

THE Freemason's Chronicle;

A WEEKLY RECORD OF MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. II.—No. 38. SATURDAY, 18th SEPTEMBER 1875. [PRICE THREEPENCE.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR BOYS.

ON Monday, 6th instant, the pupils of this Institution presented a very handsome and costly musical album to the Matron, Miss Hall. The presentation was made, before the assembled pupils, by the Head Master, the Rev. D. Morris, at their request and on their behalf, who, in addressing Miss Hall, said, he was extremely gratified by the request made to him to present the handsome testimonial of respect and esteem entertained for her by her young friends. The offering was entirely spontaneous, and hence its value in evidencing the sense felt by her young charges for the kindness which had, during her long term of office, characterised her domestic management. His brief experience would not allow him to say much on this head, but the fact of this testimonial having been subscribed for voluntarily, by the entire School, was the best assurance she could receive of the estimation in which she was held, and of the appreciation of her labours for the comfort and well-being of those under her care. Miss Hall offered a few feeling words in reply, expressive of the satisfaction and delight afforded her by this kind recognition of the manner in which she had discharged her duties. She thanked them most heartily, and should ever treasure the handsome present just given her.

It is always well when the services of an official are thus generously recognised. Those only can appreciate such a presentation who have had the same or similar duties entrusted to them, and it speaks well for the Matron of this Institution, that after a lengthened service, those under her charge have paid her this compliment. The duties of a matron are many and arduous; she occupies a position in which her temper is daily, nay, even hourly, tried. Boys will be boys, and in the exuberance of their abundant spirits, are often forgetful of the wear and tear of temper to which she must be subjected. Clearly her conduct, in this respect, must have given general satisfaction, or we should not be recording this interesting event. Nor in this respect only. The duties of a matron are very much those of a mother. She has all the responsibilities of a mother resting upon her shoulders. She must advise those in her charge in all their little troubles, soothing down any animosities that may have broken out amongst them, and reconciling disputants. A judicious matron may exercise a great deal of influence for good with the masters, and help not a little in the maintenance of discipline. It often makes all the difference between ease and difficulty in maintaining discipline if the matron be a judicious person. It is, we suppose, in the nature of boys to give trouble to those in authority over them, but feminine influence rightly employed does a world of good in reducing the exercise of this habit of our boy-nature to a minimum. Thus when the small school world takes upon itself to do such a graceful action as we have just had the pleasure of recording, we may be sure there have been good and sufficient reason for its action. The boys must be, as their fathers were before them, genial fellows, admirable chips from good old Masonic blocks, and the lady who has given such satisfaction in the discharge of her functions as Matron must be a genial and kind lady, and motherly withal. Boys are keen to learn whether or not a person over them is lovable and worthy of their respect, and it is very creditable to Miss Hall that she can show how thoroughly and properly her services have been appreciated, not only by the governing body, but by the governed likewise. We repeat most cordially our felicitations on this most pleasant occasion.

A FEW HINTS HOW TO MANUFACTURE A MASONIC SONG.

IT is passing strange, perhaps, yet indubitable, that Masons, as a rule, are not given to poësy. Our system is veiled in allegory, and our symbolism is most beautiful. Nevertheless, the poetic fancy is not strong among us. It may be some of the terms in use among the Craft are somewhat unpoetical in sound, and that more than the usual difficulties in the way of rhyme and rhythm are encountered by any brother who may essay to put his thoughts into verse. We remarked in some of our earlier numbers on the lack of feeling noticeable in most of our Masonic minstrelsy, and we quoted specimens from the best known *répertoire* of songs in proof of the hardness, we might almost say the woodenness, of very many of the lines. We have said this is somewhat strange, for there are those among us who indulge their imagination freely, while the principal tenets we profess, indeed, the worship of all that is beautiful and good, are both elements towards the making of tuneful verses. Some there are who write in true poetic language of the antiquity of the Order. The archæologists among us are, in truth, poets, for their flights of fancy are calculated to reach even the loftiest Parnassian heights. Some trace our Order straight back to King Solomon, others have taken us still further back into the remote past, and connect the origin of Craft Masonry with Moses, and through him with the patriarchs, of whom, from a Masonic point of view, Abraham is the most admirable. Others, again, go further back, even into the Garden of Eden, and make Adam the founder of Freemasonry. We are not aware if any have made researches beyond this epoch, but, doubtless, it is in the order of things that, as years roll on, and men become wiser, we shall hear of inquiries, extending not only as far back as the pre-historic period of the universe, but even into the glacial, and possibly, the pre-glacial periods, on the supposition, at least, that there was a pre-glacial period. Now these worthy brethren are, beyond all question, indued with a lofty imagination, and should be capable, with so grand a field before them, of producing one or two admirable poems. Mr. Tennyson, within narrower limits, has fashioned, out of the famous Arthurian legends, a series of magnificent idylls. May not some Bro. Tennyson, W.M. of the Lodge Poetic, contrive to equal, if not surpass, the efforts of the Poet Laureate? As it is, the only real poets among us are the Masonic archæologists who write in prose, while our *soi-disant* poet is nothing if not prosy. Hence has it occurred to us to offer our readers a few hints on versification, in the hope that some of them, having profited by our suggestions, may be encouraged to cultivate the art of poetry, and give us now and again some tuneful song.

The practice of verse-making is one of which all of us, no doubt, have had, more or less, experience. "Our Old Friend John" remembers, doubtless, that in the days "when we were boys together," one of the few intellectual games indulged in was "capping verses." Any number might take part in it, and the manner of playing it was very simple. One boy would quote a line from some favourite poet, another would cap it with a line that rhymed, taken from the same or any other poet. A greater test of poetic reading was to quote a sentiment, and cap it with other lines expressive of the same sentiment. The simpler form of the game accustomed our juvenile ears to the value of sound, while the severer necessitated a wider acquaintance with the poets of our own and other countries, and so led us gradually to the cultivation of

poetic feeling. It is not for us to say whether or not these early games induced in us any greater sense of the poetical than what, if there were any, may have been innate, but we commend the game to the notice of those who may contemplate the making of Masonic verses. We have noticed, and no doubt our readers have noticed likewise, that Masonic poets are very indifferent about there being any sense in their songs and ballads. In practising this game of "capping verses," therefore, the nonsense of a stanza will be an additional feature, and one that will increase greatly the charm of this kind of versification. Let us illustrate our meaning. We will suppose five brethren, whom we will distinguish severally as A, B, C, D, and E, are playing. After a supreme effort the following is the result:

Bro. A: In eighteen hundred and fifty three,
 „ B: Hubbledy Gee! Hubbledy Gee!
 „ C: Brother Stiles
 „ D: Ran forty miles;
 „ E: Nonsense! Fiddledee!

The rhyming is admirable, the nonsense clear, the ejaculations being both ancient and modern, and displaying therefore a rigid impartiality between the two sections of Craftsmen—those who accept the "time immemorial" theory, and those who incline to the seventeenth century origin of our order. Add to this that the idea is unique, and the language simplicity itself, and we flatter ourselves the effort is a very moral of successful poësy. How much better it reads than:—

One hundred and fifty-three thousand six hundred
 Employed for the Temple, we find they were number'd,
 With Crafts many thousands and bearers of loads,
 And Masters six hundred, say Scripture records.

Here is another specimen, the manipulators being four in number, namely, Bros. Mentient All, Won Der Ment, Fancy Bread, and Cynnic Call.

Bro. Mentient All: I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows.
 „ Won Der Ment: You don't say so!
 „ Fancy Bread: I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.
 „ Cynnic Call: More fool you!

Or again, *à la* Christy's Minstrelsy:

Up and down de ribber,
 O-hi-O,
 Him took him pretty coz, Susannah,
 For a charmin' row!

The Ohio being, as the Americans say, a "big" thing in rivers is very properly assigned a whole line to itself. We might go on multiplying our illustrations *ad infinitum*, but we are too pressed for space to write a volume of Masonic songs. We hope the few we have given will find places of honour in every new song-book that may be published. They are right worthy of such distinction.

We have then two suggestions to offer, one that intending poets should cultivate the art of rhyming. As we have already noticed, a lack of rhyming power is one of the chief weaknesses which the Masonic poets of by gone-days have developed. It is not necessary to be particular about the words selected for practice, the only points worth attending to being rhyme and accent. For instance, a gushing brother meeting a friend will blurt out all at once the greeting, "Hów d'y' do?" with the first word well accentuated. This rhymes with "Hullaballoo." Another, who is of a phonetic turn of mind, and writes his words as he pronounces them, will exclaim, "And How d'yér do?" With this rhymes *pérdu* as pronounced in pure Anglo-French. A flippant brother, or one in a grievous hurry will salute with "Hów do?" this fits with "cow, too," or "row, too," the "too," in each case being thrown in without any particular meaning, but merely for euphony's sake. Then, there is the peculiar man, whose salute is "How dó?" with the accent throw well on the "dó," which is pronounced long, and in a high falsetto key. A verbal representation of one kind of sneeze "A-tchish-shóo" fits capitally with this, the "shóo" being long, and uttered in a high squeak. We need not continue. The cases we have furnished are a few among many thousands, and will suffice as examples for the ingenious brother who has any rhyme or reason in his composition to imitate. Our concluding suggestion is this:—Some may ask, what class of poetry is the best for a sprouting Masonic poet to study? Our answer is, "Nursery Rhymes." The story of "Old Mother Hubbard," "Hey-diddle-diddle," "Jack and Gill," and the like are very beautiful. Masonic minstrelsy, with a

few exceptions, contains nothing to equal them in the way of sense, rhythmic beauty, or thrilling interest.

If the outcome of these remarks of ours is no more than a simple song or ballad, we shall feel that our labour has not been in vain, and that our duty as a friendly critic has been successfully discharged.

A MASONIC DINNER.

WE dined the other day with an old friend and brother, Tobias Smollett; no relation whatever either of Hume and Smollett the historians, or Smollett the illustrious author of *Roderick Random*. It was the funniest thing in the way of dinners we remember to have participated in. As owing to a rather heavy traffic our cab was somewhat delayed, we were the very last to enter the drawing room, where the host and his guests were assembled, and were struck with no little astonishment on hearing the former put the question, "Whither directing your course?" and still more astonished at the answer, "To the dinner table, as soon as Bro. Toddlekens arrives." We being the Toddlekens in question, a move was accordingly made to the dining room, and in a very brief space of time the company were assembled around the gay and festive board of our respected W.M., host we should have written, who occupied the oriental chair, while his friends, S. W. and J. W. Jenkins, were located in the west and south respectively. The courses may be conveniently classified under the three several heads of fish, fowl and flesh, of the first of which there were seven different sections or kinds, the second having five, and the third three. There were also two capital soups *à la* Tracing Board, and a goodly array of game, which last may be looked upon as representing the high degrees. The vegetables were most conveniently arranged in squares and circles, and the different wines occupied favourable positions at intervals along the tessellated table.

We were very comfortably placed in close proximity to the wife of P.M. Snail on the one hand, and the wife of our own I. G. Thomas; the highly respected Prov. Grand Secretary, Bro. Steelpen, being almost our immediate *vis-à-vis*. It was very quaint to hear every now and then our excellent host pressing on the guests, in his own neighbourhood, if they would take a slice of Section III. *à la* Charles XIII., or a cut from Section V. *à la* loge d'adoption, while the brother in the direct west was equally impressive in bringing Sections II. and IV. Cod *à la* Grand Orient, and a mayonnaise of Salmon *à la* Porch under the notice of his fellow guests. In the direction of the Southern aspect was Bro. Loudvoice, who distinguished himself highly in conducting the distribution of the other items named on the *Carte*, consisting of Sections I., VI., and VII., severally represented by Turbot *à la* Triangle, Red Mullet *à la* Twenty-four inch Gauge, and Fricassee of Soles *à la* Gavel. It was casually remarked by a very hilarious Brother, in reference to the last of these dishes, that its presence was possibly in some way connected with a certain custom peculiar to the County of Kent, to wit, the custom of Gavelkind, and he was about enlarging on this point when he was interrupted by our W.M. asking his respected Bro. S. W. Jenkins, "What is our next duty in Freemasonry," to which the latter replied, with all that promptitude he has shown he possesses, "To order in a fresh supply of hock and sherry." This ended the first course and Lecture, and after a brief respite for the sake of digestion, discussion, and the re-ordering of our palates, with a view to further operations, we passed on to the fowl, or second course, and instituted a vigorous attack on a *compôt de pigeon*, Section VIII., varied with occasional references to Sections IX. and X., in which were represented all that is excellent in the way of Turkey *à la* Royal Arch, and Ducks *à la* Ancient and Accepted Rite. By way of interlude there came Sections XI. and XII., of which the first was made up entirely of Coxcombs *à la* Chine, while the latter was a very simple, but delicious, dish of larks, *à la* Level, and Sparrows *à la* Plumb Rule. So successful had we been thus far that nothing was needed to raise our hopes as we passed to the third course, or Lecture, of Meats, the veritable *pièces de résistance* of the most Masonic banquet we ever took part in. The first item on the *Menu* was Section XIII., in the shape of a sirloin of beef *à la* Misraim, fillet of veal *à la* Rite of Memphis, haunch of Venison, with a *sauce piquante*, fla-

voured chiefly with extract of Knights of the Pelican. This ended, there appeared a variety of sweets, with game and other delicacies; after which the board was cleared, and the business of toast-drinking came into full operation. Amongst the principal wines we noticed port of the Prince of Libanus vintage, a very fine Amontillado named the Grand Pontiff, two or three excellent clarets, hocks, and Burgundies, among them an old claret of the Sovereign Grand Commander's, and a good Burgundy, the "Rose Croix." We did not break up till a somewhat advanced hour, when the sun was not at its meridian, except for purposes of Freemasonry. We have seen since then several of our fellow guests, and one and all unite in speaking most rapturously of this novel entertainment.

FRANCIS LAMBERT AND HIS PARADOXES.

From "The History of Protestantism," by Rev. Dr. Wylie.

Francis Lambert had read the writings of Luther in his cell at Avignon. His eyes opened to the light, and he fled. Mounted on an ass, his feet almost touching the ground, for he was tall as well as thin, wearing the grey gown of the Franciscans gathered round his waist with the cord of the order, he traversed in this fashion the countries of Switzerland and Germany, preaching by the way, till at last he reached Wittenberg, and presented himself before Luther. Charmed with the decision of his character and the clearness of his knowledge, the Reformer brought the Franciscan under the notice of Philip of Hesse. Between the thoroughgoing ex-monk and the chivalrous and resolute landgrave, there were not a few points of similarity fitted to cement them in a common action for the good of the Church. Francis was invited by the landgrave to frame a constitution for the Churches of Hesse. Nothing loth, Lambert set to work, and in one hundred and fifty-eight "Paradoxes" produced a basis broad enough to permit of every member exercising his influence in the government of the Church. We are amazed to find these propositions coming out of a French cell. The monk verily must have studied other books than his breviary. What a sudden illumination was it that dispelled the darkness around the disciples of the sixteenth century! Passing, in respect of their spiritual knowledge, from night to noon-day, without an intervening twilight, what a contrast do they present to nearly all those who in after-days left the Romish Communion to enroll themselves in the Protestant ranks! Were the intellects of the men of that age more penetrating or was the Spirit more largely given? But to pass on to the propositions of the ex-monk. Conforming to a custom which has been an established one since the days of the Emperor Justinian, who published his *Pandects* in the Churches, Francis Lambert, of Avignon, nailed up his "Paradoxes" on the Church doors of Hesse. Scarce were they exposed to the public gaze, when eager hands were stretched out to tear them down. Not so, however, for others and friendly ones are uplifted to defend them from desecration. "Let them be read," say several voices. A young priest fetches a stool—mounts it; the crowd keep silence, and the priest reads aloud. "All that is deformed ought to be reformed." So ran the first Paradox. It needed, thinks Boniface Dornemann, the priest who acted as reader, no runagate monk, no "spirit from the vasty depth" of Lutheranism to tell us this. "The word of God is the rule of all true Reformation," says Paradox second. That may be granted as part of the truth, thinks priest Dornemann, but it looks askance on tradition and on the infallibility of the Church. Still, with a Council to interpret the Bible, it may pass. The crowd listens and he reads Paradox the third. "It belongs to the Church to judge on matters of faith." Now the ex-monk has found the right road, doubtless thinks Dornemann, and bids fair to follow it. The Church is the judge. "The Church is the congregation of those who are united by the same spirit, the same faith, the same God, the same Mediator, the same Word, by which alone they are governed." So runs Paradox the fourth. A dangerous leap! thinks the priest; the ex-monk clears tradition and the Fathers at a bound. He will have some difficulty in finding his way back to the orthodox path. The priest proceeds to Paradox fifth. "The Word is the true key. The kingdom of heaven is open to him who believes the Word, and shut against him who believes it not. Whoever, therefore, truly possesses the power of the Word of God, has the power of the keys." The ex-monk, thinks Dornemann, upsets the Pope's throne in the little clause that gives right to the Word alone to govern. "Since the priesthood of the law has been abolished," says the sixth proposition, "Christ is the only immortal and eternal Priest; and he does not, like men, need a successor." There goes the whole hierarchy of priests. Not an altar, not a mass in all Christendom that this proposition does not sweep away. Tradition, Councils, Popes, and now priests, all are gone, and what is left in their room? Let us read proposition seventh. "All Christians, since the commencement of the Church, have been and are participators in Christ's priesthood." The monk's Paradoxes are opening the flood-gates to drown the Church and world in a torrent of democracy. At that moment the stool was pulled from under the feet of the priest, and, tumbling in the dust, his public reading was suddenly brought to an end. We have heard enough, however; we see the ground-plan of the spiritual temple; the basis is broad enough to sustain a very lofty structure. Not a select few only, but all believers, are to be built as living stones into this "holy house." With the ex-Franciscan of Avignon, as with the ex-Augustinian of Wittenberg, the corner-stone of the Church's organisation is the "universal priesthood" of believers.

MASONIC TEACHING—WHAT IT REALLY IS.

THE following letter, having been found by a worthy brother of ours, has been sent us for publication. The writer has evidently gone into his subject *con amore*, and if he should chance to see it in these columns, and would like to have his manuscript back, we shall have great pleasure in returning it, with many thanks for the use of it:—

MY DEAR SON AND BROTHER,—Your last affectionate letter gave me more pleasure than I can well express. For I had looked forward, for many years past, to the time when age and circumstances would entitle you to claim Masonic brotherhood with me, and the fact of your having allied yourself with the Fraternity consummates my wish. The pleasure is further enhanced by the acknowledgment that your steps were guided by the purest motives, and a firm conviction of the truth of our principles, not by personal solicitation.

You must be aware of my enthusiasm in the cause of Freemasonry, and know full well that it never led me to overstep the bounds of discretion. Otherwise I might have been induced to express a wish that you should become one of us. When I took leave of you at Liverpool my tongue almost betrayed me to express it, but remembering the trials of bygone years, and the lesson instilled, the strictest silence was observed, and I have always avoided asking any one to join us. At the same time it is well to admit that I have been the means of inducing many highly intelligent and worthy men, by simply enunciating the true principles upon which the Order is founded.

Long years of close application have established my faith, and it is my intention that this letter should be rather of Masonic than of family interest. Ere I proceed with Craftsmen's characteristics or their principles, be assured there is nothing which follows which might be considered an infraction of my oath. If any subject or particular is omitted, remember it is purposely done, and you must refer for yourself to those shining lights of your Eastern Hemisphere for the deficient parts.

In early childhood you were taught to love, but it was a limited love only. Masons exemplify it more universally. Their love is brotherly, and teaches them to regard the whole human species as one family. Both high and low, rich and poor were created by the same Almighty being, and sent into the world for the support and protection of one another. By acting up to this principle you may be united to men of every country, sect and opinion, and by its dictates excite a true friendship amongst those who might otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance. The seeds of relief ripened early in your mind, and I remember well your earnest pleading on behalf of a poor creature who crossed our path when traversing the downs of Hampshire. Such a virtue is indeed noble, and it is a duty incumbent upon all men, particularly Masons, who are linked together in one indissoluble bond of fraternal affection, to relieve the distressed. Hence you are to soothe the unhappy, sympathise with their misfortunes, and, if possible, restore peace to their troubled minds. This is a grand aim to keep in view, and will establish you as a good Mason, while truth, being a divine attribute, will lay the foundation of every virtue. To be good and true is a lesson you were taught early, so that you might regulate your life and actions. Let hypocrisy be unknown to you, so that sincerity and plain dealing may prove your distinguishing characteristics, whilst heart and tongue join in promoting the welfare of others. Doubt not, my dear Son, what I say; have faith, for it is the foundation of justice, the bond of amity, and the chief support of civil society. Always live and walk by faith, as, by it, you will be justified, and finally received. True faith is the evidence of things not seen, but the substance of those hoped for; this, well and Masonically observed, will secure you eternal happiness hereafter. Hope is an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast. Have firm reliance in the Almighty. Keep your desires within the prescribed limits of His blessed promises; so will success attend you. Believe not things impossible, or despondency will render them so, but perseverance will overcome all difficulties. Above all, I pray you practise charity, but without detriment to yourself or connections. It is beautiful in itself, and the brightest ornament that can adorn a Mason, being the best test, and surest proof of his sincerity. Benevolence rendered by Heaven-born Charity is an honour to the nature whence it springs. Happy indeed is he in whose breast the seeds of benevolence are sown, for the fruit will destroy envy, refute slander, induce forgiveness, and blot out wrong from recollection. Be always ready to listen to him who may claim your assistance; so shall a heart-felt satisfaction follow your labour, and love and charity be your reward.

There is one thing it is necessary to call your attention to before I proceed further. It is too well known that the climate of India induces great thirst, therefore practise temperance. This means put a due restraint upon your passions and affections, so as to render

the body governable, and the mind will be relieved from the allurements of vice. Temperance teaches you to avoid excess, and the contraction of any vicious habits which might lead you to disgrace. In order to prevent this, cultivate prudence; it is a firm support of the soul, the golden mean between rashness and cowardice, and will enable you to undergo any labour, pain, difficulty, or danger. Let this be deeply impressed upon your breast, as a security against any attack that might be made to extort a secret. And bear in mind that all these matters require prudence, which should guide your actions according to the dictates of reason. It is that habit of mind whereby men wisely judge, and determine upon whatever relates to their temporal and eternal welfare. Let this virtue be your distinguishing characteristic, not only for the regulation of your own conduct, but that you may set a pious example to all around. Above all, be just, for justice is an enlightened perception of moral right, and will teach you to render to every man his due. It is the essence of both divine and human laws. Without the exercise of justice, universal confusion would ensue, and social intercourse no longer exist, and as justice in a great measure constitutes the really good man, ever bear in mind the excellent injunctions you have received,—To be just and upright in all your dealings.

The first portion of my letter is nearing its close, and will be confined to a simple illustration of the distinguishing characteristics of every true Freemason; they are virtue, honor, mercy, and should they be banished all other societies, they will be found exemplified by faithful Craftsmen.

It is recorded in History that the Consul Marcellus erected two temples, to be dedicated to Virtue and Honor, and they were so contiguous, that the only avenue to the Temple of Honor was through that of Virtue, thereby inculcating the elegant moral, that virtue is the only direct road to honor. Virtue is the highest exercise and improvement of reason, the integrity, harmony, and just balance of the affections, the health, strength and beauty of the soul. The perfection of virtue is to give reason full scope, to obey the dictates of conscience with alacrity, exercise the defensive faculties with fortitude, the public with justice, the private with temperance, and the whole of them with prudence, that is, in due proportion to each other, with calm and diffusive benevolence; to love and adore God with an unrivalled and disinterested affection, and acquiesce in divine dispensations with cheerful resignation. Every approach to this standard is a step towards perfection and happiness, while every deviation has a tendency to vice and misery.

Honor may be considered the secret links of virtue's claim. It is the most manly and dignified sentiment of the human mind, the primeval standard of moral, social and obligatory acts, and the true foundation of mutual faith and credit, by which the intercourse of men is carried on with safety and pleasure. Honor differs from religion, still, the results are similar, the lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point.

Religion embraces Virtue as it is enjoined by the laws of God: Honor, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. Religious men fear, men of honor scorn an evil action; the latter considering vice beneath them, the former as offensive to the Deity, the one unbecoming, the other strictly forbidden, thus what some are prompted to by duty, conscience, or religion, others are by honor.

Men of true honour are not content with the literal discharge of duty as citizens, they raise and dignify it to magnanimity, giving where they might refuse, and forgiving where they might, with justice, resent, deeming it more honourable to forgive than resent injury. Rest assured that the only path to the temple of true honour is by that of virtue. Always bear in mind that you have been clothed with a badge more ancient and honourable than any other Order can boast; this alone will set you above the level of evil-minded men, and prove that you have been brought out of darkness. Let your light so shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may emulate your example, and glorify the G.A.O.T.U. So much has been said of mercy, and in a thousand forms, that my pen is loth to tread ground so delectable. Our immortal bard wrote:—

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: It is twice bless'd,
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings,
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings:
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice."

To be continued.

FREEMASONRY—AN ADVANCIVE SCIENCE.

IT is strange how the language of 'common life will find its way into the recesses of Science the most abstruse. Custom, it is true, is the law of language, and every idiom is permissible, if not strictly proper, "*Si volet usus*," as declared by the Augustan Poet. All which is permissible, and even proper, however, is not always agreeable to the laws of a pure taste; and it would seem that certain walks of Science, if not of Literature, itself a science, should be left in the undisturbed possession of their own vocabulary. But custom, as a law of language, is almost paramount, and the learned as well as the unlearned, the doctors of science as well as the unlettered labourers, the Masters in Israel equally with the bearers of burdens, all fall under its acknowledged sway, and speak even in their own fields, "*ut volet usus*."

These reflections naturally arise out of a consideration of the subject indicated in the title of this article. The proclivity of man to evil is so much greater than his aptness for virtue, the progression downward is so rapid, the "*facilis descensus*" so plain and marked, while the effort to do good is so painful and slow, so great the "*opus*" and "*labor*," that the common mind, impressed with a firm conviction of its truth, will not believe but that all progression must needs be an advancement for evil. Thus, the phrases "Advancive age," "fast youth," and the like, are always used in this last and worse sense, and the thought of our people, so far at least as it is to be found in their language, one of the outward signs of that thought, would seem to ignore all advancement for good. It is to this cause we would impute the jealous honour entertained by some brethren, at the use of the word "Advancive in Freemasonry." We think that this feeling arises from a misapprehension of the meaning of the word, and, with the hope of reconciling in some degree the variant opinions held on this subject, propose to devote a short space to its consideration.

It is to be remarked that the different opinions now held, are held with equal zeal, pertinacity and earnestness, and that brethren of the greatest intelligence, and the most undoubted integrity and devotion to Freemasonry, are to be found on either side of the question,—and while some would not have a word out of place from what they have been taught as the Ancient Lectures, others would have, while they retain the substance, a new and more lively interest imparted to them, through the greater copiousness of illustration and wealth of imagery, furnished in the enlarged materials of a more advanced, and advancive state of Art and Science. This argues, we own, most conclusively, the great power of Freemasonry to attract and fix the regard of the intelligent and good, but at the same time it presents a case the most rare of want of agreement among debaters upon the terms of the question discussed. As we believe herein lies the whole difficulty, and that, rightly understood, there is really no point of difference between them, but that Freemasonry here, as everywhere, is a unit, vast, complete—we shall begin our enquiry by defining, if we may be able, what is meant by stating that Freemasonry is an Advancive Science. We must premise that advancement is not innovation—that there is an advancement in good—in virtue—as well as in evil. Slower, it is true, scarcely perceptible at times, we, perforce, must allow—but still, blessed be God, an advancement, unmistakeable, positive, sure.

And here it does seem strange, that a science which was in early times denominated Lux, and whose initiates are even now called "Sons of Light," should be claimed within itself, to contain its own definitions, an abnegation of the principles of the advancement. But this is error. The whole scope and design of Speculative Masonry is to produce advancement in morality and virtue. Her ritual, her degrees, her symbols all teach and encourage to the same. From the first step, when Light first beams upon the sense of the initiate, throughout he is taught to ask for more light, and more is constantly given. And the same advancement is sedulously inculcated in our outward and moral life in the world. We are taught, in the language of our lectures, that "We ought in youth, as Entered Apprentices, industriously to occupy our minds in the attainment of useful knowledge, the discharge of our respective duties to God, our neighbours and ourselves; that so, in age as Master Masons, we may enjoy the happy reflection consequent on a well-spent life, and die in the hopes of a glorious immortality"—thus pointing out the natural advancement of progression of goodness and virtue, to the final reward of the just.

The ritual of the three symbolic degrees especially declares advancement. The candidate, in the first, is made to enter upon the arduous road of reform and moral improvement. A new code of social conduct is given to him, and his attention directed to the Great Light whence are quarried all the moral truths of her teachings. In the second he is passed along the road of advancement, under the guidance of faithful conductors, until in the third he is raised to the full perceptions of his relations to God, his fellow-men and himself—that Great light ever burning before him as the precious Heart of his maker, displayed in His love and mercy towards the sons of men. If here is not advancement, what is advancement?

The same idea M.W. Bro. Scott, an American Masonic writer, of a high order of talent, in his "Analogy," thus develops: "There are three steps and three degrees in Symbolical Masonry. Each step or degree is an advance towards light and knowledge. There is more revealed in the Fellow Craft's degree than in the degree of the Entered Apprentice; and there is fullness of light and knowledge in the degree of Master."

Even in the "Ancient Charges," as we have them, an advancement in Masonry is acknowledged. For whereas it is said that "though in ancient times Masons were charged in every country to be of the religion of that country or nation, whatever it was,—yet it is now thought more expedient only to oblige them to that religion wherein all men agree, leaving their particular opinions to themselves, &c.—"

and thus to advance and more surely secure the great object of Freemasonry, to present to all a "centre of union, and the means of conciliating true friendship among persons that must have remained at a perpetual distance;"—thus assisting in the advent of that day, when all the earth shall know and acknowledge the one, true and living God, and bow no more unto "stocks and stones."

There is a sense, in which there can be no advancement in Masonry. And this is in relation to the ritual and landmarks of the Society. Advancement here would be no innovation. These are fixed and unalterable, and cannot be changed without changing the distinctive feature of Freemasonry itself. In this sense we are as bitterly opposed to "Advancement" as any, and admit as freely, and are prepared to depend as stoutly as any, "that it is not in the power of any men, or body of men, to make innovations in the body of Masonry."

But this is a confined sense. Without touching the ritual or the landmarks, we see no good reason why the brother, who is capable, should be debarred from amplifying and enriching the lectures with the stores of his own learning and experience. The only difficulty in the way of latitude here, is to be found from the vain-glorious and vaulting ambition of some who might fancy themselves capable, when the brethren would not be so ready to admit it. But does not herein consist the remedy for this? Aside from this, whenever the demands of the work will allow, we think it would not be without profit to encourage such lectures. "It is clear," says Dr. Oliver, "that the lectures of Masonry are arbitrary; and, with the exception of a few determinate landmarks, vary essentially in different countries; being constituted in such a manner as to agree with the peculiar habits and belief of the fraternity who use them; that the introduction of no startling facts or unacceptable doctrines may cause disputes or divisions to arise amongst a brotherhood who profess to be connected by the indissoluble chain of brotherly love."

For Masonry meddles with no system of religion, and leaves every member at full liberty to follow that way of faith to which he had been educated. So that the Mahomedan, the Israelite, and the believer in the new Dispensation may each in his own country tinge, in his imagination, the ceremonies of the Lodge with the hues of his own faith, without doing violence to the essentials of Freemasonry, and without cause of complaint from each other as brethren.

We would by no means be understood to wish to abrogate, nor do we infer that such was the wish of Bro. Oliver—any part of what are known among Masons, as the "Lodge Lectures." These must necessarily remain the same, at least so far as they are in elucidation of the work. But, we do think, that here is the very design of our fathers, to allow the experienced and talented brother, according to his gifts and qualifications, to amplify, to beautify, to complete, and render more impressive on the candidate, their solemn and useful lesson. They are the mere skeleton, to be clothed upon, and filled out into perfect and attractive shape, by the stores of learning and experience, and of disciplined imagination, in the hands of the skilful and well tried brother.

The readers of the "CANADIAN MASONIC NEWS," we feel assured, will bear us out, in their own experience, as they call to mind the great difference they have themselves felt between the lectures thus vivified and vivifying, and the same lectures rehearsed in monotonous tone and pinched limits. It is the difference between the lifeless frame, the naked, lifeless skeleton, and the same skeleton clothed upon with flesh, and muscles, and arteries, and with the breath of life in its nostrils, moving before us in all the poetry of life, motion, and intelligence.

Encourager of the Arts and Sciences as Freemasonry is, it is reasonable to expect her to show that she is not blind to their advance, and that in the tropes and figures in her lectures she is able, with a Mistress' hand, to cull from every field whatever she may desire for ornament or for conviction, thus giving indubitable evidence that her advancement is ever paced with theirs. For, though it may be, that all our boasted advance in Arts and Sciences, is more imaginary than real, and that we are only moving back in the great cycle of those to a point already witnessed and passed in Earth's ages, still it is advancement from the condition in which they stood in the "dark ages;" and Freemasonry were false to her own teaching did she not fail to adopt herself to the enlightenment of her day.

This is what we understand by advancement in Masonry. We would not disturb one stone in the Temple, where essentials are concerned. We mourn after uniformity of work, equally with any of our brethren. We want that work to remain ancient, intact. The principles of Freemasonry we would have the same, and count it sacrilege in any one to offer to change them. Founded on eternal wisdom, they are from everlasting to everlasting immutable, sacred. Indeed, all true principles are in their very nature indestructible and immutable; for what are they but the pulsations of the Great Heart of the Universe—even the unmoved God Himself. We believe if all understood advancement in Freemasonry to mean this, all would be content to have such advancement, and we cannot but suspect that it is only from a want of enquiring as to what it is they mean by "advancement" in Masonry that the difference is so wide among some of the brethren thereon. If this article shall contribute to a better agreement as to the definition of "advancement"—and any shall find, that misled by the popular use of the word, they have mistaken advancement for innovation, and that in truth there exists no real difference in the minds of the brethren on the subject, we shall be abundantly compensated. Not that the harmony of the workmen has ever been disturbed in consequence of these differences of opinion—for that is not so—but when there is perfect agreement, even on minor points, the work will be more effective. Brethren, Freemasonry has a great work before her. "Let us work while it is day, remembering the night cometh when no man can work."

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REVIEWS.

All Books intended for Review should be addressed to the Editor of The Freemason's Chronicle, 67 Barbican, E.C.

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The Land of the North Wind: or Travels among the Laplanders and the Samoyedes. By EDWARD RAE, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1875.

THIS is one of the most genially written books of travels it has been our lot to read, and one which, from the slight knowledge the public possesses of the countries visited, is well calculated to excite the interest of the general reader. Both countries are far enough removed to be seldom explored by the almost ubiquitous British traveller. In fact we know of but one or two books of recent date which contain any record of travelling experiences in Lapland, and none which refers to the land of the Samoyedes. Hence Mr. Rae has conferred a service on the reading public, by setting before it the narrative of his and "the Doctor's" experiences, the success of which will, we think, be fully recognised by all. It is not necessary to enter into a long account of the narrative. By so doing we should anticipate the reader in his study of the work. Our object is to commend it to his notice, not to furnish him with such abundant extracts as to save him the trouble of perusing it. Moreover, there is an excellent map of the two journeys, and this will enable any one to follow the course of the travellers with the greatest ease. Let it suffice to state that the visits were paid in two consecutive summers, namely, those of 1873 and 1874; that the travellers simply equipped for the journey, that the weather was suitable, and that the explorations were accomplished without misadventure. Everywhere they experienced hospitality. Everywhere facilities for their progress were offered. Possibly, other Englishmen may follow in their wake. If so, we think they will do well to read this narrative before setting out. By so doing they will benefit by the experience of Mr. Rae and his fellow voyager, both as to equipment and the course they should pursue.

We have said that Mr. Rae is a genial writer, in fact, we feel ourselves at home with him after the very commencement of his journey, almost as though we were of the party. The start is from Hull, and we are immediately introduced to the *compagnons de voyage* with whom fate ordains that the author shall be associated on board the steamer. The early part of the journey, however, is uneventful, and accordingly we hasten forward to the early experiences in Lapland. On reaching *terra firma*, a guide is, of course, engaged, and Jones, the individual in question, is decidedly a character, the source of intense amusement to the travellers, if not remarkably efficient in the rôle he undertakes. In fact, but one half of the first stage to Kanto-Keino is accomplished, when it turns out, not seriously to the disturbance of Mr. Rae's equanimity, that Jones is as much in need of guidance as those whom he has undertaken to guide. Fortunately the right man turns up, and all goes well, the party reaching their destination in due course. This episode is most amusingly told. Strand, or, as he is afterwards named, Somerset, says Mr. Rae, "came in shortly, and said that Jones waited without; I said, desire Jones to step in. When Jones had stepped in he stood with his hair erect all over his head, his embroidered collar upright above his ears, and twirling uneasily in his hands his blue and red square cloth cap. His woeful, penitent, comical, uncomfortable expression, was too much to look at seriously: but I shook my head at him, and said, O! Jones, and has it come to this; and Jones, who was uncertain whether to fall upon his knees, burst into tears, or burst into laughter, then confessed everything, saying, finally, he would be content with any arrangement we might make as to his remuneration. We decided to give him his due proportion of money, and a present of two silver dollars and a pocket knife, upon which he advanced and shook our hands with effusion." Under Somerset's guidance Kanto-Keino is reached in good time, and safely. They approach a clean wooden building, and knocking for entrance, are met by a hard featured, wooden figured woman, but we had better quote the narrator's own description:

"A hard featured, wooden figured woman came to the door: and on catching sight of us, jerked her hands like a semaphore, and exclaimed 'Mangarieh mafeesh,' meaning, in the Lapp tongue, Nothing to eat—no got to eat. This she said twelve or thirteen times, and went on jerking her hands; but we desired her to be calm, and walked into the clean birch-lined room, where she had been spinning, and sat down upon a comfortable couch. We said we were able to eat a little fish, a few dozen eggs, and one or two loaves of bread; otherwise, we said, we should swallow her wool and drain her lamp, oil, wick and all. She exclaimed, 'Sadaxi prohoña Venaia!' equivalent, we should think, to Oh, good gracious, and jerked herself out of the room. In another half-hour a snowy table-cloth, and clean knives, forks, cups, plates, and glasses were placed in front of us. We had ferreted out of the hampers some biscuits, marmalade, and chocolate. Shortly *notre dame en bois* came in with a steaming dish of fried fish—eggs we could not have till to-morrow; but there was coffee, and there was delicious cream, and there was a vessel full of milk. We ate like panthers who have not seen a kid for three days, and then lounged upon the sofa in peaceful repletion."

This, we think, will give a very fair idea of the author's style, and will fully confirm our opinion as to the geniality of his narrative. But this is not his only excellence. His descriptive power is very considerable; witness his account of the descent of the Lappiafors on the Muonio River, a matter of some ninety feet, and dangerous withal, for there are jagged rocks and a swift torrent, yet the descent is accomplished, almost without misadventure, under the skilful guidance of Abraham. Not so the descent of the Kengis Fall, with another less able crew. It is touch and go with the boat, which is half filled with water, when shelter round a nasty rock is found. At Këmi, the travellers see the mummy—one of five hundred, we are told—of a departed bishop. After various excursions in the neighbourhood of Hapar-

ander the travellers take boat to Uleaborg in Finland, and thence, after further adventure, pass on to Stockholm, and thence onward till they return to England. Thus ended their summer campaign of 1873. In 1874, they set out for the home of the Samoyedes, on the White Sea. Archangel was the first point, and here Mr. Rae and the Doctor, whose real name, by the way, is Mr. Henry Pilkington Brandreth, having obtained whatever was requisite in the way of passports, and also a *podorostoni*, or order for post-horses from station to station, the exploration is commenced. It is hardly needful, however, that we should dwell, at any length, on the writer's account. The journey was well worth undertaking, and the narrative is well worth reading. Little, perhaps, is known in England of this simple people, so that the account of this journey cannot fail to be instructive as well as interesting. The excerpts we have given are sufficient evidence of the proposition we stated at the outset. For the full particulars of—to use a commercial expression—these highly successful ventures, we refer our readers to the book itself, in the firm conviction that they will derive infinite pleasure from the study of its pages. We may add that the book is admirably “got up,” as, indeed, is the case with all Mr. Murray's publications, that there are a few illustrations and an excellent map with the course followed by the travellers on each journey.

Carter's Catalogue of Fresh Imported Dutch Flower Roots, 1875.

Messrs. Carter and Co., the well-known seedsmen, are always foremost in their desire to furnish their patrons with the newest and choicest varieties of bulbs and other plants. As the season for cultivating the former is close at hand, those of our readers who wish to have their beds well filled with hyacinths, narcissus, tulips, crocuses, and the like, who confine their attention to the conservatory or the room, or a small amount of window decoration only, should take an early opportunity of laying in the needful supply of bulbs. For first come, first choice. Messrs. Carter and Co.'s collections are well assorted, and contain, according to price, named varieties of every description of bulb. Those for the conservatory and window decoration vary from half-a-guinea to four guineas, those for the conservatory and open ground from fifteen shillings to four guineas, and those for planting in the open from half-a-guinea to four guineas. Among the most costly varieties are “King of the Blues,” dark blue and purple, marked seven and sixpence a root, “Lothair” and “Lord Derby,” light blue, four and sixpence and three and sixpence a-piece respectively, “La Grandesse” and “L'Innocence,” pure white, six and sixpence and five and sixpence a-piece; “Garibaldi,” dark red and crimson, five and sixpence each, “Bird of Paradise,” yellow, six and sixpence each. Other varieties good, but less costly, range from sixpence to two shillings, and two and sixpence per root. Among Lilies are the beautiful “Lilium Auratum” of Japan, varying from half-a-crown to half-a-guinea a-piece, and some new varieties of which the “Lilium Kramerii,” and the “Lilium Tigrinum Flore Pleno,” range as high as a guinea each, while the “Lilium Giganteum” ranges from five to fifteen shillings each. Then there are Iris, Ixias, Ranunculi, Gladioli, &c., &c., all of the best class, and fair in price. But while the greatest prominence is given to these plants, others are included in the catalogue, among them being the beautiful foliage plants, the new crocus, “Duchess of Edinburgh,” to which first class certificates were awarded last year and this, another colous “The Mandarin,” both being half-a-crown a plant, or three and sixpence if extra strong; the new Gloxinea, “Queen of England,” half-a-guinea a piece, to which a first class certificate was awarded last year by the Royal Horticultural Society. Then there are Greenhouse Plants, Herbaceous Plants, Roses of every kind, besides Fruit Trees, Vines, Ornamental Trees and others. In fact, those given to floriculture will find no difficulty in obtaining what they want of Messrs. Carter and Co., whose anxiety to please their patrons is too well known to stand in need of any comment from us.

James Veitch and Son's Catalogue of Hyacinths and other Bulbous Roots. Autumn 1875. Royal Exotic Nursery, King's-road, Chelsea, S.W.

MESSRS. VEITCH AND SONS confine themselves in this catalogue almost wholly to bulbs, of which they offer a great variety, some of their choicest specimens being those to which prizes were awarded at different exhibitions both last year as well as in 1871, 1872 and 1873. Here again the Hyacinths are in great force both as regards the number and quality of their specimens. There are Polyanthus Narcissus, Narcissus, Jonquils, Tulips, Scillas, Ixias, Sparaxis, Tritonias, Cyclamens, especially “Cyclamen Persicum Grandiflorum,” five shillings and seven and sixpence each, to which the first class certificate of the Royal Botanic Society was awarded on the 22nd March 1871. The lilies also include the rarest varieties (L. Auratum, L. Giganteum, L. Brownii or Japonicum, L. Hamboldtii, &c.), and Gladioli, besides varieties of vegetable seed for autumn sowing, and flower seeds for ditto, &c., &c. We are confident the patrons of Messrs. Veitch and Sons will be well pleased with the quality of the purchases they make, but the purchases should be made soon, as the range of selection is necessarily greater.

Vita di Michel Angelo Buonarroti Narrata con l'ainto di nuovi documenti di Aurelio Gotti, Direttore delle R.R. Gallerie di Firenze. Firenze: Tipografia della Gazzetta d'Italia Editrice. 12 Settembre 1875.

THIS year marks the fourth centenary of one of Italy's greatest sons, the painter, poet, sculptor and architect, Michael Angelo. Additional interest has been given to the fact by the appearance, on the 12th of the present month, of a new biography of the artist, from the pen of Sigor Aurelio Gotti, Director of the Royal Galleries of

Florence. In this are published for the first time, some important documents, preserved in the Buonarroti family, which lend to the work a value not possessed by the older biographies of Condivi, Vasari, Harford, and Grimm. The work moreover is executed with great skill, reverence, and discretion, and it can scarcely be doubted that it will henceforth be regarded as furnishing the most authoritative exposition of this extraordinary man's career. From the letters that are published in the second volume, we obtain a very clear insight into what is unquestionably the most interesting artistic epoch of modern times, the age of Raphael Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo. Contemporary with these three men existed a crowd of painters and sculptors of an inferior, but yet high order, amongst whom jealousy of their greater fame became in many instances exalted or degraded into an all absorbing passion. The malignant envy of Baccio Bandinelli caused the destruction of one of Michael Angelo's greatest works, the cartoon executed for the Hall of the Grand Council of Florence, and of which but a few fragments remain.

It was of this grand work that the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini writes: “As long as the Cartoon stood it was the school of the world.” To the jealousy of Bramante, however, we owe the scenes of scriptural frescoes which adorn the vaults of the Sistine Chapel at Rome. For, to quote Vasaria, he persuaded the Pope “to take Michael Angelo away from sculpture, in which they, Bramante and other jealous ones, recognised his perfection, and put him to painting, in which, as he had small experience in frescoes, they hoped he would produce less praiseworthy work than Raphael, and should he succeed, they still resolved to set the Pope against him, and prevent him from continuing, it being their intention, in one way or another, to get rid of him.”

But it is needless to add that the artist's genius, on this as on other occasions, altogether confounded his adversaries. Perhaps the works in which Michael Angelo's powers are best shown are the painting of the “Last Judgment,” and the finely sculptured tomb of Julius II. Of the former work one Signor Biagio ventured to express an opinion to Pope Paul. “Holy Father,” he said, “if I might utter my thoughts, I would say that this painting is more fit for a tavern room than for the chapel of a Pope.” The artist heard this not too flattering criticism, and revenged himself on the speaker by painting his portrait amongst the lost souls. The same Pope, at another time, took upon himself to find some fault with this work, and the fact was reported to the painter. “Tell Pope Paul,” he replied, “to trouble himself less with correcting my picture, which it is easy for him to do, and to try and reform public manners, which he will find more difficult.” Signor Gotti's work corrects some mistakes into which former biographers have fallen, and adds some facts which, being both interesting and new, would of themselves suffice to ensure for the work a hearty welcome.

Maidline, and other Poems. By J. PUNTIS. London: Civil Service Printing and Publishing Company. 1875.

THIS is an attractive little work, handsomely got up, and very well suited for a birthday or other present. The poetry is of a passable order, though more remarkable for promise than performance. As a fair average specimen of the quality of the work, we may quote the following poem:—

THE AMBUSCADE.

Hark! hark, my men, to the distant sound
Of the tramp of the coming foe;
Lie close! lie close to the sheltring ground,
Soon enough our presence he'll know.
Hist! hist, my men, a word do not breathe,
Their plumes are fast rising in sight;
Keep close! keep close, don't your places leave,
We will soon put them all to flight.
Be ready! fire! don't hurry! take aim!
That's a welcome they didn't expect;
Your rifle's music's like pat'ring rain!
See! they reel like a ship that's wreck'd.
Start up! start up! fix your bayonets fast;
Charge! charge with a ringing cheer!
March on! march on! hark, the bugles blast!
They'll be off before we get near.
They fly! quick, quick! oh, never mind me!
Hurrah! for my Queen I die!
On, on! just put me under that tree;
Till you come back there I will lie.

The Freemason's Repository (Providence, R.I.) contains part of the address, recently delivered, by the Hon. George B. Loring, at the dedication of the Masonic Hall, North Andover, Mass., on St. John's Day, 24th June. We commend it to the notice of our readers. There is a long and appreciative obituary notice of our late distinguished Bro. Dr. Winslow Lewis, whose Masonic career, extracted from this account, will be quoted in another issue, and summarised accounts of Masonic proceedings in various part of the United States.

Chamber's Journal contains the first eleven chapters of a new story from the pen of that well-known romancist, Captain Mayne Reid, whose previous tales have afforded so much pleasure to all classes of readers, but especially to those of the lively and more imaginative age of boyhood. The other contents are unusually excellent, and we have noted with great pleasure the articles on the “Natural History and Sport of South America,” “Edible Birds' Nests,” “Factory Life in Lancashire,” “Seventeen years among Savages,” and “Holiday Botanism,” the last being extracted almost wholly from the *Queen*, but none the less worthy of attention for being quoted. There are

also some useful remarks "About Gas Meters," which will prove of interest to householders, intending or actual, as the case may be.

The principal features in *The Leisure Hour* are, in the first place, "The Siege of Stralsund," by Jacob B. de Liefde, whose *Great Dutch Admirals* and *The Beggars* have been so justly appreciated in the literary world. The siege was one of the leading incidents during the ever memorable Thirty Years' War. Wallenstein was the heart and soul of the Imperialists, while inside the revolted town prevailed at various times a number of serious dissensions, which threatened its safety. But though Wallenstein impiously swore he would take it even though it were tied to heaven by iron chains, the siege had to be raised. We have in the present number only a portion of the history, but what we have, and what, no doubt, will follow in future numbers, is eminently readable. Then Mr. Henry Walker discourses pleasantly of "The Birds of London," and some of our readers who have given little thought to the matter, who think, perhaps, the London sparrow and the pigeons at Somerset House and the Guildhall are about the only representatives of the feathered race this dirty metropolis of ours can boast, will be not a little surprised to find so many others included in the list. There are some pleasant "Natural History Anecdotes," a paper entitled, "Down the Road With a Gentleman Coachman," No. IV. of "Caricatures and Caricaturists," in which the career of the great Gillray is sketched, the majority of his best and happiest hits being re-counted. Lastly, we have brief notes of the "Norwich Vivisection Prosecution," and a short biography of Daniel O'Connell, *à propos*, of course, of the recent centenary celebration of the great Liberator's birth.

Sunday at Home is equally interesting. Dr. Edersheim's series of papers on "Jewish Life in the Time of our Lord," is continued, the subject of the present essay being "Commerce." There is a most valuable paper on the "Nasairiyeh and their Religion." These dwell in Palestine, in the neighbourhood of Antioch and its vicinity, and the writer furnishes an excellent account of them as well as of the tenets they profess. "The Kaiser's Gift" and "Jeannie Wilson of Lammermoor," are also pleasant reading, while the general matter exhibits all the usual points of excellence, for which this periodical is so justly known.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our Correspondents.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All Letters must bear the name and address of the Writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

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MASONRY AND THE EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS.

To the Editor of THE FREEMASON'S CHRONICLE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—The articles that have appeared from time to time in your columns, upon the Antiquity of Freemasonry, have been read by me with deep interest. Though but a young member of the Craft, I take great delight in all that pertains to its history, and would fain discover if the great nations of antiquity comprehended its principles and obligations in the sense in which we understand them at the present day. I call to mind some verses I once read, entitled an "Address to a Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition," in which the lines occur:—

"Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbid
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade;"

And wonder if the recent deciphering of Egyptian inscriptions can have thrown any light upon this question. It is quite certain that the Egyptians in architecture, mechanics and astronomy had attained a very high degree of excellence. We need no further proof of this than is afforded by the pyramids and other architectural remains, and that even more remarkable monument still, the volume of Euclid's elements. My object in writing to you is to endeavour to obtain from you, or from one of your numerous correspondents, some elucidation of this, to me, most interesting question, or if not this, at least some information as to the sources from which such knowledge may be obtained. I cannot help thinking, Sir, that there are many of our fellow Craftsmen who would welcome, as I should, a series of articles showing what light, if any, has been thrown by recent researches upon the supposed connection existing between the ancient Egyptians and our glorious Craft.

I am, Sir, &c.

NEOPHYTE.

STEWARDS FOR OUR FESTIVALS.

To the Editor of THE FREEMASON'S CHRONICLE.

DEAR SIR,—I have been a subscriber to your paper from the first, and have watched the progress you have made to carry out the programme you set yourselves with great concern. You certainly seem not to have lacked energy. We have had presented all sorts of fare; you have been early in the field in giving us reports of the various gatherings that have been held during the year, and you seem to have tidied over the slack period, if I may so express myself. In a few weeks we shall have our Lodges assembling, and the various questions so paramount to the success of the Craft will come under discussion. Arrangements will have to be made that the several Lodges shall appoint good men and true to work for our Old Men and Women, our Girls, and our Boys; we have done well this year, it is true; but our numbers have materially increased, and larger amounts must necessarily be collected to meet the increased demands

that are sure to arise from the accession that has been made to our numbers. I would strongly urge upon those brethren who may be called upon to serve as Stewards to consider well the responsibility they take upon themselves. It requires that a man should use great discretion in finding a fit and proper opportunity ere he solicits his acquaintances for their donations. I may mention an instance that occurred to me a short time back. A worthy and most energetic brother, one universally respected, called upon me, and exhibiting a long list of names, told me that he was about to pay them his outstanding business accounts, and that he meant to get something out of them for the Charity he was then working for as a Steward. This was perhaps all very well for the Charity, but it occurred to me that he was using a kind of thumbscrew, and that it might not raise our institution in the opinion of those interested, some of whom would, I venture to say, consider themselves victimised. A form in frequent use among a certain class is something of this kind: "Ah! Bro.—I have put you down on my list for one guinea (or any other amount), same as the others; I suppose that is right?" and as this is, perhaps purposely, said in the presence of comparative strangers, it generally goes for "right." Then we have the over cautious brother, who is afraid to ask for subscriptions except by printed circular or a short letter, and although most of the best men in our Order never require asking twice, there are more who require a great deal, and among the latter class can be named men who, to use a business term, can best afford it. The characteristics of our Lodges are so different that I fear there is no hope of our even having "A Royal Road to Canvassing," as what would be successful in one case might offend half the members in another.

Yours, &c. ONE WHO HAS NOT YET SERVED.

A MASONIC LIST.

To the Editor of THE FREEMASON'S CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Notwithstanding the works and journals published in connection with Freemasonry, there is an obvious requirement that has not yet been fulfilled—one that I believe the brethren generally will acknowledge and support—I mean a complete list, not only of the various Lodges, but of their several members, officers, &c., with the dates of initiation of the former, and appointment of the latter. Such lists, if carefully revised annually, would be of great utility in scores of instances, as it would show at a glance the really active and effective members of our noble Craft.

I believe that Grand Lodge would approve of such a work, and that every secretary would gladly furnish the desired information.

I am, Sir, yours fraternally,

1227.

A ROUGH COMPUTATION.—On calling at the residence of the modest and unobtrusive medical practitioner, Leverrier refused to say who he was, but in the most abrupt manner, and in the most authoritative tone, began, "It is then you, sir, who pretend to have observed a new planet, and who have committed the grave offence of keeping your observation secret for nine months. I warn you that I have come here with the intention of doing justice to your pretensions, and of demonstrating either that you have been dishonest or deceived. Tell me then unequivocally what you have seen." The doctor then explained what he had witnessed, and entered into all the particulars regarding his discovery. On speaking of the rough method adopted to ascertain the period of the first contact, the astronomer inquired what chronometer he had been guided by, and was naturally enough somewhat surprised when the physician pulled out a huge old watch, with only minute hands. It had been his faithful companion in his professional journeys, he said: but that would hardly be considered a satisfactory qualification for performing so delicate an experiment. The consequence was that Leverrier, evidently now beginning to conclude that the whole affair was an imposition or delusion, exclaimed, with some warmth, "What, with that old watch, showing only minutes, dare you talk of estimating seconds? My suspicions are already well founded." To this Lescarbault replied that he had a pendulum by which he counted seconds. This was produced, and found to consist of an ivory ball, attached to a silken thread, which, being hung on a nail in the wall, is made to oscillate, and is shown by the watch to beat very nearly seconds. Leverrier is now puzzled to know how the number of seconds is ascertained, as there is nothing to mark them; but Lescarbault states that with him there is no difficulty whatever in this, as he is accustomed to "feel pulses and count their pulsations," and can with ease carry out the same principle with the pendulum. The telescope is next inspected, and pronounced satisfactory. The astronomer then asks for the original memorandum, which after some searching is found, "covered with grease and landanum." There is a mistake of four minutes on it when compared with the doctor's letter, detecting which, the *savant* declares that the "observation has been falsified." An error in the watch regulated by sidereal time accounts for this. Leverrier now wishes to know how the doctor managed to regulate his watch by sidereal time, and is shown the small telescope by which it is accomplished. Other questions are asked and satisfactorily answered. The doctor's rough drafts of attempts to ascertain the distance of the planet from the sun, "from the period of four hours which is required to describe an entire diameter of that luminary, are produced, chalked on a board. Lescarbault's method, he being short of paper, was to make his calculations on a plank, and make way for fresh ones by planing them off. Not being a mathematician, it may be remarked that he had not succeeded in ascertaining the distance of the planet from the Sun. The end of it all was that Leverrier became perfectly satisfied that an intra-mercurial planet had been really observed. He congratulated the medical practitioner upon his discovery, and left with the intention of making the facts thus obtained the subject of fresh calculations.—From "The Planets put in Leverrier's Balance," in the "Cornhill Magazine" for September.

INSTALLATION OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.,

Most Worshipful Grand Master, &c., &c., having been 'graciously pleased to accept the special Dedication,

A SPLENDID

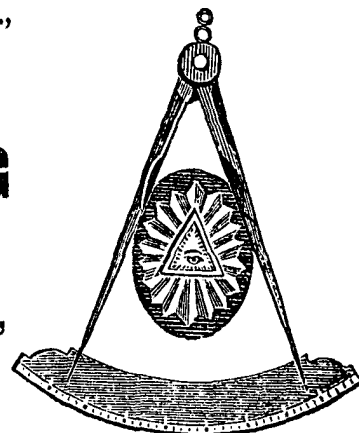
HISTORICAL STEEL ENGRAVING

WILL SHORTLY BE PUBLISHED,

OF THE

ROYAL INSTALLATION ON THE 28TH OF APRIL LAST,
IN THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL,

By BRO. EDWARD JAMES HARTY, S.D. No. 1201.



Application for Circulars and for all particulars to be made to the

ROYAL MASONIC INSTALLATION GALLERY COMPANY, 213 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR BOYS.

Fourth Application—October Election, 1875.

The favour of your Votes and Interest is most earnestly solicited on behalf of
RICHARD THOMAS GARDNER, Aged 8 Years.

SON of the late Brother RICHARD RAVENSHAW GARDNER, of 13 Graham Street, Walworth, Surrey, Dancing Master, who died 22nd October 1870, after a long and painful illness, leaving a Widow and Four Children totally unprovided for; his lengthened infirmity having exhausted all previous savings. Brother Gardner was initiated in the Pannure Lodge, No. 720, in 1853, served the several Offices, and passed the Chair of that Lodge, and was generally respected by the numerous Brethren with whom his business brought him in contact.

The case is strongly recommended by the following Brethren, viz:—

Bro. George Kenning P.M. 192, Past Grand Deacon for Middlesex.

Bro. Magnus Ohren P.M. P.Z. 33, P.M. and M.E.Z. 452, G.J. Warden for Surrey; Lower Sydenham, S.E.

Bro. William Hudson P.M. 315, Past Prov. G.J.D. for Sussex, P.Z. 732, P.M. Mark 75; Brighton.

Bro. Nathan Bryant Headon W.M. Great City Lodge, No. 1426; 65 Friday Street, London, E.C.

Bro. James H. Voekius W.M. Sphinx Lodge, No. 1329; 138 Stockwell Road, Brixton, S.

Bro. James Weaver P.M. 862, W.M. 1319, M.E.Z. 862, P.P.G. Organist,

Proxies will be thankfully received by Bro. James Stevens, and by the Widow, 13 Graham Street, Walworth, S.E.

Middlesex; 45 Howland Street, Fitzroy Square, W.

Bro. Charles L. Marshall P.M.; 22 Grosvenor Park, Cumberwell, S.E.

Bro. Mark Samuel Larham J.W. 1216; York Street, Walworth, S.E.

Bro. James Freeman 1287, Treasurer 1426; 65 Friday Street, E.C.

Bro. William S. Webster P.M. 231, P.Z. 21; 17 Ely Place, Holborn, E.C.

Bro. Thomas Moore P.M. 720; High Street, Clapham.

Bro. James Stevens P.M. 25, 720, 1216, 1126, P.Z. 720, M.E.Z. 771, P.G.O. Mark, &c.; 18; Clapham Common, S.W.

MASONIC MARK FESTIVAL AT GRIMSBY, 30th SEPTEMBER 1875.

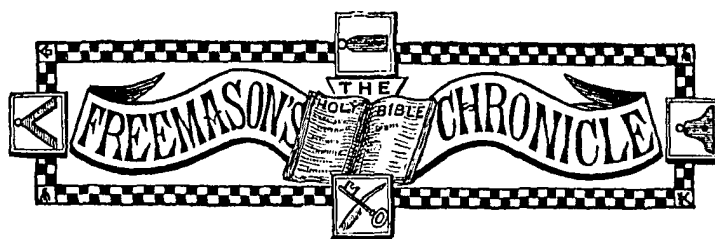
CONSECRATION of Sutcliffe Lodge, No. 188, for Mark Master Masons, at 11.15 A.M.

FIRST Annual Lincolnshire Provincial Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons at 1.15 P.M.

BANQUET at the Town Hall, Grimsby, at 3.15 P.M., Bro. John Sutcliffe, M.W. Prov. Grand Mark Master Mason for Lincolnshire, will preside.

VISITING Brethren from neighbouring Provinces are earnestly invited. ROBERT GOUGH, *Prov. Grand Sec.*

GRIMSBY, 8th September 1875.



67 BARBICAN, E.C.

THE THEATRES, &c.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN. — PROMENADE CONCERTS, at 8.0, each evening.

DRURY LANE.—At 7, THE WHITE HAT. At 7.45, SHAUGHRAUN and INTRIGUE.

HAYMARKET.—At 7.30, THE HEIR AT LAW and THE WIDOW HUNT.

LYCEUM.—At 7.0, A HAPPY PAIR. At 8.0, MACBETH.

ADELPHI.—At 6.45, THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING, NICHOLAS NICKLEBY and THE BONNIE FISHWIFE.

PRINCESS'S.—At 8 each evening, Carl Rosa Opera Company.

OLYMPIC.—At 7.30, FAMILY JARS. At 8, THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN.

STRAND.—At 7.0, RAISING THE WIND, WOODCOCK'S LITTLE GAME and FLAMINGO.

VAUDEVILLE.—At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG, OUR BOYS and A FEARFUL FOG.

GAIETY.—MY AWFUL DAD and Mr. GATHERWOOL.

MIRROR.—At 7.0, ACROSS THE CONTINENT, and THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

GLOBE.—At 7.30, TALBOT'S TRUST and THE BRIGANDS.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—MONEY.

OPERA COMIQUE.—MY WIFE'S OUT and THE GRAND DUCHESS.

CHARING CROSS.—At 7.30, BROUGHT TO BOOK and DAGOBERT.

ALHAMBRA.—At 7.15, NEW FARCE. At 8.0, SPECTRESHEIM. At 10.0, BALLET.

PHILHARMONIC.—MACCABE, every evening at 8.0.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—This day, Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REID. On Monday, "HOW TO MAKE FIREWORKS." On Tuesday, LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGEOT. Open daily, AQUARIUM, PICTURE GALLERY, SKATING RINK, &c.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—This day, OPERA, RURAL FETE, ILLUMINATION, &c. On Monday, FLEMING NORTON. On Tuesday, FAUST, FIREWORKS, &c. On Thursday, MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS. Open Daily.

POLYTECHNIC.—The CASTAWAY, New Ghost Scenes.—AUSTRALIAN MEATS and How to Cook them. — NEW ZEALAND. OR THE SOUTHERN WONDERLAND. WONDERS OF ACOUSTICS. New Lecture, SEA SIDE SKETCHES. Many other Entertainments. Open twice daily, at 12.0 and 7.0. Admission, 1s.

EGYPTIAN (LARGE) HALL.—MASKELYNE AND COOKE, daily at 3.0 and 8.0.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—BAUTIER, and FITZ-REINHARD, daily, at 3.0 and 8.0.

OUR WEEKLY BUDGET.

THE jury in the inquest on the body of the mate of the Mistletoe have given their verdict, but whether that verdict is calculated to throw any light on the accident is another question. Most people were already aware of the fact that the unfortunate fellow came by his death through drowning, and likewise that the Alberta and Mistletoe came into collision. There is, however, a rider, and in this the jury suggest that a better look-out should be kept on board the Royal Yacht, and a slower rate of speed adopted, especially in the summer months, while they believe that on the day in question the navigating officers were guilty of an error in judgment. We presume the jury mean by this that the accident arose through the fault of those in charge of the Queen's Yacht, in which case the rider and the verdict to which it is attached are inconsistent. An accident which is the result of negligence is hardly an accident in the strictest sense, and if the non-observance of certain precautions led to the collision, the fault lies with those who neglected such precautions. However, the verdict is given, and there is, we presume, an end of the matter. The Queen has written a letter, expressive of her wish that yachts should keep clear of the Royal Yacht, instead of steering alongside of it, from motives of loyalty or curiosity, as too often happens now; and this, we fancy, is the gist of the case. The Alberta was steaming as usual, pleasure yachts were flitting about in its neighbourhood as usual, and one of them, contrary to past experience, came to grief. People who mix in crowds occasionally get their toes trodden on. It may be they escape such a calamity for twenty times, but the twenty-first time they suffer in a way that must have been expected sooner or later. If people will act on the Queen's suggestion, and keep out of the way of her yacht, there will be no likelihood of an accident, even though it speed

along at twice or thrice the rate she was going; and common courtesy suggests that her wishes should be respected.

As to the loss of the *Vanguard*, the Court-Martial on Captain Dawkins is still prosecuting its inquiries, while the divers are still at work on the sunken vessel, parts of which, or rather its top-gear, have already been recovered. Whether the hull can be got up now, or some future time, is a doubtful question. Twelve thousand tons, or thereabouts, is a goodish weight to lift, even in these scientific days. However, "impossible" is a word which all Englishmen strive to keep out of their vocabulary, and it may be that the *Vanguard* will appear again in company with the *Iron Duke*, the *Warrior*, and its sister ironclads. There is yet another accident, of which the results have been very serious. An overladen boat capsized in Plymouth Harbour, and some ten marines drowned. The usual inquiry was held, and the result is that Colonel Penrose, Commandant of the Plymouth Division of Royal Marines, and Staff-Sergeant George, as senior non-commissioned officer present at the embarkation of the men, are charged with being the cause of their death, Corporal Furness being completely exonerated. This verdict the Coroner was specially requested by the jury to forward to the Admiralty. Three such accidents as these; the collision of the *Alberta* and *Mistletoe*, the loss of the *Vanguard*, and the upset of a boatful of "jollies" coming so closely together, will cause people to inquire if our Navy is as efficient as it should be, if our seamanship is what it was half-a-century since. But misadventures seldom come singly, and nothing has happened that we wot of to shake our confidence in the Navy.

A trial is about being made—by the time these remarks come under the notice of our readers, will have been made—with the largest thing in the way of Woolwich Infants. The 81-ton gun has been tried at the butts, with what result our readers, no doubt, are already acquainted. A slight hitch occurred in getting it into position, but not from any of the causes the probability of which had been anticipated. The bridge stood the weight, the rails proved true, but the truck that bore the gun got off the rails, and a few hours' hard labour were necessary to get it back again. This, however, was safely accomplished, and the monstrous weapon reached its destination. This huge gun is expected to throw half a ton of metal a distance of eight miles, about from, say, Kensington to Poplar. What next? the Germans flatter themselves their Krupp Guns are the *ne plus ultra* in cannon. Can they outdo this? We fancy they will be a little puzzled to find us so much ahead of them in gunnery, especially as they are the military power, *par excellence*, of Europe—in their own estimation at least. But we must look out, too, for our laurels, for guns of a hundred tons calibre are being manufactured for the Italian Government, so we presume a hundred and sixty tonner will be the next novelty. But where will it all end? If a ton weight be sent a distance of some ten miles in the course of a few seconds, what will become of us all in the next war? The two opposing armies will kill each other without knowing it.

It is seldom we have to record so terrible a crime as that with which the man Wainwright is at present charged. We have no intention of discussing the evidence, or of saying a word that could prejudice the public against him, but there is nothing in the annals of crime so terrible since the days of the notorious Greenacre, except, perhaps, it be the murder of O'Connor by the Mannings. The man Stokes, to whom the discovery of the murder is due, deserves great praise for the energy he showed in following the cab, and we trust some proper recognition, in the shape of a handsome testimonial, will follow.

The third great racing event came off on Wednesday. The St. Leger was run at Doncaster, there was a field of thirteen, and after a good race the greater part of the way Mr. Crawford's Craig-Millar came in winner by some three lengths, Balfe and the Earl of Dartrey, with half a length between them, being second and third respectively. The winner was ridden by Chaloner, and is by Blair Athol, out of Miss Roland. His previous appearances in the field have been pretty successful, but as the winner of neither the Two Thousand nor the Derby was present on this occasion, there was less of interest than usually attaches to this event. The other principal event of the meeting, the Great Yorkshire Handicap, was won by the favourite, Mr. W. S. Mitchell Innes's Saint Leger, Louise Victoria and Polonaise being second and third respectively. The usual

sale of yearlings passed off very successfully, Central Fire, for whom 1500 guineas was given, heading the list, while of the others Chillianwallah fetched 800 guineas, Muta 500, Waterloo 500. There only remain now two events of interest in the racing world, the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgehire. The other noteworthy event of the week was the Trotting Meeting at the Alexandra Park. There was a capital attendance both days, and some good sport.

There is nothing particular to chronicle in the way of Cricket. There have been one or two matches, and Mr. W. G. Grace has made another brilliant score of 152. The excitement about Captain Webb's feat is not yet over. It must be somewhat trying for the hero himself to be fêted, &c., &c., wherever he goes, but this, we presume, is inevitable. It is satisfactory, however, to learn that the testimonial to him has already reached a good round sum, somewhere about thirteen hundred pounds having been acknowledged up to last Saturday. Tuesday at the Promenade Concerts was set apart as a Webb benefit, the proceeds being paid over to the general fund, and there have been other monies collected at the Alexandra Palace and elsewhere, all which help to swell the total. Besides this, a chronometer and an aneroid barometer have been presented to him. In fact there is every chance of the testimonial being a most substantial one, and right glad are we it is so. Such an achievement deserves to be recognised most handsomely. On Saturday was held a swimming fête in the Victoria Park ornamental water, by the London Swimming Club, Lord Henry Lennox having given his sanction. There were several competitions for prizes, presented by Bro. Sir John Bennett and others, after the racing was over Miss Emily Parker, accompanied by her brother, gave a display of ornamental swimming, which was greatly applauded. We gladly note the encouragement so generally given to swimming, an art which, considering we are a maritime people, has been pretty generally neglected in this country. We trust the day is not far distant when the swimming master or mistress will be looked upon as an essential member of every school staff in the kingdom.

The Ex-Premier, Mr. Gladstone, has latterly been giving more than one speech on the necessity for mental cultivation, Mr. Gladstone himself being one of the most brilliant living illustrations of the advantages of such cultivation. It seems also the right honourable gentleman varies his amusements by occasionally felling trees, truly a marvellous pleasure for such a man to indulge in. We wonder what other people must think of us as a nation. We have a score or two of eccentricities written down against us, and of these, felling timber by ex-premiers, we imagine is the latest. Henceforth, instead of singing, "Oh Woodman spare that tree," it will be, Oh "Gladstone," which is synonymous with woodman. A strange world this, in which the same statesman brings down Vatican Decrees and British oaks with equal skill! We naturally go back in our minds to the early history of Rome, and think of Cincinnatus, in his retirement from the cares of state, turning ploughman. We need never despair of our country, when we find our leading men voluntarily taking upon themselves laborious work, and exhibiting such skill in doing it. There must be good stuff in us somewhere.

We do some things very deliberately. It seems strange to be talking of Wellington monuments when the hero whom they are intended to honour has been dead some three-and-twenty years. Nevertheless, the monument a grateful country voted in 1852 to the hero of Waterloo is only just on the point of completion. It took the *Iron Duke* some seven years of hard fighting to drive the French out of the Peninsula, but more than thrice the length of time has been required by the artist to erect a monument to the hero's memory. However, as the gratitude we owe him is most profound, it is in keeping that we should extend our display of it over as large an extent of time as possible. It is satisfactory to know that the monument is worthy of the fame of our greatest soldier. But is it creditable that the Albert Memorial should have been finished first. The Prince Consort fulfilled his duties admirably, and in honouring his memory we are doing honour to the Queen his widow, but good men are happily not scarce among our people, while a great man turns up once only in the course of half-a-dozen centuries. We are improving however. It took some forty years to get Nelson perched up in the clouds, whereas Wellington is done for in about three-and-twenty, and the Prince Consort in about ten or a dozen.

Macti Virtute, say we, and in time we shall be honouring our heroes before we know who they are.

Dr. Kenealy, it seems, is not to be allowed to pursue unhindered his system of abusing everybody who has the honour to differ from him. Mr. George Potter, a member of the London School Board, and Editor of the *Beehive*, applied, on Thursday, at Guildhall, for a summons against the ex-Q.C. for publishing a libel in the columns of the *Englishman*. In the articles complained of, Mr. Potter is described as "a rogue and a sham." Sir Benjamin Phillips, who presided, declared the article was undoubtedly libellous, and granted a summons forthwith. We are glad of this. It is, perhaps, an honour to be abused by such a man, but the lower and more ignorant classes are not capable of taking so high a view. It is nothing less than a public scandal that a journal should go on from day to day, vilifying every one who has the courage to think differently from its editor.

The management of the Alexandra Palace are unwearied in their exertions to cater for the public. The Trotting meeting was held on Monday and Tuesday. There have been a number of excellent musical and dramatic entertainments. To-day will be given Wallace's opera, *Maritana*, by the Carl Rosa Company. There will also be a grand rural fête and an illumination of the Grove. On Tuesday next, Gounod's opera, *Faust*, and there will be a grand display of fireworks. On Monday, the 27th instant, our worthy friends the Foresters will take their annual "outing," and no doubt the attendance will be on a very large scale. The Robin Hoods and Little Johns and Friar Tucks are genial good fellows, though given to the public display of a little finery. This, after all, is a very harmless weakness, and detracts nothing from the merits of the order, which does a large amount of good.

There has been a considerable fire in Bunhill-row, close to the grounds of the well-known Honourable Artillery Company of world-wide fame. Everything was burnt clean out, leaving only the bare walls standing. On Thursday an accident occurred through the fall of a portion of one of them, and for a time the lives of three men were seriously imperilled. Fortunately, exertions were made, and the three men were speedily extricated from the ruins, having met with some very severe contusions. They were conveyed at once to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and there received prompt attention from the medical officers, who at once dressed their wounds, after which they were taken to their homes. The party wall was in a very dangerous condition, and, if a high wind blew, would probably come down at once. However, the police take the necessary precautions to keep the too inquisitive from running any risk.

What might have proved a most serious accident occurred, a few days since, to the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. She was out riding, when her horse threw her, and she lay insensible for some time. Nothing more resulted than sundry pains in the head, and a few slight abrasions of the skin, which, by the latest accounts, have already disappeared. Indeed Her Majesty intends taking walking exercise shortly, so that, happily, she may be said to have wholly recovered already.

The latest novelty in the way of jokes has been handed to us by a brother, whose private residence is only about a mile or two from Colney Hatch. He draws a very terrible picture of the pious horror with which an old lady overhears the following brief dialogue between two of her sons: Charlie: "Where the deuce (a more powerful word appears in the original, which we have thought it better to tone down) where the deuce is Providence, Ned?" Ned: "Why in Rhode Island, you muff." Charlie is merely studying a little United States geography, but the old lady is struck at the flagrant irreverence of her darling boys, and lectures them accordingly.

The marauders in Herzegovina are not to have their own way. The great European powers recognise that burning and pillage and the slaughter of inoffensive Turks are not such virtuous acts as to justify their giving the Herzegovinese any countenance. We are glad that no political jealousies have been allowed to stand in the way of the fulfilment of this duty. The consuls from the leading powers are traversing the disturbed districts, and plainly hint to the people that they will get nothing in the shape of encouragement from their respective countries. Meanwhile the Turks have taken the bull by the horns, and are making short work of the animal. The insurgents are being famously trounced everywhere, and the authority of the Sultan seems likely enough to be maintained intact, in

spite of Serbia, whose ruler, Prince Milan, wisely inclines towards peace, and Mr. Farley, who has constituted himself judge of the Sultan's government and all its acts. By the way, this gentleman has replied to the letter of Lady Strangford we commented on last week. But, according to our notion, he begs the question entirely. Lady Strangford questioned the propriety of a few irresponsible persons in this country taking upon themselves to excite sympathy with insurgents against the Government of a friendly power, and we illustrated the case by asking our readers—What would their feelings be if a committee of Turks had met together, and solicited aid for the Fenians, when they were rebelling against the authority of their lawful Sovereign? Mr. Farley, however, thinks that if the Sultan does not conduct his government exactly as he (Mr. Farley) thinks should be done, rebellion is justifiable. We have heard of certain tailors of Tooley-street, but they are a mere shadow by the side of Mr. Farley, who has appointed himself judge of foreign potentates. We must advise Prince Bismarck, Prince Gortshakoff, Count Andrassy, M. Buffet, and other foreign prime ministers—to say nothing of the various sovereigns they serve so faithfully—to be careful how they offend this gentleman, or the consequences may be very terrible. But, joking apart, it seems monstrous that anyone should be allowed to foment rebellions against recognised authority. It is all very well to give liberty, but that liberty should not be allowed to degenerate into license. However, the rebellion seems to be pretty well on its last legs, and, if interference by Serbia is forbidden, will soon die out, and with it the existence of Mr. Farley's Committee. As for Lord Russell's conduct, we have never given him credit for much political sagacity, but we had hoped he was old enough to have known better than to contribute to a fund in aid of rebellion.

As regards Spain, the course of Alphonsist victory seems to go on uninterrupted, and one stronghold of the Carlists after another seems to fall before the Royal troops. The other day it was Seo de Urgel, now we read of Oyarzun having been captured. Meantime there has been a change of ministry, and General Jovellar is the new prime minister. We wonder what is the average duration of life in a Spanish ministry. How many ministries have there been in the course of, say, the last five years, which is about the time a good English ministry usually endures. We do not object, however, to a new ministry every day in the week, if only the miseries of the war can be brought to a close. Nor are we particularly concerned as to which of the twain—Carlism or Alphonsism—prevails in the long run, provided that something prevails at an early date, and the sooner the better for Spain.

The Mark Festival at Grimsby will take place on the 30th inst. The Constitution of Sutcliffe Lodge, No. 188 of Mark Master Masons, at 11.15 a.m., and the 1st annual Lincolnshire Grand Lodge of Mark Masons at 1.15 a.m. The banquet at the Town Hall, Grimsby, at 3.15, on which occasion Bro. J. Sutcliffe, R.W.P.G. Mark Master, will preside.

The 15 sections will be worked at the Burdett Coutts Lodge of Instruction, No. 1278, Approach Tavern, Approach-road, Victoria Park, by Bro. M. Gross, on Friday evening, the 24th inst., commencing at 7 o'clock. Some of the most skilled brethren in Freemasonry have given their names, and promised to be present to assist Bro. Gross.

We regret to announce the death of Bro. D. D. Pankhurst, Past Grand Steward, at his residence, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, at the age of 57.

Bro. G. Reeves Smith, the manager of the Aquarium at Brighton, has been presented, by Mr. George Westley, of West-street, with a sword. The sword was recovered from the bed of the sea; from the hilt to the tip of the blade it is covered, like a sheath, with pebbles that have grown thereon. It will be on view at the Aquarium. A new Skating Rink was opened on Wednesday, at the Queen's Park, Brighton. The opening was a great success, and was numerously attended. Mr. H. Malcolmson is the lessee. The asphalt was laid down under the superintendence of Bro. Barnett (of Barnett's Patent Asphalt Com-

pany) and Mr. C. Sadler, Clerk of the Works. The band of the Scots Greys, by the permission of commanding officer attended. Mr. M. V. Bligh is the manager, and Bro. W. Devin's band will play each morning and after noon. Bro. John Billington and Mrs. Billington have been playing at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, during the week, in Mr. Paul Meritt's comedy of "Rough and Ready," assisted by Miss Meryck, Mr. D. Gresham, and a powerful London company.

Some weeks since we gave an announcement of the death, at sea, of Bro. W. Curtis, formerly proprietor of the *Brighton Gazette*. The P. and O. steamer "Gwalior" brings the following particulars, from a letter of the ship's purser to the sorrowing widow. "It seems that Mr. Curtis was brought on board the ship, very ill, at Hong Kong, on the 31st July, he having been ordered home by his medical attendant. His health did not improve, and on the morning of the 3rd August he expired." The steward also wrote: "It will be some consolation to you to know that his last moments were peaceful, and that he was free from pain, and had every care and attention paid to him. His remains were consigned to the deep on the same day he expired."

Bro. M. Syers, proprietor of the Oxford, Oxford Street, announces a grand morning performance at his popular place of amusement every Saturday, to which all season ticket holders are admitted free.

Bro. J. L. Toole, the celebrated comedian, made his first appearance, since his return from America, at the Theatre Royal Manchester. The house was crowded in every part, and he received a perfect ovation. He makes his appearance in London, at the Gaiety Theatre, on the 8th November.

Bro. J. Fitzgerald, late of the Strand, and of Miss Lydia Thompson's Company, has been engaged as chef d'orchestra at the Globe Theatre, which opened on Monday last, under the management of Mr. Fairlie.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RETURNS.

The following statement shows the receipts for traffic on the undermentioned railways for the past week, as compared with the corresponding week in 1874:—

Railway.	Miles open. 1875	Receipts.	
		1875 £	1874 £
Caledonian	739	58,405	57,991
Glasgow and South Western	315½	18,239	17,434
Great Eastern	763	53,934	50,820
Great Northern	523	59,424	60,382
Great Western	1,528	117,143	113,955
Lancashire and Yorkshire	430	69,511	65,913
London and Brighton	376½	40,937	37,572
London, Chatham and Dover	153½	25,113	23,116
London and North Western	1,587	185,854	188,521
London and South Western	626½	42,836	39,980
London, Tilbury and Southend	45	2,632	—
Manchester and Sheffield	259½	34,134	32,659
Midland	975½	119,427	117,891
Metropolitan	8	8,696	8,037
" District	8	4,274	3,790
" St. John's Wood	1½	388	370
North British	844½	45,445	43,730
North Eastern	1,400½	130,639	129,103
North London	12	7,175	6,830
North Staffordshire Railway	191	11,239	10,696
" Canal	118	1,590	1,623
South Eastern	350	45,731	42,120

A SUMMARY EXECUTION.—In connection with this affair, the treatment of Boyer, the Mayor of Bodmin, was cruel in the extreme. Prior to their advance on Exeter, the Cornish rebels formed a camp near Bodmin, the inhabitants of which compelled the Mayor to give them supplies. Soon after their defeat, the Provost Marshal of the Army, Sir Anthony Kingston, arrived there to punish certain fugitives, and sent Boyer notice, that, with certain followers, he would dine with him on a certain day. He was received with the greatest hospitality and, before dinner, he whispered to Boyer that one of the townspeople was to be hanged, and ordered the gallows to be erected. When dinner was over the Mayor answered that "all was ready," on which Kingston took his arm, and they walked together to the place of execution, when he asked him, if he thought the gallows was "strong enough." "Doubtless," replied the Mayor. "Well then," said the Provost, "get thee up speedily, for it is prepared for you." "I hope," urged the poor Mayor, "that you mean not as you speak?" "In faith! there is no remedy, for thou hast been a busy rebel;" and so the Mayor was hanged without further ceremony.—From "*British Battles on Land and Sea*," by James Grant.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. Charles Matthews at the Gaiety—"Talbot's Trust" at the Globe.

IT is difficult, except for a modern Methuselah, to fix the time when Mr. Matthews first appeared on the stage. It is still more difficult, indeed impossible, to find any occasion on which he has not been watched and listened to with delight, and the time is yet, we hope, far distant when he shall be finally lost from our standing dishes of amusement. Mr. Matthews is fairly in his element at the GAIETY; the character of the theatre, the light, bright airiness of its decorations, accord admirably with the style of his acting. The chief piece in which he appears at present is one adapted by himself from *Le Père Prodigue*, and entitled *My Awful Dad*. Major Adonis Evergreen is a gay youth of fifty, possessing a son, Wick, a staid barrister of twenty-seven. The usual relation of father and son are, in their case, reversed. The Major is a reckless, gallant spendthrift, whilst Wick supplies the funds, as far as possible, and is a most respectable member of society. Some amusing imbroglis result from this; the Major intends going to a *bal masqué*, as "Punch," and orders his costume to be sent to his son's chambers in the Temple. Whilst dressing there, in his son's absence, a client arrives, and the Major, slipping a barrister's gown over his absurd dress, takes the place of the absent Wick. The client proves to be a young widow, Mrs. Weddagain, come to take opinion on the validity of her late husband's will, which provides that she shall not marry a man under the age of fifty. After a most amusing impromptu address by the Major to an imaginary jury, the difficulty is solved by his marrying the widow himself, and the son also is satisfactorily disposed of. We have indicated enough of the plot to show to ordinary playgoers how much capital might be made out of it by Mr. Matthews, and his acting will quite come up to any sanguine anticipations. The buoyant bearing; the careless, joyous ease of manner of a man who feels himself above the reach of time, are admirably portrayed, and Mr. Matthews, young as he always is, is equal to the task of making up well as a man of fifty. He is well supported by Mr. Royce, whom we noticed lately playing well in *Tom Cobb*, and who now makes a good character part out of the son, Wick. The minor parts are well filled, more particularly those played by Mr. Maclean and Miss Henderson. We are glad to chronicle the success of a piece which is earned by such good workmanship, witty dialogue, and bright acting.

The GLOBE has been re-opened, with a programme consisting of *Talbot's Trust*, a new drama, by Mr. T. A. Thorp, and of a translation of Offenbach's *Les Brigands*. It is difficult to convey in words an idea of the utter weariness and dreariness with which *Talbot's Trust* oppresses the spectators. The incidents are so inconsequent, the dialogue so vapid, the characters such dummies. Talbot does not appear in the play at all, and his "Trust" consists of his property, his widow and his daughter, which are all left in the care of a friend, Harold Garnet. Mr. Garnet first makes love to the widow, then, by dint of forgery, obtains possession of the property, and then deserts the widow for another young lady. Pursued, by detectives, for the forgery, he is smashed up in a railway accident, but recovers sufficiently to forgive everybody, and die at the widow's house, just as the detectives arrive. It is impossible to criticise the merits of a piece which, to our thinking, has but one, that of consisting of only two acts; but we should like to point out to Mr. Lin Rayne that many more performances by him such as that of Harold Garnet, must inevitably lower the position on the stage which he has earned so well. He would appear to be making an attempt to acquire the style of transpontine melodrama, very good in its way no doubt, but slightly out of date. Miss Dubois and Miss Ada Ward are both very well dressed. After such a preparation as that of *Talbot's Trust*, a less lively opera than *Les Brigands* would be welcomed. As it is not by any means new to London, we shall only note that its performance is better than at any previous production. The acting of Miss Dubois and of Miss N. Bromley is arch and piquant, and their singing is careful and discreet. Signor Barri is hardly equal to the part of Falsacappa, his singing is decidedly weak, and his acting still weaker. His lieutenant, Pietro, is admirably played by Mr. J. A. Shaw, and with such an exhibition of tasteful dresses, pretty faces and well developed limbs, "*The Brigands*" should be an attraction for some time to come.

MASONRY IN EAST LANCASHIRE.

Those "brethren of the mystic tie" who are resident in Ramsbottom and the immediate neighbourhood labour under the disadvantage of being located about four miles from any Lodge—the nearest meeting places being Bury on the one hand and Haslingden on the other—and with a view to remove this difficulty, a meeting was held at the Railway Hotel on Tuesday evening, under the presidency of Bro. S. Porritt S.W. of Lodge No. 215 (Haslingden), when it was unanimously resolved, on the motion of Bro. Peak P.M., seconded by Bro. John Scholefield, that a petition be drawn up praying the Provincial Grand Master (Colonel Le Gendre Starkie) to issue a warrant for the holding of a Lodge at the Railway Hotel. It is not improbable that the new Lodge will be named "The Cheeryble Brothers"—the late Mr. John Grant, of Ramsbottom, one of the brothers made famous in Dickens's "*Nicholas Nickleby*," having been a member of the Masonic Order.—*Bury Times*.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—It would be startling to many were it possible to state accurately the number of persons who have been restored to health and relieved by these remedies, and if all the details connected with each individual case could be collected, the enormous amount of pain and suffering which has been soothed and got rid of would be beyond belief. These remedies are so well known in the present day, east and west, south and north, that it is strange any individual should remain in ignorance of their valuable qualities in correcting all blood impurities, whether hereditary or acquired, the ill effects of which they effectually modify and counteract, rendering the sickly and feeble physically strong.

DIARY FOR THE WEEK.

We shall be obliged if the Secretaries of the various Lodges throughout the Kingdom will favour us with a list of their Days of Meeting, &c. as we have decided to insert only those that are verified by the Officers of the several Lodges.

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SATURDAY, 18th SEPTEMBER.

149—Peace, Masonic Rooms, Meltham, Yorkshire.
441—Union, Courtenay Arms Inn, Star Cross, Devon.
453—Chigwell, Castle Hotel, Woodford.

SUNDAY, 19th SEPTEMBER.

54—Hope, Spread Eagle Inn, Rochdale. (Instruction.)

MONDAY, 20th SEPTEMBER.

45—Strong Man, St. John's Gate, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell, at 8. (Instruction.)
77—Freedom, Clarendon Hotel, Gravesend.
236—York, Masonic Hall, York.
359—Peace and Harmony, Freemasons' Hall, Southampton.
382—Royal Union, Chequers' Hotel, Uxbridge.
840—Scientific, Victoria Hotel, Wolverton.
872—Lewis, Masonic Hall, Whitehaven.
925—Bedford, Masonic Hall, Birmingham.
1037—Portland, Royal Breakwater Hotel, Portland.
1073—Greta, Court Buildings, Keswick.
1141—Mid Sussex, Assembly Rooms, Horsham.

TUESDAY, 21st SEPTEMBER.

Board of General Purposes, Freemasons' Hall, at 3.
1228—Beacontree, Red Lion, Leytonstone, at 8. (Instruction.)
1441—Ivy, Windsor Castle Tavern, Southwark-bridge Road.
57—Humber, Freemasons' Hall, Osborne-street, Hull.
448—St. James', Freemasons' Hall, Halifax.
510—St. Martin's, Masonic Hall, Liskeard.
592—Cotteswold, King's Head Hotel, Cirencester.
696—St. Bartholomew, Dartmouth Arms Hotel, Wednesbury.
1006—Tregullov, Masonic Rooms, St. Day Scorrer, Cornwall.
1089—Du Sherland, Fountain Hotel, Blue Town, Stearness.
1325—Stanley, Masonic Hall, Kirkdale, Lancashire.
1384—Equity, Walker's Commercial Hotel, Widnes, Lancashire.
1427—Percy, Masonic Hall, Maple-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WEDNESDAY, 22nd SEPTEMBER.

Lodge of Benevolence, Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen-street, at 6.
193—Confidence, White Hart, Abchurch Lane, E.C., at 7.30. (Instruction.)
117—Salopian, Raven Hotel, Shrewsbury.
503—Belvidere, Star Hotel, Maidstone. (Instruction.)
1222—St. Kew, Masonic Hall, High-street, Weston-super-Mare.

THURSDAY, 23rd SEPTEMBER.

House Committee, Girls' School, Freemasons' Hall, at 4.
27—Egyptian, Hercules Tavern, Leadenhall-street, E.C. (Instruction.)
766—William Preston, City Terminus Hotel, Cannon-street.
1260—Hervey, 152 Fulham-road at 8. (Instruction.)
1121—Langthorne, Swan Hotel, Stratford, E.
78—Imperial George, Assheton Arms Hotel, Middleton.
100—Friendship, Crown and Anchor Hotel, Quay, Great Yarmouth.
594—Downshire, 22 Hope Street, Liverpool.
1145—Equality, Red Lion Hotel, Accrington.

FRIDAY, 24th SEPTEMBER.

1278—Burdett Coutts, Approach Tavern, Victoria Park, at 8. (Instruction.)
1507—Metropolitan, 269 Pentonville-road. (Instruction.)
1385—Gladsmuir, Red Lion Hotel, Barnet, Herts.

IRELAND.

MONDAY—795—Ashfield, Private Room, Cootchill Co. Cavan.

EDINBURGH DISTRICT.

MONDAY.—44—St. Luke, Freemasons' Hall.
TUESDAY—36—St. David, Ship Hotel, East Register Street.
405—Rifle, Freemasons' Hall.
WEDNESDAY—112—St. John, Fisher-row, Royal Hotel, Musselburgh.
THURSDAY—392—Caledonian, Freemasons' Hall.
FRIDAY—223—Trafalgar, 54 Bernard-street, Leith.

GLASGOW DISTRICT.

MONDAY—332—Union, 170 Buchanan-street.
" 556—Glydeale, 106 Rose-street.
" K.T.—St Mungo Encampment, Annual Meeting, St. Mark Hall, Buchanan-street.
TUESDAY—34—St. John, St. John's Hall, Buchanan-street.
" 73—Thistle and Rose, 170 Buchanan-street.
" 87—Thistle, 30 Hope-street.
" 427—Govanale, Portland Hall, Govan.
WEDNESDAY—510—Maryhill, 167 Main-street, Maryhill.
THURSDAY—558—St. Vincent, 160 Kent-road.
R.A.—All the Chapters in the Province meet for the Election of Officers for ensuing year.
FRIDAY—153—Royal Arch, Schoolroom, Pollockshaws.
" 347—St. John's Operative, New Hall, Rutherglen.
SATURDAY—R.A. 143—Robert Burns, Masonic Hall, Hellytown.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS,

St. John's Lodge, No. 3.—This Lodge held an emergency meeting on Monday, the 13th inst., at their Hall, 213 Buchanan-street, Glasgow. Present—Bro. Wm. Bell W.M., J. Neilson Deputy Master, J. Gilles S.W., Jones J.W., J. Dick Secretary, Brownlie S.D., J. Jameson Tyler. P.M.'s Bros. Fletcher, McMillan. Visitors—Bros J. Munro R.W.M. 360, J. Bannerman Deputy Master 73, and several others. There was a large amount of business on the cards; first the initiation of two candidates, who were received by the Master, Wm. Bell, in a very impressive manner. A Fellow Craft's Lodge was then opened, and five brethren received that degree at the hands of Bro. Dick, Secretary. The Lodge was then opened in the sublime degree, and, at the request of the Master, Bro. Munro, R.W.M. of the Commercial 360, raised seven brethren, in the solemn manner for which he is celebrated, and for which he received the unanimous thanks of the Lodge. Bro. Munro expressed the pleasure it had given him to be allowed to work in this old and well-conducted Lodge. Thereafter the Lodge was closed by Bro. Fletcher P.M.

Strong Man Lodge of Instruction, No. 45.—This Lodge held its regular weekly meeting on Monday, 13th September, at the Old Jerusalem Tavern, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. Present—Bros. Stock W.M., Tolmie S.W., Read J.W., Killick Secretary, Walker S.D., Lake J.D., Cooke I.G., Christopher Tyler. Business—Lodge opened in usual manner, and the minutes of the last meeting were confirmed. Bro. Pettett passed to the degree of Fellow Craft. Bro. Tolmie worked the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 5th sections of the second lecture, assisted by Bro. Saul and brethren. Bros. Main P.M. 813, Swales 813, W. Partridge 382, and T. W. Ockenden 1512, were elected members.

St. Andrew's Royal Arch Chapter, No. 69.—This Chapter held its regular meeting on Tuesday, the 14th September, at 170 Buchanan-street, Glasgow. Present—Comps. Dr. T. D. Humphries, Ph. Dr., Z., George Herron H., G. W. Wheeler acting J., J. M. Oliver Secretary, W. Thomas Treasurer, J. Balfour 1st S., T. Anderson 2nd S., J. Moon 3rd S., David Ramsay Tyler. Visitors—Comps. J. Duthie Z. 67, G. W. Wheeler Z. 73, J. Balfour S.E. 73 P.G. 1st S., Jas. Anderson Z. 76, M. Nicholl J. 76. At the commencement of the business, Comp. Anderson Z. of 76, Abbey Chapter, Paisley, asked the favour of 69 exalting for him two brethren of the Paisley Lodge, 370. This request was at once acceded to, and a Lodge of Most Excellent Masters was opened, when Comp. Wheeler conferred that degree on the two Paisley brethren. A Holy Royal Arch Chapter was then opened, and the same brethren were duly exalted to that degree by Comp. Wheeler Z. of 73, his Scribe E. the Provincial Grand Sojourner acting as 1st S. Comps. Anderson and Nichol, on behalf of the Paisley Chapter, returned thanks to the Z. of 69 for granting permission for the ceremony to be performed, and to the two Comps. of 73 who had done the work. The Chapter then nominated the officers for the ensuing year.

Thistle and Rose Lodge, No. 73.—This Lodge held an emergency meeting on Friday, 9th August, at their Hall, 170 Buchanan-street, Glasgow, at 6.30 p.m. Present—Bros. G. Wm. Wheeler acting W.M., J. B. Hardie S.W., J. Ambridge J.W., J. Bannerman Treasurer, A. McLeod S.D., J. Kay J.D., E. Ramsey I.G., A. Kay Tyler. Visitors—Bros. E. Arthur No. 0, and J. W. McCallum 147. Business—A proposition for the initiation of Mr. Robert McIver, engineer, was read and unanimously passed. He was then introduced by Bro. McLeod, and initiated by Bro. Wheeler. A Lodge of Fellow Crafts was then opened, and a brother passed to that degree. The Lodge was then raised to the third degree, when Bros. Robert Nichol and John McIver were raised to the sublime degree of Master Masons by Bro. Wheeler, as Bro. McDonald, the R.W.M., was out of town, and unable to be present.

The Union and Crown Lodge, No. 103.—This Lodge held an emergency meeting on Monday, the 13th inst., at 170 Buchanan-street, Glasgow. Present—Bro. A. M. Wright W.M., attended by all his office bearers. Business—The initiation of two gentlemen into the Order, which ceremony was ably performed by Bro. Bain P.M. P.G.B.B. The Lodge afterwards made arrangements for a presentation to that worthy brother for the services rendered by him for many years to the Lodge.

Domestic Lodge, No. 177.—An emergency meeting of this flourishing Lodge, which is famed for its working and the harmony existing among its members, was held on Friday, at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet-street. Bros. G. Everett W.M. in the chair, Treadwell S.W., Jas. Willing jun. J.W., J. Smith P.G.P. P.M. Treasurer, Williams Secretary, Palmer S.D., Bascall J.D., Spink I.G., and P.M.'s Tims, Kent I.P.M., and Bros. Plummer, Montague, Morris, Bensly, J. Ambrose, J. Jones, Willis, Craue, Robinson, Holder, &c. The Lodge was opened, and Bro. Fowler, No. 244, by the courtesy of the W.M., was passed to the degree of Fellow Craft. Ballots were then taken for the admission of Messrs. G. L. Everett, R. Osborn, Captain A. S. Gilbert (late 70th Regt.), F. Wigmore, and F. Harding, who were initiated into the Order by the W.M. There being no other business, the Lodge was closed, and the brethren sat down to a banquet provided by Bro. Clemow, the W.M. presiding. The usual loyal and Masonic toasts and complimentary speeches were given. Amongst the visitors were Bros. Sir John Bennett, No. 1, who made a very capital speech; Sumner P.G.W. British Burmah, Thompson W.M. No. 299, Gardner W.M. No. 1381, D. Still P.M. No. 1293, Kent No. 299, Fowler No. 244, and Read 1507.

Confidence Lodge of Instruction, No. 193.—The weekly meeting was held at Bro. Chard's, Abchurch-lane, on Wednesday. As announced last week, the ceremony of raising was rehearsed, in a very able manner, by Bro. Berrie as W.M. We congratulate him upon his efficiency, and urgently recommend those brethren seeking instruction to attend this Lodge, which is conducted under the able presidency of Bro. Gottheil. The sections in connection with the degree were worked by Bro. Gottheil, assisted by the brethren. The remaining officers were Bros. Cohen S.W., Blackhall J.W., Tolles S.D., Corner J.D., Croaker I.G., Christopher Tyler, Gottheil P.M., Constable Treasurer. The following brethren were also present:—Bros. W. W. Morgan, Abbott, Ross W.M. 185, W. D. Bailey J.D. 185, D. Posener J.W. 185, R. T. Bloomfield P.M. 185, G. S. Pare S.D. 185, S. L. Hickman W.M. 188, and several others. We were gratified at hearing the formula of closing down the Lodge, which is so seldom gone through in regular form; it was carried out with such exactitude that the pleasure was greatly enhanced. Bro. Cohen was unanimously elected W.M. for the ensuing week, and Bro. Constable is to work the ceremony of installation; after which the first degree will be worked. A vote of thanks was accorded the W.M. for his genial conduct and able performance of the duties of the chair, it being the first time he had officiated therein.

Tyrawley Lodge, No. 217.—This Lodge held its monthly meeting on Wednesday, 8th September, at Dillon-terrace, Ballina. Present—Bros. P. L. Petrie W.M., M. Scott S.W., P. Atkinson J.W., J. R. Durgeon Sec., James Beatty S.D., Wm. Beatty J.D., D. Taylor I.G., Robert Massey Tyler. P.M.'s Bros. Gilbert, Reid, T. Scott and Petrie. Business—Night of meeting was changed from second Wednesday to second Monday in each month. Bro. C. Petrie was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason. Dr. Thomas Boyd, having been successfully ballotted for, was admitted to E.A. degree. Ballot for affiliation of Bro. Russell 411, Drogheda, was also successful.

Drogheda Lodge, No. 411.—This Lodge held its regular meeting on Thursday, 9th September, at the Masonic Hall, Drogheda. Present—Bros. Jeffers W.M., Whitty S.W., Dean P.M. as J.W., Preston as Secretary, Harbinson P.M. as S.D., Griffin J.D., Appleyard as I.G., Browne Tyler. P.M.'s Bros. Morton, Harbinson and Dean. Business—Three new members were proposed for initiation, ballot in each case to take place next regular night of meeting. Bro. Hatch was raised to the high and sublime degree, and afterwards saluted.

St. John's Lodge, No. 795.—The regular meeting of this Lodge was held on Tuesday, the 14th inst., at the Ray Mead Hotel, Maidenhead. Bro. G. Bubbs P.M., in the absence of the W.M. Bro. C. W. Moule jun., occupied the chair, J. Sadler S.W., H. H. Hodges P.M. Secretary, C. Gammon P.M. Treasurer, J. R. Foulger P.M., and several brethren were present. The Lodge was opened, and the minutes were confirmed. Bro. C. S. Dugan was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason. Bros. Burgan, Bell and Sherman were passed to the degree of Fellow Crafts by Bro. G. Bubbs P.M., whose correct working was listened to with attention. The election for W.M. then took place, and Bro. J. Sadler S.W. and I.P.M. of the Highgate Lodge (who on the previous evening had installed his successor in that Lodge) was unanimously elected. Bro. C. Gammon P.M. was unanimously re-elected Treasurer, and Bro. Nowell Tyler. A sum of £7 was voted from the funds of the Lodge to the retiring W.M. Bro. C. W. Moule. The Lodge was then closed, and the brethren sat down to banquet, where, under the genial presidency of Bro. C. Gammon P.M., the usual loyal and Masonic toasts were given, and the brethren returned to town, in a saloon carriage specially provided for the brethren by the R.W. Sir Daniel Gooch D.P.G.M. for Berks and Bucks.

Dalston Lodge of Instruction, No. 975.—At the weekly meeting held on the 8th inst., the fifteen sections were worked to celebrate the first anniversary of the Lodge, Bro. W. Gilchrist P.M. 933 in the chair, Bro. Fieldwick I.G. 1364 S.W., Bro. Lee W.M. 1524 J.W. 975 Junior Warden. There was a large attendance of the brethren, and all expressed themselves gratified at the skilful Masonic working. Votes of thanks were unanimously given to the W.M. and the visiting brethren for their services. Several brethren were elected joining members, and the Lodge was closed and adjourned. This highly prosperous Lodge of Instruction, although only established twelve months, numbers over sixty members, and has been well attended every Wednesday evening throughout the past year; a fact which speaks well for the interest taken in our ancient Craft in Dalston and its neighbourhood.

Burdett Coutts Lodge, No. 1278.—The regular meeting of this Lodge was held on Thursday, the 16th, at the Approach Tavern, Victoria Park. We regret that space prevents our giving detailed particulars of the proceedings, which were of a very interesting character. There were present the following brethren:—Harris W.M., Crutch S.W., Toy J.W., Crouch S.D., Lazarus I.G., Gilchrist Tyler, Terry P.P.G.D.C., Herts Treasurer, Verry P.M. Sec., also P.M.'s Ashburner and Lloyd, besides an array of visitors numbering twenty. Upon the confirmation of the minutes Mr. Aitken was initiated, and Bro. Ferry passed. The following were ballotted for as joining members, Bros. J. J. Berry S.W., and T. Jennings, both of the Yarborough Lodge. A vote of thanks was recorded on the minutes, and offered to Bros. Terry and Verry, for their able and energetic efforts in carrying out the arrangements for the presentation of the Album to the Baroness Burdett Coutts. The installation ceremony was performed by Bro. Jas. Terry with more than usual ability, who placed Bro. Crutch in the chair of K.S., according to ancient rite. The W.M. appointed the

following as his officers, Bros. Toy S.W., Crouch J.W., Terry Treasurer, Verry Secretary, Lazarus S.D., Christian J.D., Gross I.G., Barker W.S., Gilchrist Tyler. All business being ended, the brethren adjourned to banquet, provided by the host, Bro. T. Lloyd, in the most *recherché* style. The usual loyal and Masonic toasts were gone through with strict brevity, and quite in accordance with the views we entertain. The W.M. performed his duties with proficiency, and fully realised the expectations of the brethren. One fact was particularly noticeable—the various officers were letter perfect in their duties, and we have no hesitation in saying that such heads as guide this Lodge will ensure this happy condition while they last. Bro. Terry was very facetious in his criticisms of the Officers of the Lodge, and created much amusement; as did the many others who contributed songs and recitations. The brethren adjourned at an early hour, much pleased with the proceedings.

Addiscombe Lodge, No. 1558.—This very young Lodge, only two weeks old, met on the 11th inst., at the Alma Tavern, Addiscombe, for the first time after the consecration. Bro. Turquand, the newly installed W.M., presided, assisted by Bro. Mullett S.W., J. Parson Smith J.W., and the rest of the officers. Five gentlemen were initiated by the W.M., who performed his task with more than average ability. This Masonic sapling has every chance of speedily gaining strength, especially when watched over by a brother whose earnestness of character is sufficient guarantee of the nursling being carefully attended to. A plain but ample repast followed the labours in the Lodge, after which the usual loyal and Masonic toasts were proposed and responded to, the name of His Royal Highness being received with prolonged acclamations, and heartfelt wishes were expressed for a successful voyage and safe and speedy return to his native shores. Amongst the visitors were P.M.'s Bros. Dr. Dickson, E. Gottheil, Drew, and Bro. Brownson J.W. of the Gore Lodge.

MASONIC POWER.

THAT the institution of Freemasonry is one of great influence will readily be admitted by all who are acquainted with its mystic organisation; but it is not, as some suppose, an institution of sinister power, for, though it doubtless benefits many of its members in their business interests, this is not its mission or its special purpose. Many men who are not Masons, as the world knows, do just as well in the fortunes of trade and business as any that are Masons, and therefore it should not be alleged that Masons support one another in business and in pursuit of office and place, for it would not be true. Indeed, we should be glad to see more mutual support in business among the Craft than generally obtains in these days, as it would give a much brighter reflection upon the practical workings of the Order than we now see.

To be sustained in either his business or office a Mason must be something else than a mere member of the Craft. If he is a true man, imbued with the spirit and principles of Masonry, he will be found right in any position, and he may hope for success in any calling or undertaking. In Masonry, as it is in other institutions, the spirit and manners and principles of the man give him success much more than any nominal relationship ever can do.

The power of Masonry, where it has any, is chiefly found in its fraternities and charities, and these many never experience, because they so act as to ask no favours of any one. They are Masons because they love the principles and philosophic teachings of the Order. They have seen something of its work, and they have joined the association because they believed that the organisation is one of brotherly love, relief and truth. All such connections as these show its great moral power, as well as its distinguished relative worth.

As an institution of *patronage*, we believe the Masonic is not even as good as many others, for anything like clanishness or partiality or especial patronage, except for cause, is contrary to the spirit and general teachings of the mystic circle.

Masonry loves to show its power, especially in grand humanities and in free and generous fraternities, where liberality of sentiment is intelligently tolerated, and where none is made a favourite at the expense of the many. Intelligent qualifications, of course, give prominence in any association, and so it often is in Masonry, and yet at the same time personal ambition and sinister aspirations are considered at all times out of order.

As an organisation of moral power it perhaps stands unequalled, for its obligated intelligence is more binding and of stronger influence upon the general actions of life than those of any other society with which we are acquainted.

This power no doubt makes many better men and better citizens than they would have been if they had never become Masons. Yet we yield the point that true and honourable men anywhere are as good as any Masons, though they never belonged to the fraternity. The Mason may probably understand more of the systematic theory of fraternity and charity, and yet he may not excel his outside brother in any of life's higher nobilities. It will therefore be seen that some men are good Masons in spirit and principle and honour who never were Masons, while others have utterly failed to become Masons though they have taken all of its degrees.

The seed sown by the mystic fraternity can only germinate and grow in good soil, and this may be given as the reason of that Masonic defectiveness we sometimes see, and which at times reflects such great dishonour upon the fraternity itself. Making no pretensions to civil power or government, or any attempts at theological or religious dictation, it quietly takes its position in society and goes on in its work without any boastings or display, or ever asking for a word of praise from any class of men, whether they are in power or out of it.

As harmless to the outside world as the child at the breast of its

mother, and ruled by the law of non-interference in regard to all other organisations and associations, its operations are quiet and peaceful, and its history therefore is one of "peace on earth and good will to man."

It makes no litigations, creates no discords, sheds no blood, makes no widows, and knows nothing of orphanage, except in its sympathies and charities.

It never proscribes, because it has no faith in proscription as a theory of reform or of human government. Its liberality of sentiment is the measure of its charities, and wherever it fixes its empire it is only to stay while it has its supporters, and where it is not wanted it retires with becoming grace and without a single murmur.

Men and organisations of different kinds have for ages been waging war against its very existence without even knowing the alphabet of its genius or the power of its name. What it is, they have often tried to divine without a single success, and all their efforts to destroy it have been equally abortive. Its very being has continued to be a mystery, while its solemn tread through the nations has astonished the whole world of Propagandists of every faith and order.

It has no permanent investment fund to live on, and it sends out no missionaries to make proselytes or to extend its dominions. It claims no territory of earth as the boundary of its rule, and it asks no patronage at the hands of any Church or State. Its very existence indeed is *sui generis*, while its conservative system of operations never interferes with either the rights or privileges of any other organisation, whether civil, religious or fraternal.

It ignores dogmatism, laughs at all persecutions, and pities the brainless folly of all enemies, as it well knows that the wildest storms may howl around it, and the fiercest thunders roll above it, without even harming a fibre of its mantle or staining the integrity of its organic character, and therefore it makes no defence even when the mightiest come against it. Its own Lodge rooms is its favourite retreat, for there it can go in safety when the world turns against it.

Governments have been its foes, and the oldest Church on earth to this day is its enemy, and the old mother of all is imitated by a number of her spawns in the same sort of bigoted vindictiveness. Still the institution of Masonry lives and flourishes in spite of them all. What they are Masonry does not desire to be, for if she once yielded to *their spirit* the genius of Masonry would hie from the earth like an insulted angel, and we should hear of it no more for ever.

Masonic power, like its genius, lives in the atmosphere of a charitable intelligence. It cannot breathe anywhere else, for it is a child of the higher humanities, and drinks only of pure crystal streams. Its temples, lit up by the *lights* of intelligence, humanity and clarity, have kindled a sanctified glory over the world and given to the benevolent of all classes examples which they cannot ignore without destroying their own prestige and inflicting upon themselves the pitiful contempt of the intelligent, the sympathetic and the noble. So mote it be.—*H., in Masonic Advocate.*

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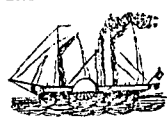
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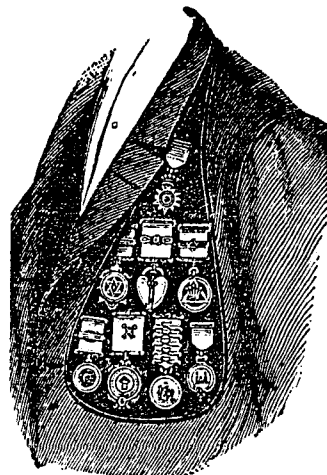
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