

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

NO. II.—VOL. I.

MAY, 1874.

PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

THE great event of the intervening period since our last summary has been the initiation of his H. R. H. Prince Arthur, by his august brother H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, as P.M. of the Princes's Lodge.

ENGLISH Freemasons are always glad to welcome the presence amongst them of the members of their much loved Royal Family, and we congratulate our Royal Brother, as a working W. M., for his happy duty on the occasion, and the admirable way in which he performed the ceremony, while we especially congratulate our English Craft on the reception of so distinguished and so illustrious a candidate for the light and privileges of Freemasonry.

THE Earl of Zetland has been installed P.G.M. of the N. and E. Ridings at Yorkshire, by our Grand Master at York, Thursday, April 9th. It was a meeting worthy of the occasion, and the arrangements reflect the highest credit on P.M. Bro. Todd, and the worthy brethren of the York Lodge.

AFTER a most auspicious ceremony 400 brethren assembled from all parts of Yorkshire, to greet the nephew of their good old chief and venerated brother, the late Lord Zetland. A procession was formed to the Great Minster, which reared of old by the hands of our operative brethren, was soon filled with a brilliant assembly of our speculative brotherhood. After a most eloquent and appropriate sermon from Bro. Kemp, P.P.G.C., and a collection for the Good Samaritan Society of £48, the brethren returned to the Guildhall, which had been fitted up through the kind intervention of P.M. Bro. March, the Right Honour-

able the Lord Mayor, and afterwards adjourned to the banquet.

All seems to have been most successful and satisfactory.

Since the famous assembly under Athelstan, no more brilliant Masonic assembly has been gathered in the old and metropolitan city of York.

THERE is little else to record in English Freemasonry, except that it passes on peacefully and harmoniously the even tenour of its way.

THE Girls' School anniversary is fixed for May 13th, Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot in the chair, and we have no doubt it will prove to be a very successful gathering.

THE Mayor of Worcester, Bro. H. D. Goldingham entertained the Provincial Freemasons of Worcestershire at breakfast on the reopening of the beautiful cathedral at Worcester, April 8th.

The new Surrey Masonic Hall is now fully started, and we feel sure that when completed it will not only be most honourable to the architect and builders from what we have seen, but a credit to the Craft, and helpful to Freemasonry. We may observe that in the United States, the hall movement is making immense strides; indeed it may be a question if our Transatlantic Brethren are not already ahead of us in this respect.

This is little to note in foreign Masonic intelligence.

We may, however, observe this, that from the numerous foreign journals and serials we receive from all parts of the world (our latest is from Bucharest), Freemasonry is evidently progressing with great rapidity in all lands at the present hour. May its extension and advance be of real good and beneficence to mankind.

THE EDITOR.

THE INITIATION OF PRINCE
ARTHUR INTO FREEMASONRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

As our Brethren generally may like to know something of this interesting event, we have thought it right to put it on record, for the information of Freemasons, though no official account of the proceedings has been published, or is apparently likely to be published. We think this reticence and silence, though we say it in all deference, a mistake, as it is next to an impossibility but that our ever loyal and devoted order, will be most anxious to hear of and to hail the advent of one of the Members of our Royal Family into Freemasonry.

We have taken the following account from the *Standard* newspaper of March 25th, though we do not profess to vouch Masonically for the correctness of all its details.

It is, however, undoubtedly the best that has appeared, and as such we offer it to the Brotherhood.

In the month of August, 1787, the Grand Lodge of Freemasons granted a warrant constituting the "Prince of Wales' Lodge" (No. 259). Five years afterwards his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, then Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Order, was pleased to nominate General Halse Deputy Master, and their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Clarence Wardens of the Lodge. Upon his Majesty's (George IV.) accession to the Throne a memorial was presented by the Lodge praying that it might be permitted to continue to enjoy the high honour of the Royal patronage. His Majesty graciously acceded to the request. Subsequently his Royal Highness the Duke of York was in due form installed into the chair by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who was then Most Worshipful Grand Master. The Duke of York filled the office of Worshipful Master with honour to the Lodge until his

Royal Highness's decease. Upon this the Duke of Clarence became Master and was formally installed also by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex at a special lodge held at the Thatched House Tavern in February, 1828. In January, 1831, the Duke of Sussex, in obedience to the expressed wish of his Majesty, was installed into the chair of the lodge, which his Royal Highness filled until his death in 1843. In 1830 the Earl of Zetland was initiated in this lodge, which, as shown from the time of its constitution, has always been distinguished by its Royal and aristocratic membership. As stated, his Royal Highness William Henry Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV.; his Royal Highness Frederick Duke of York, his Royal Highness Augustus Frederick Duke of Sussex, General Sir J. Doyle, Bart, the Earl of Wigton, the Right Hon. Earl of Mountmorris, the Earl of Zetland, the Duke of Roxburgh, George Canning, the Right Hon. Lord Hawke, the Right Hon. Chas. A. Pelham, Lord Yarborough, Sir David Pollock, Right Hon. Lord Saltoun and Abernethy, the Right Hon. the Earl of Ellesmere, the Duke of Beaufort, the Right Hon. Lord Rendlesham, and the present Earl of Yarborough were amongst other distinguished members of this lodge. The lodge, it will be seen, is 87 years old, and during that long period it has always enjoyed a *status* which it promises to maintain for generations to come. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is the perpetual master of the lodge, and last night was added to its list of members a name well known and honoured by the public at large. Prince Arthur Patrick Albert, K.G., was initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry. The ceremony, which took place at Willis's Rooms, was regarded with more than usual interest by those who witnessed it, from the fact of the initiation having been performed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in

his capacity as Master of the Lodge. Pursuant to a resolution which was unanimously passed, and approved by the Worshipful Master in January last, no member was permitted to introduce visitors upon the occasion. Indeed, it was his Royal Highness's express command that the meeting should be strictly confined to members of the lodge, with the exception of the most Worshipful Grand Master, the Deputy Grand Master, the Grand Wardens, the Grand Secretary, and the Grand Director of Ceremonies. Thus the meeting did not number more than 40 members. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Earl of Ripon, the Grand Master, arrived in lodge at six o'clock, and immediately proceeded to the business of the evening, the lodge having been previously opened by the Deputy Master Brother Grey. His Royal Highness confirmed the appointment of officers for the present year, after which Prince Arthur was introduced, and the ceremony of initiation was impressively performed by his Royal Highness the Worshipful Master, who was assisted by Deputy Master Robert Grey, Senior Warden John Gibson, Junior Warden Arthur B. Cook, Senior Deacon T. D. Bolton, the Junior Deacon, A. Rucker, &c. At the conclusion of the business his Royal Highness closed the lodge in the usual manner, and the brethren subsequently adjourned to the banquet, at which his Royal Highness the Worshipful Master presided.

THE AREA ROUND ST. PAUL'S.

The well-known cast-iron railings round St. Paul's-churchyard, having been sold by auction, are now being removed. The railing brought 34*l.* 5*s.*, or about 8*l.* per ton. It is of Sussex iron, about the last produced in that county. The sum named is for the ironwork only, not the stone parapet wall into which it was secured. This still remains the property of the Cathedral, and consists of some fine blocks of Portland, equal in quality, or nearly so, to that of which the Cathedral itself is built.

W.

THE OLD MASONIC POEM.

This version of the Masonic Poem (MS. A., Hughan's Catalogue), known better by some as the "Haliwell MS.," or the MS. Bib. Reg. 17, A 1., ff 33, in the old Royal Library, British Museum, has been modernized, as far as is practicable, by Mr. R. Sims, of the MS. Department, British Museum, for me with great care and skill. It is intended to form part eventually of a larger edition of the British MS. Constitutions, edited by Brother W. G. Hughan and myself, when we shall seek to lay before our brethren all known Constitutions up to the time of publication, every effort being made in the interim to trace any MS. of which *indicia* still exist, but which have so far eluded all research.

It seemed however well to me, to give this version of the old Poem in a modern garb, as modern, that is, as can be, to the readers of the "Masonic Magazine," in the first instance, in order to interest some of our good Brotherhood in these literary studies and efforts of ours, undertaken "*pro communi bono*," so that when the fuller and larger work appears, it may be appreciated by all Masonic students, and be considered in accordance with our aim and design, an authoritative edition, and an exhaustive account of all the "Ancient Charges" so far known. It is proposed in that more elaborate work, to give the actual old MS. version of the poem with this modernized version paginally. And as this poem is undoubtedly so far the most ancient Masonic MS. known to be in existence, and dating back, as it does unquestionably, to A.D. 1590, it must ever have the deepest interest and value for all who, like Bro. Hughan and myself, are desirous of exploring the arcana of our Masonic evidences, and unrolling carefully and completely, the long forgotten, yet ever valuable documents, which serve so strikingly to illustrate the history of the past for us, and to bring into order, and under the full rays of the light of historic truth, the "*disiecta membra*" of our Masonic legends and traditions.

Though there have been innumerable difficulties in carrying out the plan of the translation I suggested to Mr. Sims, he has admirably succeeded in his endeavour to render faithfully the old English into

modern verbiage, and yet to preserve the quaint rhythm.

I have simply made one or two alterations which seemed advisable to render the version completely consistent with our original idea and aim, but to Mr. Sims belongs the great merit of this skilful and accurate rendering of the old Masonic Chronicle.

It is just possible that this publication may lead to the search for, and discovery of other constitutions, and if so Bro. Ingham's efforts, and mine, will be amply rewarded.

A. F. A. Woodford.

Here begin the Constitutions of the art of Gemetry according to Euclid.

Whoso will both read well and look
 What he may find written in old book,
 Of great lords and also ladies,
 That had many children together—y wisse (1)
 And had no money to find them with.
 Neither in town, nor field, nor frith, (2)
 A counsel together they could then take
 To ordain for their children's sake,
 How they might best lead their life
 Without great inconvenience, care and strife.
 And chiefly for the multitude that was coming
 Of their children after their ending,
 They sent then after a great clerk
 To teach them then good work,
 And pray with them for our Lord's sake,
 To our children some work to make,
 That they might get their living thereby
 Both well and honestly, full securely.
 In that though good Gemetry
 This honest craft of good Masonry
 Was ordained and made in this manner,
 Imitated by this clerk together,
 At their Lord's prayers they imitated Gemetry,
 And gave it the name of Masonry,
 For it be most honest craft of all.
 These lord's children thereto did fall
 To learn of him the craft of Gemetry,
 The which he made full curiously ;
 Through father's prayers and mother's also,
 This honest craft he put them to.
 He that learnt best and was of honesty,
 And excelled his fellows in curiosity ;
 If in that craft he did him pass,
 He should have more worship than the "lasse." (3)
 This great clerk's name was called Euclid
 His name is spread full wondrous wide,
 Yet this great clerk more ordained he
 To him that was higher in this degree,
 That he should teach the simplest of wit, (4)

- (1) Y wisse— for certain.
 (2) Frith—wood.
 (3) Lasse—lazy.
 (4) Wit—knowledge.

In that honest craft to be parfyte, (5)
 And so each one should teach the other,
 And love together as sister and brother.
 Furthermore yet that ordained he
 Master called so should he be,
 So that he was most worshipped,
 Then should be so ye yelepede, (6)
 But Masons should never one and another call
 Within the craft, among them all,
 Nor subject, nor servant, my dear brother,
 Though he be not so perfect as is another.
 Each one shall call other fellows by "aithe" (7)
 For cause they come of ladies burthe. (8)
 In this manner through good knowledge of
 Gemetry,
 Began first the craft of Masonry.
 The clerk Euclid in this wise it fand (9)
 The craft of Gemetry in Egyptian land,
 In Egypt he taught it full wide,
 In divers lands on every side.
 Many years I understande,
 'Ere that the craft came into this land.
 This craft came into England, as I you say,
 In the time of good kind Athelstan his day,
 He made them both hall and also bower,
 And high temples of great honour,
 To sport him in both day and night,
 And to worship his God with all his might.
 This good lord loved the craft full well,
 And proposed to strengthen it every dell (10)
 For divers defaults that in the Craft he fonde, (11)
 He sent about into the londe, (12)
 After all the Masons of the Craft
 To come to him full even straight,
 For to amend those defects all,
 By good council if it might fall,
 An assembly then he knowen let make
 Of divers lords in their state,
 Dukes, earls, and barons also
 Knights, squires and many more,
 And the great burghers of the city,
 They were there all in their degree.
 These were there each one in every way,
 To ordain for their Mason's estate,
 There they sought by their wit,
 How they might govern it,
 Fifteen articles there they sought,
 And fifteen points there they wrought.

- (5) Parfyte— perfect.
 (6) Yelepede—named.
 (7) Aithe—relationship.
 (8) Burthe—birth.
 (9) Fand—found.
 (10) Dell—part.
 (11) Fonde— found.
 (12) Londe—land.

(To be Continued.)

At one of the ragged schools in Ireland, a clergyman asked the question: "What is holiness?" A pupil, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said: "Plaze yer reverence, it is to be claue inside."

ROOKSTONE PRIORY.

(From Keystone.)

CHAPTER III.

For Alice West the days glided swiftly past during her first three months at Rookstone Priory—so swiftly that when sunny May dawned, and melted in due time into glorious, leafy June, she could hardly believe that her sojourn had been so long in the quiet old house, of the gloom of which she never seemed to be conscious. She was now thoroughly initiated into the light duties expected of her as Mrs. Lorrimore's companion, and had learned to love the kind-hearted, motherly, drowsy old lady with all the warmth of her loving girlish heart. And Alice West was very happy; she had never been so happy in her life before. Earnestly did she strive to repay, by a thousand little acts born of ever-watchful care, the manifold kindness which the blind master of Rookstone and his lovable aunt Jem showered upon her so plentifully as the days went by.

Miss West's first duty of the day was to read prayers. Her last was the same. After breakfast she read a little, worked a little, and talked a little with Mrs. Lorrimore, who dozed between whiles, and put a few stitches in a ponderous piece of woolwork raised on an equally ponderous wool-frame, representing "The Passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea," in which representation the pursued and the pursuers were uncomfortably near to one another, and the perspective of the whole was, to say the least of it, doubtful. Mrs. Lorrimore had been working at Pharaoh's upraised arm on and off for the last two years. She often expressed her wonder to Alice if the "Passage through the Red Sea" would ever fulfil its intended purpose, which was the covering of an immense fat-looking cushion of the softest order for the back of Mrs. Lorrimore's own especial arm-chair.

Alice frequently begged to be allowed to assist in the completion of Pharaoh, but aunt Jem would never hear of it.

"I began it, my dear, all by myself; I mean to finish it all myself. I think I shall manage it by-and-by."

After luncheon till the first dinner-bell rang, Alice's time was her own, to do with it as she pleased—whether to wander through the deserted garden and shady park, or to revel in the serene quiescence which hovered round the Priory.

Rookstone in the early summer was a very paradise of earthly beauty. The gardens were shady, the flowers beautiful and odorous, the grass soft, and the trees, which grew and shivered in the summer breezes near to the house, full of a whispering music which Alice, lying beneath their shade, delighted to listen to.

Oh, glorious, to-be-remembered June afternoons that Alice West idled away, unconscious and regardless of time's swift flight, amidst the grand dumb beauty of Rookstone Park! And not always alone was she. Often, ay, very often, would the blind master of Rookstone be her companion in those dreamlike rambles—dangerously happy, delicious, beautiful rambles, while the golden sun shone brightly through the interlacing branches overhead, where the birds sang joyously amongst the leaves

Their old melodious madrigal of love.

Those two, Lowndes Forrester and Alice West, were happy indeed in those halcyon June afternoons, although the world, with all its beauty, he could not see. It was such an age since he had listened to the sound of a young girl's voice with any interest; such an age, in fact, since he had listened to a youthful voice at all. Not until the advent of aunt Jem's companion had he awakened to the knowledge that the world was not so full of misery as he had taught himself to believe. In truth he had almost forgotten what the world was like. After his trouble he had withdrawn himself from all pleasure; for his life was cold, and dark, and dreary, and he and gladness henceforth must be as total strangers. So he had said; but lately his faith in his own doctrine had been strangely shaken, and gentle, lovely Alice West had become inexpressibly dear to him during the short four months of her stay at Rookstone.

Leaning on her arm, the strong helpless man would take much longer walks than he had for years been accustomed to; under her watchful and careful guidance he re-visited many well-loved nooks and

corners in the glades and fern-tangled hollows of Rookstone Park, where, except in the days of his younger manhood, his feet had never trod.

Slowly walking by the willing girl's side, trampling and crushing the moss-bedded violets under foot, and breathing the light summer air, laden with the perfume of "sweet wild hyacinths," Lowndes Forrester could not help thinking how blessed it would be to have her always by his side; to have her always as his companion; to have her for his very own: to live for her, and her only; to call her by the sacred and holy name of wife.

His wife! Ah, Heaven, he could not ask her! What would she say to him were he to pray her to tie herself to his side, for better, for worse; to swear to love, honour, and obey a sightless, useless piece of humanity, whose helplessness was as that of a little child! What would she say even to the idea of so terrible a sacrifice?

Then, too, how dangerously happy to poor blind Lowndes and to Alice were the peaceful, blue-misted golden summer evenings, when, after dinner, aunt Jem dozing as usual over the intricacies of the waves and struggling Egyptians, Alice would read to Lowndes Forrester the books that as a younger man he had delighted in most! All through his years of awful darkness those books had never been opened. Who was there at Rookstone to appreciate his favourite authors; to read aloud and go over with him the beautiful passages which he had marked in their pages? No one but aunt Jem; and she—well, she would doubtless have done her best. But then aunt Jem, poor soul, was not over fond of what she termed "deep reading, you know;" and, moreover, she possessed an extraordinary knack of confusing Temyson hopelessly with Macaulay, Shelly with Shakspeare, Byron with Bishop Heber, and would ever persist in declaring that "Ingoldsby" was the author of *Paradise Lost*, and that the *Loves of the Angels* was a production of poor "L. E. L.'s."

But how different with Alice! With her to read to him in her low, plaintive voice, while the sun died grandly in the golden West, and aunt Jem dozed placidly over the discomfited Egyptians, the drawing room windows open, the cool fragrant air blowing in upon them, Lowndes

Forrester lived his youth over again, and his heart was full of an untold joy; he on one side of the low, deep-seated open window, and Alice West on the other, her book supported by the sill of the window, the dying splendour of the setting sun lighting up the glory of her nut-brown hair.

From the loves of Dante and Beatrice to the loves of Gabriel and Evangeline; from the musical soul-stirring "Lays of Ancient Rome" to the tender, touching beauty of "Dora" and "Enoch Arden," all were gone over. Oh, halcyon summer evenings, full of the soft sweet musical cadence of a beautiful woman's voice!

Yes, it was a golden time, and it fostered and made more strong the love which had taken root in the master of Rookstone's heart.

"Oh, if I could only make her love me?" he would cry sadly to himself, "Might not the world be all gladness then?"

At last Lowndes Forrester could bear it no longer. He determined to tell Alice West that he loved her with all his heart. It all happened one day towards the end of July. The afternoon was cloudless, and not a breath of wind was stirring. The birds were singing languidly in the leafy boughs, and the flowers drooping beneath the heat of the sun. Mrs. Lorraine, upstairs in her dressing-room, was fast asleep, lulled into a dreamless slumber by the humming of the insects outside her window.

Miss West, armed with a huge sunshade, a broad-brimmed hat, and a volume of George Eliot's *Mill of the Floss*, was ready for her accustomed stroll. She was just in the act of taking the camp-stool from a corner of the hall, when the library door opened, and Lowndes Forrester appeared on the threshold.

"Is that you, Miss West? Are you going out?" he asked.

"Not if you wish me to stay in," she answered.

"On the contrary; I should like to come with you. May I?"

"Yes," she answered.

That was all; yet if he could have seen the liquid light which filled her violet eyes! She was always happier when he was by her side, and was thankful sometimes that Lowndes could not see the

bright tell-tale blood, which would rush so madly to her cheeks at the unexpected sound of his voice or footstep. He took his hat from the peg and together they started.

He had watched and waited for this opportunity to be alone with her, and he meant to make the most of it now that he had gained it; nevertheless his heart felt very sad and heavy, as though oppressed by the shadow of a coming failure. He thought it next to impossible that she in all her bright young loveliness could ever care for him, sightless, and ten years her senior. Still there would be no harm in speaking out; no harm in telling her that he loved her fondly.

It was not long before they came to Alice's favourite spot; a shadowed nook where the trees were thickest, and a meandering brook widest; where the pure white water-lilies sailed palely on the surface, and the minnows in countless shoals floated swiftly down with the stream. This afternoon everything was very still and peaceful in the glare of the glittering sunshine.

Alice seated herself upon her camp-stool, and Lowndes threw himself on the grass at her feet. She opened her book, but not a word did she read. Never before had Lowndes been so silent, and somehow Alice felt that something out of the ordinary way was going to happen, for either weal or woe—she could not tell which. Never before had her heart fluttered so restlessly, nor the beautiful colour in her cheeks faded and then glowed again so rapidly. A silence that neither dared to break seemed to have fallen on them both.

Lowndes broke it. "Alice!" It was the first time that he had called her by her Christian name. She was not in the least surprised.

"Yes, Mr. Forrester," she said faintly.

He got up from the grass then, and, coming behind her, laid his hand gently upon her shoulder.

"Alice," he said very earnestly, and his strong voice shook, "I love you! Pity my great weakness; have pity, oh, my dear love, and be my wife!"

Her head drooped low on her breast—drooped as do the flowrets in the warmth of the too generous sun. Thankful, happy tears sprang up and trembled on her lashes.

Her bosom heaved—for he loved her! How great a happiness was hers! She did not speak; she could find no words in which to answer him; but she wanted to make him understand that it could not be; the social gulf was too cruelly wide. Yet for all that her happiness was great, and—she loved him.

"Won't you say one word to me, dear?"

Drawing in a long trembling breath, she rose from her camp-stool and stood in front of him.

"Lowndes," she whispered, dwelling with unutterable fondness on his name, and clasping her hands together with a little passionate hopeless gesture, "I do love you; love you with all my soul, but—but it cannot be."

She burst into tears. But he in his passion had caught her to his breast, and was straining her there as though he could never part with her more.

"My darling, my darling, my own love!" he cried, almost wild with joy. "You are my own now; nothing shall ever part us!"

"Let me go, Mr. Forrester," pleaded Miss West between her sobs, thinking now that she had gone too far. "You must not; indeed you must not! Please let me go."

"And you say you love me, child?"

"Yes, yes."

"Then what do you mean, my darling?"

"What would the world say?" said she, faintly, and still struggling to free herself from his winding embrace.

"The world!" he repeated, scornfully. "It has forgotten me. We parted nine years ago. I know the exact worth of its prejudice and hollow flatteries. But, with you by my side, my little darling, I will face it again. Perhaps, after all, it is not so bad. Oh, my dear love," he continued, "don't be cruel; I love you very, very dearly. Man as I am, I think it would break my heart were you to cast me off and give me no hope. I never knew until this moment how much I loved you. Say 'Yes,' Alice—say 'Yes.' No man will ever love you so dearly as I."

The temptation was great; what should she say to him? It was sweet indeed to feel his arms around her. She knew not what to do.

"It is because I am blind!" cried Lowndes, with exceeding bitterness, while

his grasp round the trembling figure loosened. "I have been a fool to forget the barrier. Merciful Heavens, I had forgotten that!"

This was enough; it roused the true woman in the heart of Alice West.

"Don't, don't," she wailed, twining her arms about his neck, and nestling her head against his breast again; "don't, Lowndes, say that! I love you all the more for—"

"Then," interrupted he, passionately, "there is nothing on earth to come between us. Will you be my wife—my own dear wife, Alice?"

From the first her resistance had been faint, and, woman-like, she wavered. The temptation was too strong, and, woman-like, she yielded.

"Yes," she murmured—a clear, soft murmur; "I will."

His kisses rained fast and thick upon the blushing, upturned face. To poor blind Lowndes Forrester the world was all beautiful then.

THE LIFE OF BRO. GEORGE OLIVER, D.D.

BY ALBERT G. MACKAY, M.D.

The Rev. George Oliver, D.D., one of the most distinguished and learned of English Masons, was descended from an ancient Scottish family of that name, some of whom came to England in the time of James I., and settled at Clipstone Park, Nottinghamshire. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Samuel Oliver, Rector of Lambley, Nottinghamshire, and Elizabeth, daughter of George Whitehead, Esq. He was born at Popplewick, November 5th, 1782, and received a liberal education at Nottingham. In 1803, when but twenty-one years of age, he was elected second master of the grammar school at Causton, Lincoln; in 1809 he was appointed to the head-mastership of King Edward's Grammar School, at Great Grimsby. In 1813, he entered holy orders in the Church of England, and was ordained a deacon. The subsequent year he was made a priest. In the spring of 1815, Bishop Tomline collated him to the living of Clee, his name being at the time placed on the Boards of

Trinity College, Cambridge, as a ten-year man, by Dr. Bayley, Sub-Dean of Lincoln and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop. In the same year he was admitted as Surrogate and a Steward of the Clerical Fund. In 1831, Bishop Kaye gave him the living of Scopwick, which he held to the time of his death. He graduated as Doctor of Divinity in 1836, being then Rector of Wolverhampton and a Prebendary of the Collegiate Church at that place, both of which positions had been presented to him by Dr. Hobart, Dean of Westminster. In 1846, the Lord Chancellor conferred on him the Rectory of South Hykeham, which vacated the incumbency of Wolverhampton. At the age of seventy-two, Dr. Oliver's physical powers began to fail, and he was obliged to confine the charge of his parishes to the care of curates, and he passed the remaining years of his life in retirement at Lincoln. In 1805, he had married Mary Ann, the youngest daughter of Thomas Beverley, Esq., by whom he left five children. He died March 3rd, 1867, at Eastgate, Lincoln.

To the literary world Dr. Oliver was well known as a laborious antiquary; and his works on ecclesiastical antiquities, during fifty years of his life, from 1811 to 1866, earned for him a high reputation. Of these works the most important were, "History and Antiquities of the Collegiate Church of Beverley," "History and Antiquities of the Collegiate Church of Wolverhampton," "History of the Conventual Church of Grimsby," "Monumental Antiquities of Grimsby," "History of the Guild of the Holy Trinity, Sleaford," "Letters on the Druidical Remains near Lincoln," "Guide to the Druidical Temple at Nottingham," and "Remains of Ancient Britons between Lincoln and Sleaford."

But it is as the most learned Mason, and the most indefatigable and copious Masonic author of his age, that Dr. Oliver principally claims our attention. He had inherited a love of Freemasonry; for his father, the Rev. Samuel Oliver, was an expert master of the work, the chaplain of his lodge, and contributed during a whole year, from 1797 to 1798, an original Masonic song to be sung on every lodge night. His son has repeatedly acknowledged his indebtedness to him for valuable

information in relation to Masonic usages.

Dr. Oliver was initiated by his father in the year 1801, in St. Peter's Lodge, in the city of Peterborough. He was at that time but nineteen years of age, and was admitted by dispensation during his minority, according to the practice then prevailing, as a Lewis, or the son of a Mason.

Under the tuition of his father, he made much progress in the rites and ceremonies then in use among the lodges. He read with great attention every Masonic book within his reach, and began to collect that store of knowledge which he afterwards used with so much advantage to the Craft.

Soon after his appointment as head master of King Edward's Grammar School at Grimsby, he established a lodge in the borough, the chair of which he occupied for fourteen years. So strenuous were his exertions for the advancement of Masonry, that in 1812 he was enabled to lay the first stone of a Masonic hall in the town where three years before there had been scarcely a Mason residing.

About this time he was exalted as a Royal Arch Mason in the Chapter attached to the Rodney Lodge at Kingston-on-Hull. In Chapters and Consistories connected with the same lodge he also received the high degrees and those of Masonic knighthood. In 1813, he was appointed a Provincial Grand Steward, in 1816 Provincial Grand Chaplain, and in 1832 Provincial Deputy Grand Master, of the Province of Lincolnshire. These are all the official honours that he received, except that of Past Deputy Grand Master conferred as an honorary title by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. In 1840, Dr. Crucefix had undeservedly incurred the displeasure of the Grand Master, the Duke of Sussex. Dr. Oliver, between whom and Dr. Crucefix there had always been a warm personal friendship, assisted in a public demonstration of the Fraternity in honour of his friend and brother. This involved him in the odium, and caused the Provincial Grand Master of Lincolnshire, Brother Charles Tennyson D'Eyncourt, to request the resignation of Dr. Oliver as his deputy. He complied with the resignation, and after that time withdrew from all active participation in the labours of the lodge. The transaction was not con-

sidered by any means as creditable to the independence of character or sense of justice of the Provincial Grand Master, and the Craft very generally expressed their indignation of the course which he had pursued and their warm appreciation of the Masonic services of Dr. Oliver. In 1844, this appreciation was marked by the presentation of an offering of plate, which had been very generally subscribed for by the Craft throughout the kingdom.

Dr. Oliver's first contribution to the literature of Freemasonry, except a few Masonic sermons, was a work entitled "The Antiquities of Freemasonry, comprising Illustrations of the Five Grand Periods of Masonry, from the Creation of the World to the Dedication of King Solomon's Temple," which was published in 1823. His next production was a little work entitled "The Star in the East," intended to show, from the testimony of Masonic writers, the connection between Freemasonry and Religion. In 1841, he published twelve lectures on the "Signs and Symbols" of Freemasonry, in which he went into a learned detail of the history and signification of all the recognized symbols of the Order. His next important contribution to Freemasonry was "The History of Initiation, in twelve lectures, comprising a detailed account of the Rites and Ceremonies, Doctrines and Discipline, of all the Secret and Mysterious Institutions of the Ancient World," published in 1840. The professed object of the author was to show the resemblances between these ancient systems of initiation and the Masonic, and to trace them to a common origin, a theory which under some modification has been very generally accepted by Masonic scholars.

Following this was "The Theocratic Philosophy of Freemasonry," a highly interesting work, in which he discusses the speculative character of the Institution. A "History of Freemasonry from 1829 to 1840," has proved a valuable appendix to the work of Preston, an edition of which he had previously edited in the former year. His next and his most important, most interesting, and most learned production was his "Historical Landmarks and other Evidences of Freemasonry Explained." No work, with such an amount of facts in reference to the Masonic system, had ever before been published by any author. It

will for ever remain as a monument of his vast research and his extensive reading. But it would be no brief task to enumerate merely the titles of the many works which he produced for the instruction of the Craft. A few of them must suffice. These are the "Revelations of a Square," a sort of Masonic romance, detailing in a fictitious form many of the usages of the last centuries, with anecdotes of the principal Masons of that period; "The Golden Remains of the Early Masonic Writers," in five volumes, each of which contains an interesting introduction by the editor; "The Book of the Lodge," a useful manual, intended as a guide to the ceremonies of the Order; "The Symbol of Glory," intended to show the object and end of Freemasonry; "A Mirror for the Johannite Masons," in which he discusses the question of the dedication of lodges to the two Saints John; "The Origin and Insignia of the Royal Arch Degree," a title which explains itself; "A Dictionary of Symbolic Masonry," by no means the best of his works. Almost his last contribution to Masonry was his "Institutes of Masonic Jurisprudence," a book in which he expressed views of law that did not meet with the universal concurrence of his English readers. Besides these elaborate works, Dr. Oliver was a constant contributor to the early volumes of the London *Freemasons' Quarterly Review*, and published one valuable article "On the York Constitutions" in the *American Quarterly Review of Freemasonry*.

The great error of Dr. Oliver, as a Masonic teacher was a too easy credulity, or a too great warmth of imagination, which led him to accept, without hesitation, the crude theories of previous writers, and to recognize documents and legends as unquestionably authentic, whose truthfulness subsequent researches have led most Masonic scholars to doubt or to deny. His statements, therefore, as to the origin or the history of the order, have to be received with many grains of allowance. Yet it must be acknowledged, that no writer in the English language has ever done so much to elevate the scientific character of Freemasonry.

Dr. Oliver was, in fact, the founder of what may be called the Literary School of Masonry. Bringing to the study of the

Institution an amount of archaeological learning but seldom surpassed, an inexhaustible fund of multifarious reading, and all the laborious research of a genuine scholar, he gave to Freemasonry a literary and philosophic character, which has induced many succeeding scholars to devote themselves to those studies which he had made so attractive. While his erroneous theories and his fanciful speculations will be rejected, the form and direction that he has given to Masonic speculations will remain, and to him must be accredited the enviable title of the *Father of Anglo-Saxon Masonic Literature*.

In reference to the personal character of Dr. Oliver, a contemporary journalist (*Stamford Mercury*) has said, that he was of a kind and genial disposition, charitable in the highest sense of the word, courteous, affable, self-denying and beneficent, humble, unassuming and unaffected, ever ready to oblige, easy of approach, and amiable yet firm in the right.

Dr. Oliver's theory of the system of Freemasonry may be briefly stated in these words: He believed that the Order was to be found in the earliest periods of recorded history. It was taught by Seth to his descendants, and practised by them under the name of Primitive or Pure Freemasonry. It passed over to Noah, and at the dispersion of mankind suffered a division into Pure and Spurious. The Pure Freemasonry descended through the Patriarchs to Solomon, and thence on to the present day. The Pagans, although they had slight glimmerings of the Masonic truths which had been taught by Noah, greatly corrupted them, and presented in their mysteries a system of initiation to which he gave the name of the Spurious Freemasonry of Antiquity. These views he had developed and enlarged and adorned out of the similar but less definitely-expressed teachings of Hutcheson. Like that writer, also, while freely admitting the principle of religious tolerance, he contended for the strictly Christian character of the Institution, and that too in the narrowest sectarian view; since he believed that the earliest symbols taught the dogma of the Trinity, and that Christ was meant by the Masonic reference to the Deity by the title of Grand Architect of the Universe.—*Mackey's National Freemason*.

THE NEW MORALITY, 1874.

Though Time's great glittering stream has hurried on,

And many startling hours are past and gone,
 Since in another age, an abler pen
 Essayed to teach and warn his fellow men ;
 Tho' seasons many and tho' changes great
 Have served to modify our social state,
 It yet may be, that in this restless age,
 In vivid colours and in friendly page,
 Some Mentor still, may seek in solemn strain
 The thoughts of mortals to recall again
 To ancient wisdoms unpolluted store,
 To true philosophy's ennobling lore,
 And to the glad truths of a better day,
 To turn in loving trust and faith away

From all the follies which enchain us now,
 From broken promise and forgotten vow,
 From idle luxury's unshamed disgrace,
 From that all hopeless, that all heedless race,
 In which the giddy throng so hotly run,
 To fall before their noontide course is done.
 And if alas ! to-day the pensive muse
 With keen regrets, may but too surely choose
 To think of other times and brighter hours,
 More tranquil memories and more chasten'd powers,
 Unchilled by time, to bask in summer ray,
 Or linger 'mid the flowery bloom of May,
 Oh who can blame her? surely it is given
 To man on earth, though far from heaven riven,
 And tho' surrounded by these scenes of time,
 To dwell 'mid higher joys and hopes sublime,
 To throw around this state of toil and strife,
 The glowing prospect of a higher life!

In the same way, when now in accents bold
 Advice is tendered, or the truth is told,
 Oh let not these life's denizens to-day,
 From friendly warning turn in haste away,
 Simply because they think they know full well,
 All that the moralist or sage can tell,
 And long have left their antiquated page,
 For all the wisdom of this wiser age.

Oh may these words all lovingly unfold,
 Truth's better message, yet for young and old,
 May some brave heart, some tender gentle mind
 Both food for thought and e'en for fancy find,
 And learn in all the wisdom of her light,
 To scorn the base and to uphold the right,
 When thus in feebler words and humbler lay,
 Your poets seek that Truth to tell to-day.

Yet where begin? how rash, how hard the task,
 To seek with sternness to remove the mask,
 Which grovelling interest or which lucre base,
 Has thrown to day o'er ancient friendship face,
 So that those features once so bright and fair,
 Alas, no more their loving impress bear,
 Which once could charm, could soften, could be-
 guile,

Life's darker cares, with soft affection's smile.
 Or how recall what changes life can make,
 Diverging views the links of love can break,
 How those who've once stood dear friends side by
 side,

And sought to breast together the stormy tide
 Of earthly trouble, of trials great and sore,
 Part often here and part to meet no more?
 Or how proclaim'd this life is "all a cheat?"

its boasted pomp, or rage, a dread deceit?
 That 'mid its hours of plenty, gifts of ease,
 Those hopes which lure us, and tho' e joys which
 please,

Upon them all delusion's gloomy shade
 Still throws its spell, on all man's heart has made
 Of trust and peace, for all this side the grave
 We are forbid to keep and impotent to save.

Surely some hearts can still be touch'd ! of yore
 They meekly listened to that tender lore,
 Which told of human wrong and love divine,
 Of earthly frailty and of grace benign,
 Which served to throw around a sacred spell
 On scenes and hours they all once loved so well,
 And as their steps mov'd onwards day by day,
 Seemed like a guardian friend to guide their way.
 How peaceful then were all those happy years,
 How few were all their doubts and all their fears,
 Their sleep was innocence, their life was peace,
 And joys and years seemed only to increase ;
 Theirs was the heart without a thought of guile,
 Theirs was the merry laugh, the gladdening smile,
 For then they walked as ever in God's sight,
 And theirs were tranquil hopes and aspirations
 bright.

Is there no Mentor nigh? no potent word
 Of kindly wisdom which will now be heard
 By those who swelling in tumultuous strife,
 The noisy crowd of this all-hurrying life,
 Go on their way, unheeding without fear,
 Nor ever seek to dream that danger's near?
 Oh, wondrous love of gold, what power is thine,
 To lure thy votaries to some guilty shrine:
 How strange it seems, that none content remain,
 But risk their life itself in search of gain.
 To them this world is but a fitting scene
 For every gaudy gift, and glittering sheen
 Of money's golden brightness, for to be sure,
 The greatest curse of earth is to be poor!
 Hard is, indeed, the task of mine to-day,
 Harder perhaps the truth in truth to say,
 And calmly bold, and yet in utterance clear
 To bring conviction to some listening ear.

Mentor.

(To be continued.)

THE bridesmaids at a recent wedding in Georgia are thus described by a local paper ; "It is no idle compliment to say that they are like three Graces, their faces mirroring back the purity and softness of the skies, their eyes floating in a light of dewy tenderness, or throwing radiant flashes from the inner shrines of thought, like jewel-tinted sparkles caught from broken rainbows."

A telegraph messenger boy in a Western State got his dispatches mixed, the other day, and handed a horse-jockey a telegram which read, "Can you supply our pulpit next Sabbath?" And to a well-known clergyman in town a dispatch was read. "The trot is postponed till Monday. Can't you come down and spend Sunday?"

A COOL PROPOSAL.

A young friend of mine is, as they say, in a "very bad way," and came to me the other morning with a rueful face, and an agitated manner. Though I might make some little allowance for the nervous "abond" of our youth to-day, their shaky hands, and their husky voices, on account of a preposterous allowance of Cigarettes or Cavendish, or to a too normal indulgence in "corpse revivers," and "B. and S.," yet, I saw that something above the wont had fluttered and flustered the not generally ungenial Anthony. So I said in a patriarchal manner, and a suave voice, "Anthony my son, what ails you?"

"Is it cold salmon, or curried lobster? or are you in 'Queer Street,' or, worst of all are you in love?" The gentle Anthony blushed, a fact I am glad to record, for it is not often that our youth can or do blush. Infatuated youth, at last I said, are you treading on that dangerous ground, where as some one said of old, is to be found, alike a "brevis insania," "et luctus et olor," or as another ancient writer, well puts it, "Tu levis es, et multoque tuis ventosior alis."

Mentor, he replied, "I *is!*" I confess that I was much overpowered by the announcement, but having refreshed the inward man, by a good luncheon, at which I observed that Anthony's "fervens amor" had not taken away Anthony's appetite, I asked him incontinently, who the fair being was. "Euphrosyne Brown," he replied, with a sigh, and then immediately added, "the most charming girl I have ever seen, or ever danced with." "Where did you meet her? Anthony," I asked, thinking that my young friend from the extreme volubility of his utterance, and the existability of his manner, was a "little off the nut," and I was wishful to soothe and tranquilize his perturbed spirits. "I met her the other night at Mrs. Cator's ball, was introduced to her by Tom Jones—you know Tom—and fell madly in love with her." That's the modern

phrase, it appears, the striking utterance which our young men use, though in nine cases out of ten it means not with her, but with her money—£. s. d.

"Who is she?" I again asked, struck with the young man's determined and emphatic asseverations. "Well I don't know much about her belongings," said Anthony, "except that she has a brother in a Lancer regiment, one sister married, another with her governess, and a rather queer old gal of a mother, or 'mater' as she called her. I believe she has lots of tin, and so I have made up my mind to propose to her!"

I stared at him aghast! "After—only—seeing—her—once," I replied hesitatingly and in monosyllables. "Oh dear no," he said, "I have met her twice since then, and we've got on capitally. Though I do wish she would not be so civil to a young fellow in a blonde moustache, who was talking to her the other night, something about a battery, and Lord Napier, and the Abyssinian War. I suspect that he is a gunner."

"But Anthony," I resumed in an expostulatory tone, "what do you know of her? how can you think of proposing to a person you've only seen three or four times? What can either of you really understand of each others sentiments and sympathies so as to render it likely that your journey through life (which, remember, will have to be henceforth slow and commonplace, as a luggage train with no more 'expresses' or 'specials,' my boy for you,) a happy and a peaceful progress?"

"Oh," he said with the happy indifference of youth, "we do agree about the 'Boat Race,' and 'Hunting,' and 'Dancing,' and 'Drags,' in fact everything."

"Well, all these are most important," I said, "but how about temper and tastes, and home life, and the humdrum affairs which make up our common existence."

Oh, he said, "you know, I don't think all that matters much. People marry because they like a 'party,' or

because they think the time is come, or because they want a position, or because they are 'hard up.' So I mean to propose to her, and I want you to help me to write a civil letter to that very respectable individual, her mother. I wish, however, that Euphrosyne would not be so civil to that 'gunner.'"

"Anthony," I said, solemnly, "can nothing dissuade you from your rash project? You know absolutely nothing of your adored Euphrosyne, you have seen her four times at the most, and you are so little acquainted with her feelings, that you do not even know, whether she does not much prefer the youth with the blonde moustache—may not even be engaged to him now, and that your proposal is not certain to bring you an indignant refusal."

"Well," he said, "Mentor, in for a penny in for a pound, if you won't help me, I must indite a letter to the old gal, I mean the elderly lady, myself, though somehow or other my hand is very shaky this morning."

"Anthony, if you will not be over-persuaded by your old friend, to give up your silly undertaking, I at last replied sadly, I will help you to compose your letter, for it is just as well if you do write, that your composition should be properly spelt and in decent English, accomplishments in neither of which the youth of the present day happily excel. But remember, Anthony, I added, you have really no warrant to make such an offer to an honest girl, and it is honestly and truly on such baneful views, and such hopeless notions, that as Octave Feuillet so well says, we make to-day in our convulsed society, so many 'sots ménages et de vilains modèles.'"

"I am like Paddy, he said in reply, when he met the bull; 'Bad luck to you says he, you roaring baste. Go back I can't, so forward I must go, so take your horns out of the way, you stamping ommadown.'"

"Retreat sometime" I said, "is an act of discretion, despite Paddy." "No" says Anthony bravely, my motto is 'Forwards'

So Anthony sat down, took the pen in his hand, and I dictated to him the following charming little letter.

"Dear Madam"—he wanted to begin dear Mrs. Brown, but I said that was too familiar, and that on such an occasion as this, at any rate "les mœurs" should be "observées,"—"I trust that you will pardon the liberty I take in thus addressing you." Very neat and introductory he remarked. "I am most anxious to speak to you about a subject which is nearest to my heart and feelings at this present moment."—Anthony rather suggested "interests," but I thought it looked mercenary and so he waived the word. "The claims of your dear daughter Miss Euphrosyne Brown have made a deep and lasting impression on my mind."—Nothing can be better he said.—"I trust that, from our previous acquaintance it may not be deemed presumptuous in me, if I venture to ask your most kind permission to offer to her, through you, the acceptance of my humble heart and hand."—"The old gals he said, confidingly, always like the idea that it's done through them, though there never was so great a delusion. It really is first rate I could not have not done it better myself." "It certainly is," replied I, "A 1 for 'cheek' and for audacity." "The entire similarity of our tastes and opinions, the charms I have already discovered in her personal and mental qualities render it certain that our union will be a most happy one, and productive of the greatest contentment to both families."—"Ah, I like that," he said, "that has a business air. But don't," he said hurriedly, "mention anything about settlements or property, mine is a pure marriage of affection."—"Venturing therefore to hope that these my sincere and earnest addresses to your charming daughter, will receive the affectionate sanction of the best of mothers,"—first rate he exclaimed—"I feel I shall not be too far trespassing on your maternal solicitude and kindness, if I ask to be permitted to speak to

Miss Brown in person, on a subject all important to myself, and on what I can truly say my whole present and future happiness depends.—I am, Dear Madam, your most faithful, attached, and devoted Servant, Anthony Toddye.”

Anthony was in ecstasies, the letter was sent off at once by a Commissionaire, who was told “there was no answer.” Anthony took his leave, revived and exulting. Twenty-four hours elapsed, and in walked Anthony, melancholy Jaques and the Knight of the rueful countenance were nothing to him, and without speaking, but mixing himself some “B. and S.” he handed me the following note :

“Grosvenor Place, Tuesday Evening. —Mrs. Brown presents her compliments to Mr. Anthony Toddye, and begs to return him his note. Mrs. Brown thinks there must be some mistake.”

Poor Anthony ! “Ah,” said Anthony, “that is not the worst. Think of my feelings, I met Euphrosyne in the Park this morning, she was laughing and talking with that odious fellow in the most confiding way, and she cut me dead.”

“Poor Anthony” was all I could say. A fortnight afterwards when Anthony was breakfasting with me, in my little humble bachelor domicile, I took up the *Times*, and there I read the following announcement as gently as I could to the now resigned Anthony.—“At St. George’s Church, on the 10th inst., Captain Henry de Visne, R.H.A., to Euphrosyne, eldest daughter of the late Theophilus Brown, Esq.” “Ah,” said Anthony calmly, may they be happy. I saw such a pretty girl yesterday. Lots of tin. The old letter may do again. Better luck next time.—
MENTOR.”

“What’s the plural of pillow ?” asked a teacher the other day. “A bolster, sir,” replied the rawest pupil, amongst the suppressed tittering of the whole class.

ROYAL ARCH ADDRESS.

By M.E. Companion Andrew Robeno, Jr., Acting Grand King, at the Opening of the New Masonic Hall, Philadelphia, 1873.

Most Excellent Grand High Priest and Companions : We are taught, on our first entrance into the portals of Freemasonry, “in the beginning,” when that mysterious Spirit, whom we reverently call God, first moved upon the face of the waters, and light burst forth at his Almighty fiat and bathed the earth in its infolded rays, when chaos, floating in space infinite, felt for the first time the plastic hand of God, moulding, fashioning and shaping the elements into this beautiful world, Masonry was. Through all the ages, cycles and centuries that have accumulated and which so gracefully wreath and adorn her majestic brow, she presents to-day, as we assemble within this one of her palace gates, a sight magnificently beautiful, thrilling and divine. Hoary with the ages, coeval with the creation of this mighty universe, yet the jewels which adorn her are Wisdom, Strength and Beauty, bright in all their virgin purity and freshness, and sparkling in their pristine beauty and original splendour, inviting the seeker after light and the inquirer after knowledge and happiness within her virtuous gates, first and always to recognize the great brotherhood of man, ignoring bigotry, intolerance and oppression, founded upon the granite rock of truth, seeks from her silent retreat to extend the same charitable and benignant influence over all, and will, until the pendulum of time shall cease to vibrate, while life and thought and being last or immortality endures. The capitular degrees, to which as a grand body we are so closely allied is one and inseparable with Blue Masonry. They must ever go hand in hand together. The Royal Arch is the keystone of the great Masonic edifice. Without it the building is incomplete, wanting the signet of God, the adorning and symmetry of perfection. It is the keystone of the vaulted arch, spanning, in its seven-fold splendour, the mighty fabric upon which it rests, and under which lie concealed from the eye profane those precious relics so dear to the true Masonic heart.

Never, amid the mutations of time, or the vicissitudes of life, even from the glad hour when the smoke first ascended from the altar built by pious Abel, down through the vista of ages, when fire came down out of Heaven and consumed the burnt offerings and the sacrifices at the temple on Mount Moriah, never has there been a house erected to God, and completed under such auspicious omens, and indicating the Divine blessing as the one we set apart this day to His glory. The ceremonial of to-day, my Companions, is of great significance, and marks an epoch not only in the history of this Grand Chapter, but one of no ordinary character and interest to Royal Arch Masonry throughout our entire country. Most Excellent, this is the very first and only instance, so far as we know or have any record, in the entire history of our Order in which a tabernacle has been wholly set apart and solemnly dedicated and consecrated exclusively for the capitular degrees, and to this Grand Chapter belongs the honour. May we not hope the example set to-day by this Grand Chapter will be followed by our sister grand bodies? And why should it not be so? Masonry has always had her holy ground, her high hills and low vales, her splendid palaces and gorgeous temples, rich and glorious in their associations, with none to dispute their title or the right of their inheritance.

Sailing on a broad and prosperous sea, on the very crest of the wave, how well calculated to inspire and beget within us feelings of joy and pleasure and mutual congratulations over our great success as an institution. At such a time as the present would it not be well, in a few cautious words, to raise the voice of warning, and be reminded herein may lay our great danger? We cannot be too careful in times of prosperity and in hours of rejoicing, to render unto God the praise due Him, and our devout thanksgiving for His mighty acts and wonderful dealings and many blessings to us as a fraternity and people; for without his blessing "nothing is good, nothing is strong, nothing is perfect;" for He alone is good and His mercy endureth for ever. In the midst of our festivities and rejoicings let us gratefully recognize the open hand of God, who maketh rich and addeth no sorrow. Pride and idolatry are twin crimes, and so repugnant to God that the maledic-

tion of Heaven has been more than once executed upon the guilty. Let us be careful not to indulge the unholy thought which dwelt in the breast of that idolatrous king of old, who exclaimed, as he surveyed in the pride of his heart, the magnitude and magnificence of the city over which he ruled, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the Kingdom, by the might of my power and for the honour of my majesty?" And upon him, for the full blown pride of his heart, fell the blight and withering curse of God. And may we not with the same degree of profit to ourselves remember, that it was at the time, in the midst and the very height of that proud city's boasted prosperity and strength. Even in that self-same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand and wrote over against the wall upon the King's palace, in mysterious characters, those ominous words that foretold her sudden and early doom, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." Let us take counsel and warning from the past, for it is full of wholesome experience, and we manifest our superior wisdom and do well to profit thereby. Let us mark with glad and grateful hearts all the way which God has so graciously brought us. But let these rejoicings be mingled with a degree of fear and trembling, lest, peradventure, among the large accretions which have gone to swell our still increasing numbers we may have been too indifferent and too neglectful in the discharge of our duties, in scanning with that jealous scrutiny as we should, those seeking admission, and, consequently, suffering to pass the threshold of our institution those who, ignoring the true design of our Order, have done so for unworthy motives and for selfish ends, and lest such an element increasing should spread its fatal poison, like the deadly opus, until our numbers become a source of weakness instead of power. Companion Royal Arch Masonry never can be strong or respected from mere numbers alone. Opposition to our Order exists throughout the land, and that, too, in an organized form, aggressive in its nature and purposes, and, however lightly esteemed and despised by some, is by no means to be disregarded much less ignored by us, so far as to make us negligent or indifferent of our duties as Masons. Men of no little influence, and, by virtue of their profession and posi-

tion, gain access to large congregations and numbers of people, and are seeking and striving with a zeal and a constancy worthy of a better cause to prejudice the public mind, and more particularly the religious community, against us, and, if possible, to subvert our Order. In a word, the old anti-Masonic element is not dead, but alive, and under the leadership of men, who have not been found worthy of receiving our privileges, or by their unworthy lives and conduct have forfeited them, are marshaling their scattered forces anew.

It is not from such a source as this, however, we need fear or apprehend any danger. Our Order can never suffer from foes that are without; it is from no assault—no! for, in this respect, “our castle’s strength will laugh a siege to scorn.” It is the slimy, unseen and wily foe, that secret enemy that we, through our own unfaithfulness to duty, have permitted to crawl in among us. The impure and unholy characters of some, I am sorry to say, that have been suffered to pass within the veils of our tabernacle, is a secret stab at the very vitals of our institution. The responsibility resting upon us in this respect is one of the most solemn and imperative nature. Neither can we rid ourselves of it by any subterfuge; it is an individual and personal one, to hand down to our successors, with untarnished purity, the same sacred truth, with hands unsullied and hearts unpoluted, even as we received them. The King’s daughter “is all glorious within,” said the Psalmist. “Behold,” said the great Teacher of men, “An Israelite in whom there is no guile.” Behold, we say, a true Mason. The solemn and deeply interesting ceremonies of to-day, in which we have participated in dedicating this tabernacle to the Most High, the One only true and living God, should imbue us all with a deeper and more solemn sense of our dependence on God, the Great Architect of the Universe, the bestower of light and life, the author and giver of all our mercies, and should further lead us to a more serious apprehension of those duties and obligations which are due him, for our unprecedented success as an institution, and which will require all our energies and His Divine aid to perform aright. As a component part of the great Masonic family, we have been engaged in setting apart and solemnly consecrating, for the

capitular degrees, this portion of the Temple; the solemn chant and the inspired prayer have gone up this day, from hearts and lips sincere, to the God of our fathers, that He would bless this house, and that His eyes might be upon it day and night, and the symbol of His presence, the Holy Dove of Peace, with her Heavenly influence, might ever dwell among us.

Therefore, laying aside all guile, envies and evil speaking, lifting up holy hands without wrath or doubting, let us learn with meekness the exalted lesson of “Holiness to the Lord.”

Let the High Priest of every Chapter upon whom the Holy Order has been conferred remember that he has been made such, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life. For He testifieth—“Thou art a priest forever, after the Order of Melchisedeck.” The ark of the Lord now securely rests beneath one of the most magnificent and gorgeous Temples in the world. This house, which we have just dedicated to His glory, is forever to be the home of the once captive exile. As we meet and assemble within these newly-consecrated walls, may it be with clean hands and a pure heart, for he alone shall ascend into the hill of the Lord and stand in His holy place.

The success of our institution is established. The very earth itself, as it whirls along its orbit, carries the universal shout around, “Esto Perpetua,” and from the distant realms of the coming future return the prolonged and repeated echo, “Be thou everlasting.”

To you, our honoured and distinguished guests from abroad, who have complimented us by your presence on this interesting and solemn occasion, on behalf of the Grand Chapter of Pennsylvania, and the Royal Arch Masons of Philadelphia, I extend our most hearty, cordial and fraternal greetings. We welcome you most sincerely to our hearts and to our homes, with the unfeigned assurance that your presence here, and in such large numbers from all parts of the land, has touched the tender chord of our hearts and deeply affected us. This marked evidence of your high regard and esteem in which you have been pleased to hold this Grand Chapter, has filled us with renewed love and affection for you, and to feel more tenderly than ever the

sacredness of the bond which unites hearts like ours. May the same fraternal spirit of brotherly love and immutable fidelity towards each other, which is the basis of our institution, be ever our inspiration while travelling the rough and rugged path of life, and may the influences spread until—

“From pole to pole its sacred laws expand,
Far as the mighty waters roll to bless remotest land.”

And when the time shall draw near for you to leave us, may the only regret of the hour be, that your stay was not longer continued, and in the lapse of years, when the angel Reaper has gathered us, one after another, to the house appointed for all living, where no mention of us more must be heard, and the dust and toil of laborious task is o'er, may the same fraternal spirit which your presence inspires in our hearts to-day, be renewed within the veil of heaven, in that land where it is one bright summer always, and sorrow and death shall come again no more. Until then,

“Almighty Jehovah
Descend now and fill
Our hearts with Thy glory,
Our hearts with good-will.
Preside at our meetings,
Assist us to find
True pleasure in teaching
Good-will to mankind.”

MODERN MEANINGS TO OLD WORDS.

Suggestion—Advice given by a servant to his employer.

Young man's best companion—He who takes him home when he cannot take himself home.

Aristocrat—One who considers the respectability of his grandfather to be sufficient payment for his own debts.

Nuisance—The disturbance caused by your neighbour in making his fortune.

Oversight—To leave your old umbrella in a new room, and bring away a new one.

Science—To tie a canister to a dog's tail, and observe whether he runs east or west.

Apprentice—A lad learning by experience the tyranny necessary to make him a master.

Unfortunate Man—One born with a conscience.

Abstemious Man—One who never tastes wine or spirits—at home.

Reflective turn—To have your umbrella turned inside out whilst turning a corner.

Remorse—The feelings of a pickpocket caught in the act.—*Song Journal.*

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND FREEMASONRY.—THE CHATHAM OUTRAGE.

BY BRO. CHALMERS I. PATON,
(*Past Master, No. 393, England.*)

We beg leave to lay before our Masonic Brethren, a few thoughts on a subject which we regard as one of great importance, and on which it is almost impossible for one to feel or to express himself too strongly, the conduct of the Rev. Michael Cuffe, Roman Catholic Chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces at Chatham, in refusing to perform the ordinary funeral service of his Church at the funeral of Armourer Sergeant Johnstone, a Roman Catholic, on the sole ground of his having been a Freemason. The facts of the case must be fresh in the memory of our readers, and we need not further state them. But we cannot refrain referring to the fact that after Mr. Cuffe had refused to read prayers at the poor soldier's grave, on the ground already mentioned, and another Romish priest on the ground that Mr. Cuffe was his senior, the funeral service was at last conducted by a clergyman according to the forms of the Church of England. Thus the tender mercies of Romanism are proved to be cruel; and against the dark background presented by them, Protestant charity is displayed in bright and beautiful contrast. The heartlessness of the Romish priests is all the more strikingly apparent, when it is considered what importance Romanists attach to prayers for the dead. But Mr. Cuffe has had the effrontery to allege the fact of Sergeant Johnstone having been a Freemason, as a sufficient justification for refusing to read the prayers of the church at his interment, because, he says, a Roman Catholic becoming a Freemason ceases to be a Roman Catholic; an assertion which, to many a Roman Catholic, must be an astounding one, and, if true, would infer terrible consequences to a very great number of persons both in this and

other countries. But the assertion is utterly false unless the church, which boasts itself changeless, has undergone a recent and great change. Multitudes of Roman Catholics are Freemasons—as has been the case for all the centuries of the Church's history—and have enjoyed all the privileges of the Church during their lives, have received its sacraments and its prayers, have attended their consignment to the tomb. This is a new thing which Mr Cuffe has brought before us. On what can he pretend that his assertion rests? Not on the Canon Law. We boldly challenge Mr. Cuffe, or any who may be disposed to stand up on his behalf, to produce a single sentence of the Canon Law which affords it the slightest countenance. Nor can it be vindicated by any decision of any council of the Church, unless it is to be deduced by implication from the finding of the recent pretended Œcumenical Council at Rome, which, on the 18th July, 1870, declared the Pope to be infallible in everything concerning faith and morals, and this infallibility to be a dogma of the Church, the reception of which, as of all its other dogmas, is to be held indispensable to salvation. The only authority which can be pretended for saying that a good Catholic may not be a Freemason, or that to join the Masonic body is for a member of the Church of Rome to separate himself from the Church, is that of certain Papal allocations and encyclical letters; and to make these binding on the conscience of every member of the Church of Rome, the dogma of Papal infallibility must be brought in and urged to the very utmost. It seems, at present, to be the policy of the Pope and of his advisers, to apply this dogma wherever its application is possible, and to a great variety of subjects. Ultramontane prelates and priests, in almost every part of the world, are busy in the endeavour to bring Papal authority to bear upon all members of the Church in a way not formerly attempted, at least in recent times. But it may be

possible for them to strain it too far. They have already got into conflict with the civil powers in more countries than one, and in such fashion that either the Church or the civil power must in the end inevitably yield and leave the other decidedly victorious; whilst the triumph of the Church, if it were achieved, would be the establishment of a dominion more absolute and universal than it ever possessed even in the darkest period of the middle ages, over all affairs temporal and spiritual, in nations, in families, and in respect of the conduct of individuals. Rome has also challenged Freemasonry to conflicts, in Germany and other parts of the Continent of Europe, in the United States of America, in Brazil, and now in England. Freemasonry will be found no feeble and helpless antagonist. Freemasons will not engage in any conflict if they can avoid it, for their system is one of love and peace, but in this case they may well say it was not of their seeking. Their system is one of peace, but it is one of peace founded on charity, not of peace obtained by slavish submission. At present, it plainly appears to be the duty of every Freemason in Britain to bring all possible influence to bear upon the Government, and particularly of the Military authorities, for an inquiry into the conduct of the Rev. Mr. Cuffe, an inquiry which might be expected to lead to his removal from the office the duties of which he has refused to discharge, in that refusal asserting an arbitrary power over the conscience and the conduct of every Roman Catholic soldier.

It may be proper, also, that steps should be taken for instituting an action in the proper civil court against him, that the family of Sergeant Johnstone may obtain some compensation for the injury ruthlessly done to their feelings, and I am confident the Freemasons of Britain would gladly subscribe the requisite funds.

We would still add a few words on another point,—the reason of the hos-

tility of Rome to Freemasonry. This is easily to be found in the freedom and equality which have always prevailed amongst Freemasons, in the tendency of Freemasonry to promote a love of liberty among men, in the encouragement of a love of knowledge and a search for truth which have always been amongst its distinguishing and most admirable characteristics, in its great law of charity, and its seeking to associate together for good purposes of their common humanity, men of different religious denominations. Romanists, in their attacks on Freemasonry, falsely assert that it is irreligious, and aims at the subversion of religion. On the contrary, Freemasonry is essentially religious. It demands that every candidate, for admission into the brotherhood, shall profess his belief in the two great doctrines of the existence of God and a future state, the foundation of all religion. An Atheist, or one who does not believe in a judgment to come, is absolutely incapable of admission. Moreover, it demands that every Freemason, whatever his religious profession, shall truly maintain that profession. It utterly repudiates the idea of a hollow, heartless, and merely formal religion. It aims at the promotion of a pure morality, or, in Masonic phrase, at the conversion of the rough ashlar into smooth ashlar, ever smoother and smoother still; and it looks to religion as the very foundation of morality, the great instrument by which the rough stone is to be polished, and the temple built up. But it is tolerant to the utmost degree that is consistent with these principles, and seeks to embrace within its bonds of brotherhood men of different religious opinions. And thus it becomes the object of Rome's aversion, for Romanism is essentially intolerant, and seeks to compel all into uniformity of religion, whether their understandings are convinced or not, as persecutions, massacres, and *autos-da-fe* too abundantly shew. Rome seeks to triumph by force and compulsion; Free-

masonry secures the utmost scope for increase of knowledge and the advancement of truth. Rome is well contented with darkness, if her power can be promoted by keeping men in darkness; Freemasonry aims at the diffusion of light, Freemasonry takes the word of God for its great light, an open Bible is carried in every Masonic procession in this country, and in every other christian country the Bible is read in every Masonic meeting. Rome has never shewn any love for an open Bible, and dislikes the association of Roman Catholics with Protestants in the Masonic Lodge. The whole system of Freemasonry is one of equality among all Brethren, whilst it is one of due subordination to official authority, and of good government secured in the security of the rights of every individual. Rome is despotic and favours despotism as the mode of government most easily brought under priestly control. And, therefore, Rome dreads the influence of Freemasonry as likely to arouse men to a sense and assertion of the rights inalienably belonging to them as men, an influence proceeding from the lodge into the various relations of social and political life. But it may safely be said that, whilst Freemasonry may make men averse to despotism and unwilling to be the subjects of it, it never made any man a demagogue, nor fitted him for becoming the dupe and tool of a demagogue. It demands of all members of the Masonic Order, respect for the powers that be, and obedience of the laws of land.

How fully the best friends of established authority, and of the constitution and government of this country, in the end of last century, at a time when they were very apprehensive of secret societies of the nature of Jacobin Clubs, appears from the exemption of Masonic Lodges from the operation of parliament prohibiting secret societies, an exemption which subsists to this day. And the words of the late Earl of Derby, with reference to the Ma-

sonic body, in a speech in the House of Lords, on the 7th of June, 1869, are worthy of being quoted in this connection. "I am not a member of the body, but I believe a more loyal, peaceable, charitable, and benevolent body does not exist." And such being the verdict in favour of Freemasonry of the Parliament of Great Britain, pronounced after long and full experience of the manner in which it has been carried on, which nothing during the greater part of a century now elapsed has led the parliament even to think of changing, and which has recently been confirmed by the voice of one of the most distinguished and most respected of British Statesmen, is it to be tolerated that the liberty of Britons is to be abridged at the mere pleasure of a foreign priest? And are we to stand calmly by and see this done to any portion of our countrymen, and actually to give salaries to men who are engaged in enforcing the papal prohibition of Freemasonry, by means which are inconsistent with the very semblance of christian charity, and repugnant to the common feelings of humanity? The case is made all the worse by the fact that Romanism, although boasting so much of its unchangeableness, has not been consistent with itself in this respect, but whilst sometimes assuming an attitude of hostility to Freemasonry, has at other times been perfectly tolerant of it, has opposed it in one country and has refrained from all opposition in another. Most of the Freemasons of France are Roman Catholics, but the church does not refuse to acknowledge them as its members, nor to perform its ordinary services over their graves. In Ireland also, and even in England, many Roman Catholics are Freemasons, as well in America and elsewhere. Not a few Roman Catholic priests are members of the Masonic body, and Pope Pius IX, himself, was in his comparatively early life initiated into the order, taking the oaths usually taken by its members, however he may since—without publicly intimating the

fact—have granted to himself a dispensation from them.

We trust the lodge of which the late Sergeant Johnstone was a member, the Buckley Lodge, Chatham, will promptly take up the subject of Mr. Cuffe's conduct, and bring it under the consideration of the Grand Lodge of England, that the influence of the Grand Lodge, and thus of the Freemasons of England generally, may be exerted for the vindication of the cause of liberty and charity. What Mr. Cuffe has done may be regarded as a mere attempt to excite the alarm of Roman Catholics, but if his conduct receives no speedy and salutary check, his example may perhaps speedily be followed by some of his brethren. The Prince of Wales is Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England, and various members of the Royal Family have been in former days. Is he to be told that the order to which he belongs is proscribed to any portion of his Royal Mother's subjects? Other members of the Royal Family have, at various times during the last hundred years, been Grand Masters of the Grand Lodge of England. Is every Roman Catholic priest to be allowed to step forward and say to the members of his flock, this which the law of the country fully allows and stamps with its approbation, "I forbid to you under the authority of the Pope?" What law, then, is to be supreme in Britain,—that of Britain, or that of Rome? But if Roman Catholic priests are to assert such power, and so to take away the liberty of the members of their church, are they to be paid for doing so by the British nation?

The subject is well worthy of the attention of the government and the parliament, nor do we suppose that, except on the part of the most extreme Ultramontanes, a single voice will be lifted up in justification of the conduct of the salaried priest at Chatham, or to save him from such penalty as may be deemed his due. His deprivation of office would have a most salutary effect on others like-minded with himself.

THE MYSTIC TIE.

Read by Dr. C. T. Corliss, at the Anniversary of
Mystic Tie Lodge, No. 398, Nov. 24, 1873.

All ties by which this universe is held,
Are Mystic Ties,
The atom's to its atom bound as well
As earth to skies.

The waters in old ocean's bed are kept
By this same law,
The hills rock-ribbed and old as time have slept
In silent awe.

Of Him who holds the ocean in His hand,
The Mystic Tie,
Runs through all nature e'en to the utmost bound
Of sympathy.

The soul that tenements in mortal clay,
Was born to die,
When it has filled the measure of its day,
The Mystic Tie,

That erst had bound it to this earthly sphere
Is snapt in twain,
It reasserts its kindred to the sky
And lives again.

All ties are Mystic Ties. The human heart
Throbs with delight
When joy surrounds it, or with inward smart
When sorrows blight.

Around these altars, drawn by Mystic Ties,
We fondly meet,
Grasp the warm hand; the warmer heart that lies
Beneath, we greet.

Within this mystic realm—the widow sighs,
Her hopes and fears
Are garnered up,—And wiped from orphan's eyes
The scalding tears.

Wide as the world our Order stands confessed,
The corner-stone,
Deep laid in charity and love it rests
In every Zone.

We come not here to-night as strangers come,
This festal eve—
Brings us as kindred to a common home
Where none deceive.

We come to-night with music and with song,
Come to rehearse
Of Brotherhood and Craftsmen fresh and strong,
In measured verse.

The year has past, but leaves its types and forms,
And at its close
This Mystic Circle's still as fresh and warm
As when it rose.

The Square and Compass still the rule and guide
Of life appears.
Tried by the Plumb and Level may we bide
The coming years.

And when the Grand Master of the Lodge above
Shall summons all
To meet around the altar of His love
In that Grand Hall—

May we as Craftsmen in the Mystic Tie
Assemble there—
Tried by the Plumb and Level, part no more
Upon the Square.

PUZZLES.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

That "the world is a puzzle," is an old adage. Of all creation, man is the only creature who endeavours to solve puzzles. The intelligent child delights in solving riddles, or puzzles over some puzzling toy, or over a *rebus* in his book. The philosopher puzzles about the laws that govern nature in her various departments. The political economist puzzles over the laws of trade and the science of government. The historical critic puzzles how to eliminate truth from a mass of rubbish in which former writers buried it. And the theologian puzzles about the red dragon with seven heads in the Apocalypse. Some prove from it the destruction of the world in the year eighteen hundred and something, while others with equal reason learnedly deduce therefrom, that the last ten tribes of Israel have been transmogrified into Hottentots, American Indians, or the Anglo-Saxon race. And we as Masons have also our puzzles to solve.

Disraeli says, that eleven books are generally filled with lies, and the twelfth tries to correct the eleven. When such twelfth book appears, the adherents of the eleven—seriously known as Tories, Conservatives, Old School, Orthodox, or Ultramontane—invariably raise a clamour against the poor twelfth, and he is assailed with such adjectives as infidel, sceptic, perverter, innovator, &c. But if Disraeli's statement about *one against eleven* on ordinary subjects is correct, I think I may safely say, that in Masonry we have at least eleven multiplied by eleven who have written very absurdly to one who tries to correct their errors. And let me here point out the advantage which the child has in its endeavour to puzzle out, say, a *rebus*, over his elders in their puzzlings. The child, when it sets about its task, has nothing to unlearn, and as he is not the *twelfth* in his line of puzzling, he need not fear of being rebuked by the learned with their usual adjectives; but how is it with the man who happens to be the fortunate or unfortunate twelfth?

Let us look back at our so-called Masonic histories before Bro. Findel's history appeared in an English garb, and let us also call to mind the abuse heaped upon him

by our American writers, and even recently by English writers too; and why? because some who prided themselves with being veritable Knight Templars, or Illustrious Princes, etc., were undecieved; and others, again, felt chagrined that their learned theories about the pre-adamite Masonry were totally exploded. Hence, the very men who were always clamouring for "more lig'it," and who eagerly rushed into all manner of degrees called "Masonic" for this light, were the bitterest opponents to Bro. Findel's dissemination of a common-sense history of Freemasonry. And even my own humble efforts at puzzling also met with disfavour, not only among our American luminaries, but, I noticed, in a recent number of the "Freemason," that a writer over the signature of "Nemus," who had doubtless contributed to the Masonic press hundreds of pages filled with all manner of fallacies. Now, this Nemus says, he does not like Jacob Norton's writings. Well, let Bro. *Nemus* enjoy his opinion. I shall still continue to ponder over some Masonic puzzles, and this brings me to relate a solution of a puzzle, which will not only help to clear away another puzzle, but will also bring into the field some fresh puzzles.

In the October number of the Masonic Magazine, in a paper headed "Origin of Masonry in Nova Scotia," I stated, or intimated, that after I mailed my review on Bro. Gardner's address, printed in the "Freemason," August 10th and 17th, 1872, a puzzle came into my head (I do not know how it came there) as to who the Right Hon. Edward Cornwallis was. Henry Price claimed, in the Provincial G. L. record of Boston, that he sent a charter to Halifax previous to 1740, and the said Cornwallis was the first Master. The puzzle then came into my head about Cornwallis; when I found out that Cornwallis did not come to Nova Scotia until 1749, and that there was no Halifax in existence in Nova Scotia until that year. And as Bro. J. Fletcher Brennan happened just then (in 1872) to be on a visit at Halifax, I requested him to make inquiry in the Masonic records, or otherways, about the origin of Masonry there. But while Bro. Brennan was pursuing the desired researches, a thought came into my head, that he might as well employ his time in writing a history of Freemasonry of that Province.

On Bro. Brennan's return to Cincinnati by way of Boston, he told me that he made a most singular discovery. Since that time Bro. Brennan removed to Prince Edward's Island, where he is engaged in editing a weekly and tri-weekly paper or papers, his mind being filled with other kinds of puzzles, and so the Masonic discovery was laid aside. Within a few days, however, Bro. B. notified me that he sent the MS. of his history of Nova Scotia to the Riverside Press, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, with permission to copy therefrom his discovery, and to make the same known.

And here I must premise, by calling attention to a subject which remained a puzzle to the best informed Masonic writers until Bro. Findel managed to puzzle it out; I mean the history of the Grand Lodge of York. Anderson and Preston, especially the latter, left us in a haze; yea, more, even in the worst kind of a London fog, about the history of that Grand Lodge, and I shall never forget the impression on my mind, when I first visited a lodge in New York, in 1842, how proudly the brethren emphasized, that they were "Ancient York Masons." But the New Yorkers were not half as much infatuated with their notion of *Ancient York* as the Philadelphians were. There, they literally outyorked not only New York, but even old York, in the importance they attached to being Ancient York Masons. Well then, is it any wonder that our worthy and really esteemed Bro. Leon Hyneman, who was Masonically nurtured in such a hot-bed of ancient Yorkism; should either have forgotten the true history of York as demonstrated by the labours of Bros. Findel and Hughan; or that he should have discarded or discredited all that was written upon that subject by those distinguished brethren. Upon the question of Ancient York, Bro. Hyneman was decidedly an "old school" man, and he pondered over the griefs and woes of York with a feeling akin to that of the pious Israelite mourning over the destruction of Jerusalem. The Ahiman Rezon, in the estimation of Philadelphians, is even to-day regarded as an inspired work; and was not Dermott the author of that book? And did not that great inspired writer claim that he was an "Ancient York Mason?" And how could a true-blue Philadelphian doubt what the author of the Ahiman Rezon asserted?

When, therefore, our Bro. Hyneman, in his ponderings and puzzlings, found Anderson alluding contemptuously to the "Mother of English Masonry," "The Grand Lodge of all England," as the *old lodge at York city*, and, furthermore found that Preston, though he certainly venerated York with all the fervour of a Philadelphian, yet he stigmatised the Dermott party as schismatics, etc., we certainly cannot feel surprised that he pitched into Anderson and Preston as he did.

Preston says: "A number of dissatisfied brethren, having separated themselves from the regular lodges, held meetings in different places for the purpose of initiating persons into Masonry contrary to the laws of the G.L., these seceding brethren taking advantage of the breach which had been made in the friendly intercourse between the Grand Lodges of London and York," etc. The truth, however, was, the seceding brethren did not take advantage on account of any such interruption between those Grand Lodges, for, in the first place, there is no evidence that there ever was friendly intercourse between those Grand Lodges. And secondly, at the time of the schism, there was no G.L. in York to be offended with what the G.L. of England may have done. Bro. Preston would have written more correctly if he had stated that the discontented Masons in London took advantage of the then supposed extinction of the G.L. of York, and, thereupon, impertinently palmed themselves off as the "Ancient G.L. of York," or as its legal successor. These facts, as already remarked, were either unknown to Bro. Hyneman or were discarded by him, and hence he worked himself up into a passion with Preston, upon that part of Preston's history which just happened to be true.

But here, I suppose, my nervous Bro. Nemus is getting fidgety; I almost imagine hearing him exclaim, "What is Bro. J. N. driving at? What had the G.L. of York to do with Halifax, or Halifax with Bro. Hyneman?" But patience, patience, my good Bro. Nemus; I merely want to introduce the preambles of two charters, sent out to Halifax by the Grand Lodge of the Ancients; both charters are signed "Lau Dermott, G. Sec.," and these are respectively dated 1757 and 1768; and I will next add a few remarks which I think will satisfy even our Philadelphian brethren

that Lau Dermott was not exactly a saint. Here are the preambles side by side:—

CHARTER OF 1757.
"We the Grand Lodge of the most Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted York Masons."

CHARTER OF 1768.
"We the Grand Lodge of the most Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, according to the old Constitution granted by His Royal Highness Prince Edwin of York."

The different kind of phraseology in the above documents (as my intelligent friend Bro. Brennan remarked) would never have been noticed, or if noticed, it would have been attributed to a mere whim, if Bro. Findel had not made known that the Grand Lodge of York went to sleep from 1730, or thereabouts, to 1761. It is evident then, from the alteration in the phraseology of the above-named charters, that previous to 1761, Bro. Dermott pretended to have derived his authority from the Grand Lodge of York, but after the York G.L. resuscitated itself, he changed the language, and introduced "His Royal Highness Prince Edwin," etc.

But here I come to another puzzle. Bro. Brennan describes the seal attached to the 1757 documents to be "slightly oval," having in the upper part of the surface a square and compass, with a naked dagger in the lower part; the whole partially surrounded with the words, "Virtue and Silence;" but on the charter of 1768, a photograph of which lies before me, and a copy of it may be seen in Bro. Hervey's office at Freemason's Hall, the seal of that instrument is square, and it differs also in the inscription from those described by Bro. Brennan. Query. Did the York G.L. have a seal before 1730? and if so, did it resemble the seal of Dermott of 1757?

There is still another puzzle. But I must here premise, that in 1757 Dermott sent three documents to Halifax, viz: a Provincial Grand Master's Deputation to Erasmus James Phillips, and two charters for lodges, respectively, marked No. 2 and No. 3. All the preambles read alike, and all are headed with the name of the G.M. followed by those of the Grand Officers. Bro. Brennan thinks that the name of the G.M. is an autograph signature, but

whether it is so, or whether it is written by Dermott, there is a puzzle about it. Instead of the Grand Master's name being spelt Blessington, it is on all the three instruments spelt "Blesinton." The question here comes, did either the Irish Earl Grand Master, or the Irish Grand Secretary of the London *Yorkers*, make an Irish blunder in the spelling of the Grand Master's name? or was the Grand Lodge of the Ancients doubly blessed, with a Grand Master Blessington, and a Grand Master Blesinton?

Boston, U.S., Jan. 28th, 1874.

Reviews.

An Encyclopedia of Freemasonry and its Kindred Sciences, &c. By Albert C. G. Mackey, M.D. Moss & Co., Philadelphia. Geo. Kenning, 298, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

We live in an age of great mental energy and scientific research.

It has been said, though we know not if truly, that the multifariousness of our present studies, and the tendency to take in a wide field of general knowledge, which mark these present times, are lowering the "status" of private and particular scholarship amongst us all.

This may be so, though we confess that we do not yet ourselves believe it, and though inclined to be "laudatores temporis acti," we feel that "vixere fortes ante Agamemnona," and that whatever may have been the scholarship of the past, we have many good scholars amongst us still.

Do not let us either check any tendency to a general study and knowledge of things, either because we think that we are generalizing too much our "curriculum" of school or college education, or because we choose to propound once again that patent fallacy "that a little learning is a dangerous thing."

A little learning is better than no learning at all, just as "half a loaf is better than none."

But leaving behind us, let us hope, this exploded and vulgar prejudice, let us congratulate ourselves to-day, that, on every side of us, not only is the school-master now happily abroad, but the scholars give many and evident proofs that

they have profited greatly by the education imparted to them. It is not therefore a wonderful thing in itself, that amid this general move, intellectual Freemasonry has shared in the process of development and criticism, and study, and illumination. At the close of the last century, and at the beginning of this, some German students were zealously labouring, to throw life and vitality into the "drybones" of our well-known legends and traditions, and to enlighten the "Dryasdusts" of our good Masonic fraternity.

The labours of Anderson, and Preston, and Hutchinson had, however, sufficed for the Craft historically in this country, while Ashe and Dunkerley, and Calcott had given the keynote to our mystical and speculative teaching.

Oliver carried on this two-fold literature for our Order until a very recent period.

But the German School, which has had in truth three epochs, the early and limited school which took a mystical high grade view of matters; the abler school, which traced back Freemasonry through the Guilds to Roman Colleges, and even further, and the later School, of which J. Findel is the ablest exponent, which restricts the history of Freemasonry to that of the mediæval guilds, and our present Freemasonry to the speculative development in 1717, has made great progress in Masonic criticism.

In England three Schools mainly equally have presented themselves.

The first is that now that all but extinct class of writers, who claim for Freemasonry a Templar or a Rose Croix Origin.

The second is that critical and earnest School which, with some slight modification of opinion on some minor points, agrees in this, to look on our Freemasonry to-day as the successor and product of the operative Guilds, with a special development in 1717, and which includes among its "alumni" D. M. Lyon, W. J. Hughan, A. F. A. Woodford, and formerly E. W. Shaw.

There is a third School which, however, is not numerous, which looks upon Freemasonry as the mere creation of 1717.

One remarkable feature in this movement has been the critical study of ancient documents. Some have even called it the "iconoclastic," though without any reason or warrant.

The great object all these later writers and students have set before them is truth, and a sincere desire to render their Masonic history more certain and historically accurate.

In America, too, the same movement has been going on, and amid many who have distinguished themselves in the scientific study of Masonry, not forgetting Thaddeus Harris, of old time, we can mention to-day, Macoy and Mackey, Heinemann and Rob Morris, C. W. Pearce and Steinbrenner, C. H. McCalla and Jacob Norton.

But such researches and critical studies require some aliment to nourish, just as the lamp requires oil and the fire calorific; accordingly about the fourth decade of this century, Oliver published his "Symbolical Dictionary," which though very limited and partial, and in consequence incomplete, can still be perused with advantage by the Masonic student. We hope that Bro. Spencer will reprint it before very long.

In France also, about the end of the fourth decade of the last century, Fleury published his "Dictionnaire de l'Ordre de la Felicite," which is mainly, we believe, as Oliver points out, adapted for Androgyne Masonry, but we know it only by reputation.

Pernetti in 1758, published his "Dictionnaire Hermetique," but which we can say from personal study, has nothing to do with Freemasonry, though Oliver includes his name among the Masonic writers.

In 1805 Chomel published, according to Oliver, his "Vocabulaire des Francs Macons," and Vignozzi published a translation of it in Italian in 1810, at Leghorn. So says Kloss, in his inestimable work. We have not seen either of these Vocabularies.

In 1815 appeared at Paris Thory's very important work, "Actalatomorum."

In 1818, Johann Christian Gadick published at Berlin his "Freimaurer Lexicon," still a most useful work, and in 1822 Lenning issued at Leipsic, through F. A. Brockhaus, his most admirable and exhaustive "Encyclopædie der Freimaurerei."

In 1824 Quantin published his little "Dictionnaire Macomnique" at Paris. The only pity is that it is so small.

Mackey's valuable "Lexicon of Freemasonry" next appeared, which was followed by Schletter and Ziller with an

enlarged edition of Lenning in 1863 (3 vols.), a very magnificent work, also published by Brockhaus at Leipsic. Macoy followed suit with his "General History and Cyclopædia of Masonry" in 1869, the only edition we have seen of a very meritorious work.

And now in this year of grace 1874, appears our good old friend, Albert Mackey once more, with his magnificent "Encyclopædia of Freemasonry." All honour to him for the zeal he has evinced, and the sacrifices he must have made in the good cause of Masonic literature; and all praise to him, and gratitude from many a Masonic student, for the labour he has undergone, the skill he has employed, and the learning he displays, in this his last, and most striking Masonic literary production. It is for English readers the most clear and condensed, and compact Dictionary of Freemasonry now in existence, and a cursory perusal has convinced us, how carefully Bro. Mackey has collated all his authorities, verified his quotations, and how very able are his own personal editorship and contributions from first to last, of which he speaks, we observe, in such modest terms.

Bro. Kenning is appointed, we understand, its sole agent in this country, and we recommend this most valuable work to all Masonic students, and for all lodge libraries amongst us.

It is said that there is but little opportunity for Masonic literature, and less time for Masonic study amid the daily duties and labours of this good Craft of ours, and though Bro. Mackey's Encyclopædia is somewhat expensive (38s.), we trust that it will meet with us what it most fully deserves, a fraternal patronage and a studious perusal, from all who value Masonic literature, and are anxious to advance the good cause of Masonic History and Archaeology, and scientific research in our wide-spread and benevolent Brotherhood.

WEARING THE MASONIC EMBLEMS.

By BRO. ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

You wear the Square! but have you got
That thing the Square denotes?
Is there, within your inmost soul,
That principle which should control
Your actions, words, and thoughts!
The Square of Virtue,—is it there,
Oh, you that wear the Masons' Square?

You wear the Compass! Do you keep
 Within that circle due,
 That's circumscribed by law divine?
Excluding hatred, envy sin,—
Including all that's true!

The *Moral Compass* draws the line,
 And lets no evil passions in!

You wear the Trowel! have you got
 That *mortar*, old and pure,
 Made on the *recipe* of God,
 As given in His ancient Word,
 Indissoluble, sure?
 And do you spread, 'twixt man and man,
 That precious mortar as you can?

You wear the Oriental G!
 Ah, Brother, have a care!
 He, whose All-seeing eye surveys
 Your inmost heart, with open gaze,
 Knows well what thoughts are there!
 Let no profane irreverent word
 Go up t'insult th' avenging God!

Dear Brother! if you will display
 These emblems of our Art,
 Let the great *moral* that they teach
 Be deeply graven, each for each,
 Upon an honest heart!
 Then they will tell, to God and man,
 Freemasonry's all-perfect plan!

You wear the Cross! it signifies
 The burdens JESUS bore,
 Who, staggering, fell, and bleeding, rose
 And took to Golgotha the woes
 The world had borne before!
 The Cross,—oh, let it say, *Forgive*,
Father forgive, to all that live!

[The last stanza refers to Templary, not to Craft
 Masonry.—*Ed.*]

SYMBOL LANGUAGE.

BY R. E. R.

To all the Craft, greeting, we come with our story;
 The finest and greatest, our pride and our glory,
 Is the Book of the Law, bequeathed by the Sages
 Whose precepts are jewels adorning its pages;
 More valued and lasting than all of earth's treasures,
 Dividing our sorrows, increasing our pleasures;
 Our base and our outpost; our strength when we
 falter;
 Our friend and our teacher—the Book on the altar.

The square shapes our morals; it squares all our
 actions;

It sanctions no classes, sects, parties, or factions;
 And, capped by the compass, whose points when
 extended

Inform us what tenets with friendship are blended,
 The trio is perfect. Our faith is well founded,
 Our morals are guarded, our passions are bounded.
 The great lights—behold them—to Masons reminding
 Of lessons most sacred, of ties the most binding.

The pavement Mosaic, whose beautiful border
 Illustrates the comforts surrounding the Order,
 Is brought to our view; and this it discloses,—
 That life's chequered pathway to none is all roses;
 And further, the vision of Craftsmen who enter,
 The star of the wise men, which guarded from danger,
 Their course while in search of the Child in the
 manger.

We meet on the level, by plumb line we travel,
 The vices of life we divest with the gavel;
 The lamb skin to every true Mason allotted,
 Should be like his honour, for ever unspotted.
 And when in the sanctum our steps are directed,
 Our duties assigned us, our work all inspected,
 The trowel is given with due circumspection,
 For spreading the cement of love and affection.

The mind of the student is clear when beholding,
 Our well-beloved symbols their beauties unfolding.
 And is amply repaid, while onward he travels,
 By many a secret his labour unravels.
 Then let all good Brethren remember the token,
 And cherish for ever the truths that are spoken
 By emblems Masonic, that, section by section,
 Their conduct through life pass the Master's inspection

—*Masonic Review.*

FREEMASONRY AS A CONSERVATOR OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

BY BRO. A. G. MACKEY, M.D.

One of the most important missions that
 Masonry has been called upon to fulfil in
 the world's history is as a conservator and
 teacher of the arts and sciences. If we
 would properly appreciate the influence
 which, in this respect, has been exerted by
 the institution, we must begin by viewing
 it in its two distinct aspects as an operative
 and speculative association; for the
 influence of each has been entirely distinct,

although there is a close connection of the causes by which each has been brought into activity.

As a speculative order, Freemasonry is pre-eminently distinguished for the cultivation it has given to the science of symbolism—a science which once pervaded the ancient world, and was closely connected with all the religion and poetry of antiquity. Whatever contending opinions there may be on the subject of the historical origin of Freemasonry, no one who has attentively investigated the subject can for a moment doubt that it is indebted for its peculiar mode of inculcating its principles to the same spirit of symbolic science which gave rise to the sacred language of the Egyptian priests, and the sublime initiations of the Pagan philosophers. For all the mysteries of the ancient world, whether they were the Druidical rites of Britain or the Cobric worship of Samothrace, whether celebrated on the banks of the Ganges or the Nile, contained so much of the internal spirit and the outward form of pure and speculative Masonry, as to demonstrate the certainty of a common origin for all.

This science of symbolism, once so universally diffused as to have pervaded all these ancient religions, and even still extensively controlling, almost without our recognition, the everyday business of life, has, as a science, been only preserved in the Masonic institution; and hence to this fact are we indebted for much of the facility with which we are enabled to understand, and the certainty with which we are beginning to interpret, the esoteric philosophy of the ancients. Egypt, for instance, has been for centuries a sealed volume; but now that its pages are beginning to be unrolled by the industrious researches of modern archaeologists, none so well as a Mason can appreciate the hieroglyphic and symbolic teachings which are inscribed on its obelisks, its temples, and its sarcophagi.

Leaving out of immediate consideration the old Aryans of the Caucasus, whose language shows that they possessed a thorough symbolic spirit, but from whose very existence the veil is only beginning to be withdrawn, we may say, for all practical purposes, that it was among the ancient priesthood of the East and of Egypt, that this beautiful science of

symbolism was first invented, by which sensible objects, being presented to the eye, conveyed through its principles lessons of profound yet hidden wisdom to the neophyte. Divine truth was thus communicated by the priests, in their most impressive forms, by means of poetic images; and the philosophers, borrowing the same system, instructed their disciples by myths and allegories. But the ancient priests and the old philosophers have passed away, and their method of concealing wisdom under the veil of tropes and figures would have been irretrievably lost had not Freemasonry perpetuated the system and preserved the science, while cultivating the same hallowed objects by the same beautiful method of referring all material things to an intellectual sense; so that its most expressive definition has always been that it is a science of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.

Performing, then, its mission of preserving and perpetuating the science of symbolism, it is evident that, as a scientific institution, it must embrace within the extensive grasp of its study a vast range amid the divisions of human knowledge. The archaeology of all ancient religions, their origin, their connection with and their deviation from the true faith, as taught to Noah and the patriarchs who preceded him; the ingenious, though sometimes fanciful, cabalistic learning of the Jewish doctors; the Pythagorean science of numbers; the mystical and sublime philosophy of Plato and the other sages of Greece; and the rites and ceremonies of all the ancient world, with their just interpretation, constitute legitimate subjects of discussion and inquiry for the Masonic student. And I do not hesitate to say that the scholar who should devote himself to the perusal and study of the numerous works of Freemasonry alone, which have issued from the English, the French, and German presses, as well as from those of our own country, would, by such an intellectual discipline, acquire a more extensive and more varied mass of historical, scientific, and philosophical knowledge, than the cultivation of any other single science or department of learning could supply.

As an operative art, our institution has still more practically fulfilled its mission.

I will not refer to that remote period when our predecessors, the Dionysian artificers, were engaged in the adornment of Tyre and Sidon, and all the region of Asia Minor, with public edifices, whose splendour and magnificence now form a part of history, nor to that yet more glorious epoch, when under the superintendence of the wise King of Israel and his colleagues, the gorgeous temple of Jehovah was made to cover the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite; but passing over everything that transpired before the truly historic era of the Order, let us direct our attention to the architectural labours of the travelling Freemasons of the Middle Ages. To them has Europe been indebted for all that is beautiful or chaste, all that is massive or sublime, in the architecture of the abbeyes and cathedrals that attract the traveller's eye, and arrest his admiration, as he passes from country to country, and wonders at the skill that could contrive and the labour that could accomplish, in the days of comparative barbarity, edifices whose strict conformity to every principle of architecture exhibit a condition of artistic skill very far in advance of their age, and which, even in their ruins present models of beauty, strength, and taste, which modern builders and architects are content to imitate at an inglorious distance.

When the political power of Rome had fallen beneath the incursions of its barbarian invaders, and, with its power, its elegance and refinement, had been apparently forever lost, architecture, and all the other arts and sciences which had distinguished the Augustan age of the mistress of the world, were, for a long period of intellectual sleep, abandoned or neglected. It was at this time that the Freemasons, setting forth as the labourers of the church, began first at Como, and thence elsewhere upon the continent, to introduce that revival in architectural taste which was exhibited in the religious edifices, monasteries, abbeyes and cathedrals, which they alone constructed in almost every country in Europe. United in a companionship where the skill and science of each member was readily imparted to the whole society; armed with the protection of the Popes, who, from a natural feeling, encouraged the erection of churches and other sacred buildings and supported by the patronage

of the most powerful prelates, who eagerly joined in the attempt to increase the number and splendour of their houses of worship; they have left behind them the most magnificent monuments of devotion to ecclesiastical architecture, and of their success in its cultivation.

These Travelling Freemasons—for such was the designation they assumed—were not so much the restorers of the old architecture, whose vitality was gone with the race among whom it lived, but the inventors and propagators of a new school, in which, among the other striking peculiarities, we find the application, in the form and ornaments of their edifices, of that science of symbolism to which I have already referred as constituting an essential part of the system of Freemasonry.

And so, these old Masons, manfully assuming the trowel and the square, and the level, and the plumb, began, like their Tyrian and Jewish ancestors, the sacred mission of building houses for God, and teaching their dogmas for future ages to follow; and when the mission was accomplished, abandoning the operative art, they fell back upon the speculative science alone, yielding their implements and their skill in using them to the builders and architects, and transmitting to us, their descendants, their symbols, their science, and their doctrines.

And so, looking at this science of symbolism as springing up among the old founders of the Aryan race, the makers of the poetic Vedas in Asia and among the priests of Egypt, passing over to the school of Alexandria and thence to Plato and Pythagoras and the philosophy of Europe, preserved for a time by the continued societies of the Middle Ages, from which it was taken by the Gnostics and the Rosicrucians, applied to their operative art by the Stonemasons, and finally deposited in the secret archives of the Speculative Masons, where it is still preserved and continually used, we may safely say that the Freemasonry of this day is accomplishing its mission as a teacher of the arts and sciences; for in the circle of its symbolic instruction, it embraces them all. An ignorant man will be an ignorant Mason; but he who studies and understands its symbolism, its origin, its history, and its design, cannot fail to acquire a large share of the world's learning.—*National Freemason.*

A SPEECH BY MARK TWAIN.

At the dinner of the Massachusetts Press Association, on Monday, after Canon Kingsley's speech, Mark Twain was called on. He said he was not prepared to make an extempore speech and had never sung a song, so he would tell an anecdote, as follows:

"When I was crossing over from England the other day, there was a youth on board about 16 years old, whose nationality I will not expose, who occupied his entire time eating, when there was anything to eat, and thinking about the next meal between times. (Laughter.) I don't say he put his mind to it, for he didn't seem to have any mind. When sent out from the table he used to go up into the smoking cabin, and lie around there asking foolish questions. This boy never asked a question in the whole voyage that indicated the presence of knowledge of any kind whatever, and he came to be a perfect nuisance to everybody, and we tried all possible ways of crushing him and making him stop asking these questions. But, as I said, Canon Kingsley reminds me of one occasion when I came up into the smoking-room in very ill humour—not the humour a man ought to be in to listen patiently to silly questions. The question the boy began with was aggravating, because anybody knows that the first place a man goes to when he reaches London is Westminster Abbey, and the next place is Shakespeare's burial ground; and that this boy should ask me, deliberately and with such innocence about him as he had, if, when I was in London, I went to Westminster Abbey! That is enough to make a man frantic. I said, 'What was it you said?' 'When you were in London, were you at Westminster Abbey?' 'No,' I said. 'I stopped at Langham's Hotel.' (Laughter.) 'But,' he said, 'it is not a hotel.' (Laughter.) 'Well,' I said, 'what is it?' 'Why, it is a church,' I said, 'A minute ago you said it was an abbey.' 'Well,' he said, 'it is an abbey and a church too.' I said, 'I don't know about that. You appear to be getting confused in your

statement; how can it be an abbey and a church at the same time!' (Laughter.)

"Another gentleman was sitting there, whose nationality I will not mention, who said it was perfectly true that an abbey and the church were the same thing. I said I was much obliged to him (laughter), and asked him: 'Where is this place—this church; is it in London?' 'Oh yes!' he says, 'of course it is in London? You know where the Parliament buildings are?' 'Is it part of the Parliament?' 'No,' said he. 'What has Parliament got to do with it?' I asked. 'It has not got anything to do with it; the abbey is close by it.' Said I, 'Do you know how far Westminster Abbey is from Langham's Hotel, where I lived?' He said, 'I suppose you know it is some distance.' 'Five or six miles,' he said. 'But,' said I, 'didn't you suppose I knew better than to get up early in the morning and travel five or six miles to church, when there were plenty of churches all around?' He said, 'I didn't expect you to go to church.' Said I, 'What did you expect me to do?' He said, 'Look at the monuments and things; monuments of everybody that has done anything, and is dead. Their bodies are buried there.' I said, 'Do you mean to say that they actually take up the planks and bury men under the floor?' He said there was no planks there. I said, 'Do they bury them right under their seats?' He said, 'Of course they do.' Said I, 'Is that healthy?' (Laughter.) 'Well,' he said, 'I don't know whether it was healthy or not; they do it in all the churches.' I said it was a curious custom; I had never heard of anything like it. If any of my friends were in Westminster Abbey I should not want people sitting around on their tombstones.' (Laughter.) He said, 'you didn't hear the Canon, then?' 'I don't remember,' said I; 'I am a man of peace, and don't know anything about artillery, anyway.' (Laughter and applause.) By this time the boy had not yet waked up, but the rest of the company which had gathered around had, and soon stopped the fun. As there is no moral to the anecdote, I won't attempt to put any to it. But, as I said, in the absence of having a speech to make to you, I thought I would simply tell an anecdote in honour of Canon Kingsley."—*Philadelphia Keystone*.

READING MASONS AT HOME
AND ABROAD.

It is sometimes a ground of complaint with Masonic journals in this country that they are not adequately supported—that the Brethren generally care so little for instruction in the science, symbolism and history of Freemasonry, and for knowing the current news of the Craft, that only a comparatively small number of them subscribe for a Masonic newspaper or magazine. Notwithstanding this assertion, which is no doubt true, it must be remembered that there are twenty or more Masonic journals published in different parts of the United States, many of which appear to be financially prosperous. Compare this exhibit with that of England. It boasts of a single Masonic newspaper, the *London Freemason*, and a single Craft monthly, the *London Masonic Magazine*,—the former now in its seventh year, the latter in its first. Both of these publications are of the very highest character; published by Bro. Geo. Kenning, and edited by Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, who is one of the most learned and able of the Masonic writers of this age, skilled in the archaeology of the Craft, and labouring earnestly and continuously, with Bro. Wm. James Hughan, to discover and describe the ancient records of the Fraternity. Many of our readers who are blessed with pecuniary means, would be both gratified and improved by subscribing to either or both of these London publications, which are handsomely issued, full of foreign Masonic news, and contributed to by all the leading Masonic writers of England and Scotland. *The Freemason* (weekly) is delivered free in any part of the United States for twelve shillings per annum, payable in advance. The *Masonic Magazine* is furnished at the same rate. We would be glad to see both having a wide circulation in the United States.—*Philadelphia Keystone*.

“Oh,” gasped fat Mrs. Weighty, as she ascended the stairs of her new residence, “I really cannot run up any more stairs.” “Of course not,” answered her husband; “but if the stairs were made of dress-makers’ bills, you could run them up very easily.”

Our Archaeological Corner.

At a Quarterly Communication held at the Crown Tavern, behind the Royal Exchange, London, Nov. 21, 1724.

PRESENT.—His Grace the Duke of Richmond, Grand Master; M. Ffolkes, Esq., D.G.M.; Fran Sorel, Esq., G.M.; Mr. George Payne, G.M.

That all who have been or hereafter shall be Grand Master of this Society, may be present and have a Vote at all Quarterly Meetings and Grand Meetings.

Agreed Nem Cont.

Bro. Anthony Sayers’ petition was read and recommended by the Grand Master.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Dalkeith, late Grand Master, recommended a General Charity as foll. :—

That in order to promote the Charitable Disposition of the Society of Freemasons and render it more extensive and beneficial to the whole body, a Monthly Collection be made in each Lodge according to the quality and number of the said Lodge and put into a joynt stock.

That a Treasurer be appointed by the Grand Master, to whom every quarter the said contributions shall be paid.

That when the members of any lodge who are contributors to the joynt stock shall be induced to bestow any part of it for the relief of a poor brother, the Master and Wardens of such lodge shall certify (the name and necessity of the person together, with such sum as they shall think fit to allow him out of the said stock) to the Grand Master Deputy and Grand Wardens, that they may order the said sume to be paid to such person if thought reasonable.

That if any brethren shall meet irregularly and make Masons at any place within ten miles of London, the persons present at the making (the new brethren only excepted) shall not be admitted even as visitors into any regular lodge whatsoever unless they come and make such submission to the Grand Master, and Grand Lodge as they shall think fit to impose on them.

Agreed Nem Con.

It is the Grand Masters order that the Master and Wardens of each lodge do come prepared at the next quarterly communication either to assent to or dissent from the questions proposed as aforesaid by the Right Honourable the Earl of Dalkeith for establishing a General Bank of Charity.

And that all lodges that have or hereafter shall remove do forthwith on such removal give an account thereof to the Grand Master for the time being.

By Order of his Grace,
E. WILSON, Secretary.
"Rawlinson's MSS., A.F.A.W."

Questions and Answers.

What authority is there for a Masonic funeral service? A.—Not much, except custom. It is recognised by our Book of Constitution, but there is no prescribed ritual whatever. An old form is found in Preston, and that is mostly used in this country. ED.

What is the Rite Ecossaise? A.—It is a form of Masonic ritual and system of Masonic arrangement, used mainly in France. Of course it has no more to do with Scotland than the York Rite has to do with York. ED.

Monthly Odds and Ends.

A SYMPATHETIC JUDGE.—Those ladies whose tales of "blighted affections" are poured into the sympathizing ears of an English jury are far better off than their suffering sisters across the Atlantic, for the Judges of the United States tribunals are apt to take a harsh and ungallant view of actions for breach of promise of marriage which is anything but acceptable to those who believe in the infallibility of woman. The New York Journals contain the account of an action brought by Miss Amelia Domerschlag against Mr. Augustus Becker for the recovery of 200 dollars as compensation for his refusal to execute a formal promise to marry. The defendant, while admitting that he had proposed to, and been accepted by, the young lady, stated that after spending eight months on a visit to her mother he had arrived at the conclusion that his future mother-in-law's temper would be an insuperable barrier to their wedded happiness. The following dialogue then passed between the Judge and the defendant:—The Judge.—"Had your intended mother-in-law announced her intention of residing with you after the marriage, of keeping house for you, and taking care of your monies?" The defendant.—"Yes, Mr. Judge." The Judge (sympathetically).—"Proceed, young man."

The defendant.—"I was very fond of Miss Amelia, but I broke off the engagement because of her mother." The Judge.—"Well, my young friend, would you rather pay 200 dollars to the plaintiff or marry her and live with your mother-in-law?" The defendant (emphatically).—"Pay the 200 dollars." The Judge then proceeded to give judgment in the following terms:—"Young man, permit me to give you a cordial shake of the hand. I was once placed in the same predicament as you, Mr. Becker, and had I possessed your decision of character, I should have been spared five-and-twenty years of infinite worry and vexation. I had the choice of paying 150 dollars in gold or of marrying; being poor, I accepted the latter alternative, and have bewailed it ever since. I am pleased to meet a man cast in your mould. My decision is that you are acquitted, and that the plaintiff must pay a fine of ten dollars, with the costs, for attempting to place an honest man beneath the yoke of a mother-in-law. You may go!" —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ADVANTAGEOUS OFFER.—Street Arab: "Box 'o matches, sir?" Swell: "No—don't smoke." Street Arab: "Buy a box, and I'll teach you?"

"Were you guarded in your conduct while in London?" asked a father of his son, who had just returned from a visit to that city. "Yes sir; part of the time by two policemen."

A female Child has been born in La Crosse with two perfect tongues. If she lives and marries, won't her husband catch it?

Dean Ramsay tells a story of a Scotch beadle who had taken a fancy to the manse housemaid. At a loss for an opportunity to declare himself, one day—a Sunday—when his duties were ended, he looked sheepish, and said: "Mary, wad ye take a turn, Mary?" He led her to the churchyard, and pointing with his finger, stammered: "My fowk lie there, Mary—wad ye like to lie there?" The grave hint was taken, and she became his wife.

There is something very sensible in the impromptu remark of a pretty girl: "If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally guilty are the old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls!"

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.

A gentleman in Illinois who is personally acquainted with the *facts* below stated, sends us a report of the following good joke as too good to be lost :

"Professor Blanchard, President of a college and the great anti-masonic apostle, called upon the parents of a lady friend of mine. The husband of the young lady was absent in the city, and the fact that he was a Mason came to the knowledge of the professor. Being requested to lead in the family devotion, he prayed after this manner :

We pray that the husband may become a better man who now hides secrets from the wife of his bosom and the mother of his children !" "H—m—m," instead of 'amen,' ejaculated that same *mother*.

And here comes in the joke, as she told an acquaintance: "I've been married twelve years and never had a child or the ghost of a child."

Rev. Mr. Blanchard used the sacred shield of hospitality, and the sanctity of a family prayer, from behind which to assassinate the character of his absent host, and to insult the feelings of the wife in her presence; but he got no "Amen" to it, and has probably since learned that he made an ass of himself by not knowing the difference between a "wife" and a "mother." Of all the cowards in the world none are so contemptible as those who assassinate the character of absentees through the formality of a prayer.—*The Freemason*.

ADVICE.

He has told you the same old story,
Told ever anew by woovers—
The story of pure devotion,
Unchanging while life endures—
This passionate, palpitating,
Persistent lover of yours.

He has called you by every title
Which lovers delight to repeat—
A queen, a goddess, an angel,
With changes tender and sweet—
And laid the troublesome treasure
Men call a heart at your feet.

You ask me what you shall answer?
Ah, child, can my counsel throw
The weight of a thought against him?
Love never hesitates so!
Answer him No, fair daughter,
Forever and ever, No!

There lives a marvellous insect
In the Southern meadows far,
Where the wild white ipomeas
And the passion flowers are,
That even in broad bright sunshine
Gleams like a living star.

It circles, a flying jewel,
Beautiful to behold;
It settles to rest a moment,
A globule of molten gold;
But once in the hand imprison'd,
Its colour grows dull and cold.

You grasp at a flashing jewel,
Worthy a monarch's crown,
Glistening, darting, glancing,
And glittering up and down.
And capture—a sharded beetle,
Sluggish and dull and brown!

And thus to a youth's mad fancy,
Is the object of love's wild quest—
Reckoned above all blessing,
Dearest and first and best
So long as remote and elusive—
But worthless when once possessed.

So weariness comes of having,
Since happiness means pursuit;
And love grows dwarfish and stunted,
And bears but a bitter fruit,
For the serpent of self forever
Coiling about its root.

So lips which have met in kisses
Grow chary of tender speech,
So hearts which are bound together
Grow burdensome each to each,
Since the only things men value
Are those which they cannot reach.

So the gainer counts as nothing,
The blessing that should have been;
The conquerer turns indifferent
From the conquest he gloried in,
Longing, like Alexander,
For lovelier worlds to win.

Who cares for the roadside roses
Which bloom within grasp of all,
While their inaccessible sisters—
Less lovely and sweet and tall,
But dearer because of their distance—
Lean over the garden wall?

Then answer him No, young maiden:
Be pitiless and serene;
There are heart-sick wives in plenty,
But an angel is seldom seen.
Keep to your cloud, bright goddess!
Stay on your throne, fair queen!