

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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## Monthly Masonic Summary.

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THE main event since the last Magazine has been the most "patriotic" (as a very distinguished Brother termed it) and most successful International Banquet, given by the proprietor of the *Freemason and Masonic Magazine* to a distinguished party of American Freemasons, which took place July 31st.

We have thought it well to preserve a record of an event so interesting to the Masons of America and England in an elaborate Report elsewhere, and which originally appeared in the columns of the *Freemason*. It was a most happy idea, and a still more happy consummation. For the American brethren, who have visited us under the leadership of our esteemed friend, Bro. Meyer, of Philadelphia, it is impossible but to feel the warmest feelings of fraternal regard. Our good wishes accompany them wherever they go, and we trust that we have, by this interchange of international and Masonic courtesy and comity, forged a link of amity and affection which time itself shall neither weaken, much less destroy.

There is not much else to report in English Masonry. Most of the Lodges are, as the French say, "en sommeil," just now, or rather are closed, "more Anglicano," for a short recess. Our brethren are scattered to the four winds of heaven, and we wish them on their holiday, their peregrinations, their ruralization, all health, happiness, and enjoyment.

We have to deplore the loss of our old P.G.M., Bro. Bagshawe, whose services to Masonry have been many and great, and as month follows month, and year gives place to year, we cannot be insensible if we would, and we ought not if we could (as Die Vernon would say), to the changes and vacant places in our ranks. Life comes and goes, but neither in Masonry nor the world is anything permanent. All that remains for us, as Freemasons, is to bow to the decrees of the G.A.O.T.U., and to feel persuaded that if earth still remains earth for us all, in its weakness, its decay, its death, its unsatisfying possessions, and its short-lived happiness, it yet witnesses of a happier day-dawn for humanity, when change cannot affect, sorrow cannot depress and separation cannot disunite us any more.

## FREEMASONRY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "KENNING'S CYCLOPÆDIA."

IN the last Magazine there was published a most able and kindly Review of Bro. Kenning's "Cyclopædia"—which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I for one hail the appearance of that Review, (without any personal feelings coming into play, though I must needs be flattered by it,) because it seems to me to date as a new era of outside criticism on Freemasonry. Up to the present hour all such like reviews have been to my mind *jejune* and idle in the highest degree, resting on "padding," marked by "cramming," and animated either by a bitter spirit of ultramontane ferocity, or an empty outcome of childish persiflage.

Freemasonry has been looked at only from personal prepossession or party animosities, and as literary efforts all such reviews have been valueless. But for the first time, in that influential paper, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a writer has been found bold enough and competent enough to handle the question calmly, courteously, and dispassionately, and with great knowledge of the subject.

I therefore congratulate myself that my humble labours have so far been crowned with success, that they have obtained for Bro. Kenning's "Cyclopædia" a fair hearing in the great and crowded thoroughfare of public opinion.

And as my one endeavour was to set before my own order and the public an honest, readable, truthful, and reliable work, I feel to-day that my aspirations are rewarded, and that I can well endure, (as in some instances elsewhere,) whether the censorious strictness of an uneducated criticism, or the harmless facetiousness of dull personality. As the writer of the Review to which I am now calling notice accepts, as *facts* historically provable, what I put forward on carefully collated and verified data, I need not trouble myself with defending "Kenning's Cyclopædia" from Mr. Hallam's charge, that Masonic history has been written so far by "panegyrist and calumniators each equally mendacious." "Kenning's Cyclopædia" is in fact a realistic effort to give to our ancient legends and often confused chronology the inestimable characteristics of historical veracity and common-sense explanation. But as the writer of the Review touches upon one or two points on which he is unavoidably in error, I think it well to offer these friendly comments on a most courteous and able Review of a Work destined, I hope, to be valued by Freemasons, as time runs on, more and more, for its correctness in detail and its accuracy in statement.

I. I will observe *en passant* what a striking reproof the writer gives, and how well he shows the worthlessness of all pretended expositions of Freemasonry, which, if true, can only, *on the showing of the writer*, proceed from a "wilfully perjured individual;" and, if not true, are only another attempt to prey upon the purses and abuse the credulity of mankind.

II. The writer seems humorously to prefer Bro. Findel's authority to mine, in respect of the "Solomonic Temple" and the "Mysteries." He seems to be of opinion that such is a part of my "stock in trade" as a "chaplain," but I for one beg to disclaim any professional view of the matter, my only desire being to give a reasonable and trustworthy history of the Craft. I cannot ignore the Solomonic Legend altogether; I cannot shut out the quasi-evidence of the mysteries, and therefore I leave the matter where it is, an open question, feeling still that on this, as on a good many other matters in this world, much may be said upon both sides.

Bro. Findel's theory, however interesting and valuable in itself, has this actual defect, that it proves too much. He refers to the darkest age of biblical knowledge the foundation of a system which is purely Hebraic and biblical, and though I admit that on

the view of internal evidence much may be said in favour of a later arrangement, yet I cannot accept Bro. Findel's theory, the more so, as the argument he bases on the "Ars Quatuor," etc., is clearly a chimera of chimeras.

III. The writer of the Review has not, I think, quite fully realized what I say about Henry VI. and Chicheley. The old story of the Lodge at Canterbury, under Chicheley, has been exploded by the discovery of Molash's Register among the Tanner MSS. in the Bodleian, Oxford, where the origin of the story is found, and is a mistake.

IV. The Locke MS. being also abandoned as connected with Henry VI., the only evidence of his connection with Freemasonry is that he was given up to "Hermetic Studies." The Reviewer has not attended to my distinction of historical and pre-historical Grand Masters, as both Henry VIII. and Wolsey are among the latter, not the former, category.

V. I also place in that list, Charles I., Charles II., and William III., the last especially, as we have no evidence whatever (though often asserted) of his initiation at Hampton Court Palace. The able writer sees the difference between the "Ante-Revival" and "Post-Revival" Grand Masters, but does not sufficiently discriminate between the historic and prehistoric list of the same eminent persons.

VI. The Reviewer concludes with the remark that "Mr. Woodford does not seem to be acquainted with Wren's 'Parentalia,' at any rate, we do not find that he refers to it in his Cyclopædia." But the truth is, that for our purposes the "Parentalia" is less than no authority. It professes to give an account of Masons and Masonry by a non-Mason, which was held partly to have the authority of Sir Christopher Wren, but really has none of his. Such as it is, it rests on the greater authority of Sir William Dugdale, who in all probability hit the mark when he stated that the original guilds of Masons worked under letters and charters of the Pope. The Glasgow Charter and the Confraternity of Lucy, Bishop of Winchester, and the "illos arte approbatos" of William of Wykeham's all refer to the same Confraternities. No doubt there is a certain amount of accuracy in the account of the "Parentalia," which, as I said before, is in all probability founded simply on Dugdale's statement, but yet it cannot be altogether relied upon. So far as we have been able to detect the existence and proceedings of the Masonic Guilds, after the lapse of centuries, and from the dimness of any contemporary or nearly contemporary accounts, they were attached to monasteries and directed by the Ecclesiastics. Findel is probably correct when he ascribes to monastic supervision and organization the early proceedings of the German "Bauhütten," and in this respect, what was good of Germany was good of England, and France, and Italy. No doubt our old traditions point to Royal immunities and special charters, and the earliest evidence of the French operative guilds alludes (like as in our Anglican guild legends) to prerogatives and immunities conceded by King Charles Martel. But still, on the whole, the evidence preponderates as to an original ecclesiastical connection and control.

As regards Sir Christopher Wren, his connection with Masonry is still in obscurity. The earlier statements place him high in office in 1663. Aubrey gives the contemporary date of his initiation as 1691, and the very fact of his Grand Mastership rests on no known historical evidence,—simply tradition. The Lodge of Antiquity possesses the "Mallet" and Candlesticks presented (*ut dicitur*) to the Lodge, and his portrait; but as the records of the Lodge of Antiquity are not yet searched through, it is impossible to say what is the early history of that most ancient Lodge. And here I stop to-day. I must once more express my hope and belief that this courteous and lucid Review of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of "Kenning's Cyclopædia" and this non-masonic recognition of its merits, as a carefully prepared work, may be a new era in the history of Masonic criticism and investigation.

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 THOUGHTS "FOR THE GOOD OF FREEMASONRY."
 

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 BY ALEX. STEPHENS, P.M., 954.
 

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FROM the time of my initiation I have ever been a more or less ardent admirer of Freemasonry. On no occasion have I been absent from my place in the Lodge when it has been possible for me to attend. Keenly susceptible of its fraternal greetings and social enjoyment; proud of its mystic character, its traditional, historic, and personal associations: still, however, there are higher and nobler considerations than these. The simple fact that the beauty of Freemasonry becomes more and more apparent as we progress in the science, we regard as the surest evidence of its truth, and the best guarantee of its abiding character.

Progress in the science of Masonry, however, must not be considered as synonymous with advancement in official position, nor confounded with a verbal knowledge of the ritual, or an acquaintance with the various (often baseless and conflicting) theories concerning the origin and antiquity of our Order. These things, though perhaps to some extent conditions of progress, are certainly attainable without in the best sense any real advancement in Masonry. No one supposes the child that has just learned to lisp the Lord's prayer to possess any proper conception of that sublimely inimitable composition. On the contrary, we know the most literary are often partially ignorant of the true beauty thereof. Thos. Carlyle, writing to a friend some time ago, said that although, probably, he had not repeated that prayer for thirty or forty years, he then had such a conception of the sublimity of its sentiment as filled him with wonder at the profound wisdom of Jesus. In this incident we have a striking illustration of a principle common to all men in the apprehension of moral and spiritual truth, viz., without a suitable subjective condition there can be no adequate conception of moral truth. Freemasonry is defined as being "a peculiar system of morality." Whatever emphasis we may be disposed to place on the word "peculiar," it certainly can have no reference to the ethical principles it inculcates, but plainly refers to the allegorical form in which its truths are taught and symbolized.

Moreover, it is further obvious, whatever advantages we may claim for this form of teaching so peculiarly characteristic of Freemasonry, however exact and accurate our knowledge of the primary or verbal meaning of an allegory, unless we perceive the moral significance—the principles it illustrates—we cannot be said to receive any instruction. Interesting it may be, gratifying to the æsthetic faculty it certainly is when the ceremonial is properly rendered, but of necessity an empty and meaningless form of words. I submit, therefore, the importance of familiarizing ourselves, not only with the working of our Lodges, but also with those grand, those pure and elevating sentiments which Masonry inculcates and inspires. Surely the mystic character of our Order was not designed to hide from our view the truths embodied in its allegories, and should not be so heedlessly used as to derogate from their importance. And yet without any breach of Masonic charity, I am afraid it is fairly open to question whether such is not practically the result. It is no good attempting to conceal the fact that there are reasons for supposing many of our brethren have no definite idea of what Freemasonry is. To say it is not a "Benefit Society" is simply to utter a negation which, although true as ordinarily understood, may nevertheless be used as an excuse for the neglect of obvious duty. While to regard it simply as a luxury, an organization for social enjoyment, is to have a most false and unworthy conception of its pure and benevolent object. True, we are not indifferent to the cultivation of "the social virtue," nay, it occupies a somewhat prominent place in the working of the system, but of secondary importance only, and subsidiary to its higher purposes and aims. Rightly understood, our Order is both social and moral, privilegial and philanthropic, and its uniqueness, its

peculiar glory, is to be found in the mutual and harmonious blending and development of those qualities. Without seeking to obliterate, or to lessen in the least degree the importance of social distinctions, it reminds us in a manner not to be mistaken of our natural equality and mutual dependence, and that those distinctions are purely adventitious and circumstantial, while with true philosophic beauty and impressiveness it enforces the lessons of active beneficence and charity, by reminding us that our individual happiness is best promoted by affording relief and consolation to our fellow creatures in the hour of their affliction.

Discountenancing a spirit of mendicity and imposture, refusing to admit to a participation of its privileges any applicant influenced by sinister or other unworthy motives, it yet teaches us to be mutually helpful, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and seeks to stimulate benevolent impulse by fraternal recognition and sympathy. As a philanthropic sodality, it embraces men of all religions, of all races and climes, but withal it is strictly eclectic, receiving into fellowship only such as believe in the Great Architect of the Universe, and are of good report; wisely tolerant on all questions of speculative opinion, but rejecting the atheist and the immoral man. The religious element in our formularies effectually precludes the one, and the whole tenor of Masonic teaching is condemnatory of the other. Again, while fully alive to the material and social advantages of wealth, of learning, and of high social status as means of usefulness, adding to the prestige and influence of our Order in the "outer world," still those qualities are justly held to be subordinate to those higher considerations of moral worth. Character is *suprême*. "The internal and not the external qualifications of a man is what Masonry regards."

And observe the reputation of the Craft. That which commands the truest homage of thoughtful men, and on which the ultimate progress of our principles must mainly depend, should be jealously guarded by every brother, not forgetting that the reputation of the Fraternity results from the aggregate character of its members. He, therefore, cannot be considered a worthy Mason, whatever his pretensions or claims in other respects, whose life is a continual violation of its ethical principles. This I take to be so obviously true that to further argue the question would be superfluous, and yet I am not quite sure that sufficient prominence is given to it. Nay, I rather incline to the opinion that the moral tone and dignity of the Order might be improved by *increased* attention to this fact. Such is the frailty of our nature that we need to be *reminded* of our duties and motives, to their performance again and again enforced.

Without in the slightest degree detracting from the pleasantness of our Lodge festivities, it is incumbent on all Worshipful Masters to allow nothing that may be incongruous with what is taught in open Lodge; but to charge the Brethren to practise out of the Lodge those excellent precepts that are taught in it. The lasting glory of Freemasonry is not simply in its remote antiquity, nor in the fact that its branches are spread over the four quarters of the globe, for although it boasts a glorious history, and its universality is confessedly a distinguishing feature thereof, let us remember it is its goodness, its virtues that must win for it the respect of mankind, stand the test of time, and the unsparing criticisms with which it is sure to be assailed. Notwithstanding the unparalleled progress of the last thirty-five years, and its present prospects, practical consistency and consonance with truth alone can save it from decadence and ultimately becoming a thing of the past.

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ORATION ON FREEMASONRY, ITS MYSTERY AND HISTORY,  
WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

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BY J. H. GRAHAM, LL.D., FIRST PRINCIPAL OF THE GRAND CHAPTER OF  
ROYAL ARCH MASONS OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

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NO intelligent person needs to be reminded that we are surrounded with mysteries. However great our knowledge; however profound our researches; however reverent our meditations on any subject, from the smallest grain of sand on this earth of ours to the unnumbered worlds that ceaselessly revolve in the immensity of space, from the tiniest blade of grass to the mighty cedar of Lebanon, from the humblest forms of the *proto-zoa* embedded in the primeval rocks through all the grades of animal life to man (made but a little lower than the angels), and to Him who created all things, and who dwelleth in light unapproachable and full of glory,—all, all is mystery! In dispassionately considering our present theme, it is not necessary that we should linger on the mysteries of man, nor dwell on the pleasing and important problem of *whence* he came—*what* he is—or *whither* he is going—but briefly to consider historic man in his natural aggregations of kindred and society, bearing in mind that amongst men “some are, and must be, greater than the rest;” that some must rule and some obey; that it is given to some to teach and others to receive instruction; and that from the dawnings of history, and more especially in the farthest East—the cradle of our race—the sages of that remote antiquity, and many of the wisest men of a more modern day, the guides and teachers of the world, in their communication of their vast stores of human and divine wisdom, carefully separated their instructions into *esoteric* and *exoteric*—the former being preserved and guarded with the strictest vigilance, and alone communicated, under the most solemn circumstances, to the select few who were deemed worthy and well qualified to receive and profit thereby, and the latter being communicated to the mass of the people as that which was adjudged to be best fitted for their instruction and guidance.

From these esoteric communities of early sages and philosophers arose, in India, Persia, Chaldea, Egypt, Phœnicia, and other countries, the wondrous MYSTERIES OF THE EAST, those schools of religion, philosophy, government, literature, and the arts, which did so much to enlighten, upbuild, and maintain these great nations of antiquity.

Shall we therefore wonder when we see such illustrious men as Solon, Plato, Herodotus, Lyeurgus, and other great philosophers of Greece, “binding their stoutest sandals upon their feet, and taking the pilgrim’s staff in their hands,” and going forth to visit the vast sanctuaries of Egypt, to be initiated into the hidden mysteries of wisdom and worship?

From the general connection that exists between these ancient mysteries and Freemasonry, some have been erroneously led to believe that the latter is a continuation of the former, while it is only, in some respects, an imitation or similarity. Much of the instruction and all the principal traditions of ancient Craft Freemasonry are derived from and associated with the magnificent temple of King Solomon, which was erected about one thousand years before the Christian era, on the thrice holy mount, and according to the Divine plan, by the wisdom of Solomon, King of Israel—by the strength and co-operation of Hiram, King of Tyre—and exquisitely adorned by Hiram, the widow’s son, the Prince of Architects, these three being considered the first Grand Masters of our Order.

This temple was dedicated to the honour and glory of the one only living and true God, as the first national manifestation of an only God ever erected. That division of our ancient and honourable fraternity denominated the Holy Royal Arch derives most of its symbolism and traditions from the second temple, “rebuilt” about five hundred

years before our era, soon after the Babylonish captivity, under the superintendence of Zerubbabel the Prince of the people, Haggai the prophet, and Joshua the high priest. This, too, was the era of the finding of the long lost book of the law.

To the affiliated and noble Christian orders of the Knights of the Temple, and to the Sovereign Princes of the Rose Croix, I need only now refer.

The present organic form and embodiment of the Craft appears to many to have been derived chiefly from the *Collegia Artificum* and the *Collegia Fabrorum*, instituted at Rome about seven hundred years before Christ by the wise and almost prophetic King, Numa Pompilius, who was said to have been deeply versed in the mysteries of Pythagoras. He highly honoured and rewarded these colleges of Artificers, and Lodges of skilful craftsmen, endowing them with the exclusive privilege of erecting public temples and monuments at Rome. Their rights and privileges were afterwards recognised and defined by the *eighth* of the twelve tables of the Roman law. At a still later period, they were even more highly honoured and distinguished by the "divine" Augustus. These colleges of fraternal architects had their own jurisdiction, their own worship; were regularly organized, were presided over by masters, wardens, and other officers, and were composed largely of learned Greek artists, who surrounded the secret tenets of their profession with the mysteries of their country, enveloped them in the symbolism of their worship, and elaborated their *esoteric* instructions by employing symbolically the implements of architecture; and when at the dawn of the Christian era the Jewish architects were welcomed and protected at Rome, they erected synagogues and were admitted into the colleges of artificers, they, too, took a leading part therein, and instructed the craftsmen in the Hebrew mysteries.

Wherever the Roman legions carried victorious the Roman arms, thither accompanied them colleges of these skilful constructors, and for more than 1,000 years after the dismemberment of that mighty empire did these and succeeding fraternities of architects, dispersed throughout most of the countries of Europe, erect those magnificent palaces, temples, and cathedrals, from Rome to York and Kilwinning, which have been, and many of them still are, the wonder and admiration of the world, and which in these days of boasted enlightenment and progress have often been imitated, seldom equalled, and never excelled.

Let no one hastily come to the conclusion that, during these long centuries of alternate light and darkness, no mystic or other noble cognate fraternities continued, or sprang into existence, preserving and carefully communicating the true light of human and divine wisdom.

During the latter part of the seventeenth century these secret fraternities of operative Freemasons fell into decay almost everywhere throughout Europe, with the exception of the "mother land;" but in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and almost immediately after the completion of the last great work of the ancient and accepted fraternity of operative Masons, under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren—St. Paul's Cathedral of London—the formal action was taken of changing the fraternity from operative to speculative Freemasonry; and retaining all the ancient customs, constitutions, laws, principles, truths, symbols, and landmarks of the order. The honest inquirer asks, WHAT IS SPECULATIVE FREEMASONRY? I might weary you with definitions, and yet, like one of old, you might exclaim: "The half was not told me, its wisdom and goodness exceedeth the fame which I heard."

First, negatively, it is *not* a system of religion, but only a handmaid of the truth. It interferes *not* with any of the churches or theological sects into which mankind are often too unhappily divided.

It is *not* a system of national government or of party politics. A genuine Freemason is a peaceable and loyal subject to the civil power wherever he resides or works. Base is the intent of him who would lead any to believe that our charitable Order has aught to do with statecraft, or intermeddles in the least with political partizanship.

It is not a Platonic or Utopian dream of a universal society; but, ever recognising the frailties and weaknesses of man, it seeks, through the good and the true of all

nations, to aid in his perfectibility by genuine knowledge and sincere charity—by eternal truth and inherent right.

Leaving what it *is not* for what it *is*, we may say that “Freemasonry is a peculiar system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.” Its fundamental principles are a practical belief in the *fatherhood* of God and the *brotherhood of man*—that God is our father and we are His offspring. No man can be made a Mason unless he is a believer in the Great Architect of heaven and earth.

No one, moreover, can fail to remember that much of the true wisdom of all ages has been veiled in allegory, and communicated in parable, not only by the sages of every clime, but by Him, the divinest of teachers, who “spake as never man spake.”

Its symbolism is in great part derived from the implements of architecture—the noblest of the arts—than which none can more fittingly set forth the duties and labours of life, and whose allegorical symbolism is the burden of all true revelation, from that sacred edifice wherein was the Shekinah, to that glorious temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Its allegorism is still further drawn from all the liberal arts and sciences which have ever been esteemed the *summum bonum* of human acquisitions, and it includes instruction in everything pertaining to man from the cradle to the grave, and to the mansions beyond.

Freemasonry is an outcome and outgrowth of the ages—a cosmopolitan institution adapted to all peoples and all times. It is a universal language, in which brethren of all tongues may hold converse with each other.

Its jurisprudence is comprehensive, and its form of government is such that its rulers, guided by its customs and constitutions, exercise authority with prudence and justice, and its officers, supreme and subordinate, in their respective stations, are obeyed with all humility, reverence, love, and alacrity.

In short, such is its benign and loyal character that it enjoys under British law the proud distinction of being the only Order which in its sacred temples and secret conclaves pursues its peaceful and charitable avocations wholly exempt from all and every surveillance of the State or of the powers that be.

Nor need I now longer pursue the almost endless theme. Subject, in a measure, Freemasonry indeed is, to the imperfections of all things human. Unworthy members it indeed has, but who, not devoid of reason, condemns the Noachidae, because, in the family of the patriarch, there was a son who dishonoured his father? and who condemns the sublime system of Christianity because, among the immediate followers of the Son of Man, there was one who sold and betrayed his Master?

Let us, then, eschewing the evil, admire the good, and what is more worthy of our admiration than the sublime spectacle of brethren of all nations, religions, kindreds, and tongues,—high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned: the king laying aside, for a time, the sceptre for the gavel and the lowliest of his worthy subjects—the statesman laying briefly aside the cares of the government of a mighty empire for the trowel—the wisest sage and the humblest disciple—the most learned divine and the sincere seeker after truth just emerging from darkness into light—the brightest and most skillful craftsman and the newly received novice,—all, all these meeting together on the *level*, on the *ground floor*, in the *middle chamber*, and in the *sanctum sanctorum* of their Masonic temple of *labour* and of *workship*—alike inspired by *faith*, *hope*, and *charity*—alike seeking the hidden mysteries of *nature*, *science*, and *morality*—alike being taught to practise *prudence*, *fortitude*, *temperance*, and *justice*—alike enjoined to exemplify in their daily lives the great principles of *loyalty*, *brotherly love*, *relief*, and *truth*, to *adore* and *serve* Him who is the *beginning*, the *middle*, and the *end* of all things?

Could the most sanguine have dreamed that this mystery of Freemasonry—inviting no adherence, and doing no proselyting—in less than two hundred years in its present form, and in this last quarter of the nineteenth century, should number its temples by the tens upon tens of thousands, and should number its sons of light by hundreds upon hundreds of thousands—and that thus, in our day, we should see the realization, in great part, of the vision of the sages and seers of the olden time who beheld afar off the benign reign of universal Brotherhood?



Shall we not, therefore, with one heart and one mind, devoutly unite in the fervent petition of that Brother whose memory we all revere, the Prince of Scotia's immortal Bards :—

“Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree, and a' that ;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet for a' that,  
That man to man the world o'er,  
Shall Brothers be for a' that.”

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### SONNET.

On the two late atrocious attempts on the life of our august Brother, His Majesty the Emperor of Germany.

Now day's great king lies pillow'd on the sea ;  
His setting beams all streak'd with lurid red,  
As 'twere some proud, Imperial brow had bled,  
Like *thine*, O mighty Lord of Germany.  
Whate'er the execrable motive be  
Of the vile crime, which two base miscreants led  
A Royal German Brother's blood to shed,  
I care not to inquire ; enough for me—  
Enough for the whole world—the *act* to mark  
Itself with scorn's most stern, most scorching brand ;  
And spurn the dastard aim, the insult dark,  
Offer'd thereby, by either ruffian's hand,  
Not only to each Mason's kindred breast,  
But *all* hearts with one ray of goodness blest.

BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

June, 1878.

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### THE YEARS AND MASONRY.

A HUNDRED years are but a day,  
O Mystic Art ! in thy long line ;  
But, glorying in our years, we lay  
Our century on thy ancient shrine.  
Take up the wreath of years we give,  
O Mystic Art ! and let it live,  
Garnered with ages past, to bloom  
Like the acacia o'er our tomb.

Beneath the mighty Mystic Arch,  
That joins the present and the past,  
The ages still shall grandly march,  
The Arch shall ages yet outlast.  
Truth, ever mighty, must prevail,  
Light to the faithful ne'er shall fail ;  
Then dare we, in this vale of tears,  
Pledge thee another hundred years !

## ON LAYING THE CORNER-STONE.

*A Masonic Ode.*

BY THE LATE P.G.M. BRO. J. K. MITCHELL, M.D.

Oh, glorious Builder of the vaulted skies!  
 Almighty Architect of Earth and Heaven!  
 Come down and bless the Mason's enterprise,  
 To Thee, O God, in Faith and Mercy given.  
 A home to *Friendship, Truth, and Love* we raise  
 Where, ages yet to come, shall sound our Master's praise.

O make its deep foundations firm and fast!  
 O bless the rearing of the mighty pile!  
 And when to Thee its spires look up at last,  
 Upon its finished work the workmen smile;  
 Nor less the inner works of kindness bless;  
 And make the Mason's labour—peace and happiness!

Enlarge our spirit!—let our means improve!  
 Enforce our faith!—make strong our mystic ties!  
 Exalt our friendship, and refine our love!  
 And let our hearts be pure before Thine eyes,  
 So that while God approves, the world may see  
 How great and good a thing is Ancient Freemasonry.

Aid us to wipe the widow's bitter tears;  
 Help us to hear the orphan's lonely cries;  
 Be present when we soothe a Brother's cares;  
 And be our strength in all calamities.  
 For what can we as one, or many, do,  
 Unless, O Lord! with Thee, our labours we pursue?

Oh, therefore Builder of the vaulted skies!  
 Almighty Architect of Earth and Heaven!  
 Come down and bless our holy enterprise,  
 To Thee, O God, in Faith and Mercy given.  
 A home to *Friendship, Truth, and Love* we raise,  
 Where, ages yet to come, shall sound our Master's praise.

## BEATRICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD OLD STORY," "ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE," ETC.

## CHAPTER II.

AT the time my story commences, which was soon after I settled at Cayley, Mrs. Mortimer had been for some years a denizen of that good town.

She, like a sensible woman as she was, had accommodated herself to her new position, (not in itself an unenviable one, as times went,) and soon made friends to herself—as she was pretty sure to do,—alike by her genial manners and her ladylike but unpretentious deportment. It was well known that she came of a "good old stock." "Her ancestors came over, sir, with William the Conqueror," Jorrox, the medical man, was fond of saying; and, happily for us all in England, despite a great deal too much of this very "brassy age," there lingers amid our honest English folk,—go where you will—a great regard for the "old names" and "ancient families." Indeed, in some parts of the country, this amounts still (I for one like to remember) to a "belief!"

Sometimes it happens, for instance, that the "Great House" is tenanted by a convenient occupant, *pro tem.*, who has taken a "repairing lease," and is a most useful and judicious *locum tenens*. But if you walk down into the village, and turn into the sanded "common room" of the De Mowbray Arms, you will soon learn the exact value at which owner and occupier are estimated; you will soon gather the correct voice of that "public opinion," which is mostly right in such matters, however a little prone to sentiment or exaggeration, to the platitudes of the wind-bag, or the fallacies of the stump-orator of the day. The old name has still a great hold on our conservative people; and the fact is in itself the best answer to the crude ideas or the noisy assumptions of the destructive school. But, bless my heart! here I am already drifting into a most serious question, alike of political economy and national existence. Forgive the erratic pen, kind reader; I will keep it henceforth more under control, and "Revenons a nos moutons."

After a few years had sped on,—in a very quiet, customary way of existence,—Mrs. Mortimer had become the centre of a little circle, which for their own happiness, at any rate, if not for others, had contrived to make life take a very sunny hue for themselves. There is nothing in all the world, after all, like pleasant companionship, inasmuch as it is in kindly association, in cordial friendship, in the intensity and inner being of affection and sympathy, that we find an Oasis for us all in this great, far-reaching, wide-extending desert of human being. Then it is that the secrets of our hearts are unloosed, and that we ourselves become companionable and conversational, amiable and available, all at the same time; that we throw off our insular "barbarism" and reserve, and throw over the whole "current of our existence" as well as the entire pathway of our feet, all that can most charm and solace, most delight and most beguile us by the way of life. Some of the happiest moments of earthly existence are spent in that genial gathering that is redolent ever of friendship fair and fast, of affection honest and true, to us and ours. Time breaks up our party, and sternly scatters us here and there, isolated and disjointed wanderers upon earth. But memory does and can speak to us, "full voiced," of union, of happiness, of sympathy, of interest, which, alas! are for us things of the past. Each hour as it passes whispers to us of joys which can never return, of friends we never more shall confidently greet on this side the grave.

Of the friendly assembly which was wont at this time to grace Mrs. Mortimer's

pleasant and fragrant drawing-room—for that well-known “sanctum” opened out into a real old English garden—I must now say a few words.

There was the clergyman and his wife and the curate—all very pleasant people in their way. The clergyman was one of the good old school, somewhat obsolete, I fear, now—very learned, but very tolerant, who, if like “Dr. Brown,” immortalized by Præd, “*vir nullâ non donandus laurû,*” was yet an ornament to his Church, and a friend to his people.

He might perhaps be called “slow” in these go-ahead days, and amid new-fangled ideas and habits, and dresses of various kinds and hues, but he always kept his church and schools full. He never sent his congregation to sleep; he knew all his congregation, and especially his lads and lasses, by their Christian names! He was an able, an amiable, and an accomplished man, one of a sort of which too few linger in our town houses, or our pleasant rural rectories.

His wife was an excellent helpmeet for him—of good birth, good manners, good looks, good temper, and a thoroughly good honest woman to boot. Young Brabazon, who for a short time was curate there, and a great friend of mine, always liked to say, “You see, she is a model parson’s wife; she is up to anything; she has no nonsense; she will go with a young man in a dog-cart, and think nothing of it; she’s always cheery, she likes a joke, and she is one of the most hard-working women you can find between Dover and the Land’s End.” She was a woman, moreover, of cultivated taste and a literary turn, a good musician, and could sketch a church tower with great effect. She was one of the best wives, too, I ever met. The curate was an amiable youth, not very strong, perhaps, in anything, but who did his duty very pleasantly and peacefully, and was very much in love with a gay member of that little circle—one of Colonel Morley’s pretty daughters. “If they do get together,” as Molesey of Molesey used to like to say confidentially to me, (I believe he was a little smitten with the gipsy himself.) “I hope that she will *ginger* him up, old fellow.” “I’ll tell you what, Tomlinson,” he would add, “that girl has a pluck and spirit in her for anything. Just put her on a horse and see her go across country!”

Colonel Morley and his amiable family formed part also of that cheery coterie, and when I say of him that he was a gallant, straightforward, somewhat prosy good-looking old veteran, with a pleasant wife, and two very pretty daughters, and a fastidious youth of a son, also in the army, what more need I say? He was not only an officer, but a gentleman. Jorrox, the Doctor, and his wife must be mentioned here, because they are somewhat important personages among our *Dramatis Personæ*. He was a little excitable, sentimental, good-natured, large-whiskered, pug-nosed man, who was an excellent doctor, but always getting into scrapes, out of which he, however, always contrived to extricate himself. His character will be more fully developed in the following chapters, so I say nothing more here of him. His wife was his very opposite, matter-of-fact and precise, a little prudish, and fond of maxims and adages of all kinds; but still, as the French say, *au fond*, a good-hearted, well-intentioned, and right-principled woman. She and the Doctor were compared by their facetious assistant Twamley to an “effervescing draught.”

“She, sir,” he used to say, “is the soda, he is the nitric acid; he is all “phiz,” she’s all sediment.”

The family lawyer, Mr. Malcolm, was an excellent old-fashioned individual, one of an ancient “caste” of lawyers now almost disappeared, who had a good business, a good house, and a neat little fortune. He too had a pleasant wife, a good-looking daughter, and an ambitious son at Oxford, of whom his fond mamma predicted much.

Then there was an old maid, Miss Multon, always amiable at whist and Lansquenet, and an old bachelor, Mr. Webster, always grumbling under every circumstance of life. Society put it down to an early disappointment, but Twamley used to say it “lay between his balance at his bankers and his bilious ducts;” but as Twamley was always “free of his jokes,” no one heeded Twamley; though in my opinion Twamley had more brains in his head than most people of my acquaintance. Some of the county

gentry also formed part of Mrs. Mortimer's society. Molesey of Molesey, already mentioned, was an unmarried county gentleman, a bachelor, a great sportsman, and a very cheery mate, (an old college friend of mine,) who lived where his fathers had lived, as he used to say, "for 400 years." He was always pleasant, always agreeable, and always well dressed, and—I may let the reader into a secret—one of Miss Beatrice Mortimer's admirers.

I have before remarked that my friend was shrewdly suspected of not having been altogether indifferent to the charms of Miss Jane Morley. But this, after all, was only a surmise, and may have been a mistake; though Twamley solemnly declared that Molesey, in an unguarded moment, had admitted the fact to him.

Then there were the Tauntons of Taunton Dene, and the Charltons of Charlton, and the "Carrutherses" (as the people called them) of Croftley, and last, not least, the Rector of Molesey and the Vicar of Charlton, and their friendly families. But in addition to all of these was Mr. Miller, a Scotchman, who had made a fortune in opium, in China, and had settled at the old house of the Darleys of the Hall at Darley-cum-Appleton—one of those fine old manor houses happily still to the fore in this good England of ours. The family consisted of a daughter and a son. He was a widower himself, and though somewhat fond of arguing, and not a little addicted to snuff, was a worthy, kind-hearted old man.

It was indeed whispered, but only whispered, that the widower was not averse to find a second Mrs. Miller; though I may as well admit here that I fear my authority is no better than Twamley's, who was fond of declaring that not only had Miller a taste for "sheep's head," but for "sheep's eyes," especially when Miss Beatrice was present.

And here, kind reader, I have assembled for you my puppets, one and all, and ere I draw up the curtain and arrange my show, and place them in proper "poses," and show them to the best advantage, let me once again remind you that mine is a very humdrum tale, after all, and therefore do not, as they say, "go in" for anything of excitement, novelty, the startling, or the striking. Perhaps as the tale runs on, some of the episodes may seem a little strange, or a little serious, or a little trying, or a little queer, as the case may be; but as my ambition is only to reproduce what goes on day by day before our very eyes, and what is to be found and seen in many houses and countless coteries at the present moment, I fear that my story will appear like an "ancient saw," if not a "modern instance," to many who turn over the monthly pages of the *Masonic Magazine*. But if they have the patience and courtesy to wait for another number, and read another chapter, I promise them that in answer to the well-known stage bell, for good or evil, pleasure or the reverse, the green curtain shall be lifted and the living scene, on a humble stage, shall be presented to their view. Till then let criticism be forbearing and allowances many.

(To be continued.)

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### CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

AS by the patriotic munificence of Bro. Erasmus Wilson, this noble memorial of Egyptian history and Egyptian Obelistic Art will shortly look down with complacency on the Thames Embankment (happy and safe refuge after the prostrate ignominy and curious vicissitudes of years), we have thought it well to lay before our readers the latest authentic intelligence of the true meaning of its inscriptions, which our climate may perhaps ere long efface.

Dr. Birch, of the British Museum, has just favoured Bro. Dixon with the following revised translation of the hieroglyphical inscriptions:—

"First Side—Central Line towards east when erected on Embankment.—The Horus, lord of the Upper and Lower country, the powerful bull; crowned in Uas or Thebes,

the King of the North and South, Ramen Cheper, has made his monument to his father, Haremachu (Horus in the Horizons), he has set up to him two great obelisks, capped with gold, at the first time of the festivals of thirty years, according to his wish he did it, the son of the Sun Thothmes (III.) type of types did it beloved of Haremachu (Horus in the Horizons) ever living.

“First Side—Left Line.—The Horus of the Upper and Lower country, the powerful bull, beloved of the Sun, the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, lord of the festivals, like Ptah-Tanen, son of the Sun, Rameses, beloved of Amen, a strong bull, like the son of Nu (Osiris), whom none can withstand, the lord of the two countries, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, giver of life, like the Sun.

“First Side—Right Line.—The Horus of the Upper and Lower country, the powerful bull, son of Tum, King of the South and North, lord of diadems, guardian of Egypt, chastiser of foreign countries, son of the Sun Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, dragging the South to the Mediterranean Sea, the North to the Poles of Heaven, lord of the two countries, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, son of the Sun Ramessu (II.), giver of life, like the Sun.

“Second Side—Central Line, towards river (south) as erected on Embankment.—The Horus of the Upper and Lower country. The powerful bull, crowned by Truth. The King of the North and South, Ramen Cheper. The lord of the gods has multiplied to him festivals on the great Persea tree in the midst of the place of the Phœnix (Heliopolis). He is recognised as his son, a divine chief, his limbs come forth daily as he wishes, the son of the Sun Thothmes (III.), ruler of An (Heliopolis), beloved of Haremachu (Horus in the Horizons).

“Second Side—Left Line.—The Horus of the Upper and Lower country, the powerful bull, beloved of Truth, King of the North and South, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, born of the gods, holding the two lands (of Egypt), as the son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, making his frontier wherever he wished, who is at rest through his power, the lord of the two countries, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, son of the Sun, Ramessu, beloved of Amen, the lustre of the Sun.

“Second Side—Right Line.—The Horus of the Upper and Lower country, the powerful bull, son of the god Chepera, the King of the North and South, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun. The golden trait, rich in years, the most powerful, the eyes of mankind behold what he has done, nothing has been said in opposition to the lord of the two countries. Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, the son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, giver of life, like the Sun.

“Third Side—Central Line, West side as erected on Embankment.—The Horus lord of the upper and lower country, the powerful bull, beloved of Truth, the king of the South and North, Ramen Cheper. His father Tum has set up to him his great name, placing it in the temple belonging to An (Heliopolis), giving him the throne of Seb, the dignity of Cheper, the son of the Sun, Thothmes (III.), good and true, beloved of the Spirits of An (Heliopolis), ever living.

“Third Side—Right Line.—The Horus of the Upper and Lower country, the powerful bull, well beloved of Ra, the king of the South and North, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, lord of festivals of thirty years, like his father Ptah, son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of men, son of Tum, beloved of his loins; Athor, the goddess, directing the two countries, has given him birth, the lord of the two countries, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, the son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of men, giver of life, like the Sun.

“Third Side—Left Line.—The Horus lord of the two countries, the powerful bull, son of Shu, the King of the South and North, Ra-user-ma, approved of Ra, the lord of diadems, director of Egypt, chastiser of foreign lands, son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, bringing his offering daily in the house of his father, Tum; not has been done as he did in the house of his father, the lord of the two countries, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, the son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, giver of life, like the Sun.

“Fourth Side and Central Line towards Road (North), as erected on Embankment.—The Horus of the Upper and Lower country, beloved of the god of the tall upper crown, the King of the South and North, Ramen Cheper, making offerings, beloved of the gods, supplying the altar of the spirits of An (Heliopolis), welcoming their persons at the two times of the year, that he might repose through them with a sound life of hundreds of thousands of years with very numerous festivals of thirty years, the son of the Sun, Thothmes (III.), the divine ruler, beloved of Haremachu (Horus in the Horizons), ever living.

“Fourth Side—Right Side.—The Horus lord of the Upper and Lower country, the powerful bull, beloved of Ra, the King of the South and North, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, the sun born of the gods, holding the countries, the son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, the strong hand, powerful victor, bull of rulers, king of kings, lord of the two countries, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, beloved of Tum, lord of An (Heliopolis), giver of life.

“Fourth Side—Left Line.—The Horus, the powerful bull, son of Ptah-Tenen, lord of the Upper and Lower country. The King of the South and North, Ra-user-ma approved of the Sun, the hawk of gold, rich in years, the greatest of victors, the son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, leading captive the Rutennu (Syrians) and Peti (Libyans) out of their countries to the seat of the house of his father, lord of the two countries, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, beloved of Shu, the great god, like the Sun.

“The scenes on the pyramidion represent the monarch, Thothmes III., under the form of a sphinx, with hands offering to the Gods Ra and Atum, the two principal deities of Heliopolis. The offerings are water, wine, milk, and incense. The inscriptions are the names and titles of the deities, the titles of Thothmes III., and the announcement of each of his special gifts.”

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## FROM PORTLAND TO BANTRY BAY IN ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S IRONCLADS.

IT was on Tuesday, July 2, that I received a note saying that the Particular Service Squadron would sail early the following morning, and that if I intended accepting the invitation of an old friend, I must be on board before that very indefinite time. Accordingly I was alongside shortly after 6 a.m., and a few minutes afterwards was in the midst of what I should have thought the greatest scene of confusion I had ever witnessed, if out of the chaos change and order were not springing up so rapidly as to bewilder me. I had been in everybody's way but my own a dozen times, when H— drew me back and in a few words explained to me what was doing. Accommodation ladders were being slung by one party of men, hoisted high in air by another, and received inboard by a third. Further forward quite a crowd of men were running round the capstan. “Bringing to,” as H— nautically put it. Another party of men were aloft putting on mast and sail covers, for it would not do for a man-of-war's yards to be smoke-begrimed. Others were securing the boats, so that they should not sway about with the motion of the ship when she got out on the sea. All this time the noise of the furnace fires far down below reverberates above the din of varied work going on around, and I seem to be standing over some volcano that is heaving and plunging to be set free. As my eye becomes better accustomed to the rapid motions of the men at their different labours, I can see that, so far from the confusion I had first supposed, the

highest discipline alone could prevent clashing the same, causing each atom of human agency to run so evenly in the groove laid down for it that the whole works as smoothly and as steadily as some monster machine controlled by steam power.

But there is a stir on the bridge! Every glass is directed seaward, and much speculation is indulged in, as to whether "SILE" is a "man-of-war" or no. Not long are we left undecided, for *her* number is made out, and then we know it is H.M.S. "Lord Warden" returning from her unsuccessful attempt to raise the "Eurydice." We know the attempt ended in failure, from last night's latest telegrams, but as no particulars were published, we look forward to culling a few items from the fountain-head. We are not doomed to be enlightened yet though, for as soon as the "Lord Warden" has taken up her position, the signal is made to "weigh." The decks have for some time been almost deserted, but at the shrill boatswain's call, "Clear lower deck," the hands come tumbling up through every hatchway, lay hold of the capstan bars, and to a lively tune from the fiddler commence heaving in the cable, as they go round and round in step with the music. Next comes "catting" and "fishing," an operation which, after all the explanations I received, I cannot give in more nautical parlance than that "catting" is the system used to secure one end of the anchor, and "fishing" that of the other.

But by this time we are outside the breakwater, and I feel myself being rocked—very gently though—"On the cradle of the deep;" but I manfully stand firm, and try to get my sea-legs, being rewarded ere long with a sight that surpasses all the military reviews I have ever witnessed. It is the manœuvring of a large ironclad fleet under steam. We came out one after the other in Indian file—we took up position in two lines abreast—we wheeled right and left—we formed fours—we counter-marched, or rather *steamed*—now in open order, now in close order—and the whole time each ship going at the rate of eight knots an hour. I was utterly bewildered at the rapid motions and varied formations of the ponderous floating iron forts, the whole controlled under the Admiral of the fleet, by a few simple signals from his flagship. I confess that my thoughts were busy with "Vanguards," "Grosser Kurfursts," and "Eurydices;" but after carefully studying the motions, I was convinced that only by a ship disobeying the general signal could a casualty occur. As long as each ship remains in motion, subject to the guiding power, so long will all go like clockwork. How far such machinery might be thrown out by the appearance of a merchant vessel in the way I cannot say; thank Heaven we had no opportunity of judging. My land experience would lead me to surmise that it would be very like a goods train getting in the way of a fast passenger train.

And now H— tells me it is time for lunch, so having become quite used to the sea by this time (though that is not surprising, considering that there has hardly been a ripple on the water since we left Portland), I go down, and am soon convinced that the sea air has indeed sharpened my appetite. Nothing to watch during the afternoon but the changeless sea and sky, save faint indications of something less shadowy away far on our right, or starboard beam, as I am taught to say, which I am told were the hills of Devon and Cornwall—nothing to listen to but the eternal throb of the engines fulfilling their mighty task.

And yet I have more, much more than I can get through in making myself acquainted with the internal economy of a man-of-war, and have learnt but very little when a messenger from H— tells me that the fleet is about to perform the evening evolution. I hasten on deck and find all the ships clouded with canvas. Another signal, and in less than three minutes not a stitch is to be seen. I notice that each ship strives to outdo the others in each evolution; but my eye was not practised enough to give the preference to any *one* where *all* were so very smart. The sailors deserved a rest, and I noticed that they amused themselves by smoking, sewing, dancing, and singing, till it was time for them to "turn in," sometime before which all the hammocks were "piped down" from the nettings where they are stowed very neatly during the day.

I retire to my "nautical couch" well tired, and am anything but pleased at the constant noises, calculated to disturb anyone who has not served an apprenticeship to



them. Now it is the rattling of chains somewhere—now the pattering of feet over head, as the watch on deck runs away to give a pull here and a haul there—now for a few minutes there is a cessation from above, which causes the throbbing of the engines, and the deep hollow grinding made by the revolving screw, to become real and tangible noises once more, but dreamy and monotonous ones lulling me off—then there is the screech of a fog whistle, the rattle of the ash engine, and finally such a scrubbing and scraping over head as proclaims it the morning deck-cleaning, or what sailors term holy-stoning, though I cannot get anyone to explain the term more fully than “*ancient custom*,” “*time immemorial*,” etc.

On the next morning I was roused early to get a view of Erin’s Isle, and about 8 a.m. we steamed slowly up to the anchorage inside Bear Island. The scenery was very rugged: on one side rocky hills rose abruptly from the water’s edge, hiding their summits in the overhanging mists that like a pall cover their beauties—“week in, week out,” I am told. The island side is not so precipitous. On the mainland the culminating point is Hungry Hill—a name *apropos*, one would fancy, from the aspect of its lower extremities. I did not stay long enough to make acquaintance with the top, as I had to make arrangements for returning to England by rail; still I had one or two pleasant days with H—, rambling amongst the mossy glades and grassy sloping tracts that gently lead up to the hills in the background. Emerging one afternoon into the high road to Castletown, distant about three Irish miles, we found horses of all sizes and ages awaiting the sailors from the fleet, while for those who cared not to cut a figure on horseback there were the far-famed jaunting cars. We availed ourselves of the services of one of the latter, and were soon taking in as much of the grandly rugged scenery as was allowed by the break-neck pace for which the Jehus of Erin’s Isle are noted. Dismounting at the moderate-sized but very dilapidated looking town, we settled with the smilingly polite but extortionate proprietor of the car, and, wending our way through the one and only street, proceeded into the country beyond. Everywhere were signs of the gross mis-management of land for which the Irish—or, as they say, *their* landlords—have been so long famous. Wide and spacious tracts of country revelled in their virgin raiment; houses, or more correctly hovels, lay thickly dotted here and there, each with its patch of potato ground and one or two fields, and that was all: the intervening spaces were common to all—unowned, uncared for. We turned from the road and approached one of the “native cots.” The smoke was coming out in such volumes from the peat fire smouldering in the open chimney that we could not at first discern the arrangements of the interior. As our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, however, we were enabled to note a couple of rickety stools, a superannuated table, a pile of peat fuel, about a dozen of that feathery tribe for whose product the island is noted, barricaded in a recess between the fireplace and the window, a very uneven mud floor, diversified with small lakes, and last, but not least, the gentleman that pays the “*rint*” reposing behind the door. Lest my first experience should seem far-fetched, I have since been assured that in a certain *house* possessed by a civil and well-to-do car driver, there occupied the apartment each night—the man, his wife and 5 children, 17 hens, 2 pigs, 1 cow, and 1 horse. Notwithstanding the wretched appearance of things around us, we found the inmates of the hut we had entered—a man and his wife, the deaf mother of one of them, a grown-up daughter, and several younger olive branches—very civil and obliging. They gave us several cups of deliciously cool milk, and after leaving some kindly tokens of recognition amongst the youngsters, we parted.

The next day I said “good-bye” to the fleet, and turned my face towards Bantry, *en route for home*. H— expressed regret that my engagements would not permit me to go on the sea cruise with them. I inquired where they would probably go, to which I received answer, “Can’t say; but I expect we shall do 14 days on Admiralty Patch; you know their Lordships have a piece of blue water fenced in out here specially for fleet evolutions. Ta! ta!”

FURUYA.

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 HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO.
 

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You'RE starting to-day on life's journey  
 Along on the highway of life;  
 You'll meet with a thousand temptations,  
 Each city with evil is rife.  
 This world is a stage of excitement,  
 There's danger wherever you go:  
 But if you are tempted in weakness,  
 Have courage, my boy, to say No!

The Syren's sweet song may allure you;  
 Beware of her cunning and art;  
 Whenever you see her approaching,  
 Be guarded, and haste to depart.  
 The billiard saloons are inviting,  
 Decked out in their tinsel and show;  
 You may be invited to enter,  
 Have courage, my boy, and say No!

The bright ruby wine may be offered,  
 No matter how tempting it be:  
 From poison that stings like an adder,  
 My boy, have the courage to flee.  
 The gambling halls are before you,  
 Their lights how they dance to and fro,  
 If you would be tempted to enter,  
 Think twice, even thrice, ere you go.

In courage alone lies your safety,  
 When you the long journey begin,  
 And trust in a Heavenly Father  
 Will keep you unspotted from sin.  
 Temptations will go on increasing,  
 As streams from a rivulet flow,  
 But, if you are true to your manhood,  
 Have the courage, my boy, to say No

## ART-JOTTINGS IN ART-STUDIOS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

## SCULPTURE.—II.

"Sermons in stones."

ALTHOUGH many a group of statuary with its figures completely detached, like the Laocoon, tells its heart-stirring story, yet, when history has had to be written in the long-enduring stone, Sculpture has usually taken another form, and the subject has been represented by "incision" or "relief." Whilst the former of these methods is perhaps the older, yet it will suit our present purpose—the "technicality" of Art—better to describe the latter first, leaving the former to head that division of sculptural manipulation of which it is undoubtedly the fundamental step.

## "RELIEF,"

then, we may describe as that mode of representing objects whereby they are presented to us as standing out from a background from which they, yet, are not completely detached. Of this "standing out" there are various degrees, but the divisions usually recognized are "Alto-Relievo," "High Relief," "Mezzo-Relievo," "Middle Relief," and "Basso-Relievo," "Bass Relief" or "Low Relief."

"Relief," generally, may be described as holding a middle place between the "Plastic" Art and "Painting;" by its means complete scenes being capable of representation. It is therefore appropriately used for the decoration of flat surfaces such as walls, or portions of walls, the sides of tombs, and the like.

To take the middle division first, as being, perhaps, the truest and most perfect representative of its kind, "Mezzo-Relievo" should represent exactly the half of the object clear of the background. If this proportion be exceeded, the result is a detaching, partial or complete, of a portion, at least, of the figures, and the result is "Alto-Relievo;" should this proportion be lessened, we have "Basso-Relievo," in which either the figures are flattened very considerably or else "foreshortening" and "perspective" are resorted to, whereby, at least, partial failure of the true purpose of Sculpture occurs, the result trenching, although unsuccessfully, upon the proper domain of "Painting."

Turning again to the middle style—"Mezzo-Relievo"—which is by far the oldest, we find it the one in vogue in Assyrian Art, many beautiful specimens of which are in existence in the British Museum, of which we need only mention the Winged Bulls to recall the examples of this style at once to our reader's memory. Other ancient nations have left the record of their skill in this direction, and multitudinous beautiful examples have once more been beheld by the living eye of man after many a long year's burial amidst the ruins of Persepolis and Nineveh, Persia and Babylon. Although by no means evidencing the freedom and "life" of the handiwork of more modern and classic times, these ancient specimens of Art-work are yet far in advance of the crude efforts and quaint distortions of the Hindoo Artists, or the still and lifeless craft of the Ancient Egyptian Sculptors.

The two lions above the gate of Mycenæ—probably the oldest specimen of Greek handiwork—are but little, if any, in advance of that of the earlier nations of which we have just been speaking, and it was reserved for Phidias to stamp his master-mind upon this branch of Art, and to leave in his "High Relief" a witness of its true scope and character. Surely we need hardly pause to remind the reader of the beauties of

such well-known portions of the "Elgin Marbles" as the Metopes from the "Frieze" of the Parthenon.

From the same building, in the same collection in the British Museum, we have had deposited probably the most perfect and most beautiful specimen of "Low Relief" in existence—we mean the "Panathenaic Frieze," which represents the solemn procession to the Temple of Minerva during the Panathenaic Festival.

We have said that these are probably the most perfect, as well as the most beautiful specimens extant, because they keep strictly to the canon of the Art, no "perspective" being attempted and all "foreshortening" avoided; for when we come to the time of the Romans, we find that Sculpture—so great was the demand upon its resources—witness the innumerable tombs—streets of monuments, such as the Appian Way—that it degenerated into a manufacture, and its spirit was lost because its true purpose was departed from. The province of Painting was invaded, rows of figures, one behind the other, were depicted, "foreshortening" was adopted, "perspective" introduced, and even backgrounds of "scenery" inserted, until a disastrous failure was the result, although it cannot be denied that a certain kind of marvellous work was attained to by such master-hands as those of Ghiberti. Even Canova's "reliefs" were too nearly "pictures in stone" to be the perfection of "relief," and it was reserved to Flaxman, and, above every one, to Canova to restore to this noble art its true characteristics.

There is, by the way, every reason to believe that in many excellent and ancient examples colouring was introduced in the shape of backgrounds of blue, whilst the hems of the garments and other prominent portions were coloured and even gilt.

Turn we now to the reverse of "relief"—

#### "INCISION."

Probably this form of the Art is the most ancient of all; certainly of all methods of the "treatment" of flat surfaces. It was especially used, we find, for sacred purposes, as is evidenced by what are usually known as "Hieroglyphs."

When we thus speak of the Hieroglyphs we must first say that, for our present purpose, we mean only their "Ideographic" and not their "Phonetic" form, inasmuch as the latter, having become nothing more nor less than a system of writing the language, it touches rather upon the domain of Science than that of Art. Were not this the case we should dwell upon the fact of "incised" characters having been necessarily used by the Almighty Himself, the Tables of the Sacred Law being distinctly stated to have had this holy origin. The same reason prevents us from here entering into any detailed account of the Rosetta Stone, which is a slab of black basalt bearing a tri-lingual inscription (Hieroglyphic, Demotic or Buchorial, and Greek), and which has formed the long-lost key to Hieroglyphic writing. The inscription itself is a decree in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes, by the priests of Egypt assembled in synod at Memphis, on account of his having remitted certain arrears of taxes owing to him by the priestly body. The stone was found in 1799 by M. Boussard, of the French Engineers, on the site of a temple dedicated by the Necho II. of the 26th dynasty, to the solar god Atum. It was in all probability set up A.D. 1899.

We have, however,—thanks to the patriotism and liberality of our worthily revered Brother, Erasmus Wilson,—another instance of "incised" work in England, in the shape of "Cleopatra's Needle." In his "People's Edition" of "Our Egyptian Obelisk," Bro. Wilson says, "The material of the obelisk is a kind of granite, very hard, and very dense, of a rose-red colour, and distinguished, as deriving its source from Syenc, by the name of Syenite. Pliny speaks of it as variegated with distinct flame-coloured spots. It is capable of receiving a high polish, and from its hardness admits of being carved with the sharpness of a gem. The carvings are generally two inches and more in depth, and in some instances the hollows are burnished to the lowest groove." We cannot do more here than state that the middle column of Hieroglyphs speaks of Thothmes III., by whom the obelisk was erected, and that, two

centuries later, Rameses II. inscribed in the side spaces an address to the deity of the Sun. Of these two monarchs it may be interesting to quote from Bro. Wilson's book (to which the reader is referred for further information), that Joseph died in the reign of this Thothmes III., and that the sufferings of the children of Israel came to their culminating point in the reign of Rameses II., and that the Exodus took place by reason of the hardships inflicted upon them by that monarch. One other thing we cannot pass over in silence: in the engraved square on the pyramidion, or tapered top of the obelisk, Thothmes is represented as kneeling before the deity of the Sun, the deity holding in his hands "the mystical Tau," the symbol of eternal life.

This unique specimen of the sculptor's art is interesting, if for no other reason, on account of the scenes that it has witnessed in its long and chequered career.

Of the seven original obelisks at On, in the land of Goshen, one dates from about A.D. 1,000, *i.e.* 3,000 years before the Christian era, and therefore 5,000 years ago. The one of which we now speak is about 3,500 years old.

It strikes one with awe and almost dread, as gazing upon this monument of devotion, no less in the present than the past, to reflect that its companions witnessed the arrival of Abraham, and later of Jacob, as well as the marriage of Joseph, at the capital of Goshen; whilst itself stood before the temple in which Moses was instructed "in all the learning of the Egyptians." And then to pass over centuries of neglect until it finds itself once more upright in the capital (as one may well term it) of the world. What a work for a thoughtful man, and, above all, a Mason, to have accomplished! what a gift wherewith to present his country!

Before leaving the Hieroglyphs we ought to mention that the incisions are not always left plain, or even burnished, as in the case of Cleopatra's Needle, but that they were frequently coloured; sometimes in "monochrome," or single tint; at others in "polychrome," in which a great variety of colours were introduced. Besides the specimens of Egyptian Hieroglyphs already alluded to, the most remarkable are—that in honour of Khnumhetp, at Benihassan, recording the investment of his family; the campaigns of Ahmes against the Hyshos at El-Kab; the annals of Thothmes III. at Kamak; the campaign of Ramases II. against the Khita, and the treaty; the account of the tank for gold-washing in the time of Seti I. and Rameses II. at Kouban and Redesich; the star-risings on the tomb of Rameses V.; the journey of the Ark of Khons to the Bakh-tau, under Rameses X.; and the account of Cambyses and Darius on the statue now in the Vatican at Rome.

Whilst speaking somewhat at length of these specimens of Egyptian art, we must not be unmindful that, as we have before mentioned, there is—at least from our present standpoint—more perfect specimens of pure Art extant in the remains of the Aztecs or Mexicans. We say purer, because these specimens are absolutely pure picture-writing, the names of monarchs, towns, and the like, being shown by objects that corresponded to their names; no grammatical forms being used, the Art remained Art, and did not in any way approach the science of written speech. As, however, these latter specimens of the Hieroglyphs were rather picture than sculpture, we must leave the mention of them for a later number, whilst we must, for want of space, reserve for our next paper the remaining processes, pertaining or allied to Sculpture, employed for the purpose of decoration "in the flat."

## MILDRED: AN AUTUMN ROMANCE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

*Author of "Waiting for Her," "The Path of Life: An Allegory;" "The Lady Muriel," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER I.

## THE OLD TOWN IN THE FENS.

NOT a great way from Peterborough, just off the Great Northern Railway, stands the Old Town in the Fens. It is a rambling old place, with queer names to its streets, and queer streets to its names. There is the Great Whyte and a Little Whyte, the Hollow Lane and the Muckle End, and of course a High Street, which is not at all high, but rather the reverse.

There is an old Gothic gateway still standing, and carrying one back in its history to the times when there stood hard by a mitred Benedictine Abbey of great wealth and magnificence, founded before the Conquest by Ailwine Duke of the East Angles. Upon the ruins of this abbey is now built a stately Elizabethan mansion, the residence of one of the county members, who is lord of the manor of St. Benet's, and whose ancestors purchased it from the successors of the Cromwells, on whom the property was conferred at the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Harry the Eighth. A social place, a very social place; everybody knew everybody else's business, and took the same interest in it as each did in his own. Some one described St. Benet's as like a warren—people seemed always running in and out of each other's rabbit holes, and apparently were equally happy and contented whether in their own or their neighbours' domicile. Small towns are proverbial for scandal, but I think St. Benet's was an exception to the rule. At all events the gossip was of a very harmless character, and there was less backbiting in the queer old town, with its thatched houses, winding streets, and tortuous by-ways, than in most other towns of its size and circumstance.

They have an annual fair in July at St. Benet's, where much stock is bought and sold, and the farmers come from the great flat fen farms to do a goodly business. Agricultural implement makers come out in great force, and astonish the natives with wondrous machines for reaping, sowing, thrashing, drilling, and all the varied pursuits which engage the attention of the agricultural labourer, and threaten to improve him off the face of the earth. On a vacant space near the old Norman church (restored unfortunately rather too soon in the day, and still blessed in its interior with a hideous gallery, and windows filled with choice stained glass suitable to a staircase, or the look-out in a back yard, but hardly worthy of the sacred edifice which they adorn but do not beautify) stand a row of tents containing all that makes the fair to the juveniles of St. Benet's—consisting as they do of *al fresco* toy shops, confectioners' ditto, menageries and peepshows, portable rifle galleries and crockery merchants' stalls, and the inevitable photographic establishment, where all the servant girls and farm lads have their portraits taken. Opposite the embattled tower at the west end of St. Hilda's stands a pleasant terrace of neat modern Elizabethan houses in keeping with the surroundings, each faced with a modest bit of garden known as Abbey Buildings. At right angles to them is the great Gothic gateway forming the entrance to St. Benet's Abbey, the seat of Major General Mathew—Matheu he calls it, not Matthew, as some irreverently pronounce the word.

The General is particular as to the pronunciation of his name, possibly because some of his detractors trace a Hebrew origin to it, and say, his great-grandfather, who bought the estate, was a rich Jew grocer in the city of London, in the early days of George the Third, who got his wealth by sanding his sugar and putting birch brooms in

his tea (which was 16s. a pound and worth adulterating), and otherwise pleasantly cheating the lieges by such simple and unadorned contrivances as would scandalize our more ingenious adulterators of the present day.

The General himself claims a Norman ancestry, and says he is a descent of the lords of Mathew, who accompanied the Conqueror to England, and held estates in the West Riding of Yorkshire in the 14th century. There is, it is true, a little blank in the pedigree of three centuries or so—but what of that? There are a few more families in Burke besides the Mathews who have similar blanks of four or five hundred years carefully bridged over by the great genealogist, and the descent of the General was quite clear from J. Mathew, Esq., J.P., 1760 (supposed to be identical with Israel Matthew, grocer, of Bishopsgate Within—so the General's enemies said), and what more would you want than a Justice of the Peace for the county of Cambridge as your great-grandfather, with the recently purchased Abbey in the Isle of Ely as his place of residence?

The General has not seen much service—but he boasts of being in the Crimean war; and so he would have been, no doubt, only peace was declared just as he landed his regiment, and before they were called to the front.

Still, in these days of Abyssinian and Ashantee wars, a soldier who had no chance of fighting in the Indian Mutiny has had small opportunities of distinguishing himself, and the General, if he knows little of cannons and cannon balls, is well acquainted with all the tactics of party warfare, for has he not sat as Liberal member for Cambridge for twenty years, and contested the election, first with the Duke's brother, and then his son, six times during that period?

And now the General is growing old, and others must take up the cry of Disestablishment, vote by ballot, the Irish Church; for, at the time of my story, not many years ago, none of these questions were settled.

Marmaduke Mathews, the General's youngest son,—who has gone into the army, but failed to distinguish himself, and who, suddenly, two years since or more, exchanged into a line regiment from the Guards, for reasons best known to himself, went to the West Indies, and caught the yellow fever,—is now returning home invalided; and let it be briefly stated that young Mathew was always looked upon as a gallant gay Lothario, a very lovable young rascal, who was generally regarded as his own worst enemy. Everybody liked him, and felt sorry for him, for he was always in scrapes and vexing the pious souls of his elderly relatives by his wild harem-scarem life.

The General's eldest son was a learned methodical barrister in chambers, with a tendency to heart disease and a good conveyancing business. He was obliged to eschew politics as too exciting, and the General, on the death of his second son, began to think of Marmaduke as his possible successor, as knight of the shire—if only the lad would settle down and marry, and become a decent member of society.

Hitherto that young scapegrace, now nearly twenty-four, had not shown any disposition to further his father's views, and had volunteered for the West Indies when Yellow Jack was raging there, and the probabilities of a war with America were by no means remote.

He was now returning, having himself nearly fallen a victim to the dire disease which haunts that part of the British Empire, and having only just been brought back from death's door.

He was thus an object of interest to the good folks of St. Benet's, who were, if the truth must be told, rather enamoured of the devil-may-care son of the Squire, and liked him, perhaps, none the less because he was a good-looking good-for-nothing.

Many were the bright glances directed towards the Squire's pew on the first Sunday in August, 186—, as the Squire himself, followed by a young man about six feet in height, fair, light-haired, well-featured, wearing a long, tawny-coloured, drooping moustache, and looking very pale and haggard, advanced wearily up the nave, and took their seats in the abbey pew. From thence there was an excellent side view of the congregation, being placed east and west close under the three-decker pulpit in true Protestant fashion. There was no view at all of the chancel nor yet of the altar, which

was indeed nothing to see—being a Protestant Communion Table over the abbey vault, and nothing more.

It was a very convenient seat for the General, as he could survey the congregation to advantage, and feel almost as if he were inspecting the troops. One pair of bright eyes glanced eagerly at the young officer, and seemed to be mutely appealing for recognition—but in vain. Beautiful dark eyes they were too, and they belonged to a beautiful girl—the belle of St. Benet's—Mildred Bethune.

(To be Continued.)

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### ENTERTAINING HER BIG SISTER'S BEAU.

“ My sister 'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait if you please, And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise her never to tease, Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense, for how would you know What she told me to say if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?

And then you'd feel strange here alone! And you wouldn't know just where to sit, For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and *we* never use it a bit: We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack says it would be like you To flop yourself down upon it and knock out the very last screw.

S'pose you try? I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean?

Well, then, there's the album—that's pretty, if you're sure that your fingers are clean For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she's cross. There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she ain't as good-looking, of course!

This is me. It's the best of 'em all. Now tell me, you'd never have thought, That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought— For that was the message to pa from the photograph man where I sat— That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this; There's all her back hair to do up and all of her front curls to friz. But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me. Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee.

Tom Lee. Her last beau. Why, my goodness! He used to be here day and night, Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and Jack says that gave him a fright. You won't run away, then, as he did? for you're not a rich man they say: Pa says you are poor as a church mouse. Now, are you? And how poor are they?

Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I know now your hair *isn't* red. But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what that naughty Jack said. But there! I must go. Sister's coming. But I wish I could wait, just to see If she ran up to you, and she kissed you in the way she used to kiss Lee.”

Bret Harte in the “Independent.”



## LOST AND SAVED ; OR, NELLIE POWERS, THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

## CHAPTER X.

THE wind moderated almost to a calm during the forepart of the day, and about noon the sun shone beautifully, and soft fair winds sprung up to speed the brig on her course, and in the words of Goldsmith,—

"Hope, like a glimmering taper's light,  
Adorned and cheered the way."

The scenery, so different from that of the night before, would lead one to believe that those frightful events through which he had passed were only the events of a dream, or that he was in a part of the world presided over by an enchantress who transformed objects of fury and hate into those of peace and beauty.

Nellie and Harry came on deck as soon as possible after dinner to get a view of the wonderful change. As they stood looking over the broad stretch of waters which sparkled so brilliantly in the sunlight, the mind of each was occupied for a few moments with its own meditations. Nellie broke the spell by saying, as her face beamed with delight,—

"O! Harry, what a change! just see how magnificently the water sparkles in the rays of this gentle sun, and think what a dreadful commotion covered all this expanse only a few hours ago. Perhaps many vessels, which were caught in the storm, have not fared as well as we—for the captain says ours is an unusually strong vessel—and now are wrecks on the bosom of the sea, or sunk below its depths with all on board. Why, I can hardly believe my senses; it does not seem possible that a few short hours could work such a wonderful change! It shows how much we should thank God for preserving our lives, and for sending us such a beautiful day to drive away all thoughts of the dreadful past." Nellie's face glowed with a hallowed light as she spoke of the wonderful works of her Father which was in Heaven.

Harry was always delighted when Nellie spoke of the works of the Lord; she looked so beautiful when she warmed up and became interested in her subject, and he always took pains to lead her on in that vein, so he said,—

"Nellie, you know the Good Book says that all the works of the Lord are performed for some great good, now can you explain what good such a storm as that of last night can possibly be?"

"Why, I suppose," said Nellie, "He causes the storms to show us His wonderful power, and the greatness and grandeur of His works; to cause us to realize our insignificance, and draw us nearer to his protecting shield; when I look about me and see His glorious works on the land and sea, and meditate upon the beauty and perfection of this little world of ours, I cannot but admire and worship Him for His gracious goodness and mercy in permitting me to form a small part of this vast universe." On this and on other subjects our passengers passed many hours of pleasant conversation as the "Sparkling Sea" bowled along over the dark blue waves.

Days passed by during which the good brig had encountered the conflicting currents of the two great oceans that meet off the southern extremity of South America, and guily passed over the angry waters as they fought there for the mastery.

Frequent and severe storms often beset vessels passing this point, and some have been as long as three months in weathering the cape; but the "Sparkling Sea" had been

favoured with fair winds and fair weather, and was now leaping over the billows on the grand old Pacific Ocean.

The sailors had begun to look back on the storm at the cape as a thing of the past; having struggled with many before, they had become used to these great freaks of nature. Yet as they gathered around the fore-castle on a pleasant evening they would refer to it as one of the worst they had ever seen, and many were the incidents in their history which were suggested and related, when their attention was called to the storm, by the absence of the fore-topmast or the vacant berth of Jack Wright. Such an event as the loss of a man often leaves a deep impression on the mind of even the most stout-hearted sailor. Their natural superstition often overcomes their otherwise fearless bearing, and the loose flapping of a sail or the creaking of the shrouds would often be construed into a wailing of the dead.

On the evening in which we find them sailing before a fair wind, and under a fair sky, on the deep undulating bosom of the Pacific, Peter, who had just been relieved from the wheel, had gone forward, and, taking out his pipe, had selected a seat among the crew. His mind was on the ghost of Jack Wright, which Barney Risley had claimed to have seen many times since that eventful night, and he looked up to his companions and said,—

“Twas a sad thing the loss of Jack Wright.” The young sailor spoken of, although a green hand, was a young man of good disposition, and quite a favourite among his shipmates. “Barney says he has seen his ghost walkin’ the fok-sail deck on several occasions lately,” said Peter.

“Now don’t ye go for to believe all ye hear about ghosts, shipmates. I don’t believe he seed any ghost at all, but his own ghost-like shadder,” declared Dick Flynn, a man who prided himself on his knowledge of things in general, and philosophy and astronomy in particular. Dick never lost an opportunity to express his opinion on the revolution of the spheres or anything else out of the reach of the minds of ordinary sailors. It was his wont to claim that although he had not much education he had a great deal of natural talent for such things, and that would go a good deal further than a lifetime of study would with some people. Some men, he said, had studied all their lives and then didn’t begin to know as much as a man with a little natural ability. He said sailing a vessel by a book was a fair example of the difference between talent and study. What would a book sailor know when a sharp squall struck the vessel, he would ask? why, nothing at all; while he was turning over the leaves to find the chapter headed “Squalls,” the natural sailor would have the ship prepared for the storm. He made it a point to contradict all the established theories of the movements of our globe. No one could make him believe the world was round; he had sailed all over it, and in his discussions he made a strong point of saying, “Most of those fellers who claimed it were spectacle-eyed professors who sat in their rooms at home and told people of it, and they were just geese enough to believe it all.”

Dick Flynn had once been in Boston, and while there he had listened to the words of an eminent divine, who was addressing a seamen’s meeting; he had heard him say that if all the world was against one man he should stand up for what he knew to be right, and that a man who had the moral courage to come out against the many in the advancement of his opinion was greater than he who storms a city. These words, coming as they did from a great mind, were deeply imbedded in the memory of Dick Flynn, who had misconstrued them, and thereafter had lost no opportunity to be the one against the many. So he continued to say, “Don’t you go for to believe in ghosts, shipmates.” But this advice of Dick Flynn’s did not impress the men very much, for they had always noticed that when ghosts were mentioned Dick Flynn was the man who showed the most trepidation.

“So you don’t believe in ghosts, Mr. Philosopher,” said Peter. “You never saw one perhaps. Well, in my opinion there are many other things you never saw, and one of them is an ounce of common sense. I’ll venture you have more reason to believe you have no senses than to believe that no one ever saw a spirit. Now I saw a ghost once, I did, and what I saw I knows, so you can let your mind rest on that subject.”

"Tell us about dat yere ghost, Mr. Peter," said Dave Blackman.

"That's it, Peter, give us the yarn, till we discombobilate the Greek Philosopher who says as how he knows the world is flat," said Sam Watson and several of the crew together.

"It's not much of a yarn," began Peter, "but at the time I felt very much worked up about it. It was somewhat in this way. It was about my first goin' to sea; we were unloadin' in Melbourne, and young Josh Snozzles was in the hold slingin' barrels of pork. Just as he had partly slung a couple of barrels, the cook sung out, 'Eight bells,' which was grub, you know, and we all knocked off. Josh, careless like, left the barrels just as he had 'em 'an hurried out to the fok-sail to feed. When we were ordered into the hold again some fellers what got there first were hoistin' away on the fall, an' Josh, supposin' it had all been fixed, said nothin', but went right down in the hold under the barrels those fellers was hoistin' up, an' before he know anything one of 'em slipped out of the sling an' come down on his head. We picked him up, but he never come to, and died along in the-afternoon. Now I felt very bad about it, shipmates, because he came from the same place as I did, and was the sole support of his widowed mother. When we were leavin' the dock she came to me an', says she, 'Mr. Dibble, you knows Joshy is the only boy I've got, an' as he takes naturally to the sea, it's not in my heart to say him nay or go against him; but I wants to ask you to look after him, an' see that no harm comes to him.' 'I'll do it, Mrs. Snozzles,' said I, 'an' I'll bring him home to you as sound as a rock from this a twelvemonth, now you see if I don't.' Says she, 'Mr. Dibble, I leaves him to you, an' you will look out for him?' Says I again, 'In course I will, and if ever I comes home again I'll bring Joshy with me;' an' we sailed away, she shaking her hand to Joshy, tellin' him to look out for hisself, an' sayin' to me, 'Now remember, Mr. Dibble; an' you can imagine that I felt bad. He had such a good disposition, I naturally took to him. He hadn't been aboard three weeks before he showed us it was no use tryin' to beat him tyin' up a sail. He could get over the riggin' like Jacko, an' he would hand, reef, an' steer with the best of us. Says I, when I saw him out on the royal yard, 'There's a boy what will rise in his profession.' So you see I was interested in him personally, an' when I saw him lyin' there dead in the fok-sail, with his face as white as our main-top-gallant-sail, and his hair matted with blood, I thought of his poor old mother who would be expectin' him home, and I wanted to know what I was goin' to tell her when she asked me where Joshy was. That's what stuck me, shipmates, what should I tell her?"

Here a drop of water in the shape of a tear trickled out of Peter's eye, and, following one of the long wrinkles on his face, dropped off on his hand, as he went on to say in a husky voice,—

"We sailors couldn't bear to bury him up in the sand, so we wrapped him up in some sail cloth an' carried him outside of the harbour, where we tied some weights to the sack an' gently dropped him into the sea. When I heard the splash of young Snozzles, shipmates, I felt as bad as though I was harpooned, an' that's worse than I ever felt before in my life. I've heard a good many of 'em splash, but none of 'em affected me like this one. When we were on our way home, although we had head winds, I didn't seem to be in much of a hurry. Every night I dreamed I saw young Snozzles standin' over the hatchway with the big gash in his head, an' a splashing sound would be ringin' in my ears. I begun to get worried. My appetite was goin', an' I was fast comin' to a shadder. Things kept goin' on in this way until one night—it was a dark night, my friends—I was on the look-out, an' I was walkin' along by the hatch, with my face towards the sea, when somethin' says to me, 'Peter, look at the hatch.' I did look, an' the sight I saw made me shut my mouth tight to keep my heart from jumpin' overboard; my blood stopped goin' altogether, an' my feet an' fingers began to get as cold as ice—an' what for, companions? Why, because right before me, over the hatchway, as plain as Tom is this minute, stood young Snozzles. He was rigged in white throughout, an' as I stood lookin' at him, with every hair on my head as stiff as a capstan bar, I heard his old mother sayin', 'Now, Mr. Dibble, he is the only boy I've got, you will bring him home to his mother safe, won't

you?' and as though he was a-goin' to chastise me for not mindin' what his mother said, he began to move towards me. Shipmates, I was nailed down to that deck an' I couldn't move a hand or foot."

At this juncture Peter was interrupted by a piercing shriek, which rang on the still evening air, and to the men seemed to come from the infernal regions, shocking their nerves as would a stroke from a galvanic battery. If all the sails on the vessel were being blown to pieces they could not have moved from their seats; Peter had reached that point in his story where each man had a long, lank, ghost-like figure drawn up before his vision. The silence was so profound that Sam Watson said afterwards, "You could have heard a pin drop," and Dave Blackman said when he heard the remark, "Well, I guess yer could. Yer could have hurd a bushel ob dem."

It was some minutes before anyone recovered his senses sufficiently to inquire into the cause of their alarm, and then Tom went aft, where the sound seemed to come from, and was told by the mate that the monkey, who had lately shown a great deal of spite towards the parrot, had begun operations through the bars of the cage towards a final settlement of all the differences between them, and that the parrot had in retaliation amputated one of Jacko's fingers. The shriek they had heard had come from the monkey while he was undergoing the operation.

When Tom informed the men of the cause of their fright, they all tried to laugh, and Peter, being satisfied that the shriek was not a supernatural one, continued his narrative.

"Well, after I had stood still for a little time, an' I saw the ghost come so far and no nearer, I began to say to myself, says I, 'Now, Peter, what's the use of your bein' scared at a ghost, when you have faced many a live thing worse than any spirit you will ever see, especially the spirit of the best friend you ever had?' At this I became bold like, and started to meet it; but just then it disappeared. Now, I didn't find much fault with that, you may believe, for although I had always been a good friend to him, I had no objections to his cuttin' my acquaintance when he came foolin' around with an angel's robe on him. So I walked along tryin' to whistle, but my whistle wasn't good for much just at that time, and wouldn't have brought a penny at any auction. I was soon back again to the same spot where I saw the ghost, an' was congratulatin' myself on its disappearance, when up it pops again in the same place as before. Now, whenever I came to that spot up pops that ghost, and whenever I went towards it, it disappeared. When it had been playin' hide an' seek with me in this way for some time, I called the mate, an' says I, 'Mr. Mate, the ghost of young Snozzles is out on the hatch, sir.' He looked at me a minute, and then he says, 'Get for'ard there, an' don't be makin' a fool of yourself.' Then I got kinder mad, an' says I, 'Fool or no fool, the ghost of young Snozzles is on the hatch, sir.' He started for'ard with me, and when I showed him the ghost he started back scared himself at first, and then he broke out in a laugh, and says he, 'That's no ghost, you jackass!' and then he turned about and went aft. Now, shipmates, what do you suppose that ghost was?"

"We give it up," said two or three in the same voice.

"Well," says Peter, "that ghost were no more nor no less than a piece of sail cloth hangin' on the mainstay. The mate was makin' a tarpaulin out of it, and had tarred one side of it until it was black an' hung it up to dry. It hung in a fold, and when I stood by the mainmast I was lookin' right in on to the white part, which in my worried imagination looked just the size of young Snozzles, head, eyes, form and all. When I went towards it I had to go around the water cask, which stood for'ard of the mainmast, and then of course I looked on the black side and saw nothin'. When I stood lookin' at it by the mainmast, the wind, blowing it backwards and for'ards, made it look as though it was comin' towards me. I'll now venture my opinion, along with the philosopher, and may I be excused for keepin' such company, that Barney Risley never saw a truer ghost than that ere tarpaulin and never will."

*(To be continued.)*

## NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

*Author of "Shakspeare, his Times and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," "The Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn by the Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," etc., etc.*

I AM glad to see that an Exhibition of Wild-flowers and Grasses has been held in the Baker Street Hall at Hull; for, as Thomas Campbell sang, in strains that will echo through the vaults of Time, as long as the English language remains—

"Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,  
Yet, wildlings of Nature, I dote upon you,  
For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold."

On one of the sultriest days of the present summer—tired with a week's daily travelling to and from business, along the heated roads of the great metropolis, as a single unit of the never-ceasing crowd that throngs its streets—I sought the purer air and comparative repose of Primrose Hill. Of the magnificent view therefrom, in all directions, I will not now dilate. The twenty-sixth of June was not a time for looking for primroses, even in the colder north, where every flower comes forth about a month later than in the sunny south. But I could not help thinking how, when Shakspeare was an actor at the Globe and the Blackfriars' Theatres, he might here have gathered thousands of what was evidently one of his favourite wild-flowers; and that, even after his bones were mouldered into dust—as the sexton of Stratford-on-Avon, according to Washington Irving, peeped through a hole in the tomb and saw it—the children's children of the children's children whom he met in London might also have there found

"The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,"

as easily as the Ladies in his *Cymbeline* found those for the Queen, which he makes her (Act i., Scene 6th) "bear to my closet." But who can find a root of the *Primula vulgaris* there now? And yet our forefathers did not name it Primrose Hill without just cause. I would be sorry to see it made into an artificial pleasaunce; but might not a few hundred roots of primroses be planted here and there around its grassy slopes, at a very slight expense, and be allowed to spread with joy to many a poor city-imprisoned slave of Mammon, who never can seek them in their sylvan haunts? One single policeman on duty would be sufficient to keep watch and ward over them; and, if no other means would prevent the London roughs from destroying them, let us publicly flog them on the benches placed on the summit of the Hill—for which purpose, if no more stalwart arm could be found, I would volunteer to officiate "free gratis, for nothing," and to find my own whipcord. Seriously, I would recommend the planting of wild primroses—we don't want the cultivated kinds—on Primrose Hill.

Mr. John Rowell Waller—a working-man, who wisely devotes his leisure hours to literary studies, and who has long been known as a contributor of prose and verse to the North of England newspapers, which half a century ago would have made him famous—has just published a little volume of commendable poetry, under the quaint

title of *Unstrung Links, dropped from the disjointed Chain of a toiling Life, as the ringing Chorus of Nature's Music beat Time on the Anvil of a responding Heart.* The various pieces will be generally perused with pleasure, but especially by those who reside

“Where the breezes waft their odours  
Over Forcett's woods and dales,  
And the bracken fronds so graceful  
Wave in flow'ret-spangled vales.

By those who have ever

“Sojourn'd mid scenes well remember'd,  
In summer's soft beauty, 'neath Hambleton's shade,  
And daily drank in each fair flower's inspiration,  
In groves where the linnets at hide and seek play'd.”

Who have lovingly wandered

“'Mong Upsall's bonny vales and woods,  
In balmy hush of silver spring,  
And oft-times watched the sunny floods  
That shimmer where the linnets sing.  
Down by some wimpling, purfling brook,  
That tinkles o'er a pebbled bed,  
And whirls through many a hidden nook.”

Who have loved to climb the romantic range of hills—a continuation of my native Cleveland ones—

“Up where the heather's furzy growth  
Gives shelter to the moorland fowl,  
That skims black Hambleton's wild crown,  
High towering by sweet Kirby Knowle ;  
Or where Dame Nature's handiwork  
Smiles Yorkshire's sweetest scenes upon,  
Down by picturesque Feliskirk,  
Or up the hill to Mount St. John ;  
Sweet scenes that often lure the heart forth from its prison-breast,  
Of all the views of beauty, Mowbray's bonnie vale's the best.”

And many of us can say with Mr. Rowell—

“Where'er I roam, in coming time, whatever be my lot,  
Thy scenes, sweet Vale of Mowbray, shall never be forgot.”

Both in his native county of Durham, and in the neighbouring one of York, which for some time was his residence, and where many of his best pieces were written—in moments which his brother-workmen too often worse than wasted—

“Where the Wear's waters calmly flow ;”

or in the parish rendered for ever famous as the long residence of the Apostle of the North, Bernard Gilpin—

“Where grey-grown St. Michael's rears proudly its head,  
Bold outlined and regally grand,  
As if in it's constancy guarding the dead  
Enclasp'd in that green plot of land ;”

or,

“Busy Auckland in the distance,”

listening, like the poet, to the “flood of music” which ever and anon floats

“From the tower grim and grey”

of the Church of St. Andrew ; but, most of all,

“Fast by Upsall's age-worn walls,  
Bathed in moonlight's gilding glow,  
Where her mate the wood-bird calls,  
Where tall firs sway to and fro

Sleeps Bonny Kirby Knowle;  
Shelter'd by the bare, brown moors,  
That skyward loom in eastern glow,  
Bonny Kirby Knowle;"

and each of those interesting neighbourhoods, Mr. Rowell Waller's little volume ought to find a warm welcome, for the heart of the poet has loved to dwell on their beauties. There is a healthy feeling runs through all the poems, and a facility of expression as well, which warrants me in giving my feeble commendation to the writer to go on cultivating that gift of poesy with which he is naturally endowed, as I may perhaps have opportunity of showing in a future Note.

Athens, which Milton, in his *Paradise Regained*, well called "the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence, native to famous wits," is thus beautifully described by the Rev. Professor Porter, D.D., in *Good Words*:—"The approach to Athens is most impressive. Even now that some of its finest monuments have disappeared, and all that remain are in ruins, there are few places in the world which so completely rivet the attention, and so powerfully affect the mind. Independent altogether of its grand associations, the city is attractive; and yet, when I have been asked wherein the attraction lies, I have at first had difficulty in replying. There is no richness in the scenery, for, with the exception of the grey olive-groves, lying so low along the banks of the Cephissus as to be invisible from the sea, the surrounding country—mountains, glens, and plains—is bare and parched. Nor is there any sublimity in the features of the mountain-ranges, the loftiest of which, the distant Parnes, scarcely exceeds four thousand feet in height. The great charm lies in the variety of outline, in the extent of the panorama, in the mingling, one might almost say interlacing, of land and sea; and, above all, in the exquisite softness and beauty of the colouring, especially when the evening sun, glinting over the conical tops of Cithæron, gilds the white marble columns of the Acropolis; encircles, as with a halo of fire, the brow of Lycabettus; and bathes the sides of Hymettus in a flood of rosy light. The more distant mountains then assume that deep, rich, purple hue peculiar to the Levant, making them stand out, with wonderful distinctness and sharpness of contour, from the glowing background of the evening sky. The views which I got on many a bright summer evening, from the steps of the Parthenon and from between the columns of the Propylea, and from the chapel of St. George on the top of Lycabettus, the world could not match. Not only did my eye range round Hymettus, Pentelicus, Parnes, and Cithæron, with the whole intervening plain, but it took in the entire Saronic Gulf, its historic islands, Salamis and Ægina, and the coast of the Morea beyond, from the citadel of Corinth to the promontory of Scyllæum." And he adds: "Nineteen centuries ago, Athens and Attica were different from what they are now. They had then still other charms, of which time, war, and neglect have robbed them. The mountains were clothed with forests, the plains and uplands had that verdure which cultivation gives, and were studded, besides, with picturesque villages and villas. Temples and monuments occupied prominent sites in and around the city. Nature and art, wealth and taste, combined to make Athens in external appearance, what she was in literature and philosophy, 'the eye of Greece.' Athens stands in the centre of an undulating plain, some ten miles wide, shut in on three sides by the ranges of Hymettus, Pentelicus, and Parnes, and open on the other, the south, to the Saronic Gulf, on whose shore, nearly five miles from the city, is the harbour of Piræus. In front of the harbour lies Salamis, its winding coast overlapping the promontories and bays of the mainland. Farther out rise the dark hills of Ægina; and beyond, along the southern horizon, runs the serrated chain of Argolis. The Acropolis of Athens is an isolated rock, which rises abruptly from the midst of the city to a height of one hundred and fifty feet, and is thus visible from afar, its flat top crowned with the most magnificent ruins in Greece. Behind it, on the north-west, is a still higher crag, the Lycabettus of classic story; and near it, on the opposite side from Lycabettus, are several rocky mounds—Areopagus, Pnyx, Muscium, and Nymphæum, each of which has a history and a fame of its own."

The Editor of the *Hull Bellman* thus advises a correspondent: "Re-write your poem,

spell the words correctly, measure the lines very carefully, and then—send it somewhere else.” Very encouraging for the poetaster, certainly! And yet how many editors of other periodicals might give the same advice to numbers of their would-be contributors! Many men who might say something useful in prose, make the most consummate fools of themselves in attempting to overtop Parnassus; and as young local preachers, especially the most uneducated of them, generally despise simple texts of Scripture, which would content experienced and learned divines, and rush at first to expound the most difficult passages in Revelations, so does your most doggerel poetaster attempt the highest flights of imagination in his unrhythmical and unmeaning lines, and, Icarus like, soon melts off his artificial wings by soaring too near to the sun.

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*

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## THE INTERNATIONAL MASONIC GATHERING.

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BY THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASON.

THE proprietor of the *Freemason*, in a most pleasant meeting, singularly and perfectly unique of its kind, sought, and not in vain, to maintain the character of English and Masonic hospitality. He wished, as the sole owner of the most successful modern Masonic paper, to ensure to his brethren from the other side of the Atlantic all those courtesies which their own high character, and the great link of Masonic sympathy, might fairly claim from him. He also was most anxious to convey to many hundred thousand brethren in the United States the fraternal and kindly feelings by which American and English Freemasons are ever bound. The times of alienation, of suspicion, of opposition, of hostility, have long since passed away, and England and the United States form a close and happy alliance, in which are most truly symbolized both the great principles of toleration, loyalty, and charity, as well as the peaceful progress and the ultimate civilization of mankind. By the report which follows it will be at once seen what a great success attended in every way the patriotic and hospitable idea of Bro. Kenning, who enhanced the genial character of host by the admirable manner in which he discharged the duties of Chairman. No more enjoyable meeting ever took place, or under more auspicious circumstances, and from first to last, this festival of “International Masonry” was a “white day” to all who took part in it, and will be long remembered by that goodly phalanx of American and English Masons who hailed with delight every warm expression of Masonic sympathy and fraternal goodwill. It would not have been in good taste at such a meeting, composed of the *elite* of two great bodies, to speak in terms of praise of the *Freemason*, but the proprietor felt then, as he feels now, that he may look with pride on what the *Freemason* has done, and the position it has achieved, solely on its own merits, and in the fair open market of Masonic criticism and general appreciation. The *Freemason* is now confessedly the great representative of English Masonry, as well abroad as at home, and is as largely read and widely known in the United States as in England, and its proprietor rejoices to think that he has sought only to make the good old axiom true, “Palmam qui meruit ferat. The *Freemason* aided ten years ago that historical and archaeological study of the antiquities of Masonry which, in the hands of Hughan and D. Murray Lyon and others in England, and of Mackey and Fort, and others in America, has culminated in such striking results. One of its most distinguishing features has been its avoidance of personality, and its unceasing hostility to that sort of scandalous garbage which finds a ready sale, alas, in some sections of the press to-day. The



*Freemason* has sought to limit the area and elevate the tone of Masonic discussion, and while it manfully supports authority, to be alike independent and unpartizan, encouraging discussion, within proper limits, and upholding the rights and privileges of Freemasons of all ranks and classes amongst us. Hence its legitimate authority, its large circulation, and its increasing popularity. The International gathering was, to its proprietor, alike an agreeable interchange of personal courtesies with his amiable and distinguished party of American brethren, and it was a reminder of gallant efforts and high prestige as a Masonic journal fairly won, while at the same time it was a flattering and he ventured to believe a most truthful omen of future and still greater success. And one great good result will have been achieved, if, answering his earliest anxieties, the *Freemason* aids to promote lasting peace and heartfelt goodwill between those two great countries, Great Britain and the United States of America.

The dinner took place on 31st July, in the large hall of *Freemason's Tavern*, at eight o'clock in the evening, before which time the company were received by Bro. Kenning, Bro. A. F. A. Woodford, and Bro. W. J. Hughan, of *Truro*, the first of whom was to take the W.M. chair, the second the S.W. chair, and the third the chair of J.W. at the banquet. The reception took place in the drawing-room, where the company assembled shortly after half-past seven, but before entering every brother signed his name and rank, and on doing so was presented by Bro. Kenning with a riband favour, on which were the American and English flags crossed, with the words, "July 31st, 1878." When the company were all assembled they were conducted to the great hall of the *Freemason's Tavern*. At the Chairman's end of the hall were the English and American flags, and over the entrance the arms of the Grand Lodge, the Knights Templar and Red Cross arms, all these banners having been sent down from the manufactory in Little Britain. The hall was very tastefully decorated, and the tables were handsomely arranged with a beautiful display of flowers and fruit.

The brethren walked into the hall in procession, Bro. Kenning conducting Bro. Meyer, who took his seat on the immediate right of Bro. Kenning, who occupied the position of Chairman. The rest of the American brethren were seated on the right-hand side of the table. Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford took the chair of S.W., and Bro. W. J. Hughan that of J.W.

The American brethren present were, Bros. Charles E. Meyer, P.M. Melita Lodge, 295, Pa.; Daniel Sutter, P.M. Phoenix Lodge, 130, Pa.; George T. Conrade, Lodge 295, Pa.; Charles Matthews, jun., P.M. 481, Pa.; John Borden, Lodge 441, Pa.; Thomas A. Harris, P.M. No. 481, Pa.; H. Edward Wendel, Lodge 393, Pa.; Chas. W. Packer, P.M. Lodge 72, Pa.; Charles W. Seary, Lodge 211, Pa.; Jackson Heiss, Lodge 52, Pa.; William McCarter, Lodge 295, Pa.; F. Gutekunst, Lodge 295, Pa.; Mark Richards Mucklé, Lodge 125, Pa.; John Dornan, J.W. 400, Pa.; William J. Norris, W.M. 19, Pa.; Christopher Johnson, J.D. 250, New York; John A. Bickel, Lodge 481, Pa.; John S. McKinlay, Lodge 482, Pa.; Daniel Alfred Davidson, Lodge 1, Conn.; Edward White, Lodge 527, Pa.; Lewis C. Drake, Lodge 153, Pa.; Thomas Kelsh, Lodge 419, Pa.; W. E. Franklin, P.M. 48, etc., P.P.G.D. Durham (Conductor); Jacob V. Gotwalts, Lodge 75, Pa.

The English brethren present were Bros. Col. Creaton, P.G.D.; J. B. Monckton, Pres. Board Gen Pur.; Peter de Lande Longe, P.G.D.; F. A. Philbrick, Q.C., P.G.D.; Sir John Bennett, Grand Masters' Lodge; Joshua Nunn, P.G.S.B., American Vice Consul; Hyde Pullen, P.G.S.B.; George Toller, jun., P.G.S.B.; Jabez Hogg, P.G.D.; Brackstone Baker, P.G.D., P.G.S.W. Canada; W. James Hughan, P.G.D.; T. B. Whytehead, W.M. 1611, etc.; S. B. Ellis, P.M. 1239; Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, P.G.C.; John Boyd, P.G.P., P.G.H. Middx.; R. F. Gould, P.M. 92; S. Poynter, P.M. and Treas. 902, P.M. 1491; W. T. Howe, Grand Pursuivant; Thos. White, P. Grand Pursuivant; Rev. W. Tebbs, P.M., P.G.C. Somst.; Rev. P. M. Holden, P.M., P.G.C. Middx.; Dr. Ramsay, P.M., P.J.G.W. Middx.; T. J. Sabine, P.G.S.B. Middx.; F. Binckes, P.G.S., Sec. R.M.I., for Boys; Jas. Terry, J.G.W. Herts., Sec. R.M. Benevolent Institution; F. R. W. Hedges, Sec. R.M.I. for Girls; D. W. Pearse, P.

Grand Registrar, Middx.; F. Keily, P. Grand Treasurer, Middx.; H. A. Dubois, P.M., Pro. G.S.D. Middx.; Col. James Peters, P.G.S.D. Middx.; Frederick Walters, P.M. 73, P.G.D. Middx.; E. H. Thiellay, P.M. 145, 1423, Z. 1423, P.G.S.B. Middx.; David R. Still, W.M. 1671, P.G.D.C. Middx.; Magnus Ohren, P.M., P.Z., P.G.W. Surrey; F. Adlard, P.M. 7, P.A.D.C. Essex; S. Rosenthal, P.M., etc.; Chas. F. Hoggard, P.M., P.G.S. of W. Essex; Walter E. Gompertz, P.M. 869, P.G.P. Herts; Dr. Henry Hopkins, P.G.S.W. Warwick.; F. D. Rees Copestick, P.M. 869, P.Z. 192, P.G.S.B. Herts.; Geo. E. Baker, 192; Joseph Wood, P.M. 1094, etc.; John Lloyd, P.M. 249, 18°; Henry Muggeridge, P.M. 192, etc.; Geo. Newman, P.M. 192, 766; John H. Southwood, W.M. 1260; Alfred Tisley, Sec. 1589; T. C. Walls, P.G.O. Middx., 18°; W. Smallpiece, P.M. 1395, Z. 21; A. G. Driver 1491; Geo. Tidcombe, jun., W.M. 1549; W. E. Newton, I.P.M. 766; N. B. Headon, P.M. 1426, 1669; Wm. Worrell, P.M., P.Z.; Henry Birdseye, P.M. 715; Jas. Stevens, P.M. 720, 1216, 1426, P.Z. 720, 771; D. M. Dewar, P.M. 1415; C. J. Harmsworth, P.M. 956, 1729; P. Saillard, 22; Chas. E. Soppet, W.M. 1627; C. L. Marsh, 1464; A. J. Altman, 1657; H. Massey, P.M. 619 (*Freemason*).

The following brethren sent letters or telegrams expressing regret at their inability to attend:—Bros. the Earl of Carnarvon, W.M., Pro. G.M.; Lord Skelmersdale, R.W.D.G.M.; John Havers, P.G.W.; Sir Albert W. Woods, P.G.W.G.D. of C.; Æneas J. McIntyre, Grand Reg.; John Hervey, G. Sec.; Capt. N. G. Philips, Col. Shadwell Clarke, J. C. Parkinson, Col. Francis Burdett, General J. S. Brownrigg, Rev. C. J. Martyn, F. Bennoch, John Derby Allcroft, M.P.; Charles Hutton Gregory, John A. Rucker, James H. Neilson, George R. Harriott, James Lewis Thomas, E. M. Hubback, D. Murray Lyon, W. Roebuck, Rev. H. A. Pickard, Thomas Fenn, H. Browse, Dr. Erasmus Wilson, James Glaisher, Rev. Dr. Brette, H. G. Buss, A.G.S.; Hon. R. W. H. Giddy, Angela J. Lewis, Edward Cox, W. H. Lucia, W. M. Tinkler, W. S. Gover, Wm. Officer (Edinburgh); Raymond H. Thrupp, Emra Holmes, Alderman S. C. Hadley, J. Daniel Moore, J. Kellett Smith, J. R. Goepel, Robt. Wylie, H. S. Alpess, J. J. Taylor, S.W. 121; G. Ward Verry, George Lambert, and others.

The banquet, which was of a most *recherché* character, was admirably served. Bro. Best personally superintending the service. After dinner, grace was sung by the musical brethren, and the toasts of the evening were proposed.

In giving the first toast,

Bro. Kenning said: Brethren, I have to introduce to your notice the first toast of the evening, "The Queen and the Craft." I feel sure that I need not recommend this toast to your hearty acceptance, as I know that it will be most warmly received by all present. We will drink to the health of the daughter of a Mason, and the Queen of these Realms. In the United States as in England the virtues of the woman have enhanced the brilliancy of the diadem of the Queen. Brethren, I give you "The Queen and the Craft."

This toast having been heartily drunk and followed by the singing of the National Anthem,

Bro. Kenning again rose and said: Brethren, I give you "The Health of the President of the United States," the freely elected Supreme Officer of a free and great people.

This toast was followed by the singing of "Hail Columbia."

Bro. Kenning: Brethren, I have to propose to you "The Health of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, the Grand Master of English Freemasonry." His genial qualities, his kindly presence, his personal interest in our Order, over which he happily presides, have endeared him to us all alike. As well abroad as at home, he has won golden opinions for the zealous discharge of his duties and his kindly consideration for all. We will all gladly unite in wishing long life and happiness to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, our Most Worshipful Grand Master.

Song: "Come let us join the Roundelay."

Bro. Kenning: Brethren, I have to ask you to drink "The Health of the Grand Masters of the Grand Lodges of the various States in the American Republic." They will receive, as they deserve, our grateful recognition and our hearty good wishes.

Bro. Kenning: Brethren, I ask your attention to one of our American brethren, who will propose the next toast, Bro. Gotwalts.

Bro. Gotwalts, of Norristown, Pennsylvania, who was received with hearty applause, then rose and said: My Brethren, I can assure you it affords me great pleasure, and I, indeed, consider it a high compliment to have the honour of proposing the toast of "Lord Carnarvon, Pro. G.M., Lord Skelmersdale, D.G.M., the Present and Past Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of England." We, as American brethren, composed of about twenty-five good, loyal, true Masons, under another Grand Lodge, most of us from the State of Pennsylvania, of the great United States of America, and having left our country, and leaving behind it a great regard and respect for other high officers in authority there, it affords me, I say again, great pleasure, after having arrived on this side of the great Atlantic amongst our brethren here, to be called upon to propose this toast. We, as Americans, have been accustomed, old man as I am, and as all members of the subordinate, and subordinate lodges themselves are, to acknowledge the supreme authority, to respect it, and we consider it an honour to yield to it, and to bow to its authority. The same as you and I are loyal to our government, so we, as Masons, are loyal to the supreme authority by which we are governed. And by way of parenthesis, I say that we have met, after having arrived in this great and glorious country—as soon as we stood upon the shore, we were met with a good loyal hand of friendship from Masons, and found from the time we landed until this day that we have had grand receptions and ovations on our journey. But I must say and confess that this is the climax of them all. I now have the honour, having made the brief remarks that I have, of proposing the toast of "Lord Carnarvon, Lord Skelmersdale, and the Present and Past Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of England," from whom we as Americans on the other side of the Atlantic acknowledge that we have received the authority which we exercise, and we all bow to the authority which they have given to the Grand Lodges in America. I therefore propose "The Health of Lord Carnarvon, Pro. G.M., Lord Skelmersdale, Deputy G.M., and the Present and Past Grand Officers of England," and may they live long and prosper.

Bro. J. B. Monckton, P.G.D., and President of the Board of General Purposes, said: Worshipful Sir and Brother, I do not know that I have ever felt so thoroughly in the jaws of a dilemma as I do this evening. On the one hand, I am naturally oppressed with the necessity of being as brief as I possibly can at this early stage of the toast list in the remarks which I have to make, and, on the other, I am anxious that there should be as much point as possible in those remarks. I speak not only on behalf of the Grand Officers, my worthy and respected colleagues on my left who are here to-night, but for the Provincial Grand Masters, and Deputy Grand Masters, and the great array of Grand Officers which we are proud to think comprise not only the noblest, but what is equal, and in fact of more importance, the ablest and best in the land. Worshipful Sir, what shall I say in the name of those Grand Officers? I will say this: no one knows better than we do how thoroughly Masonry is carried out, is beloved and honoured on the other side of the Atlantic, and I am quite confident that no class of Masons in this country more than the Grand Officers can, so far as we are concerned, and will, so far as our absent are concerned, appreciate the public spirit that has induced you to illustrate the universality of Masonry in the splendid manner which you have done to-night. Our excellent and eloquent American brother who spoke just now said very kind, and very good, and very appreciative things; but it was some gratification to me, Bro. Kenning, to know that we, the Grand Officers, thank you from the bottom of our hearts for the hospitable international banquet which you have given us this evening. In the name, Sir, of the Grand Officers, I hold out the right hand of fellowship to our American brethren from the other side of the Atlantic.

Bro. Kenning: Brethren, I ask your attention for Bro. Joshua Nunn, who will propose the next toast.

Bro. Joshua Nunn, P.G.S.B. (American Vice-Consul General): Brethren, our worthy host has chosen me as a humble representative of the United States in this country to give you the next toast. I cannot say that it is quite so easy a toast to give

as the last, where only one Grand Lodge was represented, one set of Grand Officers, and, as we say, one Prov. and one Deputy Grand Master. I have now to call your attention to at least thirty-seven Grand Lodges, and, I think I may say, something like 20,000 Past and Present Grand Officers, and am quite sure that this meeting will hold out the right hand of fellowship to all those Grand Lodges, and to all those Past and Present Grand Officers. It gives me a great deal of pleasure this evening to have the opportunity of meeting so many American Masons. I am sure you will all join with me in wishing well to the Grand Lodges of that country, as you have heard them spoken of by my worthy brother by my side, as feeling as if they came from us in the first instance. I am sure you will recognise the kindly feelings which prompted him to say so, and in holding out the right hand of fellowship to him it is with cordiality which every Mason should give to another in every part of the world. The Grand Lodges of America are separated, as of necessity they must be in consequence of the enormous territories in every state, and, I think I may say, in some of its territories, as well as its States. Consequently there is a vast number of them, and they represent half a million of Masons. Freemasonry there is very flourishing—I am very glad to say it is so, and I am sure, the more Masonry flourishes throughout the world, the better the world must become. I can only, therefore, ask you to join with me cordially in drinking “The Health of the Grand Lodges of America, and the Present and Past Grand Officers.”

Bro. Meyer: Worshipful Sir and Brother, I regret very much that a more suitable person has not been chosen from amongst the American brethren to respond to this toast. As Bro. Gotwalts has already said, the Grand Lodges of America derive their existence from the Grand Lodge of England. The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, of which I am a member, and of which many of the brethren here are members, received its Masonic life in 1730 from the Grand Lodge of England. In 1732 Benjamin Franklin, whom you all know, was the Provincial Grand Master. From 1730 up to 1830, a period of a hundred years, Masonry slowly but surely progressed, but in 1830 a great Masonic excitement commenced, when Masons, or, at least, a great many brethren deserted; but by the few who remained firm and steady to the institutions of the Fraternity the Society was perpetuated, and Masonry from about 1834 progressed. At that time there were in the entire United States about 10,000 Masons. At the present time we have forty-five Grand Lodges, with a membership in the entire United States of very nearly 800,000 members. The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania has 350 lodges and 40,000 Masons. The Grand Lodge of New York over 500 lodges and very nearly 80,000 Freemasons. I may state that each of these forty-five Grand Lodges is sovereign and supreme in its own jurisdiction. Each one is the peer of the other, each one recognises the rights (territorial and jurisdictional) of the other, and the entire forty-five stand side by side with the Grand Lodge of England in maintaining the landmarks of Freemasonry. At this time nearly every Grand Lodge (I think I may say every Grand Lodge) has severed its connection with and refused communication with the Grand Orient of France, and with Masons under its jurisdiction. I thank you on behalf of the Present and Past Grand Officers of the Grand Lodges of America for the very cordial and fraternal manner in which you have received the toast.

Bro. Brackstone Baker, P.G.D.: Worshipful Sir, and Brethren, the observations that you have just heard from our Bro. Meyer form a most admirable introduction to the few words I am going to address to you. I am quite aware of the value and importance of brevity, as our Bro. Monckton has so well and ably expressed just now; but the importance of this toast can scarcely be overrated, and perhaps you will allow me three or four minutes' extra time in order, not to dilate upon it, but to give expression to those feelings which rise for utterance to my lips. By the doctrine of natural selection I presume our excellent, worthy, and hospitable host has chosen me to be the representative of the larger assembly to propose to you “The Health of our American Visiting Brethren.” I happen,—by chance, I suppose,—to be the representative in our Grand Lodge of the State of Alabama, of Illinois, of Missouri, of Oregon and Tennessee, besides two Grand Lodges of the Dominion; and, therefore, I suppose I should have more acquaintance with our American brethren from

my official position than any of the brethren; but if there is any possible occasion on which we ought to cordially welcome from the other side of the Atlantic brethren coming here to visit us, as they do, under the hospitable roof of our Bro. Kenning, it ought to be on this occasion. I suppose such a thing has never happened before, where one hundred English brethren met to welcome a corps of American brethren and extend the right hand of fellowship, to tell them, as the emblems on our banquet hall show, that the stars and stripes and the Union Jack shall be indissolubly bound together, and that the motto of "E pluribus unum," and "Dieu et mon Droit," shall be the guide of our Masonic existence. If we require any other incentive it would be in the knowledge that our brethren come mostly, and almost without exception, from Pennsylvania and Philadelphia—the city of brotherly love; that brotherly love, Philadelphian affection, I may say that we ought properly to extend, and we do extend to brethren in Masonry, we surely should extend to the Philadelphians, who are brethren in Masonry, and not merely in name. Let us remember the lines we have just heard,—

"Firm, united let us be,  
Rallying round our liberty,  
As a band of brothers joined,  
Peace and safety we shall find."



I cannot better introduce this toast than by citing the characteristics of our two nations well-known in a familiar expression of each of our countries. We Englishmen are known by "All right," and Americans by "Go ahead." With those phrases "All right" and "Go ahead" we are sure to prosper. I will not detain you any longer except to ask you to do justice to the entertainment, the rich, the sumptuous entertainment, that our Bro. Kenning has spread before us to-day, by giving a hearty welcome to our Philadelphian brethren; and, as our Bro. Gotwalts said just now, may they live long and prosper. We have heard that before on this dais. As long as we have these sentiments so long will Masonry flourish. As long as Masonry maintains its course as it does at present so long shall we extend the right hand of fellowship to our brethren. The toast is, "Welcome to our American Guests from the other side of the Atlantic."

The toast having been most warmly received,

Bro. Sutter, in reply, said: You have heard a great deal about Masonry, and I am not going to tell you much about it on this occasion; what I am going to do is to tell you who we are, where we come from, a little story, and to thank you. We come from the State of Pennsylvania (which I suppose every Englishmen in this room will know was settled by Wm. Penn, the Quaker). We are not here to-night in our broad-brims, having left them at home, but we are here with full hearts. From the time that we left home we have received nothing but kindness. We started from Philadelphia, came to New York, stayed there one night, had a reception and a God speed, and next morning, on our sailing, a large steamer accompanied us five miles out to sea, and the people on board gave us "Good-bye and God speed," and the cordial welcome which we have received here to-night will for ever be impressed on the hearts of our little party. The blessing of heaven seems to have rested upon us ever since we left home. We were rocked on the gentle bosom of the deep, but we came over here safely, and the right hand of brotherhood was extended to us before we stepped on British soil. We have received nothing but kindness wherever we have been, in England, Ireland, and Scotland. Now I will tell you a little story. Bro. Meyer and I were in the Tower to-day, and it was brought to my recollection that there was a legend in the town in which I was born, that an old blacksmith, living in Iron Work Hall, made with his own hands a cannon out of hoops, that he took the cannon into battle, that it was captured by the troops of the mother government, and that it was to be seen in the Tower of London. I asked the old guard to let me see the cannon, and he said to me, "My dear sir," we have nothing in this Tower captured from America; we do not want anything, and we do not expect to get anything." Now, that made me feel very good. In travelling through your country I have seen many relics of the past, in the shape of the

abbeys and the chapels, and for the first time in my life I have seen the marks of our ancient Masters. We have seen the rough and smooth ashlar with the mark of the maker on it in St. Mary's Chapel, York, and at Westminster Abbey. I see around me worthy descendants of those ancestors, and I have heard their remarks with very great pleasure. Our visit to Europe has done us great good. I will tell you a great secret. There is seated at the table amongst you an historian well-known to all of you, Bro. Hughan, and very near him are Bro. Whitehead and Bro. Ellis; they have all met together for the first time to-night at the genial board of Bro. Kenning, well-known to all of us for a long time. For this mark of his appreciation of our visit we are going to remember him until the Masonic candle goes out.

Bro. Meyer proposed "The Host, Bro. Kenning." In doing so he said: Brethren, I have to give you, on behalf of the American brethren, the toast of the evening. As Bro. Sutter has said, from the time we set foot on the shores of Ireland we have received one continuous ovation, till to-night, in the greatest city in the world, it has reached its acmé. It can go no higher than it has to-night. I would state to the American brethren, and to the English brethren, that Bro. Kenning is well known to us on the other side of the Atlantic as the publisher and proprietor of the *Freemason*, which he established in the year 1869; and I can say truly that it is appreciated and valued abroad, as much as it is at home here with you, as the exponent of the Laws of the Grand Lodge of England. Bro. Kenning is the cause, perhaps, directly and indirectly of this present meeting to-night—both. It was first through the columns of the *Freemason*, published by Bro. Kenning, that we, on the other side of the Atlantic, came to know, to honour, and to respect what we consider the great lights in Masonry, the historians, Bros. Hughan, Woodford, Whitehead, Ellis, Lyon, and a host of other good men and true. He has also brought before the profane, anti-Masonic world, the Masonic charities of England, of which he has been an exponent for this country and all over the world. Bro. Kenning has gained, not only by himself, but by those employed under him, not only the respect of the Craft, but also of the many hundreds of his employés, to whom he has always shown the great characteristics of a gentleman and a Freemason. Brethren, I give you the toast of the evening, on the American side, and also, I think, on the English side, "Our Brother Kenning."

Bro. Kenning, in reply, said: Brethren, I am extremely flattered by the kind way in which Bro. Meyer has proposed my health this evening. I am still more flattered by the kindly manner in which it has been received. I am glad to see assembled around this board this evening distinguished members of the two countries, which I hope will ever live in peace and amity. As proprietor of the *Freemason* it has always been my earnest endeavour to advocate the cause of Masonic brotherhood, and to spread peace and goodwill among men. Brethren, I thank you very much for the honour you have done me.

Bro. Kenning then called on Bro. Muckley to propose a toast, but calling him "Mackley" at first, was corrected.

Bro. Muckley, in proposing the toast of "The Masonic Press all over the world," said: Bro. Chairman and Brethren, I thank you very much for correcting my name. At the same time I remember distinctly a line or two of Shakespeare in which he says, "A rose by any other name smells just as sweet." Now, I don't pretend to say I have the odour of rose about me, but whether Muckley or Mackley it is just the same to Mrs. Muckley. Now, brethren, for the toast allotted to me, "The Masonic Press all over the World," and I know no special reason why it should be confided to such poor hands as mine, except that I have spent thirty-six years of my life in the newspaper business; but not a Masonic press business; and when I remember as far back as thirty years in Masonry that a great many publications that should have been made in those days a strong use of in their great work were kept back or kept away from the printers' hands with as much care as if they were surreptitious matter, I think they made a mistake. To-day there is nothing which does the Order so much good as publishing to the world the good that we do; and I think if a man does good he should not hide his light under a bushel. I see to-night in the chair a gentleman and a brother whose name and fame as

a publisher in Freemasonry is known all over the globe. We know him in Philadelphia, and in fact in the United States, just as well as the brethren who meet with him once a week or once a month—at least I have felt so towards him, and I feel I am asserting that which every American Mason feels. If we have good Masonic news, good and true, spread it to the world; let our deeds be known by the only charities which are under your charge. In the City of London the sums of money you give to the education of children, both those who are orphans and those who are not, are very large. So do you in Masonry, and it is that which the profane cannot understand, but we do. We have the pulsation, the electrical pulsation in our hearts which binds us to the widows and the orphans. Then again, brethren, would we to-night have been gathered together in this good, social, Masonic style if it had not been for a Masonic journal? We are all Masons, but I can assure you, brethren, that some of us have not had lighter hearts than the others. Why it is I know not, for it is no use grumbling against the Almighty. If He makes a large body, He makes a large heart; if He makes a small body, He makes a small heart; therefore, when I look at an English nobleman, as I call your chairman, in form, and manly form, and see how much bigger he is than I am, I come to the conclusion that he has a heart twice as large as I have. If he has not got that, I trust he may have a purse a thousand times larger, good luck, good fortune, long life, and good health. I trust that all of these may attend Bro. Kenning, and all of those who surround this board to-night to do him honour. "This is my toast, "The Masonic Press all over the World."

Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, in reply, said: Bro. Chairman and Brethren, before I commence the few remarks it is my great privilege to make to you to-night, I have been requested by a most distinguished brother of our Order, whose name is a "household word" among us—I allude to our esteemed Bro. John Havers—to state that through ill health, and being with his family at Matlock, he is unable to be present, as he says, to thank Bro. Kenning for his patriotic and Masonic assembly, and to offer his hearty good wishes to his American brethren. Brethren, the toast to which I have been called upon to reply is one of no little difficulty. We all of us in this room, I believe, are agreed with regard to the advantages of a well-regulated press. As the guardian of our liberties, as the upholder of civilization, as the preacher of toleration, as the advocate of justice, I do not think there is a brother present who is insensible to the advantages of a properly regulated press. Those of us who have studied the history of mankind will do justice to the principles of the press, proclaimed thoroughly in consonance with our Masonic teaching, namely the advocacy of the sacred principles of justice and liberty, of toleration and truth. But when we come to the Masonic press the way is not so clear. Masonry is a peculiar system, and many of us have some hesitation in agreeing at once to a general and indiscriminate publication of all Masonic proceedings. But I venture, Sir, to say to-night, that so long as the Masonic press continues, as our eloquent brother from America puts it, to advocate its own unchanging principles, to support our great Charitable Institutions, to vindicate alike legitimate authority and the rights of the Craft, and yet to proclaim universal goodwill and brotherly love, hatred of persecution, and liberty of conscience, the Masonic press will be equally a blessing both to our Order and to the world. I know of an admirable Masonic paper of America, for instance—a credit to Freemasonry and to its country—I allude to the *Keystone*, conducted by my esteemed brother and friend Clifford McCalla, which equally with the *Freemason* advocates the true and lasting principles of universal Freemasonry. If time permitted I might allude to other Masonic papers of merit and power, but my remarks must necessarily be brief and condensed. I therefore venture to advocate on every ground the value and utility of the Masonic press. Brethren, it has struck me to-night that one of the advantages of the Masonic press, as some of us have already said, has been to bring together by our hospitable host this goodly gathering. Here we are, English brethren and American brethren, met together in fraternal goodwill and amity; and let it be remembered that in that great struggle which has been thrown upon us on the Continent by the unwise proceedings of the

Grand Orient of France, the whole of the American Masous are standing with the English Masons side by side and shoulder to shoulder, advocating those noble principles which, as our Pro. Grand Master has so well stated, are not only the distinguishing characteristic, but the eternal heritage of Freemasonry. I remember a story which I think is a very good one, and which illustrates our position as English and American Freemasons, and which some of us may call to mind, appeared in the pages of Blackwood some years ago, in a most graphic account by the late Admiral Sherard Osborn. It was at the time our fleet attacked the ports in the Peiho River, under a very gallant officer, Admiral Hope. The shells were flying, and some of our gun-boats were in flames, and though the American sailors were told to remain perfectly neutral, yet they were to be seen leaving the vessel to help the English blue jackets to put out the fire. But, as the American Commodore said, "Blood is thicker than water." That, Sir, I believe to be the principle you wish to inculcate to-night, that "blood is thicker than water." The American Masons are bound together by pleasant ties of amity, affection, and goodwill with us. Yes, Sir, I believe that in the kindly and glorious principles of Freemasonry we have found a bond of union which shall cement our two great countries more and more. A poet said in very beautiful words, which I take the liberty of adapting to the present occasion, and which I think we shall all heartily agree too,—

"Their sons and ours have walked abreast as kinsfolk and as friends,  
As men who seek the same high goal and choose the same high ends;  
Their sons and ours have sought to teach the world to keep in awe  
The cloudless face of liberty, the level gaze of law."

I venture, then, Sir, as a Freemason, and as deeply interested in the spread and maintenance of the prestige and character of "The Masonic Press all over the World," to express a fervent hope that this auspicious gathering may be a symbol of that peace and friendship and goodwill that will ever bind England and America together; that our rivalry henceforward will only be, which country shall most try to advance the welfare of the people, the dignity of the law, and the preservation of good order and society on the great principles of toleration, justice, and truth; which of us shall best succeed with united energies in promoting the civilization and the pacification of mankind.

Bro. F. A. Philbrick, Q.C., P.G.D., proposed "Anglo-Saxon Masonry." He said: Sir and Brethren, at this hour of the evening, and after the very eloquent remarks that you have just listened to, it would ill become me to detain you long in proposing the toast that has been assigned to me. "Anglo-Saxon Masonry" is one which needs nothing in an assemblage of Masons to commend itself. Our very presence here to-night is a testimony that Masonry among the great English speaking nations of the world is not the mere curious theoric, nor the mere secret assembly that some would suppose; it is not the mere "dead letter" of an obsolete ritual; but it is a living haven in the hearts of men. And if I may borrow from the eloquent words that fell from one of the American officers, the progress, the grand progress, that Masonry has made in the great countries on the other side of the Atlantic, which, though severed from us, we are proud in the old country to feel sprang from our loins, I cannot but feel that Masonry in its highest and its best sense is an institution that flourishes best in a land of freedom, among a people enlightened and free, who, having won and achieved liberty of conscience and action and thought, know and respect those great guarantees for the exercise and the perpetuation of their liberties, of which Masonry is one of the greatest, if not the chief. We hear much on this side of the world, of not merely Masonry that is practised within these isles, but of the difficulties those who adhere to our order in foreign countries are subjected to; but I think you will agree in the truth of this remark, that wherever there exists the truest freedom there Masonry best takes its root, there it spreads its branches widest, there its fruit is the fairest. A gathering like this must make us all who participate in it not only feel grateful to him who has given us the opportunity for thus assembling and testifying our regard, not only of thanking him for



the splendid hospitality which has graced his entertainment, but also for the opportunity of holding out the hand of friendship to our American brethren, and of assuring them that while we in England of course are loyal and true to the governing power of the Grand Lodge to which we owe allegiance, yet we feel that those who have sprung from us, and who so gracefully recognise, as has been done this evening, the parent authority which first created the Grand Lodges in America, that they are true and worthy descendants of those who first carried from the old country into plantations, as they were called in the olden time, those germs of Masonry which hand in hand with the hearts and freedom of Englishmen have contributed to found the great and glorious Empire, which I will not prophesy what destiny has in store for it, but at this moment is one of the greatest powers on the face of the globe, not merely in extent, not merely in numbers, but one of the great powers for good, preserving all the principles of freedom, asserting in the face of mankind that indomitable love of liberty, that freedom of speech, and which distinguish, and I trust ever may distinguish, the Anglo-Saxon race, of which the Anglo-Saxon Masonry is the worthy exponent. With this toast I beg to associate the name of a brother who sits at the other end of the room, who has contributed largely to Masonic history, and is one of the great ornaments of the Order—I mean our Bro. Hughan.

Bro. W. J. Hughan, P.G.D., in reply said: Worshipful Bro. Kenning, I think every brother present this evening will recognise the fact that in my following our eloquent Brother Philbrick, Q.C., I have a very difficult task to perform. The nature of the toast makes it still more difficult, for that of Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry is one which must make all our hearts burn while we respond. It is a toast so great in itself that I am afraid in responding to it I can scarcely do more than express the fact that I agree with every word that has been uttered by Bro. Philbrick, and to note that from early times in this country, and the early times in the new country, we have up to the present a magnificent illustration of Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry. Leaving out of the question the antiquity of Freemasonry in England, I would ask you one minute to go with me to that of the United States, and remember that from Daniel Coxe's Grand Lodge of 1730 down to the Grand Lodge of yesterday, or alphabetically from the Grand Lodge of Alabama, down to that of Wyoming Territory, not forgetting the Grand Lodges of British North America, there have sprung something like the million and a half of Freemasons of to-day. I say without any hesitation, and I am sure every brother here will agree with me, that Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry is symbolically a continuous and permanent Atlantic cable, which unites the old world with the new, and in fact connects the north pole with the south, warmed from the east and fed from the west. May we indeed all see, that it is only by our remembering the landmarks of Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry that we remain true to our colours. With your permission I will at once construct an Anglo-Saxon Masonic apron. We have in the four prerequisites of Freemasonry the four points of the Parallelogram, viz., (1) men, (2) just, (3) upright, and (4) free: uniting in the promotion of Faith, Hope, and Charity, composing the Triangle, all pointing to the Great Architect of the Universe, whom we should all love and obey. I have great pleasure in responding this evening to so great a toast as that of the "Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry," for I am persuaded the more it is studied and understood, the more it will be valued, and in proportion as we follow its principles shall we be true to our professions.

Bro. Col. Creaton, P.G., in proposing "Our English Masonic Charities and Distressed Masons all over the World," said: Bro. Chairman and Brethren, the toast which has been placed in my hands requires few words of comment or recommendation in such an assembly as this. The three great Masonic Charities of England seem to mark out for us a line of Masonic duty and of Masonic sympathy. They grant annuities to aged and decayed Masons and widows of Masons, and they provide a good sound and valuable education for 200 girls and 211 boys. Thus the English Craft taxes itself to the amount of £30,000 annually to maintain these excellent charities. I am quite confident that the American brethren will join us in wishing "Success and continued Prosperity to our English Masonic Charities." I am requested

by our Chairman to couple with that toast the name of Bro. Binckes, the Secretary of the Boys' School.

After Bro. the Rev. P. M. Holden had recited "Sheridan's Ride,"

Bro. Binckes said: If Bro. Hughan asks indulgence for himself after following the eloquent speeches which preceded his address, how much more ought I to ask indulgence for myself after the eloquent recitation of Bro. Holden? I feel that after such a stirring delivery everything that falls from me must be "stale, flat, and unprofitable." But at all events, on an occasion so interesting, under circumstances so fortunate and so peculiarly acceptable as those which have brought us here this evening, I have not one dissentient voice to the proposition I start with, that the toast proposed by Col. Creaton, of "Success to our Great Masonic Institutions," is one that will carry the sympathies of every one around this table who has the interests of our great Order at heart. The observations which fell from Col. Creaton in proposing the toast render it unnecessary for me to weary our friends from the other side of the Atlantic, or those who are here who are conversant with all that is done by our Institutions; but I think it must be a matter of congratulation to us all, hailing from whatever jurisdiction we may, that we in this little island of England are able to produce in this year something like £30,000 for our three institutions, and so to support altogether 800 individuals, aged people and children of both sexes; and of late years we can not only find means for the sustenance of those institutions, but our income, as a rule, exceeds our expenditure. The words first used by our illustrious brother from the other side of the Atlantic would just lead me to say one word as to my ignorance of what organizations they have for charitable purposes in the United States of America; but this much I fortunately know, that I and others who are in the same position have received over and over again the most gratifying testimony and assurance of the delight that they experience in the success that we enjoy; and I have no doubt that our friends here this evening will be the first to follow and co-operate in the work of the great Masonic charities under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of England. It is very difficult in speaking at a late hour in the evening, in responding to the toast of "The Masonic Charities," to avoid repeating somewhat of what has fallen from previous speakers. I do not wish to weary our friends from the other side of the water, or our English friends, with any statistics. I would only repeat what has been said over and over again, and direct their attention, not so much yours as theirs, to the two great watchwords of our Order, announced by the Prince of Wales at his installation in the Albert Hall, "Loyalty and Charity;" and in doing so I wish to express an earnest hope that while, as in days gone by, we looked on that great expanse of water that separates the mother country from its promising child, the great improvements that have been made of late years in navigation and in the means of communication may, perhaps, quoting the words of a cabinet minister of the present day, lead us to understand that, whether the billows of that great ocean be lashed into fury, they shall no longer be regarded by us as an obstacle that separates, but we will rather look upon them as a link that unites the two great English speaking peoples of the world, whose high and earnest hope will be used in inculcating lasting happiness, the principle of loyalty to our regularly constituted governments, to practising the universal spirit of charity, and in maintaining in all its integrity that unity of speech, heart, and action which is the birthright and distinguishing characteristic of both.

Bro. James Terry (for whom there were loud calls) said: Bro. Kenning, Brethren of America and of England, after the exhaustive, and, I would also say, the very eloquent speech of my friend and colleague, Bro. Binckes, very little more is left for me to give utterance to in response to the toast of "The Masonic Institutions," remembered in this great assembly—one so kindly collected together by the unbounded hospitality of our host this evening—than to thank him and many good friends we see around this room for all they have done in days gone by in support of the interest of the whole three of our Masonic Institutions; and I may be, perhaps, permitted to say that the amount of our contributions has been rather under than over stated by our good friend who proposed the toast, and also by my colleague, who responded, inasmuch as during the last two years we have not only had the sum of £30,000 each year, but we have totalled over

£12,000 a year during those two years; that represents, in American currency, something like 210,000 dollars, brought in at three meetings in the course of one year. Now, Sir, if that is the fact, in respect of our Masonic Institutions, how much must we be indebted to the Craft for all that they have done, and to the Masonic press, for every effort they have given us in endeavouring to make known the claims of those three Institutions, and personally speaking, on behalf of myself, I may say the Order is very much indebted to the press for all they have done. We may, perhaps, differ as to the way it should be done; but we know, after all, that we have *one heart, one soul, one spirit to work in*; we do all we possibly can to promote the good and the prosperity of them all. I thank you very much indeed, and you also, Mr. Chairman, for having given me the opportunity of responding to the toast, and congratulating our American brethren at this great hall of ours in England, and I hope and trust they may carry back to their country the kind consideration of all London Masons, and the earnest wishes for their health, wealth, and prosperity, and the goodwill of all our Masonic brethren.

Bro. Kenning called upon Sir John Bennett "to propose the last toast."

Bro. Sir John Bennett, in proposing the toast of "The Ladies," said: Last, indeed, unduly last; but, nevertheless, I am greatly indebted to the grace and favour of our munificent host for the great pleasure of attending here this evening, and though it is my good fortune from time to time to address important assemblies elsewhere, I look with peculiar interest and satisfaction on the remarkable meeting that I have attended this very night, graced as it is by men representing almost every branch of human interests, graced too with the presence, the august presence, I would almost say, of the leading spirits of our great corporation of London, "the guide, philosopher, and friend" of the Common Council in its most profound deliberations. I feel that this is no ordinary assembly, and we are quite in a position to-night to greet the Craft from the other side of the Atlantic, and it would not be befitting that we should part to-night, having toasted brethren of our Craft, without remembering the sisters of our Craft, because, whatever the brethren might be, whether of the States, abroad in Europe, or at home, the chief contributor to the "United States" or the old and the new world is woman. Yes, whether young or old—and I happen to be in the somewhat fortunate position of being a somewhat young man, and therefore can dilate with heartiness on the subject of the toast—whether in the spring of life, as I suppose Byron was when he said—

"In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its spring,  
And dreams that affection can never take wing—

I have loved! who has not? but what heart can declare  
That pleasure *was absent* while *woman* was there?"

I never knew a good thing in this world but a woman was at the bottom of it. I say in spring she does—in our infancy—her duty to mankind; ay, in the heyday of manhood what a joyous and blessed companion; in our autumn she ministers to our joys, and, when we have none, elevates our sorrows: and at last, when it comes to it, she is the very hand and support of the winter of old age. We toast them with all reverence, with all honour. We toast woman, whether on the other side of the Atlantic or here at home with us. I know how much every man is, a public man especially, indebted to his better, his purer, and very frequently his lesser half. People who wonder among ourselves where some of us get our original thoughts from do not know we have talked them over with our wives over the breakfast table in the morning, and our original thoughts come from that quarter. In the "light fantastic toe," as we term it, we engage her, and in the song we have had here to-night I miss her. In nature also I may observe that the Creator did not fancy the world complete unless he gave us the soprano and alto, and, therefore, in song I regret we did not have female voices. We have not had woman to give grace to this entertainment; but in whatever phase of life, in whatever character she appears, we, good Masons, from the old and from the new world, are prepared to drink this toast, with all respect, affection, and reverence, and so in that spirit I speak to you, in that spirit I give it, and in

that spirit, I am quite sure, Worshipful President, the Craft will be so good as to drink it.

Bro. Altman said in reply: After the eloquent words that have fallen from the young man who has just spoken, I am almost ashamed to think that this is the last toast of the evening, although, as he has justly observed, it is not the least. For my own part I would rather it had been the first toast, because from what I hear of Masonry, if it were not for the ladies many of the brethren who are now around the festive board would not be able to be present. They are the heartstrings of Masonry. I, for my part, regret that the ladies are not present to give our American friends the hearty welcome that they will give to all Masons, *not only here but coming from the other side of the Atlantic.* After the eloquent speeches of the brethren right and left of us, the only thing I can say is this, that although the ladies could not be present to-night, I am sure they feel very grateful for this toast. The ladies are very useful in Freemasonry. Look through the books of subscriptions that are published and you will see that the ladies become Life Governors and Life Patrons of our Institutions. Therefore, as they are such a help to us it is our duty to drink their health. I thank you on their behalf for the very kind way in which you have done so.

This closed the proceedings in the dining hall, and the brethren then took tea and coffee together in the drawing room. The whole evening was of a most enjoyable character, and all the brethren expressed the greatest gratification at what they had witnessed: The English brethren were much amused and astonished at the special American "fire," which was given by the American visitors. This fire is called "the rocket fire," and is only given on exceptionally grand occasions. The musical artistes who contributed materially to the enjoyment of the evening were Bros. T. W. Simons, G. T. Carter, F. H. Cozens, Theodore Distin, and Thomas Lawler.

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## REVIEWS.

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### LEGENDS AND FOLK-LORE.\*

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**WHILST** there is perhaps no more interesting, and oftentimes amusing, study than that of the superstitious beliefs and observances, coupled with their concomitant Legends, of the rural population of some out-of-the-way district, a just complaint has been made in a popular publication † that "no such effort has been made in the British Islands, as there has been done in Germany by the Brothers Grimm, to generalise it for any purpose connected with anthropology, ethnology, or any other science."

For this purpose of generalization it is of course necessary to first collect the Lore and the Legends; but this is becoming every day more difficult; as all such "foolish twaddle" as "grandmother's tales" is rapidly becoming a thing of the past before the relentless encroachments of the "iron horse," and the no less stern rule of the school-master's rod.

Most thankful, then, should we be to any student of philology, ethnology, or any other "ology," that would trouble himself to collect and embalm for future generations these relics of the past; for, foolish as they may seem to us of these enlightened days, there may still be some germs of such truth in them as to make them embodiments of some local history, or caskets in which the records of the manners and customs of a by-gone age are enshrined.

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\* "Rural Legends;" by George Hurst, F.S.S., F.R.H.S., Ex-Mayor of Bedford. London, Provost & Co. Bedford, W. T. Baker.

† "Chambers's Encyclopædia," *in voc.*, "Folk-Lore."

Instances to which these remarks are severally applicable are at once apparent when we open the little book that we are now pleased to notice.

Bro. George Hurst is a man of great reading and wide sympathies, as is evidenced by his membership of the two learned societies, the initials of which he is entitled to append to his name; but Bro. Hurst is more than this, he is a man whose interests are centred in the town and neighbourhood in which he lives, and by the inhabitants of which town he is greatly and deservedly respected, as is shown by the fact of his having three times (as we believe), at different periods, filled the civic chair of the Borough of Bedford.

Bro. Hurst's life having been spent in this rural and romantic neighbourhood, he is, of course, well versed in its Legends and Folk-Lore. Portions of this store of knowledge he has now committed to the reading world, and that portion is rendered the more valuable and readable in that he has clad the greater part of it in the garb of a quaint versification.

Amongst the superstitions rife among the peasantry of Bedford thus treated, we notice, "The Witch," "The Ghost Exorcised," "The Devil at Marston Morteyne," and "The Two Fiends;" whilst "The Lady Buried Alive" is, at least, founded upon a true history of an incident which occurred to a member of one of the noble county families.

"The Witch," seemingly, was a very nice young lady who, to always have her own way, sold herself to the Devil; he fulfilled his part of the contract honestly and honourably as any devil could or should; but, when the lady came to pay the price of the privileges she had enjoyed, we find that she cried off, and, seemingly, at her death, for the first time in her life, used the church in order to cheat the Devil of his due.

This was the compact:—

"The deed was drawn up with great circumspection,  
The parts formed a whole, with perfect connection,  
And a clause was inserted which seemed to imply,  
Escape from the compact 'twas useless to try;  
For it was provided  
That after she die did,  
No place, though sacred, should serve to protect her,  
Nor, on a summons, refuse to eject her.  
When her grave should be made  
And her body there laid,  
No matter within the church walls or without,  
Without let or hindrance, question or doubt,  
She should be devoted to Satan for aye,  
Soul and body—in *eternâ sæculâ*."

This is how she escaped the consequences:—

"From the deed's condition her spirit to save,  
In the wall's foundation they made her a grave,  
Where her body was laid, there could be no doubt,  
Buried neither within the church nor without.  
Thus the fiend was beguiled,  
In his object was foiled,  
And hovering above, soon perceived his disgrace,  
With horrible howling flew far from the place."

And this is the indubitable proof of the genuineness of the transaction, and the veracity of its history:—

"Here ends the tale; should its truth be disputed,  
There's in the church proof that can't be refuted,  
In a canopied niche  
O'er the grave of the witch,  
Within the south wall still her figure is shown,  
At full length, recumbent, and sculptured in stone."

One item in the collection we must confess rather puzzles us—we mean as to its fitness for the company in which we find it, "The Prosperous Man's Apotheosis."

There is, undoubtedly, but too many such cases of self-deceit as the one recorded by Bro. Hurst. Whether he refers to the record of any specific case in his own neighbourhood we cannot of course say for certain; but this much we can say, that there is probably no neighbourhood whatever but could furnish some such instance—nay, more, if we only apply the story to ourselves, there will be but few who can say that they cannot profit by the application of the moral implied.

With the consideration of one other poem we will conclude our notice of Bro. Hurst's book. "The Shepherd's Lamentation," described by him as "A Pastoral of the early part of the Nineteenth Century," is valuable for several reasons, there being a great deal more wrapped up in its comicality than at first sight meets the eye. In the first place, we get a glimpse of the far harder life of the agricultural labourer of the generation just passing away than of the one which is now complaining so bitterly—at least by the mouths of self-elected representatives—of its sorry case:—

"Unhappy is my lot, having flocks to keep,  
And to cut all the day turnips for the sheep:  
And not to be allowed, my sad heart to cheer,  
With my tear-moistened bread a mug of small beer."

In the next we see represented how far more arbitrarily masters could act then than they can now:—

"My master is hard, and says he does suspect,  
From my woeful face, that I the sheep neglect;  
Awful then he swears, nor cares for what I say,  
But from my earnings hard a shilling docks of pay."

What would our agitators of to-day say to those earnings?

"He says that I got drunk,—can I that afford,  
With a weekly crown, and pay for bed and board?"

Last, yet by no means least, that very comicality of which we have spoken exposes the absurdity of a great deal of the mamby-pamby "pastorals" of the early part of this century. Not so very many years back the provincial press was wont to devote a corner to a vast deal of nonsensical twaddle of the kind that this "Pastoral" ridicules; whilst, to say nothing of the heaps of booklets of this character that have been published and happily lost sight of, some volumes which pretend to a more lasting existence exhibit instances of the same sickly rubbish. One would have thought that Gay would have sufficed to have for ever silenced these poetasters; but such not having been the desired result, it is well that Bro. Hurst should have taken the task in hand afresh.

Is not this a fair specimen of the class of writing to which we have alluded:—

#### "A PASTORAL.

"My time, O ye muses, was happily spent, when Phoebe went with me wherever I went;  
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast; sure never foud shepherd like Colin was blest!  
But now she is gone, and has left me behind, what a marvellous change on a sudden I find!  
When things were as fine as could possibly be, I thought 'twas the spring; but alas! it was she.

My dog I was ever well-pleased to see come wagging his tail to my fair one and me,  
And Phoebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said, 'Come hither, poor fellow,' and patted his head!  
But now when he's fawning, I with a sour look, cry sirrah! and give him a blow with my crook,  
And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray be as dull as his master when Phebe's away?"

And this is the *lasting* production of a poet.

Well may Bro. Hurst write:—

"I'm a poor shepherd lad, but once was as gay,  
As a sheep with his nose in a bundle of hay;  
But now I'm as sad as a poor silly hare  
That has his neck firmly fixed in a snare;

For Susan's as cold as the keen winds that blow  
 Through these rags when the ground is covered with snow.  
 Thou I'll 'Baa!' to my love, the same as a lamb  
 Baas when he is running in search of his dam.

\* \* \* \* \*

The bitter salt tears fall from my eyes so free,  
 As my cruel fair one only sneers at me.  
 I begged but yesterday that she would be true,  
 When Sammy coming by beat me black and blue.  
 He lashed with his long whip, I was forced to run;  
 My Susan standing by, laughing, said 'twas fun.  
 Since my fair, so unfair, has treated me with scorn,  
 I'm as sheepish as a sheep that's just been shorn."

With these remarks heartily do we commend this little book to our readers, and quite as heartily do we wish Bro. George Hurst many years yet to come in which to preserve local traditions for general utility.

### "SPRING FLOWERS AND THE POETS."\*

Two numbers of our excellent contemporary "The Gardener's Magazine" have been forwarded to us, containing the second part of an interesting lecture read by Bro. J. H. Jewell before the Westerham Gardeners' and Amateurs' Mutual Improvement Society.

The scope of this able paper being to show the affection with which the poets have regarded nature's spontaneous gifts of loveliness and the beautiful language in which they have clothed their thoughts, we can say but little more than that Bro. Jewell has done his work with a will, and has consequently done it well. Most of the extracts are too well known to reading Brethren to require mention, but one original piece of the lecturer's deserves quoting at length. He says:—

"A custom, by no means devoid of a fanciful grace, exists among the cottagers of Southern Burgundy. A mother who has a sickly child goes into the fields, kneels and prays for her offspring under the clustering flowers of the hawthorn tree; the feeling being that her prayer-laden breath will ascend sweeter to Heaven, perfumed with the natural incense of the bursting buds of spring. The idea is so poetical that I have humbly attempted to poetize it in the following lines:—

"The mother leaves her tender child and goes forth to the fields,  
 And when she nears the favour'd spot her heart impulsive yields  
 In full and fervent prayers to Him who rules the vaulted heaven,  
 That life's behoof in joyous health may to her child be given.  
 She kneels where clustering hawthorn blooms perfume the ambient air,  
 Sweet incense of the bursting buds wafts with her earnest prayer,  
 And while her breath is laden with rich fragrant scents she feels  
 Her prayer ascend much sweeter to that power to whom she kneels.  
 The earnest prayer, though sweet it seems when nature's beauty smiles,  
 Yet heartfelt prayer ascends as sweet from out the sacred aisles;  
 From chamber lone, or even from the desert's mighty space,  
 The incense of each faithful heart will reach the throne of grace."

Not only do we admire Bro. Jewell's lecture for its own intrinsic merits, but we heartily commend its object in bringing before men who deal with Nature's bounty and loveliness practically the thoughtful side of their business, and he will have done much if he shall have, as he has endeavoured, been able to persuade the members of the Society before whom he read the paper—amateur as well as professional—that Nature has as many beauties outside the garden as in; and that the noblest human intellects have been struck with, and left on record their convictions of, the fact that Nature, to embellish the world, needs no assistance from the hand of man; and further, that Nature clothes with her loveliness many a spot that, so far as man is concerned, would and could be nothing else than a barren desert, the very personification of ugliness and inutility.

W. T.

\* "Spring Flowers and the Poets." (Second Paper.) By J. H. Jewell. "Gardener's Magazine."

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 MY HAND-IN-HAND COMPANION.
 

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To the old home farm returning,  
 'Mid the April evening glooms,  
 I kiss the faces that knew me,  
 And I turn to the vacant rooms,  
 The scenes of my long-past childhood  
 The doors that I open recall,  
 The blossoming windows of summer,  
 The fruit-laden orchards of fall.

I go to the tenantless chamber;  
 The moon glimmers over the eaves,  
 And a light, as in years long vanished,  
 In the latticed window leaves.  
 And, in fancy, night's viewless angel  
 Goes by with a muffled tread,  
 As I gaze with an answerless longing  
 On the little one's empty bed.

There were little blue eyes that for ever  
 Have vanished from my sight;  
 A heart of affection that never  
 Will throb on my own with delight.  
 I shall never again kneel beside him,  
 I shall pray in the silence instead.  
 Fall gently, O dews, in the graveyard,  
 Where the green myrtles cover his bed.

My hand-in-hand companion,  
 That the years will never restore,  
 The little lost hand 'neath the mosses  
 Will lock in my fingers no more!  
 As the moonlight all white is the pillow  
 Where rested a curl-circled head,  
 And the April winds sigh through the willow  
 That waves o'er the little one's bed.

O dear little lips that no longer  
 In love will be lifted to mine!  
 O dear little arms that grew stronger,  
 My neck in their ring to entwine!  
 Each place, gentle heart, where I loved thee,  
 Is sprinkled with tears I have shed,  
 And the glow of lost years of affection  
 Comes back as I gaze on thy bed.

I think of the gardens immortal,  
 And I seem in a vision to see  
 A little hand open the portal  
 A mighty hand closes to me,  
 I know he is safe with our Father,  
 And I turn from the thought of the dead,  
 And I see in my faith but a pillow  
 Where an angel once rested its head.