

THE
MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A Monthly Digest of
FREEMASONRY

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

(SUPPLEMENTAL TO "THE FREEMASON.")

VOL. II.

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

The M. W. Grand Master.

ENGLAND.

SIR MICHAEL ROBERT SHAW-STEWART, BART.,

The M. W. Grand Master.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ROSSLYN,

The M. W. Past Grand Master.

SCOTLAND.

COLONEL FRANCIS BURDETT,

Representative for Grand Lodge.

IRELAND.

AND THE GRAND MASTERS OF MANY FOREIGN GRAND LODGES

LONDON:
GEORGE KENNING, 198, FLEET STREET.

1874-5.

P R E F A C E .

We conclude with this number the Second Volume of the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

When, two years ago, we sought to float our little bark on the rough sea of literary adventure, it was amid the doubts of some and the lukewarm indifference of others. Yet here it is, after two years of existence, shewing, we hope, unmistakeable signs of vitality and improvement.

And while we have to confess that in Great Britain, as in the United States, and, indeed, wherever the Anglo-Saxon race is spread or spreading, Masonic Literature has a hard struggle for the very "breath of life," yet the MASONIC MAGAZINE has no reason to complain of want of friendly reception and of persevering patronage. It may, indeed, be a question of some interest to discuss why, in a "Craft" like ours, so respectable, so intelligent, and so educated, Masonic Literature has so slender a "status." But we will not fill up the pages of a Preface with the prosaic utterances of, perhaps, an unprofitable discussion.

Be the reason what it may, the fact is a fact very clear and very certain, and one deeply to be regretted for the future welfare of our Order.

Thanks to our good publisher, the MASONIC MAGAZINE has sailed on with a good "trade wind," and amid smooth water; and we have also

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Preface.

to return our best thanks alike to Contributors and Subscribers for "favours already received," auguring, we fondly trust, of continued sympathy, nay, increased patronage in the twelve months before us.

No efforts will be wanting on our part to render the MASONIC MAGAZINE still more worthy of the great Order it aspires to represent, to edify, to amuse, and to instruct.

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THE MASONIC MAGAZINE.

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 13.—VOL. II.

JULY, 1874.

PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

THERE is not a great deal to report either at home or abroad.

AT the last Quarterly Communication some little controversy arose about a proposal to increase the salaries of the Grand Lodge official staff, but the general opinion of Grand Lodge seemed to be, in our opinion, a very sound one, that in these days the maximum of salary offered years ago could not be maintained as the "Ultima Thule" of payment to efficient men and trustworthy officials.

Everything is apparently rising—prices and stipends—and, above all, the "market value" of skilled labour in all departments.

We are very well off just now in our "Secretariat," to use a new word, and while the work has trebled and quadrupled, the activity and efficiency of the office have kept pace with increased demands on its time, trouble, and patience.

Those who have had any business to transact with our excellent Bro. John Hervey, will bear witness, we know, readily to his unvarying courtesy, his readiness to oblige, his business habits, and his punctuality of correspondence, and the same can be said of Bro. Buss, and the other officials.

We are therefore very glad that Grand Lodge took the course recommended by the Board of General Purposes, and by true economy.

When you have good servants try and keep them, and pay them liberally and well, for now, as ever, the "labourer is worthy of his hire."

A New Lodge, the Athenæum, 1491, has been consecrated, in the Camden Road, at the Athenæum there, by Bro. John Hervey, assisted by several other Past Grand Officers, and the new Lodge promises to prosper well. Bro. Samuel Poynter is the first W.M., and he is supported by an energetic list of officers, all of some standing in Freemasonry, and of much experience.

Abroad the senseless persecution of Freemasonry by the Roman Catholic Church continues, and the silly calumny is repeated that Freemasonry is a revolutionary society. In some foreign countries, no doubt the Lodges and Grand Lodges have mixed themselves up with questions which, as Freemasons, we have nothing to do with, and we by no means approve of the action and practices of many of the Foreign Masonic bodies. But even in England the Roman Catholic Church looks on our peaceful order with great disfavour and condemnation, without, one may say, the shadow of an excuse or justifiable pretext.

MYSTIC SYMBOLS.

Most respectfully dedicated to Lodge No. 173, A.F.
and A. M., Union, Mo.

BY MRS. G. G. REINIGER.

*I remember once a little chat
About a golden toy
That hung upon my husband's chain,
Denoting Masonry.
Why do you wear that foolish thing,
Said I, upon your chain and ring?*

Smiling, he answered, dearest wife,
I hope you'll never need it, dear;
But if you should, these emblems might
Direct you some your heart to cheer.
We might be in a distant land,
Have troubles like some ones on earth;
These are no detriments, my dear,
To keep in sadness or in mirth.

Gay years rolled on; O happy time!
Twelve years of golden wedded love;
I'd most forgot that little chat,
Till all in sorrow, like a dove,
The Symbols floated in our home.
Masonic Brethren brought them there;
Mid sorrowing grief and death's dark gloom,
They came to help in time of care.

The bitterest drops that life e'er poured
Were portioned out to my poor heart;
I saw my noble husband die,
From his dear form I had to part;
And when the "sprigs of cedar" fell
From the Masonic Brethren's hand,
In saddest truth the words came clear,
That I was in a distant land.

—*Clarion.*

A Western justice of the peace ordered a witness to "come up and be sworn."

He was informed that the person was deaf and dumb.

"I don't care," said the judge passionately, "whether he is or not—here is the Constitution of the United States before me. It guarantees to every man the right of speech; and so long as I have the honour of a seat on the bench, it shall neither be violated or invaded."

THE MASON'S GRAVE.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D.

Bury me on the hill-top,
Where sunbeams earliest come,
And starlight longest lingers—
Make there your Brother's home;
There through the hours of darkness,
The glittering hosts will pass,
And dew-drops weep my requiem,
And night winds sigh alas!—
When I am dead.

But not by ocean billow,
Oh, not on briny shore,
This form consign to nature;—
I hate its hollow roar:
Cold weeds and sea things floating
Above me on the wave,
Would vex my spirit's slumber
In that unquiet grave,
When I am dead.

No stone to mark my resting,—
No gentle form to bow;—
Oh, Brothers, true and tender,
Lay not your Brother so;
Within my soul a yearning
Impleads a Mason's home;—
Bury me on the hill-top,
Where sunbeams earliest come,
When I am dead.

Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech in a country village out West. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat beside him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General; they won't be satisfied without it." The "hero of New Orleans" instantly thought of a few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder, wound up his speech by exclaiming: "E pluribus unum, Sine qua non, Ne plus ultra, Multum in parvo." The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for miles.

EARLY HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY IN AMERICA.

BY CLIFFORD P. MAC CALLA.

IN an article which appeared in the January number of "The Masonic Magazine," entitled "Statistical Account of Freemasonry in America," I mentioned, incidentally, the origin of Freemasonry in the United States. For both statements I furnished authorities. The best evidence—the proceedings of the various Grand Lodges—was cited for the statistics; but the best evidence of the origin of the Craft has in large measure disappeared, owing to the lapse of nearly one hundred and fifty years, the troublous times of the Revolution, and the little care with which lodge warrants and minutes were formerly preserved. Some of the older Grand Lodges have lost their charters, others their early minutes, and still others both. Massachusetts has, in these respects, been less unfortunate than any other sister jurisdiction, for its records extend back to the year 1733, and contain a recital of the deputation of Lord Viscount Montague, G.M. of England, to Henry Price, as Provincial G.M. of Masons in New England. True, the authenticity of this document has been denied, owing to a variation between its recorded date and its recited date in the petition for the first Lodge in Boston, (which original petition is still in existence), but I think it is attacked without sound reason. Bro. Jacob Norton, of Boston, in a paper entitled as above, which appeared in the April number of "The Masonic Magazine," questioned the statement of the origin of Freemasonry in America in my statistical article in

the January Number, and denied the genuineness of the Montague Deputation to Price. The decided, and yet fraternal statement of his difference of opinion, has led me to review both of these questions in the light of all the original and authenticated documents to which a somewhat industrious search could give me access; and I feel prepared now to give an opinion, not, as before, upon the allegations of many of the approved text-writers and popular Masonic historians, but upon the existing original evidence so far as it remains, some of which supports, but as often contradicts these assertions. In making this restatement, I am free to confess that before, in several particulars, I was in error; but every sincere Masonic student labours, not to justify preconceived opinions, but to uphold the truth at all hazards. Such are both my inclination and determination.

The Montague Deputation to Price I believe to have been genuine, and its true date April 30, 1733. The ground of Bro. Norton's scepticism concerning it is, that the original petition for the first Lodge in Boston (a *fac-simile* of which appears in the Massachusetts Grand Lodge Proceedings for 1871, p. 296-7), recites its date as April 13, 1733, whereas Viscount Montague was not installed as G.M. of Masons in England until April 19th, 1733, and therefore could not have granted a Deputation to Price six days earlier. It appears to the writer that it is more reasonable, as well as more fraternal, to suppose an accidental mistake, a mere clerical error, in the recited date, rather than a perversion of the truth in the recorded date of the original Deputation, as it appears among the official records of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts in its first Record Book. To suppose that Price possessed no legitimate authority from the Grand Lodge of England to act as Provincial G.M. of New England in 1733, but palmed off a forged document upon his Brethren, when it is known that the Grand Lodge of England afterwards repeatedly

honoured Price by not only similar but increased authority, is to suppose an absurdity.

The date of the first Deputation to Price having been then, April 30, 1733, as Grand Master, Bro. William Sewall Gardner, in an able address delivered before the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts on St. John's Day, 1871, said:—"In the year 1734, our records state, Price received orders from the G.M. of England to establish Masonry in *all* North America, by John Lindsay, Earl of Craufurd. Craufurd became G.M. on March 30, 1734, and held office until April 17, 1735. On the 28th of November, 1734, Franklin addressed a letter to Price and the Brethren, a copy of which is appended, in which he says: 'We have seen in the Boston prints an article of news from London, importing that at a Grand Lodge held there in August last, Mr. Price's Deputation and power were extended over all North America.' The files of Boston newspapers of this year are incomplete, and the article referred to cannot be found. It was undoubtedly printed in some Boston print."

Observe the following *recognitions* of Price's position and authority: In a letter, dated November 29, 1768, from Thos. French, G.S. of Grand Lodge of England, to Price, the former says:—"The success of Masonry in America under *your* patronage we learn with pleasure;" and previously he said: "I am ordered by His Grace, Henry Somerset, Duke of Beaufort, our Most Worshipful Grand Master, and the Hon. Charles Dillon, his Deputy, to acknowledge the receipt of yours, dated 27th January, 1768, inclosing a letter from the Provincial Grand Lodge at Boston to the Grand Lodge in England."

In a letter dated September 6, 1769, Jas. Haseltine, G.S. of Grand Lodge of England, addressed Henry Price as P.G.M. for America, and enclosed documents for him "to forward to the Lodges in America." Another letter, from the same to the same, is dated February 15 1770.

The originals of all the foregoing letters are now in the archives of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

In the Deputation to John Rowe, from Grand Master the Duke of Beaufort of the Grand Lodge of England, appointing Rowe Provincial G.M., and dated May 12, 1768, it is recited, in the way of a preamble: "Know ye that we, of the *great trust and confidence* reposed in our Right Worshipful and well-beloved Brother, Henry Price, Esq., of North America, constituted Provincial Grand Master for North America by Viscount Montague, Grand Master, April 13, 1733. He resigning recommends John Rowe, Esq. We therefore do hereby constitute and appoint him, the said John Rowe, Esq., Provincial G.M. for all North America and the territories thereunto belonging, where no other Provincial G.M. is in being, with full power and authority in due form to make Masons, and constitute and regulate Lodges," &c. A copy of this Deputation is now on the records of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. Are not the foregoing recognitions of Price's valid Masonic authority entitled to our entire confidence? It is reasonable for us to doubt what the officers of the Grand Lodge of England have never doubted.

But, it is urged, the Grand Lodge of England did not meet in the year 1734, when Price said his authority was enlarged. Bro. Hervey, the present esteemed G.S. of England explains this, by the remark, that it was the prerogative of the *Grand Masters* to appoint the Provincial Grand Masters, and such appointments were not reported to the Grand Lodge, and do not, therefore, appear in the records of that Body. And again, it is said Price's original Deputation of 1733, although it recites "given under our hand and seal of office"—that is, inferentially, the seal of the Grand Lodge—it was not attested by the G.S., who ordinarily affixes the seal. But the petition for the first Lodge in Boston recites that it was sealed with Grand Master Mon-

tagne's seal, and both the petition and recorded copy allege that it was signed by the G.M.'s command by the D.G.M., S.G.W., and J.G.W. Besides, the seal of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Massachusetts had a liberal translation of the motto upon the Montague arms—"Suivez Raison," rendered, "Follow Reason." It seems unnecessary to multiply remarks upon the cumulative weight of all this testimony—it speaks for itself. If the Grand Lodge of England was satisfied with Price's conduct; if his official superior neither has nor had any charges to bring against him; is it becoming in a subordinate in his own household—in his own Grand Lodge, at this late day to assail his character and official acts?

I now approach the important question of the origin of Freemasonry in Pennsylvania.

I believe that original and trustworthy evidence exists to prove that a Grand Lodge existed in Pennsylvania in 1732, *one year before* Price's first deputation in New England, and the constitution of the first Lodge in Boston (for there was no pre-1733 Lodge there); and that in 1730, *three years before* Price's deputation, there were several subordinate M.M.'s Lodges working in Philadelphia. Consequently, Boston is *not* the mother of Masonry in America. Bro. Norton is right, and I was wrong in my previous statement. I am now prepared to exhibit to him, and to the world, evidence to establish the fact that Philadelphia is the mother of Masonry in America; and, being a Philadelphian myself, I the more gladly sacrifice my former opinion upon the altar of truth.

The statement that Boston is the mother of Masonry in America has been affirmed again and again by many leading Masonic historians. G.M. Bro. J. W. S. Mitchell says:* "We do not hesitate to subscribe to the opinion that Boston is the mother of Masonry in

America." Bro. Albert G. Mackey says:* "The *first* Lodge in Pennsylvania was established in 1734, by a warrant from the Provincial Grand Lodge of *Massachusetts*, and of this Lodge Benjamin Franklin was the first Master." Bro. Leon Hyneman says † (quoting Webb's Monitor) and referring to the Grand Mastership of Montague in 1733: "Freemasons' Lodges in America date their origin from this period. Upon the application of a number of Brethren residing in Boston, a warrant was granted by Lord Viscount Montague, Grand Master of Masons in England, dated the 30th day of April, 1733, appointing the R.W. Henry Price, G.M. in North America, with full power and authority to appoint his Deputy, and other Masonic officers necessary for forming a Grand Lodge, and also to constitute Lodges of Free and Accepted Masons as often as occasion should require. . . . The Grand Lodge being thus organized, under the designation of St. John's Grand Lodge, proceeded to grant warrants for instituting regular Lodges in various parts of America."

Bro. Hyneman, however, it should be stated, in a subsequently published work, ‡ asserted the existence of a Masonic Lodge in Philadelphia in the year 1732. I am now prepared to go further than that, and assert, and prove, what will not only gratify Bros. Norton and Hyneman, but a host of others, including every Pennsylvanian Mason, viz.: that a Masonic Lodge existed in the city of Philadelphia two years earlier still, in 1730.

On the shelves of the Library Company of Philadelphia (an institution of which Bro. Benjamin Franklin was one of the founders and first directors) there is a bound volume of the "Pennsylvania Gazette"—a newspaper published weekly in the city of Philadelphia in the olden time. This volume contains

* Encyclopædia of Freemasonry, p. 568, article "Pennsylvania."

† Hyneman's Masonic Library, Vol. I., p. 358.
The World's Masonic Register, p. 354.

* History of Freemasonry and Masonic Digest, Vol. I., p. 482.

every number of that venerable journal from the year 1728 to 1733. In size it is about ten by fifteen inches. The following is the title, and conclusion, of the number to which I now invite special attention :—

“No. 187.

“THE PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE.

“Containing the Freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic, from Monday, June 19, to Monday, June 26, 1732.”

“Philadelphia: Printed by B. Franklin, at the new Printing Office, near the Market. Price 10s. a-year.

“Where Advertisements are taken in, and Bookbinding is done reasonable, in the best manner.”

On the fourth, and last, page is this item of news :—

“Philadelphia, June 26.

“Saturday last, being St. John’s Day, a Grand Lodge of the Ancient and Honorable Society of FREE and ACCEPTED MASONS, was held at the Sun Tavern, in Water Street, when, after a handsome entertainment, the Worshipful W. Allen, Esq., was unanimously chosen Grand Master of this Province, for the year ensuing; who was pleased to appoint Mr. Wm. Pringle, Deputy Master. Wardens chosen for the ensuing year were Thos. Boude and Benjamin Franklin.”

I give now another quotation, from the same newspaper of two years’ earlier date.

“No. 108.

“THE PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE.

“From Thursday, December 3, to Tuesday, December 8, 1730.”

The first article on first page reads as follows :—

“As there are several Lodges of Free Masons erected in this Province, and people have lately been much amused with conjectures concerning them; we think the following account of Free Masonry, from London, will not be unacceptable to our readers.”

Then follows a recital that, “By the death of a gentleman who was one of the Brotherhood of Freemasons, there

has lately happened a discovery of abundance of their secret signs and wonders, with the mysterious manner of their admission into that Fraternity, contained in a manuscript found among his papers.” This, of course, was a burlesque.

Neither one of the above important extracts had, to my knowledge, before appeared at large in print, outside of the original gazettes from which I copied them. They have been vaguely referred to by several writers, including Bros. Leon Hyneman and Thompson Westcott, but never reproduced or particularly cited.

Here are two publicly published statements, contemporaneous with the events themselves, made by Benjamin Franklin, in his own newspaper, he himself being a Mason, and neither of them ever questioned or contradicted in subsequent issues of the paper. One of these statements positively asserts the existence of several Lodges of Freemasons in the Province of Pennsylvania on December 8, 1730, and the other still more positively and circumstantially asserts the existence of a Provincial Grand Lodge of Masons in Pennsylvania in 1732, its meeting in the city of Philadelphia on St. John’s Day, June 24th of that year, and the election of W. Allen, Esq., as Grand Master of the Province, William Pringle, Deputy Master, and Thomas Boude and Benjamin Franklin, Wardens. Both were public statements of prominent local facts, and neither, more especially the circumstantial account of the meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania in 1732, and election of all its officers, including Benjamin Franklin as Warden, could have been made by him, and in his own newspaper, and remain uncontradicted in the succeeding numbers (as it does) without being the literal truth. We believe that Benjamin Franklin was like George Washington, and would not tell a lie.

But there is corroborative testimony of the highest character, viz.: Frank-

lin's letter, dated November 28, 1734, to the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. This letter was as follows:—

“Right Worshipful Grand Master, and Most Worthy and Dear Brethren—We acknowledge your favour of the 23rd of October past, and rejoice that the Grand Master (whom God bless) hath so happily recovered from his late indisposition: and we now, glass in hand, drink to the establishment of his health, and the prosperity of your whole Lodge.

“We have seen in the Boston prints an article of news from London, importing that at a Grand Lodge held there in August last, Mr. Price's deputation and power was *extended over all America*, which advice we hope is true, and we heartily congratulate him thereupon, and although this has not been as yet regularly signified to us by you, yet, giving credit thereto, we think it our duty to lay before your Lodge what we apprehend needful to be done for us, in order to promote and strengthen the interest of Masonry in this Province (which seems to want the sanction of some authority derived from home, to give the proceedings and determinations of our Lodge their due weight), to wit, a Deputation or Charter granted by the Right Worshipful Mr. Price, by virtue of his commission from Britain, *confirming the Brethren of Pennsylvania in the privilege they at present enjoy, of holding annually their GRAND LODGE*, choosing their Grand Master, Wardens and other officers, who may manage all affairs relating to the brethren here with full power and authority, according to the customs and usages of Masons, *the said Grand Master of Pennsylvania only yielding his chair when the Grand Master of all America shall be in place*. This, if it seems good and reasonable to you to grant, will not only be extremely agreeable to us, but will also, we are confident, conduce much to the welfare, establishment, and reputation of Masonry in these parts. We therefore submit it

for your consideration, and, as we hope our request will be complied with, we desire that it may be done as soon as possible, and also accompanied with a copy of the R.W. Grand Master's first deputation, and of the instrument by which it appears to be enlarged as above mentioned, witnessed by your Wardens, and signed by the Secretary; for which favours this Lodge doubt not of being able to believe as not to be thought ungrateful.

“We are, R.W. Grand Master and Most Worthy Brethren, your affectionate Brethren and obliged humble servants,

“B. FRANKLIN, G.M.

“Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1734.”

[The italics are mine.]

Accompanying this was another letter, in the nature of a postscript, as follows:

“Dear Brother Price,—I am glad to hear of your recovery. I hoped to have seen you here this fall, agreeable to the expectation you were so good as to give me; but since sickness has prevented your coming while the weather was moderate, I have no room to flatter myself with a visit from you before the Spring, when a deputation of the brethren here will have an opportunity of showing how much they esteem you. I beg leave to recommend their request to you, and to inform you that some false and rebel brethren, who are foreigners, being about to set up a distinct Lodge in opposition to the old and true brethren here, pretending to make Masons for a bowl of punch, and the Craft is like to come into disesteem among us, unless the true brethren are countenanced and distinguished by some special authority as herein desired. I entreat, therefore, that whatever you shall think proper to do therein may be sent by the next post, if possible, or the next following.

“I am, your affectionate brother and humble servant,

“B. FRANKLIN, G.M.,
“Pennsylvania.

“P.S.—If more of the Constitutions

are wanted among you, please hint it to me."

[Address upon said letter]

"To Mr. Henry Price,

"At the Brazen Head,

"Boston, N.E."

The original copies of these letters were in existence until April 6, 1864—ten years ago—when they were destroyed at the burning of the Winthrop House, Boston. But many exact copies of them had previously been made, and their authenticity is not doubted.*

The points made by Franklin are these: He has seen it stated in the Boston prints, that Price's original deputation and power as Provincial G.M. of New England, in August, 1734, was extended by the Grand Lodge of England, and he was constituted G.M. of all America. He asks for evidence of both Deputations, and adds that the Pennsylvania Masons desire to have their *present* privileges, of holding annually their *Grand Lodge*, confirmed, their G.M. *only* yielding his chair when the G.M. of *all* America shall be present. He also mentions some *false* brethren who are about to set up a clandestine Lodge in Philadelphia, and he desires that the *true brethren* may be recognized by the newly-appointed G.M. of all America. He signs his name officially to both letters, as Grand Master.

Now it will be remembered, that in the matter of the Petition of 1768, from the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts to the Grand Lodge of England, asking the appointment of Rowe "to be G.M. of Masons for North America" (quoted above), the Deputation granted in response, only appointed Rowe to be "Provincial Grand Master for all North America, and the territories thereunto belonging *where no Provincial Grand Master is in being.*" This was right and proper. In every probability Price's second deputation was precisely of this character, and his authority was *not*

* Sworn copies of these letters appear in the Massachusetts G.L. Proceedings for 1871, p. 356-7; the first letter may also be found in Hyneman's "World's Masonic Register," pp. 354-5.

extended over Pennsylvania, where a Provincial G.M. had been theretofore constituted.

But, the reader will naturally ask: "Whence did the brethren in Pennsylvania obtain authority to establish a Provincial Grand Lodge in the year 1732, or prior to that date, and by what Masonic power were the 'several lodges of Freemasons which were in existence on Dec. 28, 1730,' warranted?" The answer is easy.

On June 5, 1730, His Grace, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons of England, upon the application of Daniel Cox, of New Jersey, and several other brethren residing in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, granted a deputation to the said Daniel Cox, constituting him Provincial Grand Master of the provinces of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. This Deputation, now on record in the Freemasons' Hall, London, is most important in this connection, and reads as follows:*

"Sic Subscribitur,

L.S.

"NORFOLK, G.M.

"To all and every our R.W., Worshipful and Loving Brethren, now residing, or who may hereafter reside, in the provinces of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, His Grace, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshall and Hereditary Marshall of England, &c., &c., Chief of the illustrious family of the Howards, Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons of England, *Sendeth Greeting,*

"Whereas application has been made unto us by our Right Worshipful and well-beloved Brother, Daniel Cox, of New Jersey, Esq., and by several other Brethren, Free and Accepted Masons, residing and about to reside in the said provinces of New York, New Jersey, and *Pennsylvania*, that he would be

* Massachusetts Proceedings for 1821, pp. 354-5.

pleased to nominate and appoint a Provincial G.M. of the said provinces: Now know ye, that we have nominated, ordained, constituted, and appointed, and do by these presents nominate, ordain, constitute, and appoint our R.W. and well-beloved Brother, the said Daniel Cox, Provincial Grand Master of the said provinces of New York, New Jersey, and *Pennsylvania*, with full power and authority to nominate and appoint his Deputy Grand Master and Grand Wardens for the space of two years from the Feast of St. John the Baptist now next ensuing, *after which time* it is our will and pleasure, and we do hereby ordain that the brethren who do now reside, or who may hereafter reside, in *all or any of the said provinces* shall, and they are hereby empowered every other year on the Feast of St. John the Baptist to *elect a Provincial Grand Master*, who shall have the power of nominating and appointing his Deputy G.M. and Grand Wardens. And we do hereby empower our said Provincial Grand Master, *and the Grand Master*, Deputy Grand Master, and Grand Wardens for the time being, for us and in our place and stead to *constitute the brethren* (Free and Accepted Masons) now residing, or who shall hereafter reside in those parts *into one or more regular lodge or lodges*, as he shall think fit, and as often as occasion shall require. . . . And lastly, we will and require that our said Provincial G.M., and the G.M. for the time being or his Deputy, do annually cause the brethren to keep the Feast of St. John the Evangelist, and dine together on that day, and . . . do recommend a general charity to be established for the relief of poor brethren of the said province.

“Given under our hand and seal of office at London, this fifth day of June, 1730, and of Masonry 5730.”

[The Italics are mine.]

Now Cox, under this deputation, undoubtedly, as Provincial G.M. of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania,

warranted the first lodges in Pennsylvania, in the same year in which his deputation was granted, and these lodges were the ones which Franklin's paper of December, 1730, asserts were then in existence; and, under the same authority, given in the subsequent part of the deputation, two years after the date (June 5, 1730) the brethren in *any* of the said provinces were empowered to elect a Provincial G.M., which, as Franklin's paper of June 26, 1732, states, the brethren in the province of Pennsylvania did, on June 24, 1732, the very earliest day within their power, being at the close of the two years mentioned in Cox's deputation. All of these facts are borne out by the Masonic authority under which they arose. No strained construction is necessary. There was the deputation, on record in England, and actually issued; there were the subordinate lodges and the Grand Lodge in Pennsylvania—public facts noticed in contemporaneous newspapers, whose authenticity cannot be questioned—both were links in the same chain, and the evidence of both no reasonable man can doubt.

It has heretofore generally been taken for granted, that because Cox made no return to the Grand Lodge of England of his having warranted any lodges, that therefore none were warranted, and his deputation was practically inoperative. But, as Grand Secretary Clark of the Grand Lodge of England, on April 10, 1863, wrote to the Historical Committee of Massachusetts: “At the period when he (Cox) was appointed, *it was a rare thing for any reports to be made by the Provincial Grand Masters abroad of their doings*. Brief details came in once or twice from Bengal, but I find none from any other foreign country.” This does away with the objection that no returns meant no work.

Bear this fact in mind also—Cox *asked* for his deputation; it was not thrust upon him; and it is fair to suppose that, after having received it he

used it. Bro. Mackey, in his Encyclopædia of Freemasonry, just issued, says, with reference to Daniel Cox: "I have not been able to obtain any evidence that he exercised his prerogative by the establishment of lodges in that province (New Jersey), but *presume that he did.*" To the writer's mind the evidence above produced is conclusive that Freemasonry was lawfully established in the province of Pennsylvania at an earlier date than in any of her sister provinces, and that to Philadelphia must be awarded the honourable title of "the Mother of Masonry in America." We regret to take the laurel crown from Boston, but *magna est veritas et prevalebit.*

The exalted character and social status of the men who presided over the Provincial Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania in 1732, and the years immediately following, are eminently worthy of remark, in this connection, and in themselves corroborative of the truth of the statement in Franklin's *Gazette* in 1732, since neither Franklin, nor any one else, could have made such a statement concerning them, if untrue, without provoking a reply and denial.

"The Worshipful W. Allen, Esq.," the first Provincial G.M. of Pennsylvania, was one of the most learned, influential, and wealthy men of his time, and Chief Justice of the province of Pennsylvania. I have been at considerable pains to trace, from various authentic sources, his whole career, and have met with abundant success. It is a matter of sincere congratulation that the G.M. of Pennsylvania, in 1732, was so distinguished a citizen, and that the indisputable record of his greatness remains until this day.

Grand Master William Allen was the son of an eminent merchant, and was honoured by his fellow citizens, and the Proprietary of Pennsylvania, with many of the highest and most honourable offices in their gift. In the year 1728 he was a member of the Common Council of Philadelphia;* from 1731

* Minutes of the Common Council of Philadelphia, 1704 to 1776, p. 280.

to 1734 (covering the year he was Grand Master) he was an Alderman of the City;* in 1735 he was Mayor of the City;† from 1741 to 1750 he was Recorder of the City, and within this period, in 1749, he was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Pennsylvania a second time, by Lord Byron, G.M. of England; in 1750 he was appointed Chief Justice of the province of Pennsylvania, and filled this lofty station for many years.‡ He was distinguished for his love of literature and the arts; was the friend and patron of Benjamin West, the great painter, and co-operated with Franklin in establishing a college at Philadelphia, since famous as the University of Pennsylvania. No person in Pennsylvania, probably, was richer than Judge Allen, or possessed greater influence. He was a member of Congress, and of the Committee of Safety, but became a Loyalist in the American War for Independence. A wag of the time said he joined the royal side "because the Continental Congress *presumed* to declare the American States free and independent without first asking the consent, and obtaining the approbation, of himself and *wise* family." In 1761 he was one of the three persons in Philadelphia who kept a coach. His own was drawn by four horses; and his coachman, who was imported from England, was "a great whip." In the latter part of 1776 he placed himself under the protection of General Howe, at Trenton, and two years afterwards he made an unsuccessful attempt to raise a regiment for the British cause. He died in England in 1780.§

Such was the first G.M. of Masons in Pennsylvania.

Thomas Boude, Grand Warden of the Provincial G.L. of Pennsylvania in 1732, was afterwards Coroner of the county of Philadelphia.¶

* *Ibid.*, pp. 311, 316, 324, 335.

† *Ibid.*, p. 349.

‡ Lives of Eminent Philadelphians, by Henry Simpson, p. 18.

§ The Royalists of the American Revolution, by Lorenzo Sabine, Vol. I., p. 157.

¶ Colonial Records of Pennsylvania, Vol. VI., p. 144.

The following were the Provincial Grand Masters of Pennsylvania for the years named:—*

- A.D. 1732, William Allen.
- 1733, Humphrey Murray.
- 1734, Benjamin Franklin.
- 1735, James Hamilton.
- 1736, Thomas Hopkinson.
- 1737, William Plumstead.
- 1738, Joseph Shippen.
- 1739—40, ———
- 1741, Philip Syng.

After the annual election in 1733, when Bro. Humphrey Murray was elected G.M., "a grand entertainment was given, at which the Hon. Thomas Penn, the Proprietary of the Province; the Governor, Hon. Patrick Gordon; the Mayor of the City, Samuel Hazel, and many other persons of great dignity assisted, thus giving to the Institution a valuable *eclat*."†

Of Benjamin Franklin, Grand Warden in 1732, and Grand Master in 1734, it is unnecessary to say anything, since his fame is world-wide.

James Hamilton, Grand Master in 1735, was Lieut.-Governor of the province of Pennsylvania, and the first native governor. He married a niece of Governor John Penn. He was a patron of Benjamin West, by whom was executed a full-length portrait of Hamilton. He was unfriendly to the Revolution, and loyal to the Crown, but submitted to what he could not control. He was also President of the American Philosophical Society, at the time when Governor John Penn was Patron.‡

Thomas Hopkinson, Grand Master in 1736, was by birth an Englishman, and was appointed Admiralty Judge in the province of Pennsylvania under the British Crown. He married a niece

of the Bishop of Worcester, England; was a member of the Philosophical Society; and assisted Franklin in his experiments and discoveries in electricity. He was the father of Francis Hopkinson, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the grandfather of Joseph Hopkinson, also an Admiralty Judge, and the author of the famous American national song, "Hail, Columbia."*

William Plumstead, Grand Master in 1737, was member of Common Council of Philadelphia in 1739, and Mayor of the City in 1750.†

Philip Syng, Grand Master in 1741, was a gold and silversmith, and Provincial Commissioner of Philadelphia, for whom Philip Syng Physick, M.D., the "Father of American Surgery," Professor of Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania, and Fellow of the Royal Medical Society of London, was named.‡

Grand Masters Benjamin Franklin, Francis Hopkinson, and Philip Syng, were all of them Directors of the Library Company of Philadelphia, at its origin in 1731, and are mentioned in its first records.§

Even the cursory reader of the foregoing paragraphs cannot fail to observe the distinguished official and social positions of all of the early Grand Masters of Masons in Pennsylvania, from William Allen, in 1732, to Philip Syng, in 1741. These testify to the high esteem in which Freemasonry was held in the province of Pennsylvania at that epoch, and are guarantees that the early Provincial Grand Lodges were formed and maintained in accordance with the regulations of the Craft.

A word as to the *place* where the first Provincial G.L. in Pennsylvania

* Bro. Thomson Westcott's Early Local History of Philadelphia, now appearing serially in the columns of "The Sunday Dispatch," of which he is the accomplished editor. We are glad to know that Bro. Westcott is preparing his very valuable papers for publication in book form.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Simpson's Eminent Philadelphians, p. 482.

* Duyekinck's Cyclopaedia of American Literature, Vol. I, p. 576.

† Simpson's Eminent Philadelphians, pp 542, 546.

‡ Minutes of Common Council, p. 280.

§ Simpson's Eminent Philadelphians.

Duyekinck's Cyclopaedia of American Literature, Vol. I, p. 177.

met. The notice in Franklin's newspaper, in 1732, designates the place of meeting as the *Sun Tavern*, on Water Street, in the city of Philadelphia. After a careful collation of all the testimony I have been able to gather, written, printed, and oral or traditional, I have come to the conclusion that the S is a typographical error for T, and that "Sun Tavern" should read "Tun Tavern." Watson's Annals of Philadelphia says:* "A very noted public-house in the Colonial days was Pegg Mullen's 'Beef Steak House,' on the east side of Water Street, at the corner of Wilcox's alley; she was known and visited by persons from Boston to Georgia. . . Governor Hamilton, and other governors, held their clubs in that house—*there the Freemasons met*, and most of the public parties and societies. . . 'Pegg Mullen's' was the south corner, or next the corner of *Tun alley*."

It seems that this alley was sometimes called Wilcox, and at other times Tun alley. It is the first alley south of Chestnut Street, leading eastward from Water Street to the river Delaware. Past Grand Master Bro. John Thomson, now, and for many years, Grand Secretary of the G.L. of Pennsylvania, informs me that the old tavern which stood at the corner of Tun Alley, had three tuns, or barrels of a tun capacity each, on top of each other outside of its door, as a business sign, and Tun Alley derived its name from this fact. I recently visited this locality. On the site of the Tun Tavern there now stands a cooper shop, outside of which I saw standing a number of barrels of large size, by which I was forcibly reminded of the old Tun Tavern. On the street corner at the wharf is the sign "Ton Alley."

I may add, as a matter of history, that the earliest records of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, now in the Secretary's office in the Masonic Temple, Philadelphia, are dated July 29, 1779;

* Watson's Annals, Vol. I, pp. 465-6, 469.

but on the page previous to their commencement there is this Preface:—

"The former minutes of the Grand Lodge being either mislaid, or carried away by some enemies to the Royal Art during the confusions of the present war, it has been found necessary to open new books of Minutes and Proceedings, though under all the disadvantages of wanting the ancient forms and precedents, yet in hope of recovering them by means of any faithful brother into whose hands they may in future chance to fall, and trusting that by a due regard to the fundamental Rules of the Royal Art, which are invariable and stand fast for ever, no considerable mistake can be made in the following entries, either respecting the form or the substance."

I trust that the importance of the Masonic facts discussed and narrated in the foregoing article, and the value of the recently discovered evidence brought to bear upon their elucidation, may be deemed a sufficient excuse for its length. The wholesale claims made on behalf of the G.L. of Massachusetts to having established Masonry in Pennsylvania, as well as in most of the other provinces, must be abandoned. I once credited them, but in the light of original research can do so no longer.*

* The writer takes pleasure in acknowledging his obligation to Bros. Charles E. Meyer, Thomson Westcott, John Thomson, and Leon Hyneman, all of the city of Philadelphia, for information furnished while he was preparing the above paper. And, it may be added, that Bro. Meyer is now engaged in the preparation of a "Memorial Volume of the Dedication of the New Masonic Temple, Philadelphia," which will also contain a brief history of Masonry in Pennsylvania. This volume will be issued in September next. It is preparing under the auspices of the Library Committee of the Grand Lodge, of which Bro. Meyer is chairman, and by the authority of the Grand Lodge itself, and cannot fail to be a most interesting and valuable work. Probably Bro. Meyer will discover still more corroborative evidence of the pre-1733 existence of Freemasonry in Philadelphia.

While invincible as a Mason, and brave as a man, be sure to display the benignity of a friend, and the kindness of a brother.

THE OLD MASONIC POINTS

(Continued from page 372)



More constitutions.

At this assembly were more divisions ordained;
Of great lords and masters also,
That whose will know this craft and come to estate,
He must love God well, and Holy Church always,
And his master also, that he is with,
Wheresoe'er he goes, in field or (1) frith;
And thy fellows those love also,
For that thy craft wills that thou [shalt] do.

Second point.

The second point, as I you say,
That the masons work upon the work day,
Also truly, as he can or may,
To deserve his hire for the holiday,
And truly to labour in his deed
Well deserves to have his meed.

Third point.

The third point must be surely
With the prentice know it well,
His master's counsel he keep, and close,
And his fellow's by his good purpose;
The privities of the chamber tell he no man,
Nor in the lodge whatsoever they do;
Whatsoever thou hearest, or seest them do,
Tell it [to] no man, wheresoe'er thou go;
The counsel of hall, and eke of bower,
Keep it well to [thy] great honour,
Lest it would turn thyself to blame,
And bring the craft into great shame.

Fourth point.

The fourth point teacheth us also,
That no man to his craft be false;
Error he shall maintain noon
Against the craft, but let it go;
Nor no prejudice he shall not do
To his master, nor his fellows also;
And though the prentice be under awe,
Yet he would have the same law.

Fifth point.

The fifth point is, without nay,
That when the mason takes his pay
Of the master, ordained to him,
Full meekly taken so must it be;
Yet must the master, by good reason,
Warn them lawfully before none,
If he will not occupy them no more,
As he hath done there before;
Against this order he may not strive,
If he think well for to thrive.

Sixth point.

The sixth point is full given to know,
Both to high and also to low,
For such case it might befall,
Among the masons, some or all,
Through envy, or deadly hate,

Oft ariseth full great debate.
Then ought the mason, if that he may,
Put them both under a day;
But love-day yet shall they make none,
Till that the work day be clean gone:
Upon the holy day ye may well take
Leisure enough love-day to make,
Lest that it would the work day
Hinder their work for such affair;
To such end then that ye them draw,
That they stand well in God's law.

Seventh point.

The seventh point it may well tell,
Of well long life that God us give,
As it describeth well openly,
Thou shalt not by thy master's wife lie,
Nor by thy fellows, in no manner wise,
Lest the craft would thee despise;
Nor by thy fellow's concubine,
No more thou wouldst he did by thine.
The penalty thereof let it be sure,
That he be prentice full seven year,
If he forfeit any of them,
So chastised then must he be;
Full much care might there begin,
For such a foul deadly sin.

Eighth point.

The eighth point, ye may be sure,
If thou hast taken any care,
Under thy master thou be true,
For that point thou shalt never rue;
A true mediator thou must needs be
To thy master, and thy fellows free;
Do truly al . . . that thou mightst,
To both parties, and that is good right.

Ninth point.

The ninth point we should him call,
That he be steward of our hall,
If that ye be in chamber together,
Each one serve other, with gentle (2) chere,
Gentle fellows, ye must it know,
For to be stewards all of a row,
Week after week without doubt,
Stewards to be so all about,
Lovingly to serve each one [the] other,
As though they were sister and brother;
There shall never one on [th'] other (3) costage
Free himself to no advantage,
But every man shall be like free
In that costage, so must it be,
Look that thou pay well every man always,
That thou hast bought any victuals at,
That no (4) craving be made to thee,
Nor to thy fellows, in no degree,
To man or to woman, whether he be,
Pay him well and truly, for that will we;
Thereof on thy fellow true record thou take,
For that good pay as thou dost make,
Lest it would thy fellow shame,
And bring thyself into great blame.
Yet good accounts he must make

(2) Chere: spirits, behaviour.
(3) Costage: cost, expense.
(4) Craving: enticing, asking.

(1) Frith: wood, coppice.

Of such goods as he hath taken,
Of thy fellow's goods that thou hast spent,
Where, and how, and to what end;
Such accounts thou must come to,
When thy fellows will that thou do.

Tenth point.

The tenth point presents well good life,
To live without care and strife;
For if the mason lives amiss,
And in his work be false, (5) y-wysse,
And through such a false excuse
May slander his fellows without reason,
Though false slander of such often
May make the craft catch blame.
If he do the craft such (6) vylany,
Do him no favour then securely.
Nor maintain not him in wicked life,
Lest it would turn to care and strife;
But yet him ye shall not delay,
But that ye shall him constrain,
For to appear wheresoever ye will,
Where that ye will, (7) lowde or styll;
To the next assembly ye shall him call,
To appear before his fellows all,
And but if he will before them appear,
The craft he must needs forswear;
He shall then be chastised after the law
That was founded (8) by old dawe.

Eleventh point.

The eleventh point is of good discretion,
As ye may know by good reason;
A mason, if he this craft well know,
That sees his fellow hew on a stone,
And is in point to spill that stone,
Amend it soon, if that thou can,
And teach him then it to amend,
That the whole work be not (9) y-schend,
And teach him easily it to mend,
With fair words, which God thee has given:
For His sake that sits above,
With sweet words nourish him love.

Twelfth point.

The twelfth point is of great royalty,
There as the assembly holden shall be,
There shall be masters and fellows also,
And other great lords many more;
There shall be the sheriff of that country,
And also the mayor of that city,
Knights and squires there shall be,
And other aldermen, as ye shall see;
Such ordinance as they make there,
They shall maintain it whole together,
Against that man, who'er he be,
That belongeth to the craft both fair and free;
If he any strife against them make,
Into their ward he shall be taken.

- (5) Y-wysse: certainly.
(6) vylany: wickedness.
(7) Lowde or styll: Loud-or-still, a common phrase in Old Romancer.
(8) By old dawe: in old days.
(9) Y-schend: ruined, destroyed.

Thirteenth point.

The thirteenth point is to us full dear,
He shall swear never to be no thief,
Nor succour him in his false craft,
For no good that he hath bereft,
And thou mayest it know or see,
Neither for his good, nor for his kin.

Fourteenth point.

The fourteenth point is full good law,
To him that would be under (10) awe;
A good true oath he must there swear,
To his master and his fellows that be there;
He must be steadfast and true also,
To all this ordinance, whereso'er he go,
And to his liege lord the king,
To be true to him above all thing.
And all these points here before,
To them thou must needs be sworn,
And all shall swear the same oath,
Of the masons, be they willing, be they loth,
To all these points here before,
That hath been ordained by full good (11) lore.
And they shall inquire every man,
Of his party, as well as he can,
If any man may be found guilty
In any of these points specially;
And what he be, let him be sought,
And to the assembly let him be brought.

Fifteenth point.

The fifteenth point is of full good (12) lore,
For them that shall be there sworn,
Such ordinance at th' assembly was (13) layd,
Of great lords and masters before said;
For (14) thy lke that be disobedient, for certain,
Against the ordinance that there is
Of these articles, that were moved there,
Of great lords and masters all together,
And if they be proved openly,
Before that assembly, by and by,
And for their guilt no amends will make,
Then must they needs the craft forsake;
And so mason's craft they shall refuse,
And swear it never more to use.
But if that they will amends make,
Again to the craft they shall never take;
And if that they will not do so,
The sheriff shall come them soon to,
And put their bodies in deep prison,
For the trespass they have done,
And take their goods and their cattle
Into the king's hand, every (15) del,
And let them dwell there full still,
As long as it be our liege king's will.

(To be continued.)

- (10) Awe: governance.
(11) Lore: learning, knowledge.
(12) Lore: advice, knowledge.
(13) Layd: provided.
(14) Thy lke: every-one.
(15) Del: a part or portion.

A cordial affection is the life and soul of all societies, and must be much more so of those who claim to associate together upon the noblest maxims of charity and friendship.

MONSIEUR LE BARON.

One afternoon in the early spring a woman was sitting alone on one of the seats bordering a winding walk in the Champs Elysees. The air was moist and warm, and the brilliant sunlight poured a flood of golden beauty over her shabby garments, and worn, tired face. She was evidently waiting for some one, for she watched the passers-by with eager interest, her hands clasping and unclasping themselves restlessly. Two young men strolling by looked curiously at her, but she was not young enough to interest them much, and they passed on with a shrug and half pitying smile. Their careless laughter floated back, and hurt her. How the brilliant equipages flashed and glittered! Bright eyes were sparkling, jewels flashing in the sun. The spring wind laughed and frolicked with the leaves, but she saw none of this, and as the shadows grew longer she sighed a little.

Suddenly her eyes brightened, as a tall figure came down the walk—a soldierly man with gray whiskers, and keen blue eyes. He was also looking for some one, for he walked slowly, glancing from right to left. The woman watched him anxiously, and, as he seemed about to address a pretty girl, who was leading two children by the hand, she placed herself in his way.

"Monsieur le Baron!"

"Celeste!"

They stood facing each other, the woman with her eyes cast down, the man with a strange look of doubt and surprised recognition on his face. He spoke with a German accent.

"I did not know you. I thought—" and his eyes followed the good-looking *bonne*. Celeste looked up surprised. It had been ten, fifteen years since they had met, and yet she knew *him* at once. The silence had been awkward. A carriage passed, from which looked a lady resplendent in satin and lace. Celeste became painfully conscious of her old dress, the faded ribbon on her bonnet, the rent in her poor little shoe. She drew back her foot so as to hide it. Monsieur le Baron pulled his whiskers nervously.

"What are you doing now, Celeste?"

The tone was cold, Celeste felt it, and her voice faltered.

"Teaching, Monsieur. Sewing sometimes."

"Ah!"

Had he nothing more to say, this man of whom she had dreamt by day and night since they parted? Was it for this that she refused Armand, the notary, when he asked her five years ago to be his wife? What good was it that since she had got his brief letter she had turned her best dress, and even afforded herself new gloves? Despair made her bold.

"So you did not know me, Monsieur?"

"I? How could I?" he said, with a sort of exasperation in his tone. "When I left you, you were young and pretty." He quite forgot his own gray hairs!

With a low cry she shrank back as if he had struck her.

"You had better sit down, Celeste," he said, more kindly.

She sat down, for she could stand no longer. She had gone without breakfast that she might buy the little bunch of flowers to put in her dress. It made her look bright, she thought, and hid an unsightly darn as well. The tears were washing off the *rouge* with which she had tried to hide the hollows sorrow and want had made in the once dimpled cheeks. She sobbed weakly to herself.

The Baron watched her with a slow impatience kindling in his eyes.

"Are you very poor, Celeste?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"I had no idea of this," he said, with an aggrieved air. "Your uncle, the *curé*, told me before I left that you were provided for. Your father had sisters—why did they not do something?"

"They are dead, Monsieur."

"If I had married you then," he went on, disregarding the interruption, "I could not have supported you. My father hated your nation, and would not have given me a thaler. He is dead now, and I came back to look for you." He found it hard to go on. How could he tell her that now that he has found her he does not know what to do with her?

Celeste bowed her head humbly. She is very sorry that her relatives have been so unreasonable in the way of dying. Sorry,

too, that her poverty troubles, 'Monsieur;' it has become so old a story with her that she scarcely thinks of it. She was wondering if she could be the same foolish Celeste who came smiling and happy to the sunny gardens. "But it was wrong to expect so much," she said to herself. "I always had so little sense."

Celeste was a lady, and finding that the Baron had really and truly nothing more to say, she would not force herself upon him. Rising, she said steadily, "I must return, Monsieur. I am glad to have seen you."

He walked with her till they reached the busy, noisy streets; then she stopped.

"Have you far to go, Celeste? Shall I accompany you?"

"No, Monsieur," she said quietly.

He watched her till the throng hid her from his sight; then, with a sigh of relief, he turned away. Pity him a little; his disappointment was very great. All these years he had thought of the pretty French girl, with her sparkling eyes and merry laugh, who had crept into his cold, unimpressionable heart, he scarcely knew how. He had lived happily enough without her, it is true, but when his father's death left him master of his own fortune, his thoughts had turned tenderly to his early love.

How different this wan-faced woman in her poor attire, from the Celeste he had pictured. This was not the woman he had meant to make his wife. His heart did not throb one beat the faster at her voice. He would be very glad to help her, to give her money, but that she would not take—only his *love*, which was beyond his control. He had only that day arrived in Paris; he was lonely and miserable. Hailing a passing *cabriolet*, he got in. "Take me to some place where I can lodge and be quiet."

The driver looked surprised.

"Anywhere!" And the Baron slammed the door, and, throwing himself back on the cushions, gave way to his moody meditations. The Baron made no objection when his *cabriolet* stopped before one of the oldest houses in a street—fashionable once, respectable now, and much frequented by people who, like himself, were fond of rest and retirement.

The house was let in *appartements*, and, fortunately the first floor was vacant. The

Baron was easily pleased, and hired the rooms without delay, despatching a man for his servant and luggage; and Celeste, coming home some hours later, learned to her dismay, who was the occupant of the empty rooms.

"Promise me, good Picot, promise me that you will not tell him that I am here," she said, earnestly.

"Who, Mademoiselle? The Baron?" and the old man gazed at her in unfeigned surprise.

"Oh! any one, I mean, Picot. I would not be known." Then, seeing a look of suspicion dawning on his face, she added: "I have seen better days, Picot, and now—"

"I see, Mademoiselle, I see; one does not want remembrance when one is poor. No one shall know, I promise."

Celeste breathed freely again, for the old man was faithful, she knew. Once in her own room, she sat down to think over the marvellous chance, which, in all this great city, could find but one house wherein to place the Baron and herself.

Change after change flitted over her face. In fancy she again wandered with him along the shady walks in her uncle's garden; again his low words of love trembled in her ear; then came the parting, and the tears fell once more at the remembrance, and she smiled a little as she recalled his promise of a speedy return. Celeste read few romances; her own was quite sufficient. On these memories she had lived through all the long years of loneliness. The past was her reality; what had but just occurred, the dream. Lost in her reverie, she sat idly gazing into the court-yard. Suddenly a voice she knew but too well reached her. Springing to her feet, with her heart beating so that she could scarcely hear, she opened her door and listened.

"Hansel! Hansel?" called the voice, impatiently.

"Coming, Herr Baron, coming."

Then the door was shut, and Celeste shrank back, with the look one sometimes sees on the face of a child, when from the outside he sees the joy of those within.

The Baron's windows looked upon the garden, so that he did not see the figure that darted quickly through the gate, in the early morning, nor the gray shadow that stole swiftly across the court-yard in

the dusk, pausing a moment in the hall to listen, then flitting up the stairs, like some poor ghost returning fearfully to watch beside the extinguished embers of its forsaken hearth.

Safe in the shelter of her own room, Celeste bolted and barred the door securely. Her dread of discovery grew day by day; she need not have feared; the Her Baron would never have dreamed of ascending those long stairs to visit the attic lodger.

The Baron began to find Paris more endurable; and Celeste, seeing him occasionally erect and self-satisfied, with a smile on his proud lips, said to herself with a pitiful moan: "He has forgotten me already—and I—I love him." Then she sank on her knees before her little crucifix, and prayed as only hearts in such sorrow can pray. And by and by peace came again to the pinched, worn face, and, rising, she said, humbly; "It was wrong; I should not have hoped."

But the Baron had not forgotten her, though often he was tempted to wish he might do so. Her face had a trick of rising before him suddenly in the theatre, in the brilliant *salon*, not as he once knew it,—fresh and blooming,—but faded and haggard, as he saw it in the Champs Elysees, and then he returned absent answers to his friends, or,—if he was alone,—he drank rather more than was quite good for him. He wrote to her once, to the address she had given him long ago, asking her to let him help her, offering her, as delicately as might be, an enclosed draft "for the sake of the days that are past."

The draft was returned with the words: "I thank you, 'for the sake of the days that are past'; it is impossible, Monsieur le Baron."

The Baron shrugged his shoulders, and wished that women were not so difficult to manage.

"What would she have?" he said, impatiently. He knew very well what she would have, and the thought troubled him.

One evening in summer the Baron had a headache, and refusing all invitations, told Hansel to deny him to any chance visitors. The house was quite still, and Celeste, thinking that, as usual, he would be absent, left her door open to catch the faint breeze that whispered through the

corridor, and, as she sat at her embroidery, sang softly to herself. She had had an exquisite voice once, and it was still true and sweet. The Baron was passionately fond of music, and as the first notes fell on his ear, he opened his door wider to listen. It was a hymn to the Virgin,—one which in days gone by Celeste was fond of singing. He remembered it now, and as the notes rose higher and higher, like some freed spirit exulting in its flight, and then sank into a plaintive minor, as if the soul grew suddenly conscious of its earthly chains, the tears started to his eyes. "Hansel!" he calls softly, and Celeste, hearing him, hastily barred the door, and dropped, trembling and anxious, into her chair.

The next evening Picot stopped her as she fitted past him in the early dusk.

"I had a hard time to keep your secret, last night, Mademoiselle Celeste; but a promise, you know—"

"Yes, yes, good Picot, tell me quickly, for I must not wait long."

"Well, the Baron he sent for me, and he said: 'Good Master Picot'—it is always good Picot when one wants anything—ha! ha!—will you tell me who it is here that sings so sweetly? I knew at once that it was you, Mademoiselle, for you have sung for my wife; so I thought—ha! ha!—'good' Picot, you must be careful. 'Well, Monsieur,' I answered, 'it may be the English lady or her aunt; they have the next floor.'"

"No, it was the floor above that,—quite up in the roof," answered the Baron.

"Ah! it may have been the artist who—*pauvre diable*—sells no pictures."

"Then he would scarcely feel like singing," said Monsieur; "besides, it was a woman's voice."

"Well, well, it must have been the other lodger, then, who sits and sews all night sometimes."

"Sews all night!" said the Baron, "she must be very poor. What is her name?"

"Then, Mademoiselle, I was frightened, but I pretended there was some one calling me, and excused myself. 'Wait, Picot, you have not told me the name,' called the Baron. 'Oh, the name, Monsieur, I have forgotten.' And I ran down the stairs as fast as my feet could carry me. This morning the Baron stopped at the gate,

'So you will not tell me the name of the bird that sings under the roof, Picot?'

"Will not, Monsieur! I said, reproachfully. 'It is that I can not.'

"Ah, Picot, don't tell that to me. However, I will not disturb your little mystery; but you may give my thanks to the unknown for the very great pleasure she has given me.'

"There! Mademoiselle, you must give me no more secrets to keep, or I will tell them all to the Baron."

Celeste smiled brightly, thanking him for his discretion; then hurried up the stairs, that she might enjoy her happiness alone, for it was happiness to this faithful heart to know that from out the shadows of her own dull life she had been able to send an added ray of brightness into the sunshine of his.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE NEW MORALITY.

(Continued from page 375.)

I don't deny that in our outward laws,
A happy censure's cast on vice's cause;
That in the Nemesis of all darker wrong,
Such acts as these are not unpunished long,
That retribution ever waits on folly here,
Polluted lives, each act of crime or fear.
Yes! sooner or later Justice holds the scales,
When all of craft or guile most surely fails;
When the grave majesty of offended law,
In all its stateliness and voice of awe,
Asserts at last its full and penal pow'r,
Its calm redress, its oft avenging hour.
If oft for years crime rears its prosperous head,
If by its specious wiles the foolish crowd is led
To fancy that ever here, confounded quite,
Are lawless acts and all unfulfilling right,
O let's feel sure, that, haply, though to-day
Such hateful acts prevail, they pass away
Before the calmer voice of sacred trust,
Of sacred duty, of the censor just!
For now at last experience speaks full clear,
Alike to loyal mind and listening ear,
In simple certainty, and openly declares
How ill it ever with a nation fares,
In which, from any cause or specious plea,
Unmoved and careless, hateful wrong we see;
Or where, by interest led or fear oppress,
Injustice lingers unnoticed, unredress'd!
Not so as yet in this our land so true,
Where right and loyalty in radiant hue,
Still bind us all, and mark our onward way,

And bind all classes in one firm array;
Here we will still uphold our public right,
Nor yield to lawless acts or sinful might;
Here we will still true justice aye proclaim,
And long preserve our law-abiding name!
Can nought be done to check the lust for gold?
Must festive youth keep toiling to grow old?
Is there no limit to these sinful schemes?
These painted follies and these hateful dreams?
Which rule so many men, both young and old,
And seem as with a net all classes to enfold?
Is there no chance to stem that hopeless tide
Of inane longings and of gilded pride.
Which, as these words fall from my faltering pen,
Are marking sadly crowds of thinking men?
How idle seems that childish race of ours,
Of wasted energies, and of wither'd powers,
With which we seek the "mirage" gift'd gold,
With which, tho' young, we hasten to grow old;
For which we give up all our hopes sublime;
For which we waste the golden hours of prime,
And find, alas! ere life is half but o'er,
That we have foundered on the deadly shore!
How strange that thus should come on young
and old

This wondrous thirst for pleasure-giving gold!
Not that the wealth for which they blindly seek,
For which they toil and pine each weary week,
Can give them fuller happiness to-day;
Can add one grace or take one care away!
Not all the riches of the Orient clime
Can light one sighing hour of transient light;
But that in idle phantasy and garish show,
The love of money ever seems to grow.
Yes, those who set their heart on money now,
Will to that "Baal" all submissive bow,
Seeking, indeed, no true or useful end,
But that on "self" they may have more to spend.
To them all means are just, all means are fair,
For this they all will gladly do or dare;
For this they stifle now the "still small voice;"
For this they give up many a nobler choice,
And seeking only how to gain their aim,
They reek not even the impartial blame
Of those just laws which labour to unite
Contrasted classes in one rule of right,
And sternly guard with ever jealous care
Our social fabric, flourishing and fair.
Alas, for those who only now contrive
Unfairly to progress, unrightly strive;
And that in this great rapid race of life,
Amid the jostling crowd's unceasing strife,
And myriads pressing onwards in the way,
In this our life's great thoroughfare to-day,
They too may swell that cry so often heard:
"O let's be rich, all scruples are absurd!
Money we must have—e'en at any cost;
Though fame is vanishing, though honour's lost,
Money is power, money itself is good!
Why should we not obtain it if we could?
So let us hasten, yes, hasten one and all,
That Danae's golden shower on us may fall.
For this we now will all laborious live;
For this we will without one murmur give
The zealous energy of our anxious heart;
For this we seek the ring, the club, the mart:
For this we make our life's great aim and end,
Money—our God, our joy, our pride, our friend!

MENTOR.

THE BROKEN EMBLEM.

The fashionable season was at its height, and all the places of fashionable summer resort were thronged by visitors, seeking health, rest, or to amuse themselves by mingling with the multitudes that flock together from all parts of the fashionable world.

Lake George was not behind other similar resorts in the number and variety of its visitors. Sherill, the pleasant and affable host of Lake House, was in his glory. No man ever kept a better hotel than Sherill, and no hotel ever had a better landlord than the Lake House.

And no landlord ever kept a hotel in a place more calculated by nature to attract and please, than the pretty little village of Caldwell, hidden away amid mountains that surrounded the head of that most beautiful of all sheets of water, "not excepting the Como," Lake George. 'Twas the middle of July, when in the great cities the church doors had been closed for a little season, that the weary servant of God might flee away to the country for a short respite from his labours, and catch a breath of air untainted by the dust and heat of the city.

When the busy bustling merchant had deserted his counting room and left his business cares to his tried and trusty clerks, and he had gone down to his old home amid the hills of the country, from whence he came a few years ago to seek his fortune in the busy whirl of the metropolis; when the judge and the lawyers had left the court room in silence, while they sought a holiday in the green woods far away; when, in short, everybody who could, had fled from the heat and bustle of the city, and sought for a time rest and quiet in the country.

At such a time, no matter how many years ago, the crowd of visitors at the Lake House were assembled in the upper galleries, that extend around the house, in the evening, amusing themselves in almost every conceivable manner, when the attention of nearly all was attracted to the street front of the house, by the arrival of a carriage from Glen's Fields, bringing two new guests to the Lake House. Sherill was at the door, ready in his bustling good-

humoured way to bid them welcome. The new comers were a gentleman, apparently about thirty years old, and a little girl certainly not more than five.

The gentleman was tall and slender, had very black hair and eyes, wore a suit of plain black, but of costly material. He was very pale, as if in ill health. His countenance wore a sad and sorrowful expression indicative of a grief of long standing, but of a never yielding character.

As to the little girl, my pen utterly fails in any attempt to describe her. Suffice it to say that she was in all things the perfection of childish beauty, making one as he looked upon her, think that the days of angel visitation to the earth had not ended; and one as he gazed upon her innocence and beauty, almost expected to see the bright angelic wings unfold, and the little one take flight to a world more congenial than this. Taking the girl by the hand, the gentleman entered the office of the hotel and entered upon the register in a businesslike handwriting, the name of Lawrence Clark and daughter, leaving the place of residence and destination blank.

As soon as a room was assigned him, he retired with his daughter, whom he called Belle, and was seen no more until at the supper table. After supper, he called the landlord aside and inquired if he could recommend to him some female of kind and gentle disposition to whose care he could safely entrust his little daughter for a few days, while they remained at the hotel. Sherill replied in the affirmative, and conducting the stranger to the public parlour he introduced him to his daughter, the beautiful and accomplished Miss Sherill, a young lady of some eighteen years, who readily consented to take the charge of little Belle for such time as the father might desire. These arrangements having been satisfactorily completed, and little Belle placed in charge of her new friend, Lawrence Clark wandered away by himself until bed time.

Days flew rapidly away, and Lawrence Clark remained the same retiring and lonely stranger to all the company of visitors at the hotel, as when he first came among them. He neither sought nor accepted any companionship, except that of little Belle, for whom he evinced an almost idolatrous

love, and whom he daily took for an hour or two from the care of her friend, Miss Sherill, and wandered with her down beside the blue waters of the Lake, or took her to ride with him upon their calm bosom. No one knew even whence he came, and no one showed any desire to intrude upon his privacy, or ask him questions concerning himself or his antecedents. Mr. Clark, after spending his mornings as above described with his daughter, was in the habit of leaving the hotel after dinner and wandering away by himself until supper time; and frequently remained out until nearly bed time. Some three weeks had thus passed away, when on one bright and beautiful day, after taking little Belle to ride upon the lake in the morning, Mr. Clark walked off in the direction of French Mountain, telling his daughter that he was going to climb to the mountain's top, and if at about three o'clock she watched a certain tree on the mountain's brow, she would see him wave his handkerchief to her. Little Belle and her kind friend, Miss Sherill, at the promised hour, saw the promised signal. Some hours after, as the sun was sinking in the west, a sudden and very severe storm arose and soon swept across the country. The winds blew almost a hurricane and the rain fell in torrents. So suddenly had the storm arisen, that many wanderers from the hotel, although but a little way off, were drenched by the rain before they could reach shelter in the house. Night had also suddenly fallen upon the earth, and soon after the advent of the storm all nature seemed shrouded in almost impenetrable darkness. Some of the wanderers from the hotel were compelled to seek shelter in the houses of citizens residing in the neighbourhood, while some half dozen young men and maidens who had been paying a visit to a pleasant place about one mile from the hotel known as Kiss Hollow found themselves at the approach of the storm, in the immediate vicinity of Gage Hill school house, of which they took immediate possession, and when darkness came on, they lighted some pieces of candles which they found in the house, left, no doubt, from the last evening prayer-meeting held in the school-room, and thus provided, they set about enjoying the time of their imprisonment as best they might.

Three of the strollers from the hotel were less successful, and were compelled to en-

sure the full force of the storm. These three were Lawrence Clark, last seen on the summit of French Mountain, and Albert Colby and his inseparable friend and companion, Henry Newton. The two last named had been visiting Bloody Pond and its vicinity and were there overtaken by the storm, and in endeavouring to find some kind of shelter in the blinding wind and rain, they lost their way and wandered some time before they found even the big road leading from Glen's Falls to Caldwell. Staggering rather than walking along in the direction of the hotel, amid darkness so deep it could almost be felt they neared Gage Hill. Suddenly, Colby, who was a little in advance of his friend, struck his foot against some object in his pathway, and fell headlong into the water and mud of the road. Before he could sufficiently recover to warn his companion to beware, he too had struck the same obstruction, and met with the same misfortune that had befallen his unfortunate friend. Rising as soon as possible, they both simultaneously stretched forth their hands to find if possible, the nature of the obstacle that had caused their fall.

The reader may imagine their horror when they found the form of some human being lying prone in the highway, with face upturned to the merciless pelting of the storm, and apparently lifeless. "My God!" exclaimed Colby, in a hoarse whisper, "it is a man, and dead! what shall we do with him?" "We can do nothing," said Newton, in the same frightened tone, "there is no house near that I know of, and I even do not know where I am myself."

"Let us feel about us," said Colby, "and see if we cannot find some bank beside the road where we can lay the body out of this terrible mire, while we seek aid at the hands of some charitable citizen in this neighbourhood." They immediately set about the search, and were pleased to find within a few feet of the body, a high knoll at the foot of a tree or stump—they could not tell which in the darkness—where the body might be laid until they could find help to remove it. Again feeling their way in the mud with their hands they soon found the body, and taking it in their arms, they made their way with it to the place they had found to lay it. As they straightened out the limbs as best they could in that

awful blackness, they were startled by hearing words, very faint and low, from the lips of him whom they supposed dead. Bowing their heads to catch if possible his faintest breath, they both heard and fully understood a few closing words of that sentence so well known to all Master Masons, which tells a Brother Mason of the dire extremity and distress to which he who utters it is reduced.

Colby and Newton were brethren of the mystic tie, and well knew the duty that thus fell upon them. "O dear," cried Newton, "what can we do, here is our Brother, whoever he may be, and from the very portals of the grave, he calls upon us for aid and assistance. Oh! what shall we do?" "There is but one thing we can do," said Colby, "and that is for you to go the best way you can, in search of aid, while I remain here with our dying Brother," and as he said it, he calmly seated himself on the wet ground, and drawing the strange, but dying brother's head up to his bosom, he wrapped his thin coat about him as best he could, and prepared himself for his lonely vigil in the darkness and storm, with the dying or the dead, while his friend Newton should seek the help so much needed. Newton turned to start upon the discharge of his part of the painful duty, but had scarcely stumbled more than three or four steps from his starting place, when his ears were greeted by a very merry ringing laugh, full and loud as if coming from many voices, backed by many happy hearts. The laugh seemed to come from a house a little to the left of the road, and at no great distance from them, but the light from which was hidden from them by some intervening object. As if by one impulse both the friends set up a shout, and the cry of "help! help!" rang out upon the night air and seemed to join in making the howling of the storm more weird and frightful. Soon came the answering cry of "where?" and by a continuous shouting, the answering party, which consisted of the young men who, with their lady friends, had found shelter in the school house, were led to the top of a steep bank that arose on that side of the road at the spot where the two companions had found their dying Brother. One of the young men carried a lighted candle in a water bucket over which he carried his hat to protect the candle from the wind and

the rain. A pathway up the bank was found near by, and by the aid of three or four of the new comers, the two friends managed to carry the apparently lifeless body up the bank, when the candle in the bucket was suddenly extinguished. But guided by the lights from the school house now plainly to be seen, the little company soon reached its gracious shelter, where the body was laid upon a dry shawl spread upon the floor by one of the young ladies. After their fright had a little passed away, the young ladies united with the gentlemen in endeavouring to bring back to life him, who to all appearances had already fled the regions of time, and found shelter in the realms of eternity. Beautiful cambric handkerchiefs were readily supplied to remove the mud and dirt from the face. The hands and feet were chafed by the anxious watchers, but all in vain. The lips of the dying man opened but once, and borne on that parting breath the attentive listeners heard the whispered words, "Darling Belle," and all that mournful company in the little wayside school house knew that Lawrence Clark had gone out forever, leaving his darling Belle, not to the cold charities of the world, but to the tender fostering care of his Masonic Brethren.

At about midnight the storm had spent its fury, the winds died away, the rain ceased to fall, the clouds rolled away, and the late moon arose to shed a little light on the scene. Some of the young men from the school house hastened to the hotel and soon returned with an open wagon, in which the ladies and their companions found conveyance to their homes at the hotel. Colby and Newton remained with their Brother's lifeless body, which they watched until the coming of the Coroner in the morning. News of the finding of the dead man in the road had spread like wildfire in that peaceful neighbourhood, and before the sun had completed the first hour of its daily journey, a crowd had gathered at Gage's school house to see for themselves the proof of the truth of the flying reports. The Coroner came early, a jury was readily empanelled, and an investigation of the cause of death was held. A learned doctor from the town was called to make the examination. His pockets were searched, but they were empty; he had neither pocket-book nor money. Some remembered to have seen him wear a fine

gold watch and chain, but they, too, were gone. Upon removing his clothing about the region of the heart, a gash about an inch in width was found, from which oozed a little blood, showing where some deadly instrument had entered. "Murdered!" said the doctor, and "murdered" was whispered from lip to lip throughout that crowd of spectators, "Murdered and robbed by some party to this jury unknown," was the verdict of the Coroner's jury; and thus it still remains, "murdered," but only the grand inquest at the last great day shall reveal the name of the murderer. After the inquest was ended, Colby and Newton gave orders for bringing the body to the village and preparing it for the grave. Then they returned to the hotel to get a change of clothing, and by this time much needed refreshments.

The two friends and Brothers, Colby and Newton, seemed naturally, as Fraternally, called upon to take a sort of supervisory care of the affairs of their deceased Brother Clark, and make all necessary arrangements for his decent and proper burial. After partaking of a substantial breakfast, and while waiting the coming of the body, the two friends were startled by an as yet unthought of difficulty. This difficulty was suggested to them by the sight of little Belle, as she was sporting amid the flowers of the park on the lakeward side of the hotel. In the sorrowful excitement of the past few hours, her very existence seemed by them to have been forgotten. But now, as if by common impulse, both asked the question, "What is to become of her?"

Neither was prepared to answer, and both remained for a few moments silent.

"I wonder," said Newton, "if any one has told her of her father's death."

"I think not," said Colby, "but let's inquire and find out." And entering the hotel, they sent a servant to ask Miss Sherill to grant them a short interview. In a moment their messenger returned and invited them into the parlour where Miss Sherill awaited their coming. After the usual compliments of courtesy were passed by the lady and two young men, upon their entrance into the parlour, Colby at once entered upon the subject uppermost in his mind, by inquiring of Miss Sherill if little Belle had been informed of the death of her father.

"No," said Miss Sherill; and the tears started as she replied, "I could not tell her; 'twould kill me to see her suffer as she must, neither can I find any one in the house who will consent to perform the painful duty, so it has not been done, and I cannot do it."

While she was still speaking, Belle came in at the door, and with a happy smile on her face, bade them all good morning.

Colby had frequently spoken to her before this time, and was on very good terms with her, and now feeling it to be his duty, as no one else would do it, he determined to be himself the bearer of the terrible news of her bereavement to the little girl. Extending both his hands towards her, he said, "Good morning, little Belle, won't you come and shake hands with me."

"Yes sir," replied the child, and going up to him, laid both her little hands in his.

"Would you not like to go and walk in the park with me a little while," said he.

"Oh, yes," and her eyes fairly danced with joy, "I saw such a pretty little bird out there just now; I hope we can find it again, and maybe dear papa will come when we are out there," and she started to lead the way out, holding on to Colby's hand.

His heart and throat were too full for utterance, but taking the child up in his arms and impulsively pressing her to his bosom, he walked out into the park and took a seat on a rural bench in the shade of a great elm—still holding Belle in his arms—and while he gazed on her happy face, he felt that his courage was fast ebbing away, and if he was to tell the little girl the sorrowful tale at all, he must tell it at once. "Belle, darling," said he, and his voice trembled, and in spite of himself the tears chased each other quickly down his cheeks, "I have had news to tell you about your dear papa, and you must try and be a good girl and not feel too bad when I tell it." Belle slipped from his arms and stood before him gazing into his face—her bright smile was gone, the rose blush had fled from her cheek, and every feature had assumed the expression of one suffering the most intense agony.

"What is it, sir? what is the matter with my papa?" said she in a hoarse whisper.

Colby looked in her face and saw it was no child with whom he was talking. A child she might be in years, and in stature, but her capacity for suffering could not have been greater if twenty years instead of five had been her age; and he knew that her suspense was worse, if possible, than would be the effect of what he had to tell. So taking her once more in his arms, he said, "Darling, your papa is dead, and will soon be brought here from where he was found last night in a dying condition."

Belle heard but the first few words. Without a groan—scarcely a sigh—her little head leaned upon Colby's breast, her eyes closed, and for the time being, at least, the lamb was beyond the reach of suffering. Colby thought she was dead, and taking her in his arms he flew back to the parlour, where Miss Sherill and Newton were still talking of the sad events of the last few hours. Both started to their feet as they saw the white face resting against Colby's shoulder as he entered the door. Miss Sherill advanced to meet him and take the child, and as he laid the lifeless body in the arms of her friend, he said, "There, the work is completed, the assassin slew the father, I have killed the daughter." He could endure no more, he turned and left the room. Among the guests at the hotel were one or more doctors, who after being called, examined little Belle and decided that she was only in a swoon, and with proper care would soon return to consciousness again.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, a coffin arrived from Glen's Falls, and the body was soon prepared for the grave. While the clothing found on the body was being removed to give place to other and cleaner garments, a small pin was found on the shirt front, of peculiar shape. It was merely a plain triangular piece of gold plate, one side only being slightly carved.

On the front of this pin were some broken lines, but nothing, that any one who examined it could understand. The pin was handed to Colby who put it away in his pocket-book, hoping, he knew not what, might come from it in the future.

There were many Masons among the guests of the Lake House, and a Lodge in the town. The Master called the Lodge together, and after being satisfied by Newton and Colby that the deceased was a

Brother, the Lodge took charge of the funeral arrangements.

At a late hour of the afternoon, the body of Lawrence Clark was laid in the grave prepared for it in the Church of the little village by his Masonic Brethren, who paid to his remains the honours due to the good and the worthy.

The day following the funeral, a council was held in the parlour at the hotel, to decide what should be done with little Belle.

After some argument, it was decided that Colby was entitled to have the selection of the home of the poor orphan, which he quickly settled, by expressing his determination to take the little girl to his own home, and placing her in charge of his aged Mother, and a widowed, though childless sister. Some days elapsed before Belle was sufficiently restored to health to be able to leave her room, and when she did so, she seemed to have lost all her former cheerfulness. She wandered about from room to room, listlessly and with no apparent interest in any of her surroundings. This determined Colby to leave as soon as possible, in order to remove her as much as possible, from the scenes that reminded her so forcibly of her great misfortune.

Preparations were soon completed, and one bright morning little Belle and her future protector bade adieu to their many friends at the hotel, and started on their homeward journey.

When Colby was about to enter the carriage that had been engaged to carry them to the railway station, Miss Sherill handed him a little box, which she said contained trinkets of various kinds belonging to Belle.

While riding along the small road, Colby tried to draw his companion from her mournful thoughts, and cause her in a measure to forget her sorrow. Among other means used to attract her attention, he asked her if she would show him what nice things were in the little box he had in his hand. She readily consented, and opening the box she laid in his hand a number of pieces of jewellery, each of which she said was a gift from poor dead papa.

There was nothing of much interest to Colby among the contents of the box, except a small breastpin, which Belle said papa had told her never to lose. Upon close

examination of the pin, Colby found it to be almost the exact form and appearance of the one he had in his pocket, taken from the person of the dead Lawrence Clark. Colby could make nothing of the pins, any more than that they were peculiar in form and making, but he could not rid his mind of the thought that those pins would some time be of great use to Belle in some way, he knew not how. Returning all the jewellery to the box except the pin, Colby pinned it to the ribbon which the little girl wore about her neck, and told her to always wear it, whether at home or abroad, which she promised to do.

Belle was received by Colby's mother and sister with open arms, and a hearty welcome, and she grew to be the very life and joy of her new home.

I hasten over the history of the next fourteen years. Belle was now eighteen or nineteen years old. Her early womanhood had more than fulfilled the promise of her childhood, for in person she was the perfection of womanly beauty. Her education had been carefully attended to, and she was now an accomplished scholar in every respect.

Colby was still single, and a gentleman of leisure, being the possessor of an immense fortune. A great portion of his life had been spent in travelling in almost every part of the world. Belle had ever been an especial favourite of his, and he had often declared that she should inherit all his wealth. He, now that she had completed her studies, determined to take her with him on a voyage to Europe, his sister going along as company and guide for her. They accordingly sailed from New York in the month of November for Liverpool and thence to London. They had a short and pleasant trip across the Atlantic, and within a week after their arrival in England, were pleasantly settled for the winter, in a pleasant suite of rooms at a fashionable hotel in the great city of London. The season of gaiety in the metropolis was at its height. Colby, having many influential and wealthy acquaintances in the city, found ready access for himself and companions into the very best circles of society; consequently, our young friend Belle immediately entered upon a round of visitations alike pleasant and instructive to her. Some few weeks after their arrival in the city, they received cards of invitation to an evening party at

the house of a widow lady—reputed to be very wealthy—the descendant of a noble family and very highly accomplished. The invitation was accepted gladly by our friends, who immediately set about making preparations for what it was said would be the great party of the season. The lady giver of this most fashionable entertainment lived in a splendid mansion in one of the most fashionable streets in the fashionable portion of London.

On the appointed evening, at the usual hour, our friends repaired to the house of entertainment. They were received by the hostess with marked attention and cordiality, and Belle became at once the belle of the occasion, and was soon the observed of all observers. We do not propose to describe the party or the persons present; our story has relation but to some three or four of the participants in the gay scene; suffice it to say, that

“All went merry as a marriage bell.”

Late in the evening, after having wandered through the various rooms devoted to the amusement of the guests, Colby was standing idly near a small company of aged persons who were passing the time in social converse, when the lady of the house approached him and smilingly asked, if he was already becoming wearied. As he replied in the negative, his eye fell upon a small pin which she wore in her collar. He started so suddenly that it attracted her attention, and she inquired the cause of such strange emotion.

“Madam,” said Colby, “you will excuse me, I know, when you hear the explanation of my strange conduct, and allow me to assure you that it is no idle curiosity that prompts me to commit what under other circumstances would be an ungentlemanly act.”

“Pray, sir, proceed,” said the lady, her countenance expressing the surprise she doubtless felt at Colby's strange words and appearance.

“I will,” said Colby. “Allow me to ask where you obtained the small breastpin you are now wearing?”

The lady turned deadly pale as she replied “that the pin was the gift of one she supposed was long since dead. But,” said she, “why do you ask—what interest can you have in the history of my pin?”

“I have no personal interest in it,” replied Colby, “but I have in my posses-

sion a pin much like the one worn by you, and it was obtained by me under very painful circumstances—I having taken it from the person of a murdered man, who was an entire stranger in the country where he was slain. I have long sacredly kept that pin," continued he, "hoping that some day it would, in some manner, bring me to know more of him who once wore it."

Without a word of reply the lady took Colby's arm and led him to a seat at the further end of the room, and out of hearing of her guests.

After seating herself beside him, she remarked, "I will tell you, sir, the history of this pin, as I am satisfied that you know more about it than you seem willing to reveal. This pin was a gift from my husband. When I was but eighteen years of age, I married an American gentleman named Moore, who was travelling for pleasure, and whom I met, loved and married contrary to my parents' wishes, while spending a winter in Rome. Soon after our marriage, myself and husband went to Paris, where we resided for nearly two years, during which time, a son and daughter—twins, were born to us. Another year passed in almost unalloyed happiness.

"Then a distant relative of my father died, and left him heir to a title in England and an immense fortune. My parents were now more than ever dissatisfied with my choice of a husband. I was their only child, and would at their death inherit their wealth and title. They seemed determined to bring about a separation between my husband and myself, to accomplish which they came to Paris and soon filled my silly head with all manner of notions of wealth, grandeur, happiness and pleasure I might enjoy if I would desert my husband and go home with them. They told me a divorce could readily be obtained, that I could get possession of my children, and thus provide a name and social position for them and myself. In an evil hour I listened to their wicked advice, and taking my son with me, I left my home and came with my parents to England. My husband had our daughter out riding with him when I left his house, so I was compelled to leave her behind. My parents persuaded me that my husband would soon follow me to England, and when there, they would easily find means of restoring my daughter

to me. In this they were mistaken. My husband never came to England. I received one letter from him soon after my arrival in London, kindly requesting me to come back to him. By advice of my parents, I haughtily answered his letter, telling him that I should never live with him again. I have never seen husband or child, or heard tidings of them from that day to this. But I assure you, sir, that if suffering can repay for a wrong committed, I am amply repaid for the wrong done a kind and loving husband. Soon after leaving my home, I became convinced that I had acted very foolishly and wickedly, and I sincerely repented the course I had pursued. My father wanted to procure a divorce for me, but I would never consent. In a few years my parents both died. My son soon followed them to the grave, and for some four or five years, although surrounded by wealth and friends, I have been a lonely, miserable, unhappy woman."

"But about that pin," said Colby, "you have not told me of that."

"True," replied the lady, "I had forgotten the pin. Soon after the birth of our twins, my husband one day presented the pin to me, and gave a similar one to each of our children, reserving one to himself. I think he said the four when together formed some kind of a Masonic emblem. At the death of my son I took his pin, and have since kept it in my personal possession;" and taking her portmonaie from her pocket, she took from it a small breast-pin like to the one worn by Belle.

At this moment the door leading to the next room was thrown open, and there came from it the sound of a sweet voice that seemed to fill both rooms with melody, as she sang the chorus of that sweet old song,

"Home, sweet home, be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

Colby and his companion listened until the song was finished, then turning to her once more he said, "What did you say was your husband's name?"

"Moore," replied the lady, "Lawrence Clark Moore. And now, sir, please tell me why you ask so many questions touching this pin and its history? I am sure you have some good reason."

"If you will lend me those two pins, I will answer your inquiry quickly."

She handed him the two pins.
 "Now, madam," said he, "take my arm and let us go into the music room."

They found Belle still seated at the piano, while the company stood in groups around her, listening to the sweet music she drew forth from the instrument. When the piece was finished, Colby led his companion to the side of the young musician. "Belle," said he, addressing her, "where is the little pin that years ago you promised me to constantly wear?"

"I have it here," said the maiden; and she unpinned it from her collar and handed it to him.

He laid the three pins down upon the piano, joining the three similar sides together. He then drew from his pocket-book the pin he had kept so long, and placed it with the others. The emblem was complete. The four pins formed a Master Mason's apron, with the letter G in the centre.

Then turning to Madame Moore, who was now very pale and trembling violently—her eyes fixed on Belle—he said, "Madam, the jewel is perfect now. The part I had was taken from the bosom of a murdered Masonic Brother fourteen years ago. I only knew him as Lawrence Clark, the name he gave to the public. And that young lady," said he, pointing to Belle, "is his daughter."

"Mrs Moore waited to hear no more, but, clasping Belle to her bosom, she uttered one cry of "My child," and then sank down in her daughter's arms, alike forgetful of joy or sorrow.

And here I leave them to the enjoyment of their happiness, which, when the mother returned to consciousness, seemed as perfect as earthly happiness can be.

The broken jewel has done its work, and aided, as all Masonic emblems and jewels should do, in advancing the happiness of mankind.—*N. D. in Masonic Jewel.*

Masonry is a progressive science, and not to be attained in any degree of perfection but by time, patience, and a considerable degree of application and industry; for no one is admitted to the profoundest secrets, or the highest honours of this Fraternity, till by time, we are assured he has learned secrecy and morality.

Masonic Poetry.

THE MYSTERY.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

A ship sailed once across the sea
 When summer suns shone brightly;
 The wind blew fair, the wind blew free,
 She skimmed the waters lightly,
 And not a shadow in the sky,
 Gave warning of a danger nigh.

For many a day she sailed apace
 With favouring wind and weather;
 The captain wore a smiling face,
 The seamen sang together;
 With happy looks and hopeful speech
 The passengers spoke each to each.

And all grew gladder day by day
 As on the good ship bore them:
 The peril lying in their way,
 The woe that went before them,
 No heart conceived—no eye, compelled
 By any haunting fear, beheld.

God's ways are dark to human eyes,
 And strange his visitations;
 We see and hear, in dumb surprise;
 And men of all the nations
 Have sought, but ever sought in vain,
 His mighty reasons to explain.

One dies—because it is God's will—
 But why, or where he goeth,
 Or why another lingers still,
 No living creature knoweth.
 There is no voice from sea or land
 That we can hear and understand.

And why the ship that braved the shock
 Of billows in mid-ocean,
 Should founder on a hidden rock
 Amid the sad commotion
 Of shrieks and groans, and frantic prayer,
 That sprang upon the empty air,—

When, had He willed it, one day more
 (One little night and morrow!)
 Had brought them safely to the shore
 And spared the wide-spread sorrow,—
 What man can answer more than this,
 That nought He does is done amiss?

A very nervous lady, who was descending from the Tip-top House, by the almost perpendicular railroad, said to the conductor: "Suppose, Mr. Conductor, all the brakes should give way, where would we go?" "Madam, I can't decide. That depends entirely upon how you have lived in this world," replied the conductor.

DISPERSION OF LANGUAGE.

BY W. S. HOPPER.

SECOND PAPER.

In order to facilitate the growth and development of language, there must of necessity be epochs in its history when there are distinct separations of men or nationalities, and thereby definite dispersions. As there have been periods in every nation, science and art, when there has been great impetus to progress, so there has been in language. With this view we can distinctly call to mind the historic facts of the building of Babel; of Solomon's Temple; and of the dispersion of the disciples of Christ after his departure.

We are not to consider that the conception of the building of Babel was an act of the Divine mind, but that at this period of the world's history there must have been a dispersion because the people were becoming so numerous that there would ere long have been such a turmoil and disquietude, especially as there was no organization of government except as one man had a greater influence than another, and thereby became an acknowledged leader. This being their condition at the time, it was necessary that they be banded in smaller communities.

God doubtless would have accomplished this dispersion in some other way had not men been moved to construct that tower, but He seized that opportunity to effect it.

Many have supposed that the confusion of tongues was so great that almost every one was lead to speak a different language. This, however, seems to be a very great error. There was great confusion of tongue, but many persons spake to and understood each other; still the number of languages spoken was so great as to render it absolutely impossible to engage further upon a work which required the exercise of every hand and to make a dispersion imperative. Hence, the people very soon gathered into groups, and finally into the more thorough organization of tribes, and moved into different parts of the country, going in the direction of every point of the compass. Some of these tribes preserved very nearly the same idea of God as the entire people had entertained, while others retained indefinite thoughts concerning Him, and still

others seem to have lost almost all knowledge of His character, attributes and worship, only retaining a very vague idea of the fact that there was somewhere a Great Ruling Power whom they denominated the Great Spirit. This doubtless was the origin of idolatry and heathenism, and of the different languages as we have them to-day. It does not follow, however, that the languages spoken now were the identical ones which followed this dispersion, because there have been great degrees of growth and development in all the ages which have followed. For instance, the Anglo-Saxon has grown into the English, and there is scarcely a word of the English spoken or written as the Anglo-Saxon, yet the same thought is expressed in the same general manner. The same will be found true in all other languages.

The question many times arises as to the method employed to people both sides of the world, or all the continents, the Eastern, Western and Australia, some holding the idea that the world at that period was in these three great divisions, as now, and that by some means inhabitants of North Eastern Asia crossed the narrow belt of water now called Behring's Strait, and travelling East and South inhabited North and South America.

Now this might have been the case, but there is no probability that at that early age there were any means of crossing even that narrow belt of water. No boat of that age, if there were any, could have withstood the storms.

But says another, they crossed at different times when there was solid ice. Here another difficulty stands in the way. These people were reared in the climate of Babylon and Palestine, and could not have endured the intense cold of that latitude, at a period so early and with so little protection as they had. Besides all the early discoveries show that the majority of the early inhabitants of America were in the more Southern climes, nearer the latitude of the Oriental nations.

Then another difficulty meets us. If they had crossed in this manner, how were New Guinea, Borneo and Australia populated? These were very far South, and the space by water was so great that no effort of the Orientals could have effected a crossing.

Then how could South America and Mexico have become the most densely populated of all the transoceanic lands? To have gone in great companies, as they must have travelled, from the extreme South East of the land now called Turkey, to the extreme North East of Siberia, then South into Mexico and South America, down to Patagonia, would have required unnumbered ages.

There is one solution to this historical and geographical problem. It is said in Genesis that in the "days of Peleg the earth was divided." Now Peleg was born after the confusion of tongues, and the separation of the races. And we are to understand that at that time the earth was all in one body, and that this reference is to the division of the earth and not the people.

By a reference to the Atlas it will be seen that from Babel, East of the Mediterranean Sea, it was a matter of little moment to journey South into the North of Arabia and thence East into the North of Africa. The same is true of the North West toward Europe, and West into India and China. Now by a further examination it will be found that the *Western part of the Eastern Hemisphere*, and the *Eastern part of the Western Hemisphere* are exact counterparts of each other, and that the *Western coast of Australia* and the *islands North*, are to a great degree the counterpart of the *Western coast of Southern Africa*.

From these facts it is evident that the whole land was in one vast country, and that by a grand convulsion the earth was ruptured, and became these various parts.

Now, all of these were possessed by the tribes who had emigrated from Babel, and, by this division, they were dispersed into these various lands as we have them today. During the ages which followed they emigrated into the more northern parts of their country; but the southern parts kept the greater portion of the population, hence were larger in numbers at the times of modern discoveries.

This is again developed by the fact that we find the nations in the interior of barbarous lands, far removed from the bounds of civilization, have preserved many of the elements of the Oriental languages. Again, if we take any belt of the earth and travel East and West, we find the same general elements of language in that belt

around the earth. For instance, going through the north of Africa into Arabia, China, and even as far north as Japan, then across into the region of America, the same general elements of speech prevail, although the language is so different that we cannot understand it. There is a great degree of similarity in the letters, intonation, voice, &c. Looking at these general facts we are convinced that this was the manner in which the world was populated and language dispersed and preserved.

We reserve the other dispersions, our Masonic language, and the antiquity of Masonry, for a future article.

THE BRICKLAYER.

"Ho, to the top of the towering wall!"
 'Tis the master-mason's rallying call;—
 "To the scaffolding, boys, now merrily climb;
 'Tis seven o'clock by the town-bell's chime!
 Bring to your work good muscle and brawn,
 And a keen, quick eye where the line is drawn:
 Out with your saw-tempered blades of steel!
 Smoother than glass from point to heel;
 Ring out your challenge: *Mort, O Mort!*"
 Clink! clink! trowel and brick!
 Music with labour and art combine;
 Brick upon brick, lay them up quick:
 But lay to the line, boys; lay to the line!

Cheery as crickets all the day long,
 Lightening labour with laugh and song;
 Busy as bees upon angle and pier,
 Piling the red blocks tier upon tier;
 Climbing and climbing still nearer the sun;
 Prouder than kings of the work they have done!
 Upward and upward the bricklayers go,
 Till men are but children and pigmies below;
 While the master's orders falls ringing and short,
 To the staggering carrier, *Mort, O Mort!*

Clink! clink! trowel and brick!
 Music with labour and art combine;
 Brick upon brick, lay them up quick,
 But lay to the line, boys; lay to the line!

Who are the peers of the best in the land,
 Worthy 'neath arches of honour to stand?
 They of the brick-reddened mortar-stained palms,
 With shoulders of giants and sinewy arms,
 Builders of cities and builders of homes,
 Propping the sky up with spires and domes;
 Writing thereon with their trowel and lime
 Legends of toil for the eyes of Time!
 So that the ages may read as they run,
 All that their magical might has done!

So clink! clink! trowel and brick!
 Work by the master's word and sign,
 "Brick upon brick, lay them up quick!"
 But lay to the line, boys; lay to the line!"

—Scribner's Monthly.

Reviews.

Lending unto the Lord. By Baron Conway and J. Russell Endean. Kerby and Endean, 190, Oxford Street.

We have been greatly pleased with this little book, which we most cordially recommend to the notice of heads of families, for the special pleasure and information of youth, as well as for the delectation and perusal of many children of older growth. For such tales make us all young again, and carry us back to olden days of happy and gentle home and family life.

Now, indeed, the gaudy sights and dazzling lights of the world fall upon us in all their glare, disclosing the wrinkles that time has brought, and leaving us fevered and feeble in the weary journey of years.

And our tastes, perhaps, are not so true as they once were, but have become enfeebled or perverted by the lapse of time and the fashion of the day.

Instead of the simple fairy tale which delighted us when young, we like to-day to wander amid the "weird" tales of all but impossible folly and crime, or to be excited by the morbid sensationalism of the hour.

All efforts are to be commended, therefore, which seek to bring back the passing generation to a purer and healthier taste for reading a higher and better class of literature. Mr. Endean deserves, therefore, the thanks of all who value the true education of all the mental faculties and the entire moral will, by providing such good and seasonable "pabulum mentis," alike for young, and middle-aged, and old.

The little tale is taken from a true incident in the life of Christian Fürchte-Gott Gellert, and inculcates practical duty and real philanthropy, on the highest principles and in the most effective manner.

Most of us have, probably, heard of that great German writer, author of *Stories and Hymns*, who so much adorned the "Vaterland" in the last century, having been born in 1718, and dying in 1769.

He was Professor of Belles Lettres at the University of Leipsic, which post of honour he held for 34 years.

His works were once among the Standard Works of all "Gymnasias," in Germany, and are still deeply valued, and we believe largely read.

Like all German writers, he has had his admirers and his detractors, but his simple, and true, and unostentatious piety is still both realized and valued by countless kind and sympathizing German readers.

Some of his stories, and songs, and hymns are well known, and we therefore cordially thank Mr. Endean for his most interesting little "souvenir" of so good a man.

We congratulate Mr. Endean also on the admirable way in which he has sent out the work for the reading public, for it is both admirably printed and charmingly illustrated by the facile "Crayon" of the Hon. Charlotte Ellis; and we trust, as we doubt not, that this pleasant little work will have a large circulation.

Miss Endean, the daughter of the publisher, has also written a very pretty little hymn contained in the work, being only in her 12th year, and the music to which it has been set is composed by the author of the "Old, old Story."

We know of no prettier present for a young person than this affecting incident in the life of a man who was so useful in his generation, and such an ornament to Germany and mankind.

W.

AN ELEPHANT HUNT IN SIAM.

I received an order on the 25th of April to accompany the Regent Chow-Phya-Sury-Wongse-Somdetch to Ajuthia, the ancient capital, where an elephant hunt was to take place. I was very much gratified at receiving the order, for not only is an elephant hunt one of the rarest and most curious sports in the world, but on this occasion orders had been given three months beforehand to find out the largest herd and entice them into the traps. The elephants of Siam have, moreover, a great reputation in India, and I knew that especial pains would be taken to make the hunt as splendid as possible, and thus give a mark of recognition to the numerous Nais-Daps-Falangs (European officers) who had come to attend the cremation ceremonies of the old king Somdetch-Phra-Paramendr-Mâha-Mongkut, supreme king of Siam, who died Oct. 1st, 1868, and was burned March 9th, 1870.

The present young king Somdetch-Phra-Paramendri-Maka-Chulalon-Korn, being in mourning, could not attend, and had deputed the Regent to represent him on the occasion. Amongst the Europeans who were present at the hunt, I noticed the American Consul, General Partridge, and the legation, the English Consul, Thomas Knox, Esq., accompanied by the naval officers from Singapore, the Vice-Consul of France, with the French naval officers from Saigon, the Spanish embassy, represented by the Chevalier Paxtoy Chaval, the Prussian Consul, with the officers of the *Medusa*, then lying at Bangkok, before pursuing her voyage round the world. There were also present the Portuguese Consul, M. Viallat, who so unfortunately perished in this excursion, the Danish Consul, and several American and English missionaries, both men and women, with some European and American merchants and their families. The Siamese were represented by the second king of Siam, with the Court, the Regent, the principal officers of the crown, the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and the Interior;—the grand mandarin of the elephants and the writer were masters of the ceremonies.

Three steamers of the royal fleet left on the 24th of April with the guests on board. They started at ten o'clock. Every possible attention was paid to the comfort of the party, a band of music was on board each steamer, and a perfect army of boys in blue and white fanned the guests, while the air was fragrant with flowers strewn upon the decks. As I had received an order to bring the Portuguese Consul in a small pleasure yacht, I set out two hours later. M. Viallat was not ready, but promised to leave as soon as possible. We ascended the magnificent river called Me-Nam (mother of waters) keeping along the banks, which were fringed with fig, palm, banana, guava, citron and other trees. The air was heavy with perfumes, unknown in Europe, and to add oddity to the scene, little monkeys, of various species gambolled and leaped from branch to branch with perplexed look and startled cry.

As the sun began to set, we took the middle of the river, with the double view of avoiding the mosquitoes, and making up for lost time. As the last ray of the sun died away behind the mountains, the

clash of gongs, summoning the *talapoints* or priests to prayer, was heard from the pagodas, that fled away behind us in the twilight. Then myriads of insects began to *rizzee*, as the Siamese anatomically express it, and as soon as the moon rose a milky kind of light seemed shed over the earth, while innumerable fire-flies illumined the trees.

We arrived at Ajuthia at half past twelve, where we found the steamers lying at anchor, but the music and joyous sounds on board testified that few of their inmates had any desire for sleep. I went immediately to the Regent, and informed him of M. Viallat's unexpected delay; the Regent seemed annoyed, and feared that his men might lead him astray, as they were but imperfectly acquainted with the road.

I was awakened next morning early by one of my men, and set out to explore the neighbourhood. Behind me, towards the east, extended a vast forest to the very horizon; it was through this forest the elephants were to arrive. At my feet the Menam rolled majestically along. On the other side of the river was a vast arena built of masonry, which I found out was the trap. I jumped into a pirogue, manned by a few *Khones-Rhua* (rowers) and landed on the other bank, at the very spot where the elephants were to pass. The trap soon showed itself to be two hedges about twenty feet in height, and gradually growing narrower as they approached the entrance to a large construction, which looked like a pagoda in ruins. An incredible luxuriance of vegetation formed two thick walls of a verdure as shining as green porcelain. The curiously shaped trees were so leafy, so thick, and so intertwined from root to top, that it appeared impossible for the smallest quadruped to pass through them. A thousand birds found shade in the foliage, and saluted the delightful morning with their warblings; red and green parrots climbed to the tree-tops with the aid of their hooked beaks. Among the trees I distinguished the acacia rose, the ginger tree, the stephanotis, the gardenia, the tamarind, the laurel rose, the guava, the papaw, the kadanga, &c., and all these trunks and branches were interlaced together by young bamboos. With every gust of air they loaded the atmosphere with

their penetrating aroma. *Maina-Mainous*, large birds of a lapis blue, their breasts and long tails shot with shades of brownish gold, chased velvet, black, and orange coloured orioles through the trees; green and blue doves, and others of an irised violet were cooing amongst birds of Paradise whose brilliant plumage combined the prismatic lights of the emerald and the ruby, the topaz and the sapphire.

I was awakened from my contemplation by my guide, who informed me that what I was looking at constituted the trap—that in the middle of this luxuriant vegetation, which appeared virgin to my eyes, were on each side four alleys of trees of iron-wood, about three-feet in diameter. They were imbedded in masonry to the depth of ten or twelve feet, and such is the luxuriant nature of this climate, that the enormous black stakes were surrounded and hid in two years in the manner just described. Left bare, the stakes would have warned these intelligent animals of their danger. It is necessary to lead them into the defile without distrust, so as to avoid their terrible and dangerous anger. On entering the door, which was just wide enough for the passage of an elephant, we found ourselves in a large square inclosure, built of granite, about eight hundred square yards in area, but without any roofing. The walls were about fifteen feet thick, and thirty feet in height, and the top coped with rose and green coloured granite so as to form an esplanade, which was interrupted however on the east and west by the passages which were to be the entrance and outlet, and over which a hanging bridge was thrown. The Court and foreign guests could thus view the sport from this esplanade as from a balcony, as balustrades were chiselled in the stone all round the edifice.

Along the walls inside were stakes of iron-wood, placed about fifteen feet from the wall, and at such a distance from each other that a man could just pass between them sideways. On the north and south sides were staircases cut into the walls. The panorama from the platform was one of the most beautiful it is possible to conceive. To the south lay the ruins of Ajuthia, the Beautiful,—a few grayish blocks alone marking the site of this city, which bravely withstood several sieges, but which was overthrown at last. Other forests

stretched out to the west, while on the north, the river lost itself at the foot of Mount Phra-Bhat in the distance. At the gate, my guide pointed out four stakes which were only three feet high, but which were sunk in the ground to the depth of fifteen feet; these were to fix the ropes used for tying the elephants; further on was a large pond for the animals to bathe in, and towards the south were two large *salas* or sheds intended for the captives.

After walking about an hour over the ground, which was full of ruins,—stones of every size and colour,—we arrived at Khrun-Khau, before which we found the three steamers lying at anchor. The guests were just sitting down to dinner, and I needed no pressing to accept the invitation which was given me to join them. It was a curious dinner party, with many strange faces and odd costumes. But I must confess that beside the rich dress of the Siamese princes and grand mandarins, the uniforms of the Americans and Europeans looked frightfully plain and out of place.

We had scarcely sat down when a mandarin came and whispered in the ear of Chow-Phya-Bannhu-Wongse, minister of Foreign Affairs. From the expression which passed over the good-humoured face of the minister, I could see that something terrible had happened. He was about rising from table when, catching sight of me, he beckoned, and directed me in Siamese to accompany Lhuang-Vicet, the mandarin, and to use every effort to avert the catastrophe which threatened, and at the same time inform the Regent. I started at once, and, overtaking Lhuang-Vicet, I was informed by him that the men who were along with the Portuguese Consul had just arrived with the news that their Pho (master) had insisted on taking a bath, despite their warning, and that he had not appeared again on the surface.

With difficulty we at last recovered the body. It was black from the head to the waist, and from what I could judge, he must have dived head foremost, as Europeans generally do, and, striking a shoal or body of electric eels, been at once asphyxiated, for as soon as a body comes into contact with one of the *noue-triks*, it immediately becomes as heavy as lead, and the slightest movement is impossible. The corpse must have floated down the river in

a perpendicular position, with the head downward; the eels had twined themselves around it in large numbers. I sent back the body to Bangkok, and putting Lhuang-Vicet on board his steamer, I set out to acquaint the Regent with the result of my mission; after having done so, I returned, wet and tired, to my hut, where after reposing a few hours, I felt perfectly recovered.

It was just four o'clock, and I had only time to jump on a horse, which was standing, saddled, before my door, and join the Regent's escort, which had gone to meet the elephants. We reached a little rising ground from which we would have a view as they defiled before us. The Regent bade me observe a black cloud which was advancing with great rapidity above the forest. The cloud was raised by the dust, which these animals throw over their heads and shoulders during the warm season, when they can find no water or young plants. Soon a strange noise reached our ears, and we could distinctly hear how the animals tore up and broke the trees in their way; the earth trembled, while a thousand hunting horns resounded to inform us of their approach.

The largest elephant of the royal stables opened the march. This gigantic animal was no less than twenty-seven feet high. On both sides were files of domesticated male elephants, easily recognizable from their magnificent tusks and the drivers astride their necks. There were no less than three hundred of these domesticated animals. Twenty-five, marching abreast, closed the rear, and drove on the laggards. It was a curious spectacle to see these three hundred tame animals marching so silently and gravely, and keeping time, as they conducted the four hundred wild ones to the trap. The latter set up a horrible din when they perceived us; nothing could give an idea of the four hundred roars with which they greeted us. They had now reached the river, and their joy at finding the water was expressed by various grunts and snorts. Only their heads and the ends of their trunks were visible as they took their cooling bath.

The drivers had never left their posts for a moment, so that the lines were preserved unbroken. We now left our positions, and crossed over to the other side of the river, and ascended to the platform

of the trap, where we found the guests waiting to see the capture. His Majesty Wà-Nhà the Second King, had already arrived with his court. Fine mats had been placed on the top of the structure, and on these the Siamese sat down in Oriental fashion, according to their rank. The Europeans were provided with rich stools of Chinese and Thibetian stuffs, while a large tent of green silk, with flowers worked on it, protected us from the rays of the sun.

The eastern gate, formed of two moveable trees, now opened, and the decoy,—the large elephant,—entered, followed by his wild companions, while the other tame elephants remained between the bank of the river and the alley, so as to prevent any from escaping or falling behind. The branches and shoots were broken off and rooted up and eaten, and it was wonderful to see the care these animals took to clean them from the clay and dirt which adhered to them. If, after striking them together there still remained any dust, they would place the branch under their feet and clean it with the greatest precision. The gourmands of the herd completely destroyed those splendid lanes which I described above. The keepers did not disturb their enjoyment, so that it was nearly three hours before all the herd had entered the structure. I had gone down in the meantime into the space between the iron-wood stakes and the interior of the wall. I was astonished at the height of these gigantic animals, which, as soon as they had entered, began their horrible din again, turning round and round the immense pit, with their trunks held aloft in the air—in tragic deprecation, I fancied, of the treachery of their domesticated bothers. Five or six, in a fit of rage, attacked an enormous-sized stake in the middle of the structure, on which was a wooden pagoda, and shook it with such force that the pagoda and the little Buddha of plaster, which was inside, soon tumbled down—to their great satisfaction. The whole night they never ceased their hideous noise, which could be heard for miles around. The Regent had returned to his camp and the guests to their steamers. The next day three of the finest elephants were to be captured, to replace three domesticated ones which had died in the course of the year. *(To be concluded in our next.)*