and wife, as superintendent and matron, under whose administration the home was successful, and the inmates happy. On St. John's Day, June, 1873, many of the lodges of Kentucky celebrated the day in the interests of the home, and raised \$18,300 for its support. Some of the lodges pay to the home \$1 out of the annual dues received from their members. This source of revenue, when fostered by all of the lodges in the State, will produce over \$20,000 per annum. The estimated cost of completing the remainder of the home building, according to the specifications, is \$80,000. A Ladies' Aid Society alone has collected for it \$12,161. The Grand Lodge of Kentucky has created an endowment fund for its support, which now amounts to \$68,000. Individual subscriptions in addition have been received to the amount of \$83,000.

One wing of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home is completed and in use, and the whole building is now (1875) ready for the roof. In September, 1874, its inmates were 155 children; when completed it will accommodate 500. Six acres of land are connected with the home, which has not one dollar of indebtedness upon it. The building is a handsome and imposing one, of brick, and during the present year it will be finished in accordance with its elaborate plan. The institution was originated by individual Masons, and is still under their management, but the Grand Lodge of Kentucky annually donates towards its support 30 per cent. of her receipts from dues, from the subordinate lodges under her jurisdiction.

For several years past an Annual Orphans' Reception has been held, and all of the children have been introduced to the members of the Grand Lodge in a body, as their foster-mother—when, she, in the language of the old Roman matron, proudly said: "Here are our jewels."

Past Grand Master, Bro. John M. S. McCorkle, of Kentucky, is secretary of the board of directors of the home, and kindly furnished me with the facts concerning it, which I have narrated.

#### *St. John's Masonic College.*

This college is located at Little Rock, Arkansas, and is an educational institution of a high class, of which any State might be proud. Its success reflects credit upon the Masonic fraternity. Although the State of Arkansas contains less than eleven thousand Freemasons, the energy of these brethren puts to the blush the inaction of others in far larger and pecuniarily more prosperous jurisdictions.

Bro. E. H. English, Past Grand Master of Arkansas, was the father of St. John's College. In his annual address, in 1850, he uttered the first official word in its behalf; and he has been its fostering parent ever since. In the same year the Legislature of the State of Arkansas granted it a Charter of Incorporation. In 1852 one hundred acres of ground were purchased, adjacent to the city of Little Rock, whereon to erect the college buildings. In 1857 the corner-stone was laid by the Grand Master of Arkansas, in the presence of the Grand Lodge. In 1859 the building was so far completed as to allow the sessions of the institution to be inaugurated, all of its Professors being Graduates of the University of Virginia. In 1860 the Grand Lodge of Arkansas authorized the Grand Master to appoint, regardless of number, promising sons of worthy indigent Master Masons, as students and beneficiaries. Forty such young men are now the recipients of this excellent charity. In 1861, at the outbreak of the rebellion, the Professors and students, almost *en masse*, enlisted in the army of the Union, and the college was closed until the termination of the war. During the war the buildings were occupied successively by the Federal and Confederate troops for hospital purposes. In October, 1867, St. John's Masonic College was re-opened, with Bro. Luke E. Barber, LL.D. (the present Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Arkansas), as President. This brother was distinguished, in 1852, by the unparalleled honour of being elected Grand Master of that jurisdiction only two years after he was made a Mason. Since 1867

the college has continued in successful operation. A handsome dormitory has recently been erected, at a cost of \$10,000. During last year it had 121 cadets enrolled. Its students are all under military discipline.

The college embraces preparatory, collegiate and law departments, to which it is contemplated to add a medical department, thus bringing it up to the level of a University. It is at present the only male college in the State. The main building is a handsome brick structure, three stories in height, with towers on the two corners, front, and turrets on the rear. The courses of study are thorough, and the Professors eminent in their several departments.

#### *The Masonic Orphan Asylum.*

This charity is located at Oxford, North Carolina. It was originally designed as a Masonic college, and was known for a time as St. John's College, having been erected from contributions by lodges and individuals. The Craft afterwards determined that more good might be accomplished through its instrumentality as an Orphan Asylum, and at an Annual Grand Communication of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, it was resolved to establish it as such, since which time it has been in successful operation. It was opened in February, 1873, and during its first year was handsomely supported by contributions from both the Grand and subordinate lodges of North Carolina, as well as from public-spirited and benevolent citizens.

The Asylum is situated in Oxford, one of the pleasantest towns in the State, upon a charming site, and its building is one of much elegance. Its design is to protect, train, and educate promising indigent orphan children of Masons, between the ages of six and twelve years, who have no parents, or property, or near relatives able to assist them. Homer, who wrote nearly 3,000 years ago, represented Andromache, the wife of Hector, as saying :

“The day that makes

A child an orphan, leaves him destitute  
Of every friend ; a melancholy youth—  
He pines, and sighs, and bathes his cheeks  
with tears.

Oppressed and poor, he seeks his father's  
friends.

One by the robe, another by the coat  
He pulls, and begs them. Some, who pity  
feel,

Offer a pittance in a scanty cup—

To wet his lips, not satisfy his thirst !

While others, flourishing in joyous ease,

With both their parents living, rudely smite

The wretched boy, and drive him from  
their board

With scorn unfeeling, and reproachful  
sneer.”

King Solomon said : “The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be.” Recognizing this fact, the Freemasons of the State of South Carolina are doing what they can to decrease the sum of human misery. The Grand Lodge appropriates \$1,000 annually towards its maintenance, and each subordinate lodge has a standing committee charged with raising funds for it, and reporting monthly to the superintendent of the asylum. At each subordinate lodge's regular meeting, the support of the Masonic Orphan Asylum is a part of the regular order of business. There are now over 100 beneficiaries maintained and educated by this charity, Bro. J. H. Mills is its efficient superintendent. Its officers are : a superintendent, steward, matron, housekeeper, and one teacher for each form of 25 children. The property of this institution is vested in the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, of which Bro. D. W. Bain is Grand Secretary, and to whom I am indebted for these facts concerning it.

#### *The Southern Female Masonic College.*

Covington, Georgia, is the seat of this Masonic seat of learning for the daughters of deceased Master Masons. It was founded some twenty years ago, and is under the control of the Grand Lodge of Georgia. Bro. the Rev. J. F. Bradshaw is its president, who has recently been seeking aid for it from other Masonic jurisdictions. On September 4th, 1824, the Executive Committee resolved that the “Grand Lodges of other States be invited to take an interest in it by sending it pupils and contributing it money towards its permanent endowment.” Between three and four hundred daughters of indigent deceased Masons have been educated at this institution. Last year it numbered

125 pupils—20 of whom were in the Art department. The college curriculum includes Latin, French, mathematics, natural and moral sciences, music, drawing, painting, calisthenics, &c. The college is beautifully located at Covington, on the Georgia railroad, 41 miles from Atlanta. Pupils are received into it for pay, so that it is not exclusively a charity.

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It seems not inappropriate, while treating of the Public Masonic Charities of the United States, to give, in conclusion, some account of the Masonic relief extended in 1871 to Chicago.

On October 8th, 1871, one of the most devastating conflagrations that ever laid a city in ruins, visited the fairest portion of the city of Chicago. In addition to the millions in value of property laid in ashes, and the hundreds of lives lost, eight Masonic halls were destroyed, and eighteen lodges, two chapters, one council, two commanderies, and four co-ordinate bodies of the A. and A. Rite were rendered homeless, losing their charters, records, jewels, and all of their property. On October 12th a temporary relief committee was organized by the brethren in Chicago (who numbered in all 4,000), which committee was relieved two days afterwards by the formal creation of the Masonic Board of Relief, presided over by the Grand Master of Illinois, Bro. De Witt C. Cregier. To adopt the language of the board, "the noble Craft everywhere was at labour in behalf of their distressed brethren, and but a few hours elapsed before the 'mystic current' was flashed through the wires from east, west, south, yea, and from the north, conveying the glad tidings that succour was at hand." The board continued its labours for seven months. As an example of the spontaneous and liberal gifts of Craftsmen, I may mention the action of the Grand Lodge of California, which, on the second day after the conflagration, unanimously voted \$5,000 in coin to the sufferers, which amount was at once forwarded; and the same afternoon, when the contribution box was placed upon the altar, the further sum of \$1,005 in coin was contributed by members of the Grand Lodge. The Grand Lodge of Canada at once sent \$2,000 in gold, and the Dominion of Canada \$3,000 more. The Masonic bodies of New York sent \$18,000; Illi-

nois, \$15,000; Pennsylvania, \$9,600; Massachusetts, \$7,000; England, \$394; Newfoundland, \$471; Central America, \$584; and even far off British India, \$26, until the magnificent sum of \$90,634 was contributed by the Freemasons of the world for the relief of their distressed worthy brethren. It must be remembered, too, that this sum was in addition to the general fund raised, to which Masons everywhere were liberal contributors. Such spontaneous Masonic charity was never before known.

The Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home of Kentucky (described above) immediately threw open its doors, and offered a temporary home to the suffering widows and children of the Chicago brethren. It was at once realized that there *was something* in Masonry, when a committee from a distant state came and said: "Give us your women and children, and we will take them to a home where they will have a brother's care, until you are again in possession of happy homes of your own."

Many foreign lodges sent two, three, and even four contributions, and some even drained their treasuries, in order to aid the sufferers. Such displays of fraternal love were heartily appreciated by the Masons of Chicago.

At the time of the conflagration there were 31 lodges in Chicago, with memberships ranging respectively from 293 down to 18. Eighteen lodges were entirely burned out. To these 18 lodges the sum of \$20,200 was set apart; an average of \$1,125 to each lodge. To the remaining lodges, which were greatly weakened, \$5,000 were given. All of these awards were made upon the express condition that every lodge so aided should amend its by-laws, and provide for the establishment of a charity fund, of which the several amounts contributed as above should form the nucleus. Thus every lodge in Chicago so relieved now has a charity fund separate and distinct from its general fund.

With the monies and supplies disbursed by the Board of Relief, the hungry were fed, the naked clothed, the sick ministered to, the dead buried, the penniless workmen were furnished with the tools of their trades; while substantial aid was rendered to every suffering lodge in the city. \$30,600 besides went for the relief of

3,145 needy brethren, their widows and children. After all this was done, the committee found a surplus in their hands amounting to \$20,000, which, with a delicacy of feeling and sense of honour that shed lustre upon the Mason craft, was returned, *pro rata*, to the donors. Was there ever so marked an example as this of scrupulous regard for high principle? The Craft in Chicago felt that they had a sacred trust to perform, and they administered it with an equity almost, if not quite unparalleled. Charity became the prolific parent of charity, and the tide of relief which flowed out so freely, returned again to trebly bless the donors.

Of the \$9,600 contributed by the Freemasons of Pennsylvania, \$3,457 came from the Craft in Philadelphia. The largest single contribution was of \$500, from Shekinah Lodge, No. 246; the second largest was of \$350, from Eastern Star Lodge, No. 186; Concordia Lodge, No. 67, contributed \$100.

This record will never cease to reflect honour upon the Mason craft. It shows that while a city lay devastated and bewildered, the echoing footsteps of the almoners of Masonic charity were heard among its ruins, calling forth blessings mingled with tears from hundreds of eyes that had never been used to weeping. Happy example of the manner in which the wail of Masonic distress is instantaneously answered, by the voice and hand of Masonic charity.

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VERSES WRITTEN ON BOARD A  
LOUGH ERNE STEAMER,

*On the Visit of the American Freemasons  
to Ireland.*

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The dark-clouded sky of the morning shone  
fair,

The sun gaily smiled, and cool was the air,  
As a band of Freemasons sailed o'er thee,  
Lough Erne,

The "Stars" at the bow, and the "Jack"  
at the stern.

Each emerald hill, each weather-worn stone,  
Round thy green-girdled shores of the ages  
agone,

Still witness to all; and thy ruins silent  
and hoary,

Of piety, rapine and blood tell the story.

Proud chieftain and gallow-glass true o'er  
thy water,

Have passed on to victory, revenge, and to  
slaughter;

On thy pebbly beach prattling children  
have play'd,

By thy soft mossy banks tender lovers  
have strayed.

Thus happy and mournful are thy recollec-  
tions,

Side by side are they found with our  
human affections;

But joyous the voyage along thy fair  
strand.

Was of genial Freemasons the light-hearted  
band.

Full merrily sparkled and vanished the  
glasses,

Full pleasantly smiled and coquetted the  
lasses,

But sweeter still far were the warm hearts  
that strove

To show to the utmost true brotherly  
love.

America's sons and Fermanagh's clasped  
hand,

The Brethren of home and that far distant  
land;

But distance is naught to a Brother, I  
know,

And Brethren are Brethren wherever they  
go.

In the distant hereafter well may it be  
told

How far severed Brethren met in good days  
of old,

As a band of Freemasons who sailed on  
Lough Erne,

With the "Stars" at the bow, and the  
"Jack" at the stern.

W. COPLAND TRIMBLE,  
W.M. 891.

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

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER III.

Tea had been brought in and taken out again before Uncle Archdale resumed his story. He had left the room first before tea, and had returned from the surgery with a packet of papers or letters, evidently taken from the *escritoire*.

Uncle did not practise now; he had acquired a little property, and some great aunts of ours had left him money, and he was very comfortably off; only he would persist in calling his library the surgery, though there was not a bottle or potion in it.

"Well, my dears," uncle said as he sat down again, "I suppose I must finish my story."

"Oh, yes, if you please, we should like to hear the end, and we are not at all tired," Lizzie replied.

"Well, then, I will tell you the rest," he continued.

"The usual time for walking the hospitals had passed away, it was three years then—now, I think, it is five—" my uncle resumed.

"I had just got my certificates from the Apothecaries' Company and College of Surgeons, testifying to my efficiency in compounding nasty medicines, and in setting compound fractures, and so forth.

"Medicine was nasty in those days, now they make it pleasant to the taste, do they not, young man?" he said, turning to me.

"Well, sir, we have improved a little in that way, I believe."

"Yes," uncle continued, "I had come out a full-blown surgeon and general practitioner. I had left the Wingroves, very much to Kate's grief and her mother's dismay. The latter had quite made up her mind I should marry her daughter, though Kate, poor girl, knew well enough who it was I was waiting for.

"The extraordinary power I had exercised over her had increased with time, and by means of her clairvoyant dreams, and by means of her clairvoyant dreams, if I may call them dreams, I had kept myself informed of Millicent's whereabouts.

From my sister, too, I learned occasionally what was going on, though she seldom saw the Bertrams now, as my father had left that neighbourhood, and gone to live at Salisbury. This much I knew, however that Millicent was still unmarried, and Mr. Thornton was still constant to her. I should tell you that the night before I left Bloomsbury—it was the 12th August, 1827—I had a long *seance* with Kate, it might be the last I should ever have, and I felt that I must act now or never. As you may scarcely credit the story, Philip shall read you this letter about it," said uncle, as he handed to him an old franked letter, yellow with age and dusty, written in a weak feeble hand, the hand of a sick man.

There was an endorsement on the back, which ran thus:—

"This letter from Edmund Thornton, given to me by Millicent Bertram, on Christmas morning, 1830.

Thretford Parsonage,

13th Augt., 1827.

"My dearest,  
"I don't know how to write this letter. I am afraid you will think me mad. I am afraid I am mad. Forgive me if I am incoherent, but so much has troubled me of late that I think sometimes I am tried more than other men. I have a fearful presentiment that we shall never—that we can never—be married. Sometimes these warnings come to me more palpable than at other times.

"Sometimes when I am sitting in my study reading of an evening, I feel a pressure on my arm, and I turn and see by my side a figure—that of a lady—with a pale face and long black elf locks, and a voice seems to come from afar off saying, '*Millicent shall be mine, never thine.*' Not once or twice only have I seen this, but many times. It is killing me. No man can be braver than I can be where any earthly material danger exists, but this perpetual haunting of a spiritual presence threatens to turn my brain. The horrors of last night, if they should return, will deprive me of my reason.

"I feel it going even now; I have prayed against it, but God has not seen fit to hear my prayer. Perhaps it is sent to try me. I know not, but this I know, that in life and death I strive to serve him. And I love you, oh, my darling, as I shall ever love you, purely, devotedly, and constantly.

"Last night I had retired early to my room, for I had been suffering from a severe cold. It was about ten o'clock, and I was sitting for a few minutes over the fire in my bedroom musing, when suddenly I felt a hand, a woman's hand, grasp my own. I turned, and saw as plain as eye could see, a tall woman by my side. It was the pale lady, with the long black ringlets. She frowned upon me, and I shuddered as I saw another hand steal out of space, holding a wand of fire.\* In the wand seemed to lay the mysterious influence which paralyzed me.

"I shall never forget that hand. Upon one finger was a ring, formed like a serpent with its tail in its mouth, and its eyes were jewels. Out of the space came a voice, the same voice I had heard before, and it said, 'Milicent shall be mine, never thine.' At the sound of these words I fell to the ground, and when I next became conscious, I found I had been put into bed, and the doctor had come to see me, as the landlady had sent word that I had taken a fit.

"Oh, that horrible night, the remembrance of it is so appalling that I am seized with fearful palpitations whenever I think about it, and a violent trembling comes upon me. \* \* \* \* I left off there because the doctor came, and now he says I am suffering from an affection of the heart, and any great excitement would be dangerous. I am to go away from here, as the air, he says, appears to have an enervating effect upon me.

"Of course it is of no use speaking to him of what I saw.

"Dearest, dearest Milly, I hope nothing may come to separate us. God bless you, my own.

"Your ever loving,  
"EDMUND."

Maud looked up when Philip had finished reading the letter, and said, "Uncle, you have a ring like a serpent on your finger, and it has diamonds for eyes."

"Yes, my dear, I have," uncle answered; nothing more.

\* *Sensitives* can perceive magnets in the dark by the *oddylic* light which they emit. Mesmeric subjects often describe flames of light issuing from the tips of the fingers, and from the eyes of the operator. A magnetised steel rod would appear to be illuminated to a *sensitive*. The reader is referred to *Reichenbach's Researches in Magnetism* for further information on this subject.

"To resume then—

"In three months from that date I was settled near Heytesbury, about half way between Warminster and Salisbury. One of my aunts had advanced £1,000 to place me with the medical man of that place, as his partner. I went up to London once after that to spend a day or two with some friends, and stayed two evenings with the Wingroves.

"Kate was glad to see me, you may be sure, and so was Mrs. Wingrove. The last evening I was there I sent Kate to *haurnt* Mr. Thornton.

"She described the scene—

"Where is he? I asked.

"'He is with a lady,' she answered, 'the same lady I saw before. I think he has come to stay on a visit with them. They are sitting in the drawing-room; she has been singing to him, and he to her.'

"'The last song he sang was "When other lips," I think, for I see it on the top of some music on the piano. Now she is leaving the room; she has gone away for something.'

"'He is sitting over the fire; how pale and wan he looks.'

"'Impress him from me, I said.'

"'Oh, no, do not harm him any more. You will kill him.'

"'I care not what I do, I fiercely answered, has he not robbed me of my heart's idol?'

"'Go to him, I continued, sternly.

"'Oh! do not force me,' she said, imploringly, 'you have injured him enough. See what a wreck he is already.'

"'It is enough, I angrily rejoined, obey me.

"The glittering wand of steel flashed in the air, she fell back upon the sofa on which she had been half reclining, and swooned away. I heeded her not, but paced the room for some minutes, then I approached her where she lay, placed my hands upon her shoulders, breathed upon her cold brows, and in a few moments she had recovered.

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

"'Tell me, I asked, where is he?'

"'I cannot see him.'

"'Look, I said, and I touched her again with the steel rod.

"'Ah!' she answered, with a moan of pain and anguish.

"'What is it? I asked.



"She burst into tears, and in a moment would have been in hysterics had I not again placed my hands upon her shoulders, and breathed upon her calmness and repose.

"Answer me, what is the matter?"

"I shall never forget the feeling that came over me when she replied slowly and with awful solemnity,

"'He is dead, and you have killed him!'

\* \* \* \* \*

"The jury brought in a verdict of 'Died by the visitation of God.'

"Ah, my dears," the old man said, "never let passion get the mastery over you; never try to accomplish your ends whatever they be by foul means. Had I never heard anything of mesmerism I should have been a happier man; but I have repented now of my wickedness, and I trust I am forgiven."

The old man was affected by the memory of the past, and I saw him clasp his hands as if in prayer for a moment or two, and then he bowed his head. Silence fell over us, one of those expressive pauses which comes sometimes quite suddenly upon a company when there are angels passing through the room, as is the old Swedish superstition.

Is it so, reader, do you think? Is there an unseen presence standing by our side and notioning us to good deeds when we would do evil?

How few of us in these days of materialism believe in guardian angels.

Presently Maude broke the silence by asking—

"What became of Kate, Uncle."

"She married a year or two after, but died within a twelvemonth of aneurism, I believe."

"Why did you not marry Milicent after all, Uncle?" Bertie put in.

"There, my dears, is the saddest part of the story. I was overcome with remorse, and never could bear to hear the subject of mesmerism mentioned again. Of course I had not meant to kill poor Edmund—all I wanted to accomplish was that he should consent to relinquish all claim to Milly's hand. I wanted to frighten him into the belief that his marrying her was impossible, and that if ever it were possible, it would prove fatal to her happiness, and to his; but I never dreamed of the dreadful ending of my plot, and the reaction upon my-

self was frightful. I was taken severely ill. For week's I lay at death's door, and months had passed away before I had recovered.

"I was a changed man; changed in everything save my undying love for Milicent.

"Before Edmund's death I had been a man careless about religion, but now I was a poor penitent sinner, humbly trying to lead a new life, to fit me for that eternity to which we are all hurrying."

The old man spoke reverently, and his solemn words made a deep impression upon us.

"And, my dears, I was still waiting for Milly.

"Two years passed by.

"Time, the great Restorer, had done much to soften her grief; her sorrow had been a great trial to her, but oh! how nobly she bore it. The darling, I see her now. Her face had grown more pensive—the cheek had lost its bloom—the smile had grown more sweet—the look more chastened, but her sweet musical laugh was still as silvery as ever, only we did not hear it often now. She knew I loved her, but she could not bring herself to think of me as anything but a friend—a brother.

"She knew nothing of my *magnetic hauntings*, nothing of the mesmeric *seances*.

"Poor Edmund had died of heart disease—they all knew that; he had suffered from it long, and then he had been subject to epileptic fits; she knew he was delicate.

"I was now getting into a good country practice, and could offer Milly a home, but I did not like to hurry her.

"Another Christmas party at Warminster, and Milly was invited,

"Mr. Wybrants was the medical man with whom I had served my apprenticeship, and he gave a large annual party.

"I had never been before since I was a lad, but this year I had resolved to go, if only to meet Milly, who was staying with an aunt there, and who I knew had accepted the invitation.

"I had made up my mind to give her another invitation.

"Would she accept mine?"

"It was a merry party: young people and old people, and middle-aged people, and children were there; and it was Christmas eve.

"How I love the little children. I should have liked to have had some of my own, but Providence has seen fit that it should be otherwise. I had not enjoyed it so much as I had expected. I had romped enough with the children, it is true, and we had blind man's buff, and they made me blind man. Then we had snap-dragon, and I burnt my fingers getting out the raisins for little Lucy, Kathleen, and Alice. And after the children had gone we had dancing, and I kissed dear old Mrs. Wybrants under the mistletoe. How they did all laugh! Just like the old bachelor, they said.

"And we had a nice supper too, and good port and sherry to wash it down—none of your nasty French wines. Champagne was very dear then, and one seldom tasted it in the country, except at the hall perhaps, or up at the court. But I did not much enjoy it, for Millicent was not there. In the midst of the dancing I felt strange forebodings of something direful—a feeling of dread at I knew not what.

"The shadow of a great misfortune seemed to be upon me."

"So though to outward seeming I was the merriest among the merry, the least thoughtful of the thoughtless, I was sick at heart and weary, thinking deep thoughts but very sad; and like the aspens by the shimmering pool, I found myself ever and anon trembling with an unknown fear.

"The doctor gave me a bed, and, so feeling tired with my exertions and with playing with the children, I retired early. Mrs. Wybrants had told me casually, as I bade her good night, in reply to my inquiries about Milly, that she was afraid she was very poorly, but she hoped there was no danger.

"*Very poorly, no danger*, I muttered to myself, what was this? I never even knew she was unwell. It was too late to call at the house and ask after her now. My presence would only disturb her perhaps, and then I thought remorsefully how happy I had been (or seemed at least) playing with the children, and all the while she was ill. However, it was no use to think about it now, but I determined to go the first thing in the morning to ask after her, so comforting myself with that thought I fell asleep.

"I must have slept for two hours or more; when I awoke the clock was striking one.

"It was a lovely winter moonlight night, and I could see out of the window the snow thick upon the gables opposite ours. It was cold—bitterly cold.

"What was the icy blast that passed me there?"

"I looked up and saw—

"Milly standing at the foot of my bed, and the rays of the moon shone full upon her, *but her figure threw no shadow on the floor.*

"I was not frightened, but an inexpressible grief came upon me. I gazed with awe, but with no craven fear upon the form, and then it slowly vanished from my eyes.

"My dears, I got up, and I fell upon my knees at the foot of my bed, and prayed the Almighty to spare her to me, I prayed that this might not be a foreshadowing of the end—and then afterwards I slept. In the morning I found that letter in my room which Phillip has read to you. In the morning I heard that which sent the blood back ice-cold to my heart. I heard that Millicent had died at *one o'clock that Christmas morning.*

"So you see, my dears, that is the story of the locket—that is the reason I have never married—that is why I am always sad on Christmas Day.

"I had loved her many years. I had done wrong that I might win her. I had repented, but I was punished for my sin. I was waiting for her then—I am waiting for her now—waiting for the great day of account when I may claim her again perhaps—waiting till then."

The old man ceased, the tears were standing in his eyes, he slowly got up and left the room, and we saw him no more that night. Poor Uncle, his heart was so full that he could not even wish us good night, and so was forced to leave us lest we should see the weakness of tears.

THE END.

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## FREEMASONRY CONSIDERED IN ITS RELATION TO SOCIETY.

BY G. A. R.

The recent secession of the Marquis of Ripon to the Church of Rome, and his consequent resignation of the Grand Master-

ship of the Freemasons of England, have naturally occasioned much criticism. His changing one form of religious belief for another is a matter purely personal; but why that change should necessitate his retirement from Freemasonry is a matter fairly open to comment. That he did so in obedience to the command of his new spiritual advisers is evident, and it follows that all who imitate his example in religious matters must be prepared to make a similar sacrifice. Other religious guides have discountenanced Freemasonry, without going so far as to require retirement from it as a term of communion. These clerical denunciations have a certain weight among those who regard a white cravat as the symbol of infallibility. It is perfectly intelligible, one religious community denouncing another for some supposed unorthodox belief; but for clerics of almost every denomination to turn their weapons against Freemasonry is incomprehensible, seeing that it embraces within its fold members of nearly every church. That Freemasonry exercises a certain influence in society is admitted by every one. Its members assert it as an influence for good; its enemies declare it is an evil influence. Which is correct will be apparent by hearing both sides. *It may be useful to define what Freemasonry is and what are its objects.*

It is a system of morality taught in symbols and veiled in allegory. It does not pretend to be a religion, nor does it assume the functions of any religion; neither does it pretend to be a new revelation. It simply professes to inculcate certain truths in a peculiar manner, and to give a practical form to its profession. Its ethics are derived from the Bible, but while basing its teaching on that sacred book, it inculcates a spirit of research in the wide domain of nature; and while modern philosophy seeks to find in nature latent forces sufficient to account for all the varied forms with which we are surrounded, Freemasonry commences her enquiries by an acknowledgment of the Great First Cause.

Freemasonry has been called a secret society, but to a great extent this appellation is a misnomer, for while not unnecessarily obtruding itself on the notice of the world, it attempts no concealment of its existence or its tenets—in fact this would now be impossible. Some of the

*practicable objects* contemplated by the Institution, are to unite men of different creeds and of different nations into universal brotherhood, worshipping the same God and Father of us all; to alleviate misery by extending a helping hand to the distressed; to succour the widow and the orphan; and to foster a spirit of loyalty to the sovereign of our native land. Primarily its *speculative objects* are to conserve, and teach certain truths through the media of symbols and allegories, but its functions do not end there, for that teaching finds its natural development and expression in the benevolent operations previously referred to.

A glance at some of its results will convince the most sceptical that it possesses some mysterious intrinsic good. And yet Freemasonry has not always had a fair trial. Many of its members have lightly assumed its obligations, and forgotten their import, so that instead of their conduct being a reflex of Masonic Morality, Freemasonry has been blamed with what is merely the reflection of its unworthy members. A society occupying such a prominent and even pretentious position, will naturally have many detractors. These it can point with just pride to the magnificent monuments which it has erected—its Homes for aged Masons, its Orphanages, its Benevolent Funds, its Charity Funds and to its Widows' Fund. Yet even these do not circumscribe the good which it does, for in addition to these, it will be found on investigation, that in addition to supporting these objects with Masonic money alone, the fraternity are at all times foremost to contribute to other worthy objects, whether religious or benevolent. Freemasonry is thus a mighty engine for good. Every aged Mason provided for, every widow aided, and every orphan clothed and fed, and educated; every penny spent by the craft in assisting those entitled to relief, are so many benefits conferred on the state, and so much money saved to society. These very acts, as will subsequently appear, have been grossly misrepresented.

Viewed in another aspect, Freemasonry presents some features which entitle it to fair criticism from its opponents. How often do we read of a knowledge of its secrets being the means of saving lives at sea. In his reply to an address (accompanied by a presentation) to Captain Sharp

of the American schooner, "Jeff Davis," for saving lives at sea, the following passage occurs:—"The other captain having passed the Freemasons' sign, I felt doubly bound to rescue him." The common promptings of humanity will make one person assist another in distress, but in blunt sailor-like phrase, the gallant Captain Sharp in a striking manner, admits he was bound by a double tie to bear down on the disabled ship at great risk to himself. If we turn to the amenities of Freemasonry on the battlefield, we shall find that in the hour of victory the sword lifted to slay has been turned aside, and two antagonists discover they are brethren. The late war in which the most fertile fields of sunny France were soaked in the blood of the bravest and best, was prolific in incidents when in the battlefield, in the ambulance wagon, and in the hospital, acts of kindness were interchanged among men, who a few hours previously were seeking each others' lives. When each was ignorant of the language of the other, the universal language of Freemasonry was perfectly intelligible, and its magic power produced the happiest results.

In the varied walks of life, its power has been felt. A settler in a new place, or a traveller in a foreign land soon discovers he is not among strangers, and that in case of need he has friends on whom he may depend ready to assist him. In this, however, there is a danger, for while, in any real difficulty, a member of the craft may lawfully exercise his prerogative; some not apprehending aright the principles of the institution, use it for a species of trade mark. This is a system highly reprehensible; one, indeed, affecting the dignity of the craft, and for this reason: suppose some person engaged in trade assumes some Masonic emblem, either as a sign or a mark, and in his business he is not perfectly scrupulous, not alone on him will the blame fall, but on that society under whose badge he professes to act on the square to everyone. It is a duty which Freemasonry owes to society to discountenance such a prostitution of its symbols.

In the domestic, as well as the social circle, Masonic light is too frequently concealed, and its dark shadow is sometimes palpably visible. Talleyrand said, "Language was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts;" and often it is true the worldly

sarcasm is applicable, that Freemasonry is another name for a convivial society, and the meetings simply a pretext for indulging in late hours and their concomitants. It remains with the members of the society to prove beyond cavil, that the vitality of Freemasonry is not to be found at its hospitable Board, but in the performance of its duties. Apropos of the character Masonry has received, the following story is told. Soon after the Good Templars had established themselves in Scotland, a number of the Glasgow Lodges, dressed in full regalia, had a grand field day, a few miles from the city. Convenient to the rendezvous was a large way-side inn, past which they marched with drums beating and colours flying. The landlord was surprised to see so many people pass and not one calling. Forth he went to discover the cause of the phenomenon. Having surveyed them in sad silence, he retraced his steps, and a neighbour joined him. The latter remarked interrogatively—"Thae folk 'll be Masons?" "Na," said my host, with a melancholy shake of his head, "Na, gif they were Masons they wadna gang by that gait; they wad have feenished a' the liquer in the shop by this!" There's a character, not very long and certainly not very good!

This stigma is capable of being removed. Hospitality, although not one of the cardinal virtues, is a time-honoured Masonic custom. But a question arises—Does the necessity exist for continuing the practice to its present extent? In a sparsely settled district, where the members come from considerable distances, it is almost a necessity, but in large cities where meetings are so frequent, the same occasion does not exist. No doubt reunions of this sort are agreeable and tend to promote that kindly interchange of thought and sentiment, which has frequently resulted in lasting friendships, but then too frequent occurrence have frequently led to late hours, and irregularity of conduct—to many the festive-board having proved more attractive than the tracing-board. Apart from the false idea society thus receives, much money is uselessly squandered. There are other ways of disposing of surplus funds—the Orphan Schools; the Charity Fund; the Widows' Fund all require more support, and the more they receive the greater amount of good they will do.

Widely diffused, and increasingly popular, Freemasonry, has nevertheless, in all quarters of the globe experienced persecutions; and judging of the future by the past, will be again persecuted and proscribed should opportunity offer. Fortunately at present, maledictions can only be hurled at it, and excommunication threatened against the society, and all who belong to it.

Of late years the Church of Rome has been the most strenuous opponent of Freemasonry. Year after year she has hurled her anathemas against it. It has been pronounced a wicked society, and objects the most truculent have been ascribed to it. So bad indeed is it represented to be that it is placed in the same category with associations of a character avowedly revolutionary, and of all others it is held to be the worst. Its wickedness is considered so heinous, that to be a Freemason is *ipso facto* to be excommunicated.

The following instances will show with what pertinacity Freemasonry has been denounced and belied. In 1758, Pope Clement XII. fulminated a bull against the order, in which after enumerating all its supposed bad qualities, he commands all Bishops to inflict on Masons "the penalties which they deserved as people *greatly suspected* of heresy, having recourse if necessary to the secular power." Following this, the succeeding year, there was an edict issued forbidding Masons to assemble under pain of death and confiscation of goods. Benedict XIV. renewed this bull in 1751. But Pope Pius IX. does not, like Clement, simply *suspect*, he boldly *asserts* that Freemasonry is heretical. In the year 1865, in one of his epistles, he describes Freemasonry as "monstrous, impious, and criminal, full of snares and frauds, a dark society, the enemy of the Church and of God, and dangerous to the security of kingdoms, inflamed with a burning hatred against religion and legitimate authority, desirous of overthrowing all rights, human and divine;" and in the same document the Pope declares all to have incurred the excommunication *Latae Sententiae* reserved to the Roman Pontiffs "who joined the *sect* of the Freemasons or the Carbonari, or other sect of the same kind, which plot openly or secretly against the Church or the lawful powers, and moreover, those persons who show any favour whatsoever to the same sects, or those who

do not denounce the secret ringleaders and chiefs thereof, so long as they shall not have renounced them." Freemasons are certainly indebted to the benevolent old man for his pious wishes! But there is some comfort in the reflection, it takes a long time for any of these paper-thunderbolts to take effect. In "Olmsted's Mechanism of the Heavens," the following story is told—"In the year 1456, a comet is stated to have appeared of an unheard-of magnitude. It was accompanied by a tail of extraordinary length, which extended over 60° (a third part) of the heavens, and continued to be seen during the whole month of June. It was considered as the celestial indication of the rapid success of Mahommed II., who had taken Constantinople, and struck terror into the whole Christian world. Pope Calixtus II. levelled the thunders of the Church against the enemies of his faith, terrestrial and celestial, and in the same bull excommunicated the Turks and the comet!" As the same comet (Halley's) has made several appearances since, still bearing its tail, it is to be presumed the excommunication has not yet taken effect! Freemasons may take comfort and breathe freely again!

(To be continued.)

## A SERIOUS TALK.

WM. ROUNSEVILLE.

*Bro. A.*—Good evening, Bro. Leming.

*Bro. L.*—Good evening, Bro. Aikin.

*A.*—I have called to have a serious talk with you.

*L.*—I am always glad to see you. What is the particular subject upon which you wish to have a serious talk?

*A.*—I hear you have joined the Masons.

*L.*—Yes, I have become a Mason.

*A.*—I wonder at it.

*L.*—Why so, pray?

*A.*—Because there is no Saviour in Masonry. It ignores Jesus. It overlooks the Saviour's atoning blood. It neglects the cross.

*L.*—By all which you mean that Masonry is irreligious, or at least anti-Christian.

*A.*—I mean that it rejects Christ and all the doctrines connected with his mission into the world to save sinners.

*L.*—Are you not too fast! Masonry holds to the great practical doctrines which Christ said formed the substance of the best part of the law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, might, and strength, and thy neighbour as thyself."

*A.*—That is Old Testament doctrine. It may hold to that, but your society rejects Christ.

*L.*—I believe the love of God and of our neighbour is one of the cardinal principles of the Gospel system, and these are also taught by Masonry; so, in so far as they are concerned, Masonry agrees with the Christian system.

*A.*—But it does not "teach Christ and him crucified," and I shall oppose any society which does not.

*L.*—Allowing all you say, Bro. Aikin, that Masonry does not recognize the Saviour, I think you will acknowledge that there are some good things in it after all, and if so, that it may be worthy of support.

*A.*—Never! I have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. My pastor says—

*L.*—Never mind what your pastor says. Think for yourself. Decide for yourself. But, by the way, I understand that our horse-thief detective association, so recently organized, this afternoon arrested the thieves who stole neighbour Powell's fine matched team. Did you hear of it?

*A.*—No, I did not, but rejoice to hear it now. I have confidence in that association, that it will yet do great good.

*L.*—You are a member, I believe?

*A.*—Yes, I deemed it a duty I owed this community to further its objects as much as possible.

*L.*—I have no doubt you did right. I have about determined to join it myself.

*A.*—I am glad to hear it from you, and hope you will carry your determination into execution. Here is a copy of the by-laws under which we have organized. They are very brief, but I think they cover the whole ground, and are all that are necessary.

Bro. Leming took the copy of the laws and examined them for a short time, and then said:

*L.*—There seems to me to be something wanting.

*A.*—What it can be I can't imagine.

*L.*—It does not even mention the Sa-

viour, and entirely ignores the Christian system—in fact, does not say a word about it.

*A.*—I am astonished at your language. It borders on blasphemy.

*L.*—Not at all. I am perfectly in earnest, and speak with deference to the Saviour of men and his mission, and was only applying your argument against Masonry to your own society, and that you perceive its applicability is evident.

*A.*—But this is a different case.

*L.*—Very little. Both are societies for the prevention and punishment of wrong—both are composed of men of dissimilar views on other subjects, but agreeing on the object for which they were organized. Now, I presume some of the best detectives you have in your association would hardly be considered as ornaments of the church.

*A.*—That is certainly so.

*L.*—Still they are doing a good work as detectives. They have arrested, and probably will prosecute two of the most notorious criminals known in this vicinity, who, I fear, had none but pious men been in pursuit, would now have been at liberty.

*A.*—They are good men for the place.

*L.*—Yes, they are. Now, if your by-laws had required of these men an acknowledgment of the Christian system as their religious experience, they would have been debarred from being the "good men in the place" for which you admit they are fitted.

*A.*—It would seem so, surely.

*L.*—Having arrived at a correct conclusion, suppose we change the subject. Were you at the temperance meeting last night.

*A.*—I was, and must say that I was greatly encouraged. I begin to think our new organization will be a decided success. When neighbour Jones came forward and took the pledge, I felt like shouting. He is a good fellow, naturally, and his habits were getting rather loose. I have great hopes of him now.

*L.*—And so have I. He is doubtless sincere.

*A.*—That society will yet do a vast amount of good. If neighbour Jones is only saved from intemperance, that will richly repay us for our labour.

*L.*—Yes, that is one thing gained. But

there is little difficulty with our pledge which we shall have to remedy, no doubt.

A.—What is that. I thought it covered the entire ground.

L.—Why, I am surprised—astonished. You should have been the first to discover the blunder.

A.—What in the world can it be. We have not left out the wine clause?

L.—Worse than that!

A.—The pledge against beer was not forgotten.

L.—Still worse than that!

A.—We did not forget the cider clause?

L.—We did much worse than that!

A.—Do tell me what the matter is with the pledge?

L.—It does not name Christ, nor recognize his form of religion in the remotest possible manner.

A.—Why, it was not intended it should. Do you not remember that it was said, the evening we adopted it, that we must have a good pledge and a liberal one, so that all well-disposed people could sign it? Of course you do. Why, neighbour Jones would not have signed it had we put in anything in favour of Christianity.

L.—Then you believe it was good policy to leave out of the pledge a recognition of the Christian system, that such as neighbour Jones may become members.

A.—It seems to be necessary, where a society is formed out of all sorts and forms of religious faith, that its laws should not dictate what faith should be professed by the members.

L.—Exactly.

A.—And in a society which is got up for a purpose, we must look for people as members who agree with us so far as that purpose is concerned.

L.—True! If we cannot agree in all points, let us work together for the good of mankind according to those principles on which we can agree.

A.—That is the right doctrine, Brother Leming.

L.—Yes, Brother Aikin, that is the right doctrine. Masonry is not established as a Christian society; but, to use your own language, it is a moral association which all well-disposed people are invited to join, whatever their country or creed. Should we incorporate with it faith in Christ, it would be a Christian society, shutting out some of the bad "detectives" of many

that exist, even as it would if adopted in your horse-thief association; as it would shut out neighbour Jones from the temperance pledge.

A.—I see how it works.

L.—As in these societies, so in Masonry, Many come in who are not Christians, but who are patient workers in a good cause. Neither of these societies work against Christianity—neither does Masonry.

A.—It is plain that you speak truly and sensibly.

L.—Thank you, Brother, for the compliment. I hope you have passed a pleasant evening, and that our "serious talk" has not been unprofitable.

A.—The evening has been spent agreeably, and, I hope, to profit and advantage. Good-bye, my brother.

L.—Good night. Think of what has been said, and imitate the Bereans of old who sought to find out the truth.—*Voice of Masonry and Family Magazine, America.*

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#### RECOLLECTION.

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When the heart is full of heaviness,  
 When the brow is pained by care,  
 When alike to-day, to-morrow,  
 Dark clouds are everywhere,  
 'Tis well to muse on other days,  
 To think of ancient friends,  
 In all those fair and softening thoughts  
 Which Recollection lends.

For then a sudden, magic change,  
 Falls o'er this troubl'd scene,  
 The mind through vanish'd hours will range  
 To the visions that have been;  
 The present becomes invested hue  
 With a deeper, calmer hue,  
 And time itself, arrested,  
 Brings the past back to our view.

We are lingering in some softer seasons,  
 Around some fairy bower,  
 We hear the joyous roundelays  
 Of many a festive hour;  
 The tender voice is speaking still,  
 True trust can trust once more,  
 For we are joyously expectant,  
 Mid the buoyant hopes of yore.

Once more we seem to hear the echoes  
 Of many a pleasant song,  
 Fond memory with magician's wand  
 Does each gracious strain prolong;

And once again, in solemn guise,  
Those angel faces shine,  
Which shed on us such fragrant presence,  
Such tenderness all divine.

Yes, the trysting-place we see again,  
Amid glades of forest green,  
We are looking o'er a fair champaign,  
We wander o'er hill and dene;  
A laughing group is gather'd there,  
Around yon fairy ring,  
We hear the cheery refrain,  
Melodious voices sing.

O pleasant May-day of old faces,  
O gathering blithe and gay,  
How, midst cold doubts and sadder fears,  
You take us far away;  
We pause—for rustling fairy forms  
Entrance our spell-bound sight,  
And fancy makes us yet rejoice  
With its phantoms soft and bright.

Yet all are gone who once could shed  
Such grace on love and life,  
Fair faces now are with the dead,  
Which sooth'd each care and strife;  
We listen, but no longer now,  
That silvery voice is heard,  
Which in frolic jest, or pleasant converse,  
Our inmost feelings stirred.

Time may bring us yet its sadness,  
And decrepit age may throw  
On us its chilling palsy,  
Its flakes of drifting snow;  
But Recollection still can give,  
To many a bye-gone past,  
Those sympathies which never die,  
Those links which ever last.

So thus to-day, mid weary hours,  
As age draws on apace,  
Mid jaded hearts and poignant sighs,  
And dreams of faded grace,  
Some Recollection of the past,  
And its gracious loving ways,  
Will throw around our daily strife  
The illusions of old days.

A. F. A. W.

## EARLY HISTORY OF AMERICAN FREEMASONRY, ONCE MORE.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

(Continued from page 279.)

The above slip is Pelham's penmanship.  
It proves that no quarterly meetings were

held in Boston before 1750. But why Pelham wrote the slip puzzled me. When I perused the record, the reason became plain. The slip was penned as a memorandum to be inserted into the record. The first 12 pages of the record reads like a chronicle; the dates are placed on the margin. At the bottom of the 12th page, may be seen the lower paragraph, "N.B." etc. The next page is written in a regular lodge record style, and there I found recorded that part of the upper paragraph, viz., the regulation for the Committee of Charity when to meet; the preface and finishing parts are omitted. I then came to the conclusion, that this memorandum was written with a design to be put into the record. It also proves that on the 25th of September, 1751, the twelfth page of the record was not finished.

There is also a list of the members of the lodge from 1733 to August 1751. The list is printed with Bro. Gardner's oration; likewise a list of the Master Masons' Lodge Members from 1738. To the names of the first are appended the dates of their initiation, or of joining the lodge. Those who were made in the lodge have a mark placed beside their names. Those who were initiated elsewhere are without that peculiar mark.

The Master Masons' list has the same marks to denote those that were raised there. Three names in each list (different names) are minus of the Christian name. Assisted by the Hon. Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, with the aid of a perpetual almanack of his construction, we found (on page 105 of Bro. Gardner's address, where the list begins) twenty-four dates of initiations from August 3rd, 1733, to May 31st, 1736. Out of those twenty-four dates ten of them were not regular lodge nights. On February the 11th, 1749 (old style) three initiations are marked on the list, but the almanack revealed that February 11th was on *Sunday*. Recently I found that in 1736 there were two members in the lodge whose names do not appear on the list. These several discrepancies, led me to suspect that Pelham never could have copied those names from pre-existing records, but designed those lists for the purpose of working the names and dates into the records which he intended to make for those lodges. So impressed was I with



this belief, that I even wrote to the *Freemason* early in 1873 about it; but am sorry to say, the communication was not printed. In that article I took occasion to confess an error I made in my review of the Price address, August 17th, 1872. I suppose that the date of the Bye-laws, October 24th, 1733, did not correspond with the regular lodge night of the lodge, while October 24th, 1753, does correspond with its regular night, and advanced this as a point in argument to show that the date was altered. This, however, was only one of my reasons on that subject. Bro. Shurtleff's almanack showed that both in 1733 and 1753, October 26th fell on Wednesday:

After the demise of the late Bro. C. W. Moore, the records of the first lodge of the Master Masons' Lodge, and of the second lodge were found in his safe. I was right, then, that the record was not burnt. On the title page of the first lodge record is written, presented by "Thomas Walker, S.W., 1738." Price's Deputation, including *April thirtieth*, is first on the record. Next are the Bye-Laws, dated as Bro. Moore said, 1733. Here I was wrong, and Bro. Moore was right. In whose handwriting these entries were made I know not. The first recorded minutes of a lodge meeting, is not July 30th, 1733-5733, but December 27th, 1738. Here Bro. Moore and I were both wrong. He for asserting that it began July 30th, etc., and I for *believing him*. The date July 30th cannot even be found in the record. During the first year Eben Swan acted as secretary. The minutes are meagre. On the 26th December, 1733, the name of P. or Peter Pelham appears as secretary. I followed up the record until September 12th, 1744, P. Pelham still secretary. On that night, Charles Pelham, the writer of the G.L. record from 1733, was initiated; corresponding with the date on the first lodge list which was also written by him. On the following page, September 26th, 1744, C. Pelham is already secretary, and so he continued till the close of the book in 1754.

I confess it puzzled me. It was not exactly as I expected, but yet I was in the main all right. Though Peter's name appears on the record as secretary, yet it is an undeniable fact, that from December 26th, 1739, to the close of the book, it is

all in Charles Pelham's handwriting. The conclusion I therefore came to was this: Thomas Walker, who was S.W. in 1738, presented the book to the lodge, not in 1738, but about the year 1753. He never held a higher office in the lodge than S.W.; hence that title and the date he held that office is mentioned, and the list of the members of that lodge was no doubt designed to be worked into the record.

There is this difference between the G.L. and lodge record; for the latter, Pelham no doubt possessed some materials, such as money accounts and documents which he found among his father's papers. But for the G.L. record, he possessed only the deputations of Price, Tomlinson, and Oxnard, and also the petition for constituting the undersigned into a lodge. The rest he gave merely from hearsay. The G.L. record is nothing but a tissue of errors, anachronisms, and utterly untrustworthy as evidence. Of the four documents recorded in it, the only original copy remaining is the petition. But on comparing the original MS. with the one recorded, it will be seen, that Pelham was unreliable even as a copyist. I send with this, the two copies, placed side by side, which will show at a glance, that the recorded one is altered and garbled. The G.L. record is so artlessly done, that in less than a quarter of an hour's examination I concluded that it was not authentic, and that it was not written before 1750-1 or 2. But the lodge record was more carefully done. Pelham got the secretary of 1738 to write up his part. Had Peter Pelham been living, Peter would probably have written for those years that he served as secretary; but Peter Pelham died in December, 1751, and the record was not written before 1754. And it may seem strange that from 1754 to 1784, the same lodge was again without a record, that is, there is no evidence nor tradition that it kept a record during those thirty years. I suppose that there was no other P.S.W. to present the lodge with a book as Bro. Walker did.

The Master Masons' record begins in 1738. I did not notice the name of the secretary; then several pages are left blank. But in 1743 the record begins again, and from that date, until 1754, with the exception of a very few pages, was all done by the hand of Charles Pelham. The blank pages were probably designed for the

successor of the 1738 secretary to write up his part between the last-named date and 1743. The small record of the second lodge, which was constituted in 1750, is undoubtedly genuine. I did not examine it carefully, but noticed the dates, while Dr. Winslow Lewis was reading it, somewhere between 1760 and 70. As I was looking over it while it was still in Bro. Lewis's hands, I recognized at first sight the handwriting of Brown. On turning over a page or two, the Dr. saw the name of Brown as secretary. Charles Pelham was an excellent penman, but Brown who was G.S. in 1754, was an extraordinary fine penman.

In conclusion, I beg to state that the Editors of the *New England Freemason* may continue to print the picture of Price on the covers of their Magazine to denote their faith in the Price Grand Mastership; the Henry Price Lodge at Charlestown may make pilgrimages to the tomb of Price, and its chaplain may pray on his grave; the popular text writers may continue to vent their spite against me with Billingsgate abuse, and Bro. Gardner may continue to ignore the worthlessness of the records; yet I cannot believe that an obscure illiterate London tailor, who never con-

FROM THE ORIGINAL M.S.

That your petitioners are very sensible of the Honour done to us here by your Sd. Deputation, & for as much as We are a sufficient number of Brothers regularly and duly made soe in his Majesty's Kingdoms of Great Britain & Ireland, as appeared to you on Examination, & are no desirous of Enjoying each other (as well as those made here for their respective names here unto annexed) as Masons in regular and Constituted Lodge for our harmony & union together as well as our Brethren y<sup>t</sup> may att any time arrive here or such as may be made Bro's hereafter y<sup>t</sup> is to say in due manner & Form. Therefore, We request as well in our Own Name and names, As well as all other Brethren it may concern y<sup>t</sup> you will please to give the Necessary orders to all our Brethren within y<sup>t</sup> Limitts & Power to give their due attendance on you att a Seasonable hour to assist you & the Rest of the Brethren in their Capacitys towards Constituting a Regular Lodge att the sign

descended to leave a hint in which lodge in London he was initiated, or who his relatives were, had ever received a G.M.'s Deputation from Viscount Montague, or that the Viscount affixed his own seal to it as Bro. Gardner says. And more so, as it is well-known that Viscount Montague never visited the Grand Lodge, and probably never troubled himself with Masoury after the day of his installation. Nor do I believe that either the G. L. of England or the Earl of Cranford ever conferred any distinction on Price in 1734. If such had been the case, one or the other of those deputations would have appeared on the record of the G.L. of England. Again, if such had been the case, Price would never have delayed writing to the English G.L. until 1768—thirty-five years after the date of his alleged Deputation. Viewing this question from every point, I cannot rid myself of the conviction that Henry Price was an imposter, and I think a time will yet come when Bro. Gardner, who has done so much to explode Masonic imposition in other directions, will yet acknowledge, that the evidence on this subject strongly preponderates in favour of my belief, and that Bro. McCalla will yet acknowledge that I am right.

FROM THE RECORD.

That your petitioners are very sensible of the honours done to us here by your said Deputation, and for as much as We are a sufficient number of Brethren regularly made and are now desirous of Enjoying each other, for our harmony together, and Union, as well as our Brethren that may arrive here, or such as may be made Brothers hereafter, that is to say, in due Manner and Form.

Therefore We Request, as well in our own Name and Names as in the Names of all other Brethren it may Concern. That you will please to give the necessary Orders to all our Brethren within your Limits, to give due Attendance and Assistance in their several and Respective Capacities

towards Constituting, a Regular Lodge

of the Bunch of Grapes in King Street, Known by the name of y<sup>e</sup> house of Mr. Edw<sup>d</sup>. Lutwytch, on Monday the 30th Inst., whereby We may be enabled to assist one another in the true & Lawful Works of *Antient Masons*, or att any other Place or Places as may Seem more meet & Requisite to our G.M., his Deputys & y rest of the Bro<sup>s</sup>. may agree upon & then & there to make such private Law's & Rules not exceeding y<sup>e</sup> Bounds prescribed to us in our printed Book of Constitutions or y<sup>r</sup> Deputation & as will be approved & Confirmed of by them According to Antient Right & Custom & such Lodge to be held on every Second & Fourth Wednesday in each month, for y<sup>e</sup> Common Good of us & Brethren, Your compliance herein, We doubt not will reflect much the honour of Masons and Masonry by Enlarging it w<sup>th</sup> many worthy Gentlemen in this Town and Elsewhere Residing. We are W<sup>th</sup> Respect *Sir your afft. Bros. & Servts.*

[Here follow the signatures.]

In this, no date is added.

this Evening at the sign of the Bunch of Grapes, in King Street, Known by The name of the House of Mr. Edward Ludwytch, or any other place of places as our said Right Worshipful Grand Master, shall think proper to be

then and there held and Constituted, according to ancient Custom of Masons

and such a Lodge to be held on every second and fourth Wednesday in each month, for the Common Good of us Brethren. Your Compliance herein, We doubt not, will Redound to the Honour of the Craft, and Encourage many worthy Gentlemen to become Brethren and Fellows of this Right Worshipful and Ancient society, and your Brethren and petitioners *shall ever Pray.*

[Here follow the signatures, and these are followed with]

"Dated at Boston in New England, July 30th 1733, 5733."

### THE ADVENTURES AND TRAVELS OF A BOX OF BONBONS.

The shopwoman, a fine lady in a silk dress and lace sleeves, took the box and filled it with Siraudin's best *bombons*. It had been chosen by a gentleman, who came that very afternoon to fetch it. "Simple and elegant" had been his words, and he now complimented her on her good taste; the little blue and silver box was pretty and delicate enough for a wedding present. The gentleman opened it, and looked in; round the edges were pink liquer *bombons*, whilst *bombons* made to imitate violets, the latest and prettiest novelty from Siraudin's manufactory, lay in the centre like a bouquet, surrounded by little stars of coloured sugar, smelling of pineapple and vanilla. The purchaser glanced at all these pretty things with the air of a connoisseur, made a slight movement as if putting something like a small piece of paper into the box, then hastily shut the lid. The shopwoman tied some rose-coloured ribbon round it, and wrapped it up in glossy satin paper, on which the

name of the shop was inscribed in gold letters. The gentleman put down a piece of gold on the counter, and went away with his precious parcel.

He hurried through the Rue de la Paix, past the Grand Hotel, to the Chaussée d'Antin, where he entered a magnificent house, and rang the bell of the first floor. A lady's maid opened the door to him with a friendly smile—the same smile which she bestowed on every visitor.

"Is Madame alone," asked the gentleman, hastily.

"Just now she is," answered the maid, silyly; "but she has had a great many visitors."

The gentleman went up to a mirror, passed his hand through his perfumed hair, arranged his neck-tie, and the glittering *breloques* which hung down over his blue velvet waistcoat, and looked at himself from head to foot with an air of satisfaction. He was a fine-looking man, in the prime of life, beautifully dressed, from his accurately parted hair to the tips of his polished boots; no wooer (perhaps he was one) could have looked more spruce. The lady's maid opened the door of the boudoir,

and announced him. The lady was reclining in a careless but graceful attitude on a *chaiselongue*. She was a young widow, as might easily be seen from her very becoming dress: but one of these inconsolable widows who can hardly wait until the expiration of the year's mourning before taking a second husband to console them for the loss of the first. She was also beautiful and rich, and had no lack of suitors.

"Madame," said our Adonis, in a low and somewhat agitated voice, as he courteously presented the box, "to-morrow is New Year's day; you will leave all sad memories behind you with the past year, and only retain those of happiness. I also bring you my trifling gift. It is not large, but my heart is within it."

"Really?" laughed the lady. "Your heart is in this little box? And *bonbons* besides from Siraudin's, the best in Paris!"

"It is as I have said," replied the other; "and you must permit me to call again in a few days, in order to learn your opinion of the contents of my box."

"Most willingly," said the lady, still jestingly; "but I hope your heart is not very large, otherwise there would be no room for any *bonbons*." And she allowed him to kiss the pretty hand for which so many sighed. Her lover took his leave, and went home with renewed hope.

Almost immediately a young lady, the widow's cousin, a pretty young girl, entered the boudoir, and laid a bunch of violets on the rosewood table.

"Thanks, Clarissa," said the lady, "I like your violets much better than these tiresome *bonbons*. This is the thirty-second box," she added, with a laugh, pointing to that from Siraudin's, "which I have had during the last three days, and no doubt I shall have a dozen more to-morrow. Take it, if you like; I shall be very glad if you will; I don't even care to open it, they are all alike."

Clarissa went home highly delighted; her little bouquet of violets had gained her a beautiful present. She hastened with it to her mother.

"My child," said her mother, gravely, "you know what the doctor ordered for you this morning; meat and broth, hardly any vegetables, and, above all, neither pastry nor sweets. Be good and obedient,

and do not open this stupid box; Siraudin's sweets are worse than any—his *bonbons* are as heavy as lead. I will give you the blue sash you asked me for yesterday instead."

"Just as you please, mama," answered the daughter, "only allow me to do what I like with the box."

"Certainly; and what is that?"

"Elise was working half the night at my ball dress, and she was so tired this morning that she almost went to sleep over my hair. She would be delighted if I gave her the *bonbons*."

"Do so, my child," said her mother; and Clarissa gave the box to her maid.

Elise was a good, honest girl, by no means ugly, and a true Parisian. As such she loved more than anything in the world the illustrious French army, in the person of one of its noblest representatives. Her cousin Charles was a corporal in the second Chasseur Regiment, third battalion, fourth company; and since his promotion, now some time ago, they had been engaged to each other with the consent of their parents. But for a marriage between near relations a dispensation from Rome is necessary, and the road to Rome, although so many lead there, is long. Meanwhile, the young people loved each other sincerely, and built castles in the air. Elise gave the box of *bonbons* to this corporal. He thanked her for her pretty present, which, however, he by no means estimated at its full value, although Elise told him that there were *bonbons* in the box, as good as any that his general could have.

On the way to the barracks our soldier thought to himself: "Of what use are *bonbons* to me? they are only fit for children. I would much rather have had a pipe and some tobacco. I will give the box to the sergeant major's wife. It is just as well to be in the good graces of one's superiors; one never knows—"

No sooner said than done. The sergeant-major's wife received the young man who brought her such a pretty New Year's present most politely, made him sit down, and offered him a glass of *liqueur*, which Charles received and emptied with great alacrity. She also spoke to her husband that evening in favour of the young man; but he was in a bad temper, as was often the case when he had drunk

too much and lost his money. Another time, thought his wife, who was a kind-hearted woman. But the box of *bombons* seemed to her, judging from its exterior, too good for her to keep and let the children play with. So she took it with her when she went to church next morning, in order to give it to the *curé*, whom she greatly liked; for she was a good woman, and too simple-minded to reflect that such a gift was not very appropriate. The good *curé* accepted the box kindly, in order not to hurt her feelings. "*Bombons?*" he said, with a smile. "Many thanks, if not for myself, at least for my school-children; they will be delighted." Going into the sacristy, he met a lady of rank, the Duchess of T.; her Grace's experienced eyes fell on the box of Siraudin's *bombons*, which the *curé* held carelessly in his hand.

"One would think," she said, jestingly, "that you make worldly New Year's presents, as we do in our profane circles."

"This box, madame, was given me for the poor," answered the *curé*, with some slight embarrassment.

"Oh, then it can be bought," said the Duchess, quickly, as she took a bank-note from her enamelled *porte-monnaie*, glad to find such a delicate way of giving the present which she had long wished to make.

The *curé* took the two hundred franc note, gave the box to the lady, and knelt down in a retired corner to return thanks for his fortunate *rencontre* with the sergeant-major's wife and the Duchess.

The latter went home, and the box of *bombons* seemed after its many wanderings at length to have reached its final destination. The Duchess had just taken off the wrapper, in order to examine the costly *bombons* (for which she had paid ten napoleons) more closely, when a footman entered the room, and announced "Old Mathieu, from Montereau."

Old Mathieu was the head steward on the Duke's estate, and his father had held the same office under the Duchess's parents. He was nothing more than a simple peasant; but, as is the case in the princely houses of a noble faubourg, he belonged in a certain sense to the family, and had now come from Montereau to offer his New Year's congratulation to his master's family.

"It is very kind of you, Père Mathieu,"

said the Duchess, as she gave him her hand, which the old man scarcely ventured to touch. "Down-stairs you will find, in the porter's care, a large parcel for the children. How are they all at home? Is Jean engaged yet to pretty Yvonne, and when is the wedding to be?"

"Your Grace is talking of my eldest son?" answered Mathieu. "Unfortunately, Jean cannot pluck up courage to speak, and the girl can't ask him herself, although we would gladly have her for a daughter-in-law."

"Jean is a thorough simpleton," exclaimed the Duchess; "tell him so from me, and bid him make haste. I have promised to give Yvonne a dowry." She wrapped the box again in the paper, and gave it the old man. "*Bombons*, Pere Mathieu, better than any which they make in Montereau; but I have no others just now, and I forgot to put any in your parcel. And now good-bye; don't forget to tell Jean that he must be less faint-hearted in the New Year."

The steward made a low, clumsy bow, put the box in his capacious coat-pocket, and went his way.

When he reached his home that evening, he unpacked the parcel and gave each child its present. Then he called his eldest son. "Jean, the Duchess is not pleased with you. She told me to tell you that you are a silly fellow."

"I am much obliged, father; the Duchess is really too kind."

"No, she is quite right," grumbled the old man; "you know very well what I mean. She has promised to give Yvonne a dowry, and you are afraid to speak. I really cannot believe that you are so fond of her as you say."

"O, father!" cried his son, blushing scarlet, "how can you doubt whether I love her? I think of her a hundred times a day, and have meant a hundred times to tell her so; but when I am with her, something chokes me, and I can't bring out a word."

"Because you are a thorough simpleton, as the Duchess says," answered the old man roughly. After a pause, he added more gently, "Here, Jean, see what she gave me; *bombons*, such as the great people in Paris eat. Take them and give them to Yvonne, or send them to her if you can't venture to take them to her yourself."

Women are often sharper than men. Perhaps she will guess that you love her."

No sooner said than done. But the honest fellow preferred to entrust his younger brother with the commission, and impressed upon him that he was to make it clearly understood that it was a New Year's gift to Yvonne from Jean.

At last, at last, the *bombons* seemed to have fallen into the right hands; for half an hour later, Blaise, Yvonne's father, made his appearance in the steward's house. He was in a state of great delight, and cried out, "Neighbour Mathieu, I give my consent. Your son Jean is a sly fellow! I came directly to give you an answer."

"Sly fellow—answer—" said Mathieu in astonishment. "What do you mean, friend Blaise?"

"What do I mean?" laughed Blaise. "Why he has asked her to marry him, and done it like any genteel young fellow in the town. He sent Yvonne a box from Paris, with sweetmeats inside, and a love-letter as nicely written as if the school-master had done it."

As he said this, Blaise threw down a paper on the table. Mathieu hastily took it up, put on his spectacles and read—

"I have loved you much for a long while, and my greatest wish is to become your husband. Answer me, will you accept my heart and hand?"

"Jean, Jean," cried Mathieu, "the Parisian *bombons* are cleverer than you!"

Poor Jean looked half stupefied, but he recovered himself and appreciated his good fortune, when Yvonne and her mother entered, and were surrounded by the whole rejoicing family.

Thus fate plays with us. A gentleman in love buys a box of *bombons* at Siraudin's in the Rue de la Paix, lays a love-letter inside, and brings it to the lady of his hopes and wishes, and the box travels until finally in Montereau it unites two loving hearts, which, without its aid, might have waited long without coming to an understanding.

How the gentleman and inconsolable widow in the Chaussee d'Antin settled the matter, we know not, nor is it of any importance. But we know that Jean and Yvonne have been extremely happy.—*The National Freemason, America.*

EHEU FUGACES ANNI,  
O POSTUME!

What changes we have realized  
Since we were first in town,  
Since I so long have ruralized  
And you've married Kitty Brown.  
What alterations, strange and vast,  
In these old London streets,  
How many ghosts of a laughing past  
One almost hourly meets.

It seems but yesterday that we,  
In all of genial zest,  
Made up a careless company,  
Full of mischief and of jest,  
And here we are, two grey old men,  
Limping wearily along,  
Strange faces, all beyond our ken  
Make up the jostling throng.

We are looking wistfully around  
For some dear friends of yore,  
We can hear e'en now the pleasant sound  
Of their voices evermore;  
Their words are ringing in our ears,  
Each utterance of truth,  
Their cheery presence almost cheers  
Again our festive youth.

Alas! in vain with wandering eyes  
We seek each manly form;  
On some the green turf gently lies,  
Some have perished in the "storm."  
By Alma's height some buried lie,  
Roughly their graves were made;  
Some rest beneath an Orient sky,  
In Scutari's peaceful shade.

And some are sleeping where they fell  
By Inkerman's grim height;  
And some have fought their battle well  
In life's all desperate fight;  
And some are here, and some are there,  
But few are lingering still,  
Who started once without a care  
To climb youth's radiant hill.

And fairer faces bind us all  
Once more in their magic spell,  
And faded flowers mind us all  
Of some we loved full well;

E'en they are wanting to us now,  
 No more their grace they lend,  
 Gone are the promise and the vow.  
 The partner, and the friend.

Parted the mates of olden years,  
 Vanished those laughing eyes  
 Which served to banish hopeless fears,  
 Whose smiles ne'er turned to sighs ;  
 For us the present is but cold,  
 The streets seem all forlorn,  
 For still we dream of the "old and bold,"  
 Of beauty's fragrant morn.

The stalwart mates, the gracious dames  
 Whom once we knew so well,  
 Forgotten are their very names,  
 Their graces few can tell ;  
 And yet some thirty years ago  
 They were the "beau monde" of the  
 town :  
 Why does Old Time thus treat us so ?  
 And cast our Idols down ?

What recollections then remain  
 For us when now we meet,  
 What pleasant times come back again  
 True hearts and faces sweet,  
 As we commune on the buried past,  
 We two old men together,  
 And think of our friendship firm and fast  
 Mid fair and foulest weather.

If now, old friend, we grieve and sigh  
 O'er the changes we have seen ;  
 If now, we often sadly try  
 To revivify what has been ;  
 The natural law of human life,  
 Deny it as you may,  
 Still gives to all, mid joy and strife,  
 But a very little day.

So let us cheer our hearts once more  
 With our memories of the past,  
 Let us linger by that sunny shore  
 Not yet by clouds o'ercast,  
 When nothing came amiss to us,  
 When we cast no looks behind,  
 When those we loved were true to us,  
 And all our friends were kind.

CÆLEBS.

## Reviews.

*A Defence of Freemasonry.* By A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., Past Grand Chaplain. Published by George Kenning, 198, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

So much literary rubbish has been written and published concerning Freemasonry, both by friends and foes, that a sober-minded, but steadfast lover of the good old Craft, is rather inclined to look with a distrustful eye on any new work on the subject, in this day of catchpenny publications. As every good organization, however open to public inspection it may be, is apt to be misunderstood and maligned, it can be no marvel to the thoughtful Mason that a society like ours, in which secrecy is one of the most marked of its features, should share the fate of inferior institutions. It is an immutable law of the Great Architect of the Universe, that His noblest creature, man, should be purified by suffering, both in his individual and his corporate capacity. The Volume of the Sacred Law, forcibly impresses this knowledge upon us, and the experience of mankind, in all ages and in all climes, fully attest the truthfulness of this teaching. Such being the great fact, Freemasonry could not possibly be the good thing which so many of us *know* it to be, if it was never misrepresented, and even hated by some of those whom it seeks only to bless.

"Freemasonry is a union of men in all parts of the world, who can forget the differences of sect and party, of nation and of social position, for the propagation of the highest order of intellectual and moral culture ; for, however high a state of intellectual attainment a man may have arrived at, and, however elevated a standard of morality he may have set up for himself, or have practised, it will still receive an additional lustre when once he becomes a Freemason."

Such was the able definition of the Craft given to a female enquirer the other day by an intelligent and virtuous woman in the humbler walks of life, the husband of whose bosom and the fruit of whose womb are alike "Brothers of the Mystic Tie." Happy the man whose conformity to the grand principles of Freemasonry is such as to impress his mother, wife, sisters

or daughters, with this truthful estimate of our widely-spread and inimitable institution.

But, unfortunately, too many of us fall far short of living out the sublime precepts of Freemasonry; and, in an age when hard drinking was the fashion amongst all classes of the community—when it was considered no disgrace to fall inebriated beneath the table of the peer or the country squire—"Masons' meetings," as Burns terms them were too often polluted with the filthy flood of intemperance which deluged the land; and some doggrel songsters who had crept into the Craft, assuming to themselves the singing-ropes which belong only to the true bard, rhymed and ranted as though guzzling and drinking was the principal object for which lodges were established, although the least attention to our beautiful ritual would have soon convinced them to the contrary. True, a few bright Masons, in whose souls dwelt the true spirit of song, like our immortal brothers, Robert Burns and John Cunningham, pealed a purer strain from their lyres, enunciating sentiments not unworthy of the Grand Lodge above. But, for the most part, what arrant trash many of the so-called Masonic Songs are that have come down to us! Not in that spirit did our ancient operative brethren build those magnificent fabrics, which, even when in ruins, have ever since been the wonder and admiration of posterity. And even some of the best of our prose writers—though they have truly delineated our beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols—have been so childishly credulous in matters relating to its history that they have chronicled alike fact and fiction as equally worthy of acceptance, and thus brought our ancient Craft to be lightly esteemed, if not altogether despised, by men who ought to have been its truest friends and most stalwart champions.

Some of the charges brought against our Fraternity are so ultra-ridiculous, that I confess they have afforded me a fund of amusement. Nothing in Mandeville, Rabelais, Lemuel Sulliver, Arabian Nights, Tristram Shandy, Ingoldsby Legends, Hood's Own, or any book I have read, seems to me half so comical as a grave man, like Professor Robinson in the last century, writing a goodly-sized octavo volume, to announce to an astonished

world, that a brotherhood which embraced in one fraternal grasp, men of all nations, tongues, and kindred. Trinitarian and Unitarian, Christians, Jews, Mahometans, and all who believe in the Grand Geometrician of the Universe—men who not only believe in monarchy, or in republics, but kings who reign by right of birth, and presidents elected by the people—in short, men of the most discordant opinions in politics or theology, but believing in the brotherhood of man—are all united in one formidable confederacy to upset all governments and all religions, and make a hell upon earth. That Pope after Pope should thunder his curses from the Vatican against us, ought not to surprise those who know that nothing less will ever content that worst of all despotisms than trampling under foot that civil and religious liberty of which Freemasonry, without meddling in party squabbles, is really the true protector. But that Protestants—who ought to be prepared to die, like their illustrious fathers before them, for the most glorious of all rights and privileges, the freedom of conscience, should join in the hue and cry against us, with the same pig-headed stupidity as was done by the bigotted Presbyterians in their Associate Synod at Edinburgh, August 25th, 1757, is to me rather tragical than comical, and not at all a hopeful sign of the times.

Were it not that I frequently meet with persons of good natural faculties, who have been so ill-educated as not to know that the English drama is purer now than it was on the stage just after the Restoration, and who know no difference between the novels of Scott, Cooper, or Dickens, and those of Mrs. Behm, having never witnessed the performance of a play, or read either dramatic or romantic literature; I should feel surprised that the "mares' nests" found by the Abbe Barruel and Professor Robinson towards the close of the last century, should turn up again in the present day. Surely fourscore more years of quiet benevolence on the part of the members of the Craft in Britain and her Colonies, to say nothing about the many works of charity performed in other countries, ought to have rendered it quite unnecessary for our esteemed and gifted Brother Woodford, or for any other man, to have to come forward with a "Defence of Freemasonry."



Coming from the pen of a pious and learned divine, to whom anything of an irreligious or anarchical character would be particularly distasteful, Brother Woodford's book is one which must command attention, both among the initiated and the outer world who are not Freemasons. There is a clear and serene ability runs through the whole work which is seldom displayed in controversial publications. The most virulent enemy of the Craft must at least admit that our Reverend brother has kept his temper. But his book is all the more cutting to corruption and falsehood for its calm and unflinching exposure of the enemies tactics. "The spirit of Dominic," says he, "survives the fleeting centuries of time, and reappears in successive cycles, if perhaps in a new form, and under specious disguises, yet practically still the same animus, unaltered and unaffected, whether it be manifested to-day by a church, or a state, by a community, or by individuals. Indeed, the eagerness to persecute one another for difference of opinion, or divergency of creed, is a very startling fact in itself, and a most difficult one to explain satisfactorily, either in the annals or struggles of man." And this spirit of intolerance, he, as a Christian minister, very properly denounces as an "awful parody, painful commentary, on the words and acts of that only divine Teacher who came into this world of ours, speaking to all men words of peace and love; offering to all men a blessed message of healing and reconciliation; at whose gentle bidding the sword was to be sheathed, and angry passions, like elemental strife, were to be stilled; at whose benign intervention, all that separates man from his fellow man here, or renders man harsh, uncharitable, and intolerant to his fellow creatures, was to be abolished and obliterated, and pass utterly away."

To the foolish objection that the Craft is not exclusively Christian, Brother Woodford replies:—"Let us all in our several lots and positions be as earnest religionists as we think right; but let us not overlook the fact, that two-thirds of the habitable world are yet Non-Christian, and to refuse to associate in active labours with others, because they are Non-Christian, especially in works of general utility and benevolence, reflects little credit on the spirit with which we seek to develop our

own profession of true religion. Depend upon it, in this as in many other points, Freemasons are quite right in thus making their test of admission as large and universal, with two notable exceptions, as are the Masonic message of philanthropy, and the Masonic sympathies of brotherhood. Freemasonry knows nothing of distinction, dogmas or conflicting creeds, whether of Christian or Non-Christian bodies, and welcomes them all, only sternly excluding the avowed atheist, or the openly immoral man." Bro. Woodford does not deny, that even this excellent and most distinctive trait of Freemasonry "may always form an insuperable bar to some earnest minds." But zeal and knowledge, we all know, may not always go together. "I think," says our reverend defender, "it is the experience of all—it is my own after thirty-four years of Masonic membership - that the special charm of Freemasonry consists in this, that there is a spot where we forget the tumults and the troubles of the outer world, and where, retaining our own opinions, modestly, and manfully, we meet ever as brethren, and part ever as brethren, despite the differences which divide us, and the contentions which agitate us in social and public and religious life. No doubt it may be said, such is also true of a church, or house of God in our land, where his people can assemble together, and forget alike earthly sorrow and worldly distractions; and such certainly is so. But while those who meet in the church are mostly of the same creed, outwardly at any rate, in a lodge-room the utmost diversity prevails ever, both of religious belief, and of political party. Yet is it not often a strange metamorphosis which our Masonic Lodge gatherings can effect on us antagonistic mortals now? Outside its portals we are members of the community, supporters of the church, members of a denominational body, citizens of the world, each with our own pet theories, and probably discordant opinions. Inside that room, however humble a spell has come over us, we are all one, one in peaceful unity and brotherly concord, one in good-will to our fellow men, one in giving glory to our common Father in Heaven."

The brother who could pen the following truly Masonic passages, is well fitted to be Chaplain to the Grand Lodge of England,

or to any other where the sun is at its meridian :—

“ We may not come up to what some think should be the proper formulæ of our religious profession ; but to this very system we owe, many of us, nay, I will say all of us, some of the happiest and cheeriest moments of our lives, some of our fastest friendships ; and some of our most refreshing memories. Whatever else may betide Freemasonry ; whatever attacks it may have to endure ; whatever condemnation to face ; it never can give up its universality, without, as it were, loosening the capstone of that great arch which spans in its tolerating brotherhood all those of our human race, who, with us, acknowledge and bow down reverently before the Great Architect of the world, and the one loving Father of mankind.

“ If Freemasonry has to be condemned because it is, then, Theistical, admitting and welcoming all religious denominations, and all bodies of men, Christian or Non-Christian, who believe simply in God Most High, Freemasonry will have to be condemned. Nothing, I feel sure, will ever induce Freemasons to falter for one moment in the avowal of its universal teaching ; and nothing I fear that I can say, will remove the scruples of those who find the broad platform of Masonic brotherhood the great stumbling-block to their approval of its principles, and the standing-ground for complaint, anathema, and condemnation.

“ It is impossible to argue out such a subject with those with whom we cannot agree on first principles, and therefore I leave it here, believing that by the fair, the tolerant, and the liberal minded, the position which Freemasonry assumes in this respect, will be alike appreciated and approved.”

And again :—

“ Freemasonry in my humble opinion, has at any rate, the clear right, to say this. You may condemn my principles of action and adhesion, but at any rate, show me what yours are worth as regards practical proof. There are 250 millions of Christians in the world or thereabouts, and the remaining two-thirds of our fellow creatures are Non-Christian. Are we to utterly discard them, and ignore them, in the great struggle of life, and in any works of kindness and benevolence ? Even if all Christians were at one it would

be something, but Christians unfortunately are anathematizing or antagonizing one another with a bitterness and a virulence which tend more than anything else to hinder the spread of the civilizing and elevating and healing influence of the Christian Church, and are an undissembled source of malignant joy to the infidel and the scorner.

“ Why then have you a right to find fault with a society, which if on lower grounds, has yet succeeded to some extent at any rate, in its aim and effect, and does actually at this time include within one body, not only Christians of various denominations, but even Hebrews, Hindoos, Mahommedans, and Parsees ? ”

Bro. Woodford would hold no lodge where the government of the country forbade it ; but he properly points out the particular inconsistency of the Romish Church denouncing all secret societies.

“ Some one has said and the saying is a good one in its way, that the Church of Rome is the greatest secret society in the world !

“ And who is there that knows anything of the Jesuit order, with its secret vows, and the ‘ Monita Secreta ’ and hidden ‘ formulæ,’ and esoteric teaching ; or of the ‘ secrets ’ of the confessional, or of the secret vows and inner life of monasteries and nunneries ; or of secret conclaves, and secret agencies ?—who is there, I say, who has studied all these things, but must feel that secrecy is a great characteristic of the inward and outward organization of the Roman Catholic Church ?

“ It is in vain, then, on any grounds of common sense, or fair ratiocination, or even ‘ natural grounds,’ for Roman Catholic authorities to denounce, anathematize, and excommunicate Freemasons, until they put a stop to their own secret societies and practices. It is, indeed, rather an act of no little hardihood in them to profess to find fault with the secret system of Freemasonry, while such secret societies and practices are openly avowed and permitted and commended under the very sanction of the Pope. If ever there was a case where the Freemason could fairly say, in solemn words, to each tolerant adversary, and each excited accuser, ‘ Physician, heal thyself,’ it is when, as recently, the Archbishop of Malines excommunicated all the Belgian Freemasons ‘ en bloc ; ’ when

Archbishop Manning condemned, inferentially, all Masonic organization whatever; when the 'Westminster Gazette' declared that, as a secret society anathematized by Papal edicts, no Roman Catholic and no honest man can properly belong to our useful order; and when above all, the humane and pious Pontiff himself, Pio Nino, in his allocution to the Brazilian Bishops, used language more vehement than polite, and more savoury than sweet."

Were I to quote all the passages I had marked for the purpose, this notice would become too bulky for admission into the *Masonic Magazine*; were I to express all the pleasure I have derived from the perusal of this really argumentative "Defence of Freemasonry," there is great danger, considering Bro. Woodford's intimate connection with the *Magazine*, of my honest expression of approbation being misconstrued. But I cannot do less than say, that Bro. Woodford, had he done nothing for Masonry before, would have deserved well of the Craft for producing his able "Defence" so opportunely; and that Bro. Kenning (who has had it neatly printed and bound to sell at half-a-crown) ought to meet with a large sale for such an excellent production. Bro. Woodford must rank high among Masonic writers, and (commending his "Defence of Freemasonry" to the perusal of friend and foe) I cannot better conclude than in the eloquent words of our reverend and respected brother:—

"Freemasonry resembles, in my mind, a great and goodly building, which, surrounded by fog and enveloped in haze, looks in the distance a shapeless form to the human eye when shrouded in the all embracing atmosphere of mist and cloud.

"But as the sun pours down its glorious light, and the fog bank 'lifts' and slowly fades away, this same building is disclosed in all its stateliness of architecture and beauty of contour to the enraptured visitor and spectator.

"And so it is with our good old order, and the great institution of Freemasonry, for great it assuredly is, and great I trust it long will continue to be, despite the cavils of some, the injustice of others, and the opposition and even malediction of the zealot or of the intolerant."

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELL.

Stokesley, Yorkshire.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

BY MADAME VON OPPEN.

FAITH.

We mourn; 'tis nature mourns; but faith  
Can see beyond the gloom of death.  
Nature mourns an earthly brother;  
Faith can give thee to Another.  
Nature never sees thee more;  
Faith knows thou art gone before.  
Nature says a sad—*Good-bye!*  
Faith says—*We shall meet on high!*  
Nature sees thee go with sadness;  
Faith on the future dwells with gladness.  
Yes! we miss thee; yet we'd rather  
Know thee with our Heavenly Father,  
And patient wait His own decree,  
That calls us home to Him and thee.

HOPE.

This world might seem so bright and fair,  
If our grumbling hearts would make it;  
There's a gleam of sunshine here and there,  
If we would but stop to take it.  
Perhaps it's somebody's grateful thanks  
For kindness willingly given,  
Or perhaps it's the voice of a little child  
That prays for us to heaven.

Let's try and cheer up; it will never do  
To rebel and be always repining;  
The clear blue sky will soon peep through  
The cloud with the silver lining.  
There are no nights without their days,  
No evening without a morning,  
And *the darkest hour* (so the proverb says)  
*Is just when the day is dawning.*

CHARITY.

That is our sister—she who lifts  
Her sorrows hid for years;  
Who, when alive, so often weeps  
Such bitter, blinding tears.  
That is our brother—he whose eyes  
With burning tears are dim,  
While thinking how they now despise  
Who once did flatter him.  
The wise old Greek said—*Know thyself!*  
'Twas good advice he knew;  
But Christ said—*Do to others*  
*As ye would they'd do to you.*

OLD LONDON TAVERNS IDENTIFIED WITH MASONRY.

Every student of the history of Freemasonry is familiar with the account given, in all the earlier Books of Constitutions of the Grand Lodge of England, of the causes that, in 1716 and 1717, led to the formation of that Body. Previous to 1716, the meetings of the Fraternity for the general purposes of the Institution were designated General Assemblies. Subsequently to that date, these Assemblies, which were of a promiscuous character, were superseded by the Grand Lodge, clothed with well-defined and supreme powers; such an organization having become necessary for the better discipline and government of the Craft.

This event of the formation of the Grand Lodge cannot be better described than by copying from the record. I quote, therefore, from Entick's Constitutions of 1767, in which, by Appendix, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge are brought down so as to include those of its meetings of 3rd June, 1776:

"King George I. entered London most magnificently on September 20, 1714; and after the Rebellion, A. D. 1716, the few Lodges at London, wanting an active Grand Master, by reason of Sir Christopher Wren's Disability, thought fit to cement under a new Grand Master, as the Center of Union and Harmony. For this purpose the Lodges,

"1. At the Goose and Gridiron, in St. Paul's Church-yard,

"2. At the Crown, in Parker's Lane, near Drury-Lane,

"3. At the Apple-tree Tavern, in Charles-street, Covent Garden,

"4. At the Rummer and Grapes Tavern, in Channel-Row, Westminster, and some old Brothers, met at the said Apple-tree; and having put into the chair the oldest Master Mason (being the Master of a Lodge), they constituted themselves a Grand Lodge, *pro tempore*, in due Form, and forthwith revived the Quarterly Communication of the Officers of Lodges (called the Grand Lodge), resolved to hold the Annual Assembly and Feast, and then to chose a Grand Master from among themselves, till they should have the honour of a Noble Brother at their Head.

Accordingly

"On St. John Baptist's Day, in the 3rd year of King George, I. A. D. 1717, the Assembly and Feast of the Free and Accepted Masons was held at the foresaid Goose and Gridiron; now removed to the Queen's Arms Tavern in St. Paul's Church-yard."

This scrap of history is given for the purpose of bringing attention to the places where the four old Lodges of London used to congregate, with the view of describing them more particularly than has been done in any Masonic publication which has met my eye. This can be accomplished from a work now before me, for the perusal of which I am indebted to a learned Masonic Brother. It is entitled "*The History of Sign-Boards. From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Jacob Larwood and John Camden Holtz, &c., London, 1866.*" This interesting book describes more than thirteen hundred "sign-boards," most of them having been displayed in London alone during the past three centuries. They denoted places of business, of public resort, and especially places of entertainment or taverns. To show the origin and use of the sign-board, I quote from its preface:

In these modern days the sign-board is a very unimportant object; it was not always so. At a time when but few persons could read and write, house-signs were indispensable in city life. As education spread they were less needed; and when, in the last century, the system of numbering houses was introduced, and every thoroughfare had its name painted at the beginning and end, they were no longer a positive necessity—their original value was gone, and they lingered on, not by reason of their usefulness, but as instances of the decorative humour of our ancestors, or as advertisements of established reputation and business success. For the names of many of our streets we are indebted to the sign of the old inn or public-house, which frequently was the first building in the street—commonly enough suggesting its erection, or at least a few houses by way of commencement. The huge "London Directory" contains the names of hundreds of streets in the metropolis which derived their titles from taverns or public-houses in the immediate neighbourhood. As material for the

etymology of the names of persons and places, the various old signs may be studied with advantage. In many other ways the historic importance of house-signs could be shown.

\* \* \* \* \*

Anecdotes and historical facts have been introduced with a double view: first, as authentic proofs of the existence and age of the sign; secondly, in the hope that they may afford variety and entertainment. They will call up many a picture of the olden time; many a trait of bygone manners and customs—old shops and residents, old modes of transacting business; in short, much that is now extinct and obsolete. There is a peculiar pleasure in pondering over these old houses, and picturing them to ourselves as again inhabited by the busy tenants of former years; in meeting the great names of history in the hours of relaxation, in calling up the scenes which must have been often witnessed in the haunt of the pleasure-seeker,—the tavern with its noisy company, the coffee-house with its politicians and smart beaux; and, on the other hand, the quiet, unpretending shop of the ancient bookseller, filled with the monuments of the departed minds. Such scraps of history may help to picture old London as it appeared during the last three centuries. For the contemplative mind there is some charm even in getting at the names and occupations of the former inmates of the house now only remembered by the signs; in tracing, by means of these house decorations, their modes of thought or their ideas of humour, and in rescuing from oblivion a few little anecdotes and minor facts of history connected with the houses before which those signs swung in the air.

It is well known that in these early days Lodges in England met in taverns, and were distinguished each by the name or sign of the tavern where it assembled. No other name designated it, nor were numbers then used as now to particularize a Lodge. This nomenclature was the prevailing one in 1761, and probably existed afterwards.

From the record which I have cited, it appears that the "four old Lodges of London" met, respectfully, at the *Goose and Gridiron*, the *Crown*, the *Apple-Tree* and the *Rummer and Grapes* taverns, in

1716, and that the Grand Lodge of England was organized at "the said *Apple-Tree*."

On page 239 of *The History of Sign-Boards*, mention is made of those places of public resort—now eminently historical from the stand-point of Freemasons—as follows:

At the *Apple-Tree Tavern* in Charles Street, Covent Garden, four of the leading London Freemasons' lodges, considering themselves neglected by Sir Christopher Wren in 1716, met and choose a Grand Master, *pro tem.*, until they should be able to place a noble Brother at the head, which they did the year following, electing the Duke of Montague. Sir Christopher had been chosen in 1698. The three lodges that joined with the *Apple-Tree Lodge* used to meet respectively at the *Goose and Gridiron*, St. Paul's Church-yard; the *Crown*, Parker's Lane; and at the *Rummer and Grapes Tavern*, Westminster.\*

The *Goose and Gridiron* stood on the spot previously occupied by the *Mitre*, a music house, "near the west end of St. Paul's Church, 1664."

The *Goose and Gridiron* occurs at Woodhall, Lincolnshire, and in a few other localities:—The *Mitre* was a celebrated music-house, in London House Yard, at the N.W. end of St. Paul's. When it ceased to be a music-house, the succeeding landlord, to ridicule its former destiny, choose for his sign a goose stroking the bars of a gridiron with his foot, in ridicule of the *Swan and Harp*, a common sign for the early music-houses. Such an origin does the *Tattler* give, but it may also be a vernacular reading of the coat of arms of the company of musicians, suspended probably at the door of the *Mitre* when it was a music-house. These arms are, a swan with his wings expanded, within a double tressure, counter, flory, argent. This double tressure might have suggested a gridiron to unsophisticated passers-by.

\*The Duke of Montague or Montagu, was not elected Grand Master until 1721. The occupants of the office previously were Mr. Anthony Sayer, in 1717; George Payne, Esq., in 1718; John Theophilus Desaguliers, LL.D. and F.R.S., in 1719; and, again, George Payne, Esq., in 1720. The Duke of Montague must not be confounded with Viscount Montague who was not Grand Master until 1732.

*Paddy's Goose* is, at the present day, a nick-name for a public-house in Shadwell.

The above extract is from the *History of Sign-Boards*. I shall continue to quote from it without in every case giving the authority.

In 1854, there were in London sixty-one signs of inns, taverns and public-houses displaying the regal emblem of the *Crown*.

The *Crown* seems to be one of the oldest of English signs. We read of it as early as 1467, when a certain Walter Walters, who kept the *Crown* in Cheapside, made an innocent Cockney pun, saying he would make his son heir to the *Crown*; which so displeased his gracious majesty, King Edward IV., that he ordered the man to be put to death for high treason.

Parker's Lane, where was the *Crown* which was resorted to by Freemasons in 1717, is now put down on the map of London as Parker-street. It is close by Covent Garden Market, and not far from Great Queen-street, in which is the building where the Grand Lodge of England now convenes.

Of the *Rummer* and *Grapes Tavern*, nothing more is related than what is given above. There were two taverns bearing the name and sign of *Rummer*, and it is possible that as one of them was in Old Fish-street and the other "over against Bow Lane, in Cheapside," they might have been resorted to by our English Brethren of olden time. The word *Rummer* signifies, according to Worcester, "a glass drinking vessel."

From the record of the Grand Lodge it appears that the Brethren who met at the *Goose and Gridiron* afterwards removed to the *Queen's Arms Tavern* in St. Paul's Church-yard.

Of the *King's Arms* and the *Queen's Arms*, there are innumerable instances; they are to be found in almost every town or village. The story is told that a simple clothopper once walked ever so many miles to see King George IV., on one of his journeys, and came home mightily disgusted, for the king had arms like any other man, while he had always understood that his majesty's right arm was a lion and his left arm a unicorn.

"On Friday, April 6," (1781,) says Boswell, "Dr. Johnson carried me to dine at a club, which, at his desire, had been lately formed at the *Queen's Arms*, in St.

Paul's Church-yard. He told Mr. Hoole that he wished to have a City Club, and asked him to collect one; but, said he, don't let them be patriots. The company were that day very sensible, well-behaved men. This same tavern was also patronized by Garrick. . . ."

Samuel Johnson, LL.D., referred to above, was born at Lichfield, in Staffordshire, in 1709, and died on the 13th December, 1784.

At the risk of tiring the patience of the readers of the Magazine, I will pursue the subject of sign-boards further so as to refer to all the places where the Grand Lodge of England met down to and into the year 1767. The year 1767 was a memorable one to the Masons of America, because on the 23rd day of April of that year died Viscount Montague, the Grand Master of England who commissioned Henry Price in 1733, to found our benevolent Institution on this continent. It has grown and flourished until its membership numbers more than half a million of men.

The Grand Lodge met Sep. 29, 1721, at the *King's Arms*, and five or six times afterwards. The Masonic record is silent as to the locality of this tavern. It is probable that it was in Bow-street.

Grinling Gibbons, the celebrated carver and sculptor, lived at the sign of the *King's Arms* in Bow-street from 1678 until 1721, when he died. This house is alluded to in the *Postman*, January 24, 1701-2:

"On Thursday, the house of Mr. Gibbons, the carver in Bow-street, fell down, but by special providence none of the family were killed; but 'tis said, a young girl who was playing in the court being missed, is supposed to be buried in the rubbish."—*New England Freemason*.

(To be continued.)

#### TIME AND ETERNITY.

Deem not that they are blest alone,  
Whose days a peaceful tenour keep,  
The God who loves our race has shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.  
For God hath marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear,  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.

Bryant.

## HOW TO CONDUCT A COURTSHIP.

Don't be too sudden about it. Many a girl has said "no" when she meant "yes," simply because her lover didn't choose the right time and pop the question gently.

Take a dark night for it. Have the blinds closed, the curtains down, and the lamp turned most on. Sit near enough to her so that you can hook your little finger into hers. Wait until conversation begins to flag, and then quietly remark :

"Susie, I want to ask you something."

She will fidget around a little, reply "yes," and after a pause you can add :

"Susie, my actions must have shown—that is, you must have—I mean you must be aware that—that—"

Pause here for a while, but keep your little finger firmly locked. She may cough and try to turn the subject off by asking you how you liked the circus, but she only does it to encourage you. After about ten minutes you can continue :

"I was thinking, as I came up the path to-night, that before I went away I would ask you—that is, I would broach the subject nearest my—I mean I would know my—"

Stop again and give her hand a gentle squeeze. She may give a yank to get it away or she may not. In either case it augurs well for you. Wait about five minutes and then go on :

"The past year has been a very happy one to me, but I hope that future years will still be happier. However, that depends entirely on you. I am here to-night to know—that is, to ask you—I mean I am here to-night to hear from your own lips the one sweet—"

Wait again. It isn't best to be too rash about such things. Give her plenty of time to recover her composure, and then put your hand on your heart and continue :

"Yes, I thought as I was coming through the gate to-night how happy I had been, and I said to myself that if I only knew you would consent to be my—that is, I said if I only knew—if I was only certain that my heart had not deceived me, and you were ready to share—"

Hold on—there's no hurry about it. Give the wind a chance to sob and moan around the gables. This will make her

lonesome, and call up all the love in her heart. When she begins to cough and grow restless, you can go on :

"Before I met you, this world was a desert to me. I didn't take any pleasure in going blackberrying and stealing rare-ripe peaches, and it didn't matter whether the sun shone or not. But what a change in one short year! It is for you to say whether my future shall be a prairie of happiness, or a summer fallow of Canada thistles. Speak, dearest Susie, and say—and say that—that—"

Give her five minutes more by the clock, and then add :

"That you will be—that is, that you will—I mean that you will—be mine!"

She will heave a sigh, look up at the clock and over the stove, and then as she slides her head over your vest pocket, she will whisper :

"You are just right—I will."—*Terrestrial Enterprise.*

## A TRUE MASON.

If there is a society that knows how to practise the two great duties of the Gospel, namely, faith and good works, it is the Freemasons. Many people advocate faith as the chief characteristic of a good Christian; others, think that good works are all that are required of good moralists. The Masons, whose faith is as pure and as warm as the light of day, are moved by it to keep on the Level, by the constant practice of good deeds.

To them belongs to understand fully the words of St. James: "As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead." To prove my assertion, I will endeavour to relate one of the many incidents that occur daily.

As Bro. B., a personal friend of mine, was once visiting a State prison, his attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a few words, uttered close by him, as he passed one of the cells; he at once turned to the warden of the prison who accompanied him, and said: "Why! this man is a Mason." "How do you know?" "Just let us go by again, and I will satisfy you." They went by again, and as they did so, Bro. B. gave the prisoner the second answer, who immediately received the third, on the part of the latter.

Bro. B. and the warden then entered the cell, and a long conference followed, in consequence of which Bro. B. called on the prisoner's lodge, on the governor of the State, etc.

It was found, after careful investigations, that the prisoner had been pronounced guilty when he was entirely innocent; and that the man who had caused him to be sentenced to State prison for life was a Brother Mason, who for some time had dropped from the joined links of the chain; and on whose grave the green acacia had been planted, as the parting words "Farewell, my Brother," was uttered.

Papers were found that fully proved the innocence of our prison Brother; he, therefore, was released from prison; and his lodge, that had stricken him from her roll, gladly welcomed her restored child and tendered him her sympathies; he received again from his fellow Craftsmen the brotherly kiss, the tender embrace, the binding grip.

Nothing appeared in the papers to restore his public reputation or to expose the great wrong of his late enemy; and it is here that the character of a true Mason shows itself. Noble were his words; may they never be forgotten. "For the sake of his family, let his memory remain unspotted; and may God forgive him as I do."

Happy are those who can thus "let the dead bury their dead;" blessed are they in their generations.

And let us bear in mind, that as faith is the aliment of the soul, so are good works the aliment that contributes to the development of our celestial body, and aids us to model it after the great Master!

New Haven, Dec. 12, 1874. M. E. C.

### I MUSED LAST NIGHT IN PENSIVE MOOD.

"Oh there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream!"

I mused last night in pensive mood,—  
Albeit not often sentimental,—  
My heart was heavy and my frame  
Was racked with aches—both head  
and dental.

I say, as once I've said before,  
My mood was somewhat sad and  
pensive,

I cast upon the Past a glance  
Fond, lingering, and comprehensive.

I saw once more that mossy bank,  
By which the river ripples slowly,  
O'ershadowed by the silvery veil  
Of willow branches drooping lowly,  
Bestrewn with wild spring flowerets dyed  
In every colour of the prism:  
Where oft we sat, May Brown and I,—  
Nor ever dreamed of rheumatism.

We loved. Ah, yes! Some might have  
loved

Before us, in their humdrum fashion;  
But never yet the world had known  
So wild, so deep, so pure as passion!  
We recked not of the heartless crowd,  
Nor heeded cruel parents' frowning;  
But lived in one long blissful dream,  
And spouted Tennyson and Browning.

And when the cruel fates decreed  
That for a season I must leave her,  
It wrung my very heart to see  
How much our parting seemed to  
grieve her.

One happy moment, too, her head  
Reposed, so lightly, on my shoulder!  
In dreams I live that scene again,  
And in my arms again enfold her.

She gave me one long auburn curl,  
She wore my picture in a locket,  
Her letters, with blue ribbon tied,  
I carried in my left coat-pocket.  
(Those notes, rose-scented and pink-hued—  
Displayed more sentiment than know,  
ledge.)

I wrote about four times a week  
That year I was away at College.

But oh, at length "a change came o'er  
The spirit of my dream!" One morning  
I got a chilly line from May  
In which, without the lightest warning,  
She said she shortly meant to wed  
Tom Barnes (a parson, fat and jolly);  
She sent my notes and ruby ring,  
And hoped I would "forget my folly."

I sent her all her letters back,  
I called her false and fickle-hearted,  
And swore I hailed with joy the hour  
That saw me free. And so we parted.  
I quoted Byron by the page,  
I smoked Havanas by the dozens,  
And then I went out West and fell  
In love with all my pretty cousins.

ALICE WILLIAMS.