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Round and About

SPECIMEN COPY.

Here we get the MASONIC REVIEW in a new garb, with a very beautiful portrait in place of the mechanical process block hitherto presented. The work has been reduced in size, but increased in volume, to admit of greater facilities in binding, and the journal comes one step nearer the perfection of my first conception. For the first time I print forms of application for subscribers, which I hope will be very largely used, but it must be understood that prepayment is absolutely necessary. Whether the MASONIC REVIEW is obtained direct from the publishing office or through a bookseller matters but very little to myself, but subscribers may care to know that by ordering through a bookseller they receive the mounted photograph unrolled, and therefore in a better state for framing.

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Among the more immediate subjects in the Masonic Portrait Gallery are:—

Mr. Henry Irving.
Lord Brooke.
Mr. Faithfull Begg.
Lord Londesborough.
Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart.
Mr. Robert Grey.
Mr. Edmund Yates.
Mr. Charles Barry.
Marquis of Hartington.
Chief Justice Way.

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Lord Dungarvan must be a lucky man to fall into the Provincial shoes of the late Earl of Carnarvon, for although he is a sound and enthusiastic Mason, being the son of his father must answer, I should think, for his appointment. The late Earl was one of those men who had a kindly word for most people, and when I called upon him the very day his last illness began, he was good enough to express himself most pleasingly about this journal, and invited me to visit him at Highclere when the family went back there in the autumn. As he came to his sitting-room door, on the first floor of his house in Portman-

square, the hand-shake he gave me proved to be his parting with the Craft of Masonry he had served so brilliantly and well, for on the following day he was confined to his room, never to leave it alive. I have before and elsewhere commented upon the death of one of the most brilliant Pro-Grand Masters English Freemasonry has ever had; but in fulfilment of his permission, the present Lord Carnarvon has offered me every facility for preparing a lengthened monograph upon the life of his father, which I purpose illustrating and running as a serial as soon as circumstances will permit.

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From the *Telegraph*, to be read daily by all *parvenues* who hanker after a seat:—"Sir James Hannen proposed 'The Houses of Lords and Commons,' remarking, as to the latter Assembly, that he tried to become a member thirty years ago, and had never ceased to rejoice that he failed."

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Bro. R. Clay Ludlow, G. St. B., &c., &c., has been dining with friends in the Craft, who, backed up principally by the members of the Emulation Lodge of Improvement, have been showing their admiration for him and his work by presenting him with a really very beautiful album, containing an address and nearly 200 signatures, and the full dress clothing of Grand Standard Bearer and two sets of undress clothing; the jewel of his Grand Office, a complete set of jewels in miniature, and the jewels of D.G.D. of C. of Grand Chapter. The jewels are of gold, and form a worthy gift to a very worthy man.

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The presentation was made by Thomas Fenn. That seems the most natural way of writing of a Brother who is so well known and respected that the prefix of Bro. or of Mr. becomes superfluous. Thomas Fenn is the senior partner in the firm of Fenn & Crosswait, stockbrokers, of Princes Street, City, and is one of the soundest Masons living. He is brave enough to admit he has very little admiration for the purposes of Masonic journalism, though perhaps he has never very religiously considered what those purposes are, but, as a subject of the Masonic Portrait Gallery, he may some time in the near future be able to tell us.

In the Art School of Bedford Park a little *coterie* of Bohemians, whose dramatic and literary duties allow of no other opportunity, gather together on Sunday mornings at the hour of eleven for a very worthy purpose. They are all members of the Craft, and turn up in their smoking hats and lounge coats just to show their sincerity in their work. What think you, ye railers at the "actor chaps," come these men o' Sunday morn to do? You cannot say perhaps? Then let me tell you.

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Norman Shaw and Maurice Adams's Queen Anne Church looks pretty in the sunshine of a summer morning, and the bells are calling the worshippers of Bedford Park out of their cosy little red-brick huts and bungalows as a few men stand on the steps of the handsome Art Club in Bath-road, waiting for another, who comes briskly along between the plane-trees. Mutual morning greetings take place, and presently a start is made for the Nude Room on the second floor. The staircase is lined with the clever work of the Art School students. Studies in chalk from the life, in colour from the model, in pencil from the cast, and then there are many creditable designs for textile fabrics, or sketches in black-and-white for Egyptian embroidery. In the Nude Room on the walls are more sketches and casts, and on the wooden floor a dozen chairs, a few modelling boxes, which make excellent platforms, four curious looking pedestals, and a few more extraordinary things known in Masonic circles as furniture. When all have entered, the door is safely locked, and all present busy themselves with the preparation of a Lodge of Instruction. Think of it, you scoffers at the manliness and sincerity of the actor and the journalist. Here are men who devote the one day in the week they have for rest and quietude to intellectual improvement in the holy science of our Craft.

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The chair is taken by a certain Bro. W. Lestocq, whose charming rendering of the Butler, in "New Lamps for Old," was such a brilliant piece of acting. The Senior Warden's chair is filled by Bro. Miller, the duties of Junior Warden are very imperfectly undertaken by a man who is not altogether unknown as "The Druid." The Deacon and Inner Guard are represented by Howard Reynolds, the Secretary is Bro. Holloway, for five-and-twenty years a leading actor across the herring-pond, and the Initiate is Harry Nicholls. With care and impressiveness the working of the Third Degree is completed, and I am complimented by being elected a member of the Genesius Club. The whole thing impressed me as being novel and sincere, and I am very happy indeed in being connected, if only as a passive member, with a club of Worthy Masons who delight to devote the early hours of the Sabbath to a study of the ritual of Freemasonry.

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Bedford Park has much improved since I knew it well some seven years ago. Since then the place has been drained, better houses have been built, and the defects of the old ones remedied. The commons have been pathed and laid out with shrubs. The roads have been made, and the picturesque redness of the village toned down with the ivy and trees which have since matured. There is a club house and tennis courts, a real "stores" where provisions of all kinds may be purchased at unheard of prices, a post and telegraph office, a church, and an hotel, and a railway

station in communication with all the centres of London. But, perhaps, its greatest virtue is its freedom from that terrible craze "aestheticism," which once nearly ruined Bedford Park. Servant girls no longer roam the streets decked in puff bonnets and gowned in Kate Greenaway costumes in sickly green.

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My contemporary of Queen-street sketched the Mark Benevolent Fund Festival at Freemasons' Tavern from the shop-girl's point of view, and told its readers all the fun, in one of those silly letters from Gertie to Gracie, which forms a strong feature in such monstrosities as the *Shop Girls' Gazette*. A good idea of what the letter is worth may be had from the postscript, which reads thus: "P.S.—I forgot to say I have that black silk I had made in Baker-street. You know what I mean."

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Here, however, is a delicious bit from the body of the epistle, which more than ever stamps the opinion of my said contemporary for what Masonry was really instituted. I have generally understood that the Craft is constituted by a body of men who find enough good in life and human nature to bind them a little closer together than the ordinary ties of social intercourse accomplish; by ceremonious measures of a serious and elevating kind. But my understanding is at fault, evidently. Says Gertie to Gracie:—"All the men seem dressed up to the eyes in gold chains, gold embroideries and glittering jewels. Too bad, I thought it, and so I told Fred; but he only laughed at me. However, one day I shall get hold of his collar and apron and pick them to pieces to trim a frock for the next fancy dress ball. He will be so wild!" It is just this pot-house, bantering manner in which Masonic jewellers and candle manufacturers speak of a noble institution which causes the condemnation with which the general public look upon us.

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There is a great deal of humbug knocking about the Institutions for which, perhaps, nobody in particular is to blame; and a very good instance of it was shown by the Hon. Sec. of the "Old Masonians" some time ago now, when he gave a very depressing account of the manner in which the Lodges look down upon this association of worthy "old boys" of the Boys' Institution. But what concerns everybody at the moment is the discourtesy shown to the Association by a certain seventy-five gentlemen out of a certain eighty. It appears that the Secretary, desirous, as he must have been, to make the annual dinner as successful as possible, invited eighty "members of the Masonic Craft," by circular, to countenance the Association either by attending the dinner, or otherwise, and only five out of that eighty—Messrs. George Lambert, F. J. Terry, Augustus Harris, A. F. Godson, M.P., and W. W. Morgan—took the trouble to reply. There comes another startling disclosure, however, which shows what kind of soil beneath the little soft well raked mould which covers the ground, to all appearances deeply, Masonry really thrives on. It is this. "Last winter," said the Secretary, "we held a dramatic entertainment in St. James's Hall, when I sent out a circular to every Lodge in the kingdom. In reply I received but one solitary answer, which came from the Anchor Lodge

through Bro. Muggeridge, and which contained a cheque for ten guineas. If ever the Association attains success, we shall look upon that gift with gratitude."

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We need not trouble ourselves much, nor exercise our intellect in discovering how this can be, for the better half of the Craft know, but it nevertheless is a disgraceful trait of English Freemasonry that it possesses very little decency and less gentility. There is far too much tinsel and beer in the composition of an ordinary Lodge. The whole basis upon which they are worked is a fraud upon the doctrines of Freemasonry, and nothing, it is certain, but a firm and determined voice proclaiming aloud the sacrilegious humbug which has infused itself into the minds of those gentlemen who compound the true ranks of the Craft, can shield it from any further abuse from anti-Masonic profligacy. This is a task perchance for one of those creatures who venture to rush where angels fear to tread, but the time is ripe for crushing the humbug, and if it can be done without at all diving into scandalous and personal matters, it should be done at once.

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Mr. Sears, the Traffic Superintendent of the South-Eastern Railway Company, has carved his own way into notice by sheer dogged determination, and application to the enormous ramifications of such a service as his Company boasts. He is here, there, and everywhere, but lives at Sevenoaks, where he takes a deal of interest in local Masonic affairs. Perhaps there is no railway official connected with any of the London Companies who possesses in such a marked degree as he the perfect respect of the whole of his employers, and his long connection with the South-Eastern; and his great personal acquaintance with the details of every department



of traffic management, enables him to be so successful in his efforts for the welfare of his men. Only the other day he arranged an entertainment for the bandsmen of the Company, and aided by the ladies of the family, entertained them at the Palace Hotel, at Hastings, where in the course of one week he thought out and established a local railway office for the comfort of the passengers of the South-Eastern. He hopes to see in the near future a line of Continental steamers starting from Hastings, in connection with the "line" he has devoted so many years to improve.

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For the past ten years I have been trying to find time and opportunity to go to Greenwich, and at last I have managed it. Ten years is a long time to wait before a simple wish

like this is gratified; but the intense satisfaction one gets from accomplishing it is worth all the waiting, and a bit more. We were a happy party on board the penny boat. I had somehow sauntered through the beautiful Temple Gardens, across the Embankment, and on to Temple Pier before any very definite idea as to what I was doing got into my head; but once on board, and seated beside Mary Jane—evidently taking her father's dinner to Blackwall—one gets a fine opportunity to study the exterior characteristics of the minor orders of "all sorts and conditions of men." All change at London Bridge. On an old wooden hulk that ought to know the river well enough to steer itself along it we settled down for the voyage, and felt very inquisitive over the sketch-book of Alfred Hardy, who happened to be making some studies of the lazy craft swinging round on their moorings and setting their dirty brown sheets to catch the favouring breeze.

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Alfred Hardy proved to be a cousin of Bro. T. B. Hardy, of Sheffield, the beautiful marine and river water-colour painter, and what more natural that we should discuss the lovely "bits" as we steamed quickly past the m, wrangle generally about art and all its disappointments, or discuss some of the outrageous canvases which lately hung upon the walls of Burlington House? It is so easy to criticise, you know, far easier than painting; so whilst he sketched I criticised, and drew in my mind's-eye a lot of social pictures of the extraordinary beings on board. Lunch at the "Ship," a stroll through Greenwich Hospital and chapel, where I very indignantly informed Constable No. 27 that he had no right to wear his helmet in a house of God, and I had to leave my new-found friend to the glories of a little balcony overlooking the river, from which he was painting a charming scene with the care of a past master of his art. I shall certainly go to Greenwich again, and ramble through it Masonically.

* * *

I hope to have something interesting to tell about the renowned Quatuor Coronati Lodge, which is the representative literary Masonic Lodge of the Empire, someday. We have not yet estimated the value or the necessity of a regular Masonic library, but Bro. "Mallet," of Glasgow, has sounded a hope in furtherance of a universal scheme for making collections of Masonic literature for the use of members of the craft. He says:—

There is much more to be learnt of Masonry than that taught in the Degrees, beautiful and powerful as a monitor though they be, and information beyond that can only be gained from the writings of the learned brethren who have given the result of their study of the origin, history, and legends, and who have elucidated the deep and hidden meanings of the symbols of Masonry. Indeed, I am of opinion that the Craft is guilty of a serious dereliction of duty in this matter. The Master Mason is informed that he is only on the threshold of Masonic knowledge, but how can he peruse the subject without that Masonic book-lore which should form part of the "effects," if not of every Lodge, at least of every Provincial Grand Lodge. If Glasgow possessed a Masonic Temple, no doubt a library would form one of its departments, but there is no reason why we should continue to lack both. However essential a recognised Masonic centre would be to the growth of a library and as an aid to its usefulness, they are not necessarily co-existent. The nucleus of a library might be formed if our Provincial Grand Master and those acting with him could make arrangements to receive contributions in books, for I have every confidence that the more fortunate of our brethren, if appealed to, would be ready to share with their less opulent brethren the possibilities of research. A collection of books is a thing which grows, and, however small the beginning, a beginning should be made, and at once.

A recent issue of the *Nineteenth Century* numbered among its contributions a king, a duke, a baron, two or three peers, a courtesy lord, and a knight. The fact of it is, there are infinitely too many titled people in this little island, who have no means to keep them steady in their own positions. They flood commerce and the Stock Exchange, they lend their names to Directorates, they sell butter and cheese, they make bonnets, and do everything down to the grinding of a street organ. I have never read anything brilliant or even smart from a titled pen these past ten years, and why they should be encouraged to cram the reviews is beyond explanation. The professional charitable woman, for instance, who writes a ten-page article in one of the monthlies generally deems that a very strong contribution to the cause, and pockets her fee she gets from the editor with amazing relish. I must risk being considered ungallant, but Lady Wolverton sets an example to her fellow philanthropists which they would do well to follow.

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I am often reminded when speaking of charitable women, of a little bit of experience I had some years ago, when going over the country seat of one of our old nobility. It was a beautiful place, crammed with costly furniture and art treasures, and its owner had a small income of about £60,000 a year, or some such trifle. The housekeeper was commissioned to show me the upper parts of the house, and during our ramble some remark I dropped led her to sigh and say, "Yes! it is a pity they are not richer." "I beg your pardon," I could not help replying, feigning I had not heard her aright. "I say it is a pity they haven't got millions, sir," and the self-satisfied old retainer undoubtedly grieved because her masters were so poor.

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As Mr. McLeod has now fully entered upon his duties as the Secretary of the Boys' Institution, and Mr. Binckes has taken a final farewell of the little room behind the glazed partition, which divides it from the general office of the Institution in Great Queen-street, the tableau curtain of the worn-out tragedy, "The Corsican Brothers," may be rung down, and the audience may go home. With this reflection let us forget the most unfortunate episode in the management of the Institution. Bro. Binckes has pocketed his £2,500, and the calm resignation he showed in sticking to his guns until he got it will be appreciated just so much or so little as each individual subscriber may please, and if the overwhelming majority by which Bro. McLeod was elected to fill the position means anything, it means that every confidence is placed in his ability to succeed at his post. And nobody wishes him greater success than I do.

* * *

Wanted a solution of the following conundrum given by the *Freemasons' Repository*, in an article on "Happy People. I regret I am not able to issue a free life insurance policy for £1,000 to the next-of-kin of the man who solves it:

The great Redeemer did not hesitate to observe the mother hen and her chickens; and every day that one lives in the country he may feel deeply impressed with some lesson of wisdom and religion by seeing in his own or his neighbour's yard the various fowls pecking in the grass or on the ground, or cackling to one another to come to the bounteous table and join in the feast. And is there any pleasanter picture than that of the cows browsing in the pasture or chewing the cud? And these examples are not selected carefully from the races of birds and

brutes; they are most familiar examples. Can it be that the human race, unspeakably more highly endowed with means of good, has been denied the additional ability of using its means, without which ability all other means are felt to be useless?

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Here is another Masonic note from the pages of a Masonic print, slightly abridged:—

Our dear friend, Bro. Licquoring Smiles, P.M., the landlord of the Piping Bullfinch, is having his first floor whitewashed, consequently the last meeting of the Unicorn Lodge of Destruction was held in the cellar. It only remains for us to add that the sawdust used on the auspicious occasion was manufactured by Bro. Garge Keen and gave great satisfaction. Bro. Smiles remarked he had not come across such sweet-smelling sawdust for many years. A vote of thanks to the potman for so nobly coming forward and placing his cellar at the disposal of the Lodge was carried with great enthusiasm, and all the members were eventually able to reach home, with the exception of three who slept on a rum puncheon.

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The musical profession lost one of its soundest followers, and masonry a good craftsman, in the death of Bro. Cusins, the Musical Chief of the Military Academy of Music at Kneller Hall, Twickenham. I have at last managed to visit his grave, but it was only in October last I was speaking of his charming Wednesday afternoon concerts on the lawns of Kneller Hall, and it is but a few weeks ago we were discussing, during a long railway journey, the merits of Sir Arthur Sullivan's beautiful musical composition. Bro. Cusins was preceptor of several lodges of instruction, and was a P.M. of the Etonian at Windsor. He stated years ago he would never marry whilst his mother was alive to receive his attentions, and he kept his word. A man of real worth in the highest acceptation of the expression, a perfect master of the theory and rendition of classical music, his welcomed presence has already proved a loss to a great number of people. He was buried quietly in Twickenham Cemetery, whilst his sweet music, which was the solace of his life, sent many a tender chord into the breasts of those of his friends who thronged round his grave. I was not there, but let this be my tribute now to the memory of a man who most nearly reached the ideal of true Freemasonry, and has left me with one honest, manly friend the less.

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With the exception of London, which possesses by far the largest number of Lodges, East Lancashire owns the greatest number of Masonic meeting-places of any province in the country. This is with a score of one hundred lodges, whilst West Lancashire is *proxime accessit* with a total of ninety-seven. West Yorkshire contains seventy-six, but North and East Yorks only claim thirty between them. Coming southwards, Kent heads the list with a total of fifty-eight, which is closely pressed by the fifty-two contained in Devonshire, the province of Middlesex scoring forty and Surrey thirty-four. Of course, however, each of the two last-named counties contains many Lodges which are situated within the ten-mile radius of the Freemasons' Hall, which brings them on the London roll, and they are not therefore included in the list of those belonging to their respective counties. There are about 350 Lodges in London itself, which speaks highly for the popularity and influence of the craft in the metropolis. The smallest list of Lodges claimed by any one county in England and Wales is the total of five, belonging to Bedfordshire; whilst the Isle of Man includes seven within its limits.

The corner stone of a new aisle to Mexborough Church, which is to be constructed at a cost of £600, was laid on Thursday, the 24th July with masonic honours, by the Prov. Grand Master of West Yorkshire, Bro. T. W. Tew, J.P. The day was exceptionally fine, and the muster of Prov. Grand Officers and brethren from Rotherham and Sheffield was large and influential. The arrangements for the ceremony were in the hands of Bro. John Gibbs, W.M. of the Phoenix Lodge, 904, and his secretary. The brethren assembled at the National School where a procession was formed. They marched through the village to the church, the accommodation in which having proved most inadequate to the increased population, was now to be supplemented by the addition of a north aisle. The sacred building was apparently already well filled with worshippers, but by an effort, room was made for the Prov. Grand Master and his numerous following. After a service of a most hearty character, a most interesting and eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. Canon Bullock, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Leeds, P. Prov. Grand Chaplain. The offertory was in aid of the building fund, and at its completion was handed over to the R.W. Prov. Grand Master, who, accompanied by his D. of Ceremonies, and two Standard Bearers carrying their banners, walked up the nave and presented the offerings of the congregation at the altar rails.

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The service ended, the procession was re-formed, and, preceded by the choir in surplices, passed round the west end of the church to the north side, where everything was in order for the ceremony of the stone-laying. When all were ranged in their respective positions, the sight was most animated and interesting. Every wall, window, and vantage-ground from which the ceremony might be witnessed was filled by eager spectators; and even the roof and tower of the old church were similarly occupied. Bro. Tew, whose long experience has perfected him in every detail, performed the ceremony of laying the stone with all Masonic reverence and ritual, and no one there present could fail to be impressed with the sacred character of the proceedings. After the architect had presented his plans, and had been enjoined to use all despatch in carrying out the work to its completion, the R. W. Prov. G. Master delivered an excellent address, explaining the object of the ceremony. The Rev. Henry Ellershaw, Vicar of Mexborough, then in the name of himself, his churchwardens, his committee, and his congregation, tendered his thanks to the R.W. Prov. G. Master, to the Prov. G. Officers, and to the brethren of the Phoenix Lodge, and the singing of the National Anthem closed the proceedings.

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Mr. Stead, who runs the smartest thing living in modern journalism in the *Review of Reviews*, writes me that he has never had the privilege of becoming one of us, whilst Mr. Hyde, the popular secretary of Kempton Park Racecourse, has never got beyond his second degree, all George Elliott's persuasions into the bargain. Bro. Hyde—I suppose he is a brother—hopes to live long enough to win the Waterloo Cup, for he is passionately devoted to coursing.

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And another! Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, M.P., an Under-Secretary at the Admiralty, and part-proprietor of

England, has never got further than his initiation. But some day he promises to proceed. That is a good intention, though it says very little. The road to hell, Mr. Bartlett, is paved with good intentions.

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Bro. Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, ex-Lord Mayor, is well known in London, and has the reputation of being one of the shrewdest business men in the city. Possessing no position or means when he started in life, Sir Whittaker now enjoys distinction and "rolls in money." He is one of the firm of Farebrother, Ellis, & Co., the city auctioneers and surveyors, and had the honour of a baronetcy conferred upon him by the Queen in recognition of his public services when he was Lord Mayor. Sir Whittaker has a residence in Mayfair and a nice place at Richmond, Buccleuch House, situated by the side of the river, which is his property, he having purchased it from the Duke of Buccleuch some three or four years ago. In this house Sir Whittaker gives some pleasant dinner-parties, and is very proud of showing everyone his pictures. At Richmond Sir Whittaker is very popular, and his presence at public dinners and public gatherings is much sought after. In more than one way he has proved an excellent friend to the Richmond people; for instance, only a short time ago he gave them a valuable site for the erection of a town hall. Sir Whittaker's Masonic days are ended.

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Another new sixpenny weekly will shortly be sprung upon the long-suffering public in the shape of a handy guide to everything in the inhabitable globe that is worth being guided to in the search after pleasure. We shall be told where we may shoot the fattest partridges, and how to go to Rome



and back under half-a-crown. Now, who do you think the promoter of the enterprise is? Well, no other man than A. G. Macculloch, whose beauteous countenance shines forth in the portrait attached hereto.

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Of Scottish family, Macculloch has seen about twice as much life as any man of his age. He was connected with banking, and threw up his appointment to make millions over a racecourse which has never yet been trodden by a racer. Last year he floated a gold mine, which put thousands into the pockets of all his friends but himself, and, strange to say, it is about the only gold mine in existence which is worth a rap. He has manipulated some big financial schemes when older men have given them up as unworkable; but as time passes, "life"—whatever that may mean

—gets somewhat stale, so that at an age when most men begin to detect bad wine from good, "Mack" has determined (by the force of circumstances) to settle down into a newspaper proprietor, and he ought to do well at the game. He is acquainted with the ins and outs of life from A. to Z., and there are dozens of men now in affluent circumstances who owe their success in life to the kindly tuition of Macculloch. It was, perhaps, greatly owing to his careful and prompt exertions on behalf of Mrs. Maybrick, that induced the reprieve of that unfortunate creature.

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With the exception of a couple of the cleverest automatic patents—"Put a penny in the slot and get your boots cleaned," and "Put a penny in the hole and have a Neapolitan ice"—the speculative side of existence will know him no more, and as if to strengthen his determination to "cut" the whole crowd of backsliders who have filled their pockets at the expense of his brains, Macculloch is up for election as a fit and proper person to become a Mason. As shrewd a man as ever lived, "Mack" undoubtedly missed his vocation when he refused preparation at the Bar, but very few men indeed can show a record of so many successes and so many failures during the twenty-seven years he has been able to gaze upon the "Lights of the Metropolis." He has a heart as sympathetic as a child's, and has shed tears over Sims' *Lights of London*.

O cruel lamps of London,
If tears your light could drown,
Your victim's eyes would weep then,
O lights of London town.

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One of the most extraordinary magazines ever printed will appear in a few weeks, in the shape of the *Author*. The aim of the *Author* will be to voice the wrongs and woes of the men who write in general, and the Society of Authors in particular. Its editor will (of course) be Bro. Walter Besant, a leading light of the Quatuor Coronati, who has made this particular subject his own. In addition to his editorial duties Mr. Besant contributes a story all about a pirate publishing company, started by two wicked young men (of the Orton type), with brains and without capital, for the fleecing of authors. Mr. Besant further appears as the author of a tremendous tirade against Dr. Jessopp's "Plea for Publishers," which appeared in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and was promptly sent round in circular form by an enterprising member of the new sainthood. Anyhow, there seems plenty of promise of form in the opening number of the *Author*; its ultimate fate it would be tempting Providence to disclose.

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Tell it not in Gath, but I have been shaved by a lady barber. With your head thrown majestically backward on the greasy rest, a white sepulchral cloth enshrouding your person, and the lower members of your countenance artistically besmeared with a rich, creamy, soapy, evil-smelling lather, you have time and opportunity for deciding what a noble creature man is, after all. But women! how delicate rather than noble they are. They, or rather *she*, gently tickled my chin with a badly kept razor, and eventually reduced the trifling stubble which grows on me like a field of cricketers, eleven on each side. Then she lathered again, and tickled again, stood over my prostrate features, and dug gallantly at the roots; how she smiled—what pretty teeth she had—and tried to look unconcerned,

flatly resented my intention of drying my own face, brushed my coat and hat, accepted her fee, and sent me away never to be shaved by a barberess again. It is barberous.

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Sir Albert Woods (Grand Director of Ceremonies), the Garter Principal King-at-Arms, a post which he has occupied for over twenty years, has been admitted into the fold of the Colonial Michael and George Order. Sir Albert is seventy-four years of age, and may be said to wear his blushing honours thick upon him. For over half a century he has been mixed up with the College of Arms, having entered that interesting institution as Pursuivant in 1838, and in the previous year had been appointed Fitzalan Pursuivant Extraordinary. Sir Albert, who is exceedingly well-liked wherever he is known, has an eagle eye for arms and crests, gules and griffins, leopards *passant guardant*, and so forth. His connection with Freemasonry has been a long and sincere one, and the ceremonies of great occasions are not perfect without the attendance of the Garter Principal King-of-Arms. He has only been absent from Grand Lodge Festivals twice in thirty-nine years.

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I was recently entertained at a Lodge meeting in Sheffield to witness a presentation to a member who had fallen by the wayside. They do these things quietly and well in Sheffield, and the Lodge room and banquetting hall were crowded. The pickle fork degree not forming a very great feature with our brethren of the North, the seating arrangements at dinner were left to the tender mercies of Bro. Scramble. I had to find my way to the telegraph office at the bottom of the town, and when a rollicking, rickety hansom clambered up the hills and deposited me at the Masonic Hall, my chair had been confiscated. Everybody was busily discussing mock turtle and consommé, and cutlery and china were at a terrible premium. However, the grand piano served the purposes of a dining-table for half-a-dozen of us until some of the "foreigners" caught an early train, and I captured a seat between the Worshipful Master and a distinguished visitor. And now for two things am I thankful to the brethren of Sheffield. They "speech" not, neither do they sing, at least the speeches were very short and the *two* songs were very well sung. The only thing worthy of note in the speeches, perhaps, was a visiting brother mistaking me for the son of Bro. W. W. Morgan, of the *Freemasons' Chronicle* and the Pentonville Printing Works, an honour I took the liberty of denying. Bro. Morgan is a very estimable man I know, but I question if he would own up to being the parent of a "worthless chap like me," as Dick Phenyll says.

* * *

I left as the bells were chiming eight, and just as the fragrance of the cigar and cigarette began to be apparent. Several local men carried me bodily off to the Press Club, where they washed me, and from there another batch took me to "The" Club to sample Yorkshire cigars and Yorkshire whisky. Then I looked in at the theatre, and, just as I was endeavouring to make tracks for my hotel, up comes Bro. Allen, twice P.M. of the Ivanhoe Lodge, and insists upon me driving out to "Endcliffe," promising me wonderful sights at the Bessemer Steel Works in the morning.

* * *

Mr. Harry Allen's father, the head of "Henry Bessemer & Co.," and brother-in-law of Sir Henry of that ilk, the

inventor of that peculiar method of purifying and hardening steel which has practically revolutionised the trade, is a Mason, as are all his sons. "Endcliffe" is a charming little stone-built house, three miles out of Sheffield, and contains a very good collection of pictures, among them some of the finest specimens of Bro. T. B. Hardy, the water-colour artist, and formerly a Sheffield man. The motto of the house is "hospitality"—or if it is not it should be—which is certainly never found wanting among the northern hills. In the morning we walked into the town, and went over the works, where Bro. William Allen, an Oxford University man, and a member of the Apollo Lodge, took great pains in initiating us into the mysteries of the "Siemen" process of steel manufacture. Of course, one could not miss the customary luncheon which the heads of the firm and the departments partake of at the works; and so through the still drizzling rain that same old rollicking cab dodges the innumerable "shafts" and belching chimney stacks, and smoky, prosperous, wealthy Sheffield knew me no more.

* * *

The following letter, addressed to me by Mr. Thomas Reynolds, is worthy of publication, if only to show with what zeal this gentleman has taken up the teachings of Edward Bellamy:—

"LOOKING BACKWARD."

While being evidently thoroughly satisfied of the truthfulness and correct colouring of the two highly-graphic pictures, of Society as it is and as it *might* be, framed in Bellamy's glorious book, "Looking Backward," you are, as is nearly every other spectator, extremely doubtful as to the possibility of obliterating the awful reality of Society as it is and replacing it with the happy twentieth century conditions held up to our longing gaze in that delightful work of fiction; at all events you do not expect so glorious a transformation under some hundred years or so: and, in accordance with the almost universal opinion, the main causes for this depressing doubt are, first, that our degraded community is not fitted at present for social equality; that it must be *educated* up to such a system; and, secondly, that, as the public never has taken up vigorously and unanimously any public measure ever proposed, it necessarily follows that it will not be very ready to embrace the enormous and extraordinary scheme at which Mr. Bellamy hints in "Looking Backward:" and which I boldly propose as a practical measure of social reform.

Now, while I have at my command a perfect torrent of arguments to offer in support of the opposite view of these matters, my time and your patience will admit but of my directing your serious attention to the following.

With regard to the first objection, I should be quite content to leave a clear-headed man like yourself to the calm consideration of that portion of "Looking Backward" (page 39, Warne's edition), where Mr. West remarks, "Human nature itself must have changed very much;" whereupon Dr. Leete replies, "Not at all; but *the conditions of human life have changed*, and with them the motives of human action;" but, in addition to this, I would direct your most serious consideration to good old Robert Owen's fine essay on the formation of character; the reading of which, a most agreeable task, would occupy but some fifteen minutes or so. If these two do not relieve your mind of this painful doubt, I much fear whether the numerous other arguments available will effect the desired cure.

All experience (which in such cases as this we generally ignore) teaches that change of conditions invariably alters results; an apt illustration being observable in our School Board Acts. The object of these is to take out of the gutter the children of the poor and give them a sound, intellectual, and moral training. And why? Why in order to cause the future generations to be happier beings and better citizens. That this wise and benevolent intention is so frequently defeated is no argument against the principle; the failure being invariably due to the demoralising effects of a competitive system, whereby the embryo vulgar pickpocket is simply transformed into the refined forger or swindling bank director.

With regard to the supposed difficulty of obtaining a general consensus of opinion relative to our novel proposition, let us suppose that, when walking down Fleet-street, you hail a well-dressed and appointed man who is proceeding on the opposite side of the road; and, having gained his attention, you exhibit to him two penny pieces, informing him that you will present them to him if he will walk across the road to fetch them. Now I think the probabilities are in favour of his

declining your liberal offer. At all events he will not exhibit much alacrity in accepting it. But try him with a £1,000 (the transaction being, of course, understood to be *bonâ fide*), and observe the difference of the result!

Now if you will but reflect for a few moments you will discover that, compared with our present offer, we have, for hundreds of years, been offering (in the shape of Parliamentary measures proposed or carried) twopences, sixpences, shillings and, perhaps sometimes, five shillings, to an impecunious public, all of which have been either declined or very apathetically accepted: whereas we now offer that said public, say, ten thousand pounds each, the *bonâ fides* of which offer alone remain to be proved, and will it be argued that this latter offer will meet with the same chilling reception as have the former? Yet *this* is what every man to whom I talk asserts!

In other words, every other measure ever proposed has offered to each individual of the large majority of the population a personal benefit (usually distant and problematical) which we might safely designate by one shilling; whereas the measure now offered may well be regarded as a thousand pounds, with *certain* and *immediate* possession; whereas its eager and general acceptance is certain, when its nature is clearly understood. No matter how patriotic a man may be, he invariably asks himself (though, usually, very *sotto voce*) "What shall I gain by this measure?" And in strict accordance with the nature of the reply is the support he gives the said measure. Selfishness, the most dreadful curse of this awfully cursed system of competition, and the blessing and surest safeguard of a twentieth century system, is, and ever will be, the motive power in every instance.

But I am here broaching a new and most important subject, on which I have a deal to say; so, fearing your impatience, will hasten to conclude by assuring you that selfishness, the chief factor in human action, is entirely in our favour, and must sooner (if our recognised authorities will but advocate the reading of "Looking Backward") or later (a hundred years perhaps, if those authorities persist in condemning its principles) secure our triumph.

* * *

I am not altogether certain that I know exactly what Mr. Reynolds means, but he always seems to be so earnest in his question of Social Reform, and so jubilant over one sinner that repenteth, that I have no doubt he will be able to bring me presently to his way of thinking. True, there was a time when I looked upon Bellamy's work with a certain amount of suspicion, but that suspicion has gradually vanished, and now I see in "Looking Backward" not only a "glorious book" as Mr. Reynolds calls it, but an entire new religion without a particle of fanaticism about it. The question of Social Reform is a big one, and one not at all likely to move in my time. But men, like Thomas Reynolds, who is so wedded to the cause that he never leaves a public conveyance without exhorting everyone to read "Looking Backward," must do some good for the cause, even if it be only to make themselves poor over their own self-sacrifice.

* * *

To begin with, my experience of the working-man is a sad one indeed; but perhaps I may make use of a paragraph I had written for—elsewhere, which happens to be at hand in my portfolio. "When a worn-out bit of machinery the British workman is. He grumbles at the laws which give him power to keep his position in the great scramble for existence and considers his employer the greatest enemy he has got. He is never satisfied. He has no ambitions. The lever of the stomach sets the little worthless man in motion for a few hours, and it stops of its own accord when the clock reads at a certain figure in its circuit. Content with the condition his own loose mind has brought him to, he still howls for the law to lead him further down the long paths of indolence, and compel the master who has him his day's wage to employ him but for eight hours at a stretch. It seems ungenerous to rail against the dispositions of the ordinary working-man, but the man gets acquainted

with him, the less one finds to appreciate. The terrible over-growth of population causes something to give way in the engines of social progress, the boilers do not burst, but the pistons get out of gear, and the unfortunate working man, being buoyant upon the caprices of his richer men, sinks in the mighty sea of depression which encompass all nations."

* * *

"We, in our fraternal assumptions, can look upon this question of the working-man and his livelihood from a higher standpoint; read it with calmer thoughts than most men. But we can dig no deeper into the social problem than other men have dug, to find a barren soil. It is a two-edged sword with an arrow point offering but death whichever way it turns. Each unit of the population had, of course, no personal interest whatever in the matter of his birth. He is brought into the world a passive inhabitant, with a mission of elbowing and wedging his way into the great mass of humanity for food and shelter. The man without brains is submissive to the man who has them; and as the former numerically predominates over the latter to an amazing extent, nothing remains but to demand of our superiors the wherewithal to feed our offspring and clothe ourselves. It is again a question of futurity. Nothing in the past and nothing in the present shows a solution of the problem. In ages unborn they may do better, who knows? Perhaps some future Edison may discover a new science whereby a brainless, soulless, heartless creature may marry and keep his offspring decently on a pound a week."

* * *

Lord and Lady Zetland returned to Dublin Castle the latter part of last month, and his Lordship is already in the full play of his official duties. His last act before leaving England was to preside at the Provincial Grand Lodge of his own Province, North and East Yorkshire.

* * *

There is but little truth in the reported sea voyage of the Duke of Clarence, but his installation as P.G.M. of the Royal Province of Berkshire has been postponed till a suitable date in October or November. The united provinces of Berks and Bucks were never particularly strong, and to divide them would prove a mistake from a financial point of view. It is to be hoped H.R.H. will accept the honours of the post with its duties, and not be content to manage the Province by deputy. The Sydney *Bulletin*, in commenting upon Prince Albert Victor's accession to the Peerage under the title of Duke of Clarence, harmlessly says:—"Of the four Dukes of Clarence who preceded Prince Albert Victor in the title, one was poisoned, the next killed in battle, and the third came to grief in a butt of Malmsey wine. It is feared that the present Duke will be choked by his collar."

* * *

The *Sussex Daily News* says it is understood that the numerous engagements of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught will not permit him this year to visit the Province of Sussex, as Provincial Grand Master of Sussex Freemasons, but that he hopes to do so early next year. Now that his Royal Highness has assumed the command of the Southern District it is hoped his visits to the Province will become more frequent. He has not yet been installed as Provincial Grand Master of the Mark Masons of Sussex.

The R.W. Dep. Prov. G.M., Sir W. T. Marriott, Q.C., M.P., will accordingly open the Provincial Grand Lodge of Sussex on 24th October, at the Eastbourne Town Hall, when it is intended by the local Freemasons to give a very enthusiastic reception to the brethren of the Province.

* * *

Bro. J. Brindley James, P.M., of Jamaica-road, S.E., has addressed the following letter to the *British Medical Journal*:—

At the recent annual meeting at Birmingham of the British Medical Association I found, in conversation with many professional brethren, a widespread concurrence with my opinion that, taking into consideration the vast number of Medical men who are Masons, the formation of a Medical Masonic Lodge would meet with unanimous professional support. In the interests alike of the profession and of the Craft, to both of which I have the honour to belong, I therefore should feel deeply gratified if you would kindly afford this scheme the powerful circulating medium of your valuable columns, with a view to ascertaining the sentiments of the profession at large upon the subject. Might I venture to supplement the same with the further suggestion that the "Æsculapian Lodge" would be a highly appropriate designation.

I shall be most happy to receive the names of any professional brethren willing to join such a lodge, with a view to concerting active measures for its formation.

* * *

My contemporary of Pentonville objects to class lodges because there is a fear of "their undermining, so to speak, the whole basis on which the Order is founded, which, above all other considerations, is one of perfect freedom on the part of those who are or desire to be associated with its mysteries. . . . We should again object to the principle which puts restrictions on the free and untrammelled admission of desirable gentlemen into our ranks."

* * *

Rubbish! There are, perhaps, many different definitions of a "desirable gentleman," and the great wonder to me is that we have so many respectable men in Masonry as we have. Anybody who saw the noble band of Freemasons besiege the victuals and wines at Drury Lane when Augustus Harris invited them to the cutting of the Baddley Cake would shudder to imagine many of these were desirable gentlemen; and if the two cads who in their drunken fit insisted upon vamping on a piano in the saloon and singing idiotic snatches of verse could by any twisting of the imagination be considered of the species, then heaven, perhaps, will help the ideas of my namesake of the north. We *do* want class lodges, and exclusive lodges. We want such lodges as the Quatuor Coronati, the Apollo, the Universities, the Drury Lane, the Savage Club, the Royal Alpha, and others of this class. We want what the Rev. Studholme Brownrigg speaks of when he "*rejoices* in the multiplication of class lodges, which, without in any way endangering the landmarks of our Order, will open it out by providing lodges and chapters which will attract into our ranks those whom otherwise we should lose."

* * *

The question of closing up the Register of the Grand Lodge of England is one which is advocated from time to time in different quarters, but there is much to be said against it. The Roll of Lodges at the present time no doubt presents somewhat of an anomaly, considering that the younger Lodges on the list are designated as something like 2,370, and the real total falls about 500 short of that number. It appears to have been the rule in bygone years

to re-arrange the Register when the number of blanks in the list appeared to justify such a proceeding, but there no longer exists any excuse for putting the Lodge to the trouble and humiliation of changing their numerical significance.

* * *

Oxfordshire is to bid farewell to Lord Jersey, P.G.M., Oxfordshire, at a dinner which takes place at Banbury, where the future Governor of New South Wales is specially revered as High Steward. The date is fixed, according to *Atlas*, for the 24th prox. The Mayor presides, and amongst the county magnates expected to be present are Bros. Lord North and Lord Valentine (P.G.M., M.M., Oxfordshire), Sir George Dashwood, Albert Brassey, and Mr. Allec Hall, M.P.

* * *

"Business on tour enormous. Broke the record here last night," from Bro. Edward Terry, P.G.T., Scarborough, where he has been playing to big houses all the week.

* * *

The Lord Mayor is with his wife and family completing his holiday at Brighton, and the benign countenance of the W.M. of the Drury Lane Lodge may be seen any morning about twelve, when his speculating Lordship walks along the sea front. The unstinting tongue of scandal has pointed its venom in the direction of the Mansion House, and an anonymous contributor has sent me a well-written article "cutting up" the connection of the Lord Mayor and Bro. Horatio Bottomley of the Hansard Union.

* * *

Now, it happens that I am perfectly acquainted with some of the recesses of the Hansard Union, and many more are public knowledge; but whatever my anonymous contributor thinks, or whatever object he may have to gain, I am about the last man in the world to make use of matter which comes to me surreptitiously. Mr. Bottomley is a shrewd and clever man, and his success is great, and if he has numberless enemies at the present moment, he has perhaps as many friends. I remember when poor * * * committed suicide after having used and lost his sister's trust money to further his newspaper schemes. I remember a great number of startling facts since then; but if my impudent contributor dares to send any more such matter to me as the editor of a Masonic journal, I will use what power I may possess to find him out and have him thrashed.

* * *

There are signs of the coming theatrical season. Bro. Henry Irving is hard at work with the production of his new play at the Lyceum. Edward Terry tried the opening piece of his London season in the North the other day, and found it came up to his well-expressed expectations. The Vaudeville, fresh from the hands of Bro. Phipps and his merry crew, will open with a revival of old comedy, with Bro. Conway as the leading man.

* * *

The play of the (last) month was, I suppose, *The English Rose* at the Adelphi, where, strange to relate, every actor holding a part of any prominence is a Mason, now that Abingdon has been put through his facings by "Jimmy" Beveridge at the Lodge of Asaph. But of the play. The first act brilliant and strong, the last miserable and weak, and between them the same old wheezes, the same old situations,

the same old scenes, the same old warders, the same old false accusations, the same old platitudes, the same old actions, the same old rubbish. Beveridge, as an Irish aristocrat fallen upon evil days, plays well; but Leonard Boyne plays better. Abingdon—when in years to come he discards that leering, dragging stage-walk of his, will make a very fine villain—has a strong part; and Bro. Rignold was born to play a big plaided, welching bookmaker, out of which he drags a lot of fun and plenty of applause. The *English Rose* will blossom at the Adelphi for months to come. Bro. Stage-manager Sidney went away for a long spell of rest directly the production was complete; but the successful author, George R. Sims, stayed at the theatre hours after the curtain had descended on the initial performance, and our cabs passed each other in Oxford-street the following morning, when he was quietly snoring on his journey to that fine house of his overlooking the Regent's Park. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

* * *

It will be news to most people to hear that Bro. Brickwell, the acting manager of Terry's Theatre, is building himself a theatre at Paisley, but it is not his intention of appearing



upon the boards again. The house will be capable of holding nearly 2,000 persons.

* * *

Bro. H. T. Brickwell was initiated, and passed in the Isca Lodge (683) at Newport, Monmouthshire, in 1883, and was raised in the Dramatic at Liverpool in the following year. For close upon twelve years he has been the friend and right hand man of that very excellent Mason the last Grand Treasurer, Bro. Edward Terry. Brickwell is never tired of singing the praises of the "boss," whose name and interest he brings in, no matter what the topic of conversation may be. He is of mixed nationality, and, like all men who own to nothing purer than a Britain, is a sterling good fellow, of indomitable energy and tact. He was intended for the surgery, but he cut away and joined the 12th Lancers, with which he cultivated that military bearing which makes him the most handsome acting-manager in London. Brickwell is now a much-respected member of a "Bohemian" Lodge, and belongs to several smart clubs, where he is generally known as "Brick"—a very good *soubriquet* for such a sound Mason. He lives in a charming little snugery at Brixton, but, as he has managed to produce four little bricks with which to build a bigger house, his intentions are wandering to the neighbourhood

of Barnes, where he can minister still further to the increasing business of his "boss."

* * *

Years ago he played Starveling, of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the provinces with Edward Terry. Then he did a little stage managing, and appeared again on the boards as harlequin to the policeman of E. J. Lonnen, at the pantomime at Leeds, in 1880. That was his last performance, and the scar of a broken nose gives him an occasional reminder of the fact. As if to suggest a slight connection with bonnie Scotland, he always calls his friends "Laddie."

* * *

Bro. James Stevens, whose series of reprinted papers upon the duties of "Lodge Officers" have appeared in our pages, is one of those men whose strong attachment to the teachings of Freemasonry has proved a financial loss in a long career of studied service to the Craft. He might not justly be called a popular man, as that term is generally understood, for since that day when force of circumstances compelled him to withhold the hand that has helped, wisely and unwisely, many men along the stony paths of life, he has not found many to remember his former days of affluence and prosperity.

* * *

Mr. Stevens was the founder and the editor of the little twinkling *Masonic Star*, a modest publication that should have flourished, and would have flourished in the hands of a professional journalist; but he was surrounded with everything that made the collapse of the venture certain, and its downfall after an existence of twelve months provided the self-constituted censors of Masonic journalism with one more argument against the possibility of success of any journal appealing solely to Freemasons. Whatever conclusions these persons may have formed of the little weekly, I give it them as a solid fact, that its genuine circulation outstripped that of any Masonic newspaper published at that time, and was large enough—in the hands of capable persons—to have secured the lasting existence of the publication.

* * *

Mr. Stevens, since leaving Clapham, where he once held a lucrative practice as the leading auctioneer and surveyor of the district, has hidden himself somewhat in a modest villa at Catford, where behind his fragrant briar he has time to arrange his collection of papers upon Masonic matters. These he has arranged to be left in the hands of a Brother, who is to use his discretion in the publication of anything he may think worthy the light of day when Bro. Stevens—who is perhaps one of the most consistent Freemasons that ever lived—hands in his cheques and pays the debt of human nature.

* * *

It is a coincidence worthy of mention that Bro. Stevens, although possessing, perhaps, no claims to smartness or freshness in his writings, has contributed the first leading articles to three of the Masonic journals published in this country. The reprints above mentioned were carefully denuded of his peculiar mannerism, but not without his permission, and although this fact may appear to cast a shade over the pureness of his style, there is no shadow of a doubt that Bro. Stevens is still the most capable man to edit, if not to publish, a purely Masonic paper.

Through the good offices of Bro. Henniker Heaton, M.P., and Sir Arthur Blythe, the Commissioner-General of South Australia, I am enabled to promise an excellent article from the pen of a well-known Mason and journalist upon that most excellent Past Grand Master, Chief Justice Way. Mr. Heaton, though owning extensive estates and newspaper properties in the Colony, has been located in London for the past six years, and his house in Eaton-square is a house of call for all Australians passing through or sojourning in the metropolis. Of course he thinks there is no country in the world to equal Australia, where he has a picturesque residence called St. Canise, at Darling Point, on the shores of Sydney Harbour. His efforts to accomplish the dream of his life—an international penny postage—will be crowned with success before many more years are gone, and before he returns to his Australian Canaan, as the first Australian peer, he is sanguine of accomplishing many things for the welfare of the Antipodeans. Mr. Henniker Heaton's "Australian" Library is the finest in the world.

* * *

In the New Zealand *Craftsman*, which the publisher kindly sends me every month, is the following notice which every Masonic reader should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. I heard a very learned man say once that Masonry was composed of one hundred parts; three of those parts were brotherly love, relief, and truth, but the other ninety-seven—"Well! the task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you"). Here is the notice, which in miniature my printer will be good enough to set up as near like the original as possible:—

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS OF THE MASONIC JOURNAL.

The Directors of the "MASONIC JOURNAL COMPANY," having received very little response to their request that Subscribers should pay up their arrears, are compelled to make another effort to get in the £300 outstanding. Having no facilities to do this, they have asked the Proprietors of the "CRAFTSMAN" to take the necessary steps to collect, at least, sufficient to pay off the Bank Overdraft of £100, and so relieve the Guarantors from their liability.

There is more than enough outstanding to pay off all the Company's liabilities, and the Directors trust that Subscribers will now pay their arrears to the persons appointed by the Publisher of the "CRAFTSMAN," so that the Company may honourably wind up and pay 20s. in the £.

Subscribers are only asked to pay for the actual number of copies received, the Auditors having calculated only up to the time of ceasing publication—September last.

It may not be amiss to mention that the whole of the Directors, with the exception of two, have paid £40 to the Bank out of their own pocket, thus helping to bring down the Overdraft from £169 to £100. The Directors are not in a position to do this again; neither should it be necessary when three times the amount of what is required is outstanding in arrears.

D. HARRIS HASTINGS,

Managing Director of the "Masonic Journal Company, Ltd,"
Dunedin, N.Z.

Amongst the theatrical profession Bros. George Grossmith, Rutland Barrington, Durward Lely, and Harry Payne (the clown) are all successful anglers; Mr. Gus Wheatman and Mr. J. Brockbank, the smartest cricketers; Bro. William Terriss, the fastest swimmer; Bro. Irving, the most accomplished fencer; Mr. A. J. H. Byde the best boxer; Mr. G. R. Sims can hold the reins against all comers; Bros. Forbes Robertson and Bernard Gould are the best painters; Bros. Leonard Boyne, A. W. Pinero, and Henry Irving all "know" a good dog; whilst Bro. Penley does a bit of farming. As an all-round athlete Mr. F. R. Benson takes the lead.

* * *

The Red Indians of Fennimore Cooper's day would never have believed a £40 carpet could be the innocent means of destroying the friendship of two such intellectual beings as Bros. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. A forty-pound carpet! Just think of it. Like little wanton boys, who not content with swimming on bladders in a sea of glory, must go and "bust" each other's float, because they think they can swim without them. And perhaps they can; but what about that appreciative public who have encouraged in a very practical way these wanton children until they have got independent and saucy, and gone and told mother that "Dolly" bit a bigger bit of butterscotch than he left!

* * *

Gilbert always was a crotchety man. But he was likewise a genius, and geniuses are supposed to be possessed of an ordinary amount of common sense. He is rich and lives in a beautiful house, holds the highest position in the ranks of living dramatists, and has for years lived upon his satirical dealings with the weaknesses of eminent people, and yet a straw blown by a capricious wind across a friendship and a partnership of almost half a lifetime turns his crotchety genius into a snivelling "kid" who sacrifices the pleasure and gratification of millions of his fellow-creatures for what? The third share of a forty-pound carpet.

* * *

To me it is lamentable. For the past three years a syndicate of country papers has favoured me with the position of dramatic critic; and it has been my boast that, amid the drivelling nonsense the unfortunate penman has to get through in the course of a year, the one redeeming reflection remained that there was a Savoy, a Gilbert, and a Sullivan always on tap. It is even worse than lamentable—it is almost a national calamity—that the delicious music of Sir Arthur Sullivan will no longer be wedded to the splendid lyrics of W. S. Gilbert. Fie upon you, Sir Arthur! Fie upon you, Mr. Gilbert! Fie upon you, "Dolly" Carte, for the three knaves that you are! Why, damn it, gentlemen! poor as I am, I could have spared the £40 to have saved your honour and that inimitable work, which you have no moral right now to rob us of.

* * *

Bro. Sir Edmund Currie—of course an authority upon the training of the masses—has hit the very centre peg of the social side, of popular education. "Now it needs to be properly understood by all men that the bestowal of instruction in book-learning and technics, vastly important as it of course is, is not, by itself, education. It is a part of education certainly, but of little use by itself as a humanising

agent. This fact is lost sight of, principally, I suppose, because an educated man acquires his social education unconsciously. He mingles, as a matter of course, with others of his own class, and exchanges ideas; perhaps he travels, he dances, sees beautiful things—pictures and the like—and hears good music, and although he may forget much of what he was made to learn at school, and may be unable to explain the use of the gerundive to save his life, he is still called, and is, an educated man. Of all these things the youth of the people gets, in most cases, nothing, and if he is to be educated he must be given not only his ordinary school training, but that social training which is its educational complement. His school teaching is a useful thing for him in a selfish view, but he needs social training to make him tolerable to his fellow creatures. When he has received it he will adopt rational pleasures and more refined amusements, if only they are placed within his reach. He will read good novels—perhaps poetry; he will drink less bad beer and will frequently wash his hands; he will join choral societies and train his voice, and the bray of his home-going concertina will no longer disturb the night; his manners toward the opposite sex will no longer be either those of a bear or those of a sheep; in fine, tangible results will be visible of all our vast and expensive striving after popular education, and its effects will be seen where they will naturally be looked for—in the better behaviour and higher intelligence of what we call the working classes.

* * *

"To the old-fashioned school-book teaching in our elementary schools I have lived to see added both physical training and instruction in the use of tools, and I do not despair of seeing education in its social form made a matter of more widely recognised necessity and general care than it now is."

* * *

When the Duke of Bedford takes to anything his purse is open, but when he does not "take" it is very firmly closed. The £5,000 he expended to popularise cremation is an instance of how mean one of the richest men in England can become. He would never expend any such sum to benefit the living.

* * *

So many people are curious enough to write me for my portrait—perhaps because I am always bothering people for



theirs—that Bro. Bassano has kindly sent me a negative so that I may satisfy my many kind friends.

THE DRUID.

THE
MASONIC REVIEW.

THE LEADING JOURNAL OF

Masonic and Social Events for Freemasons,

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THE CRAFT, MARK, AND HIGHER DEGREES.

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Eminent Masons at Home.

NO. II.—MR. THOMAS WILLIAM TEW, J.P., AT
 PONTEFRACT.

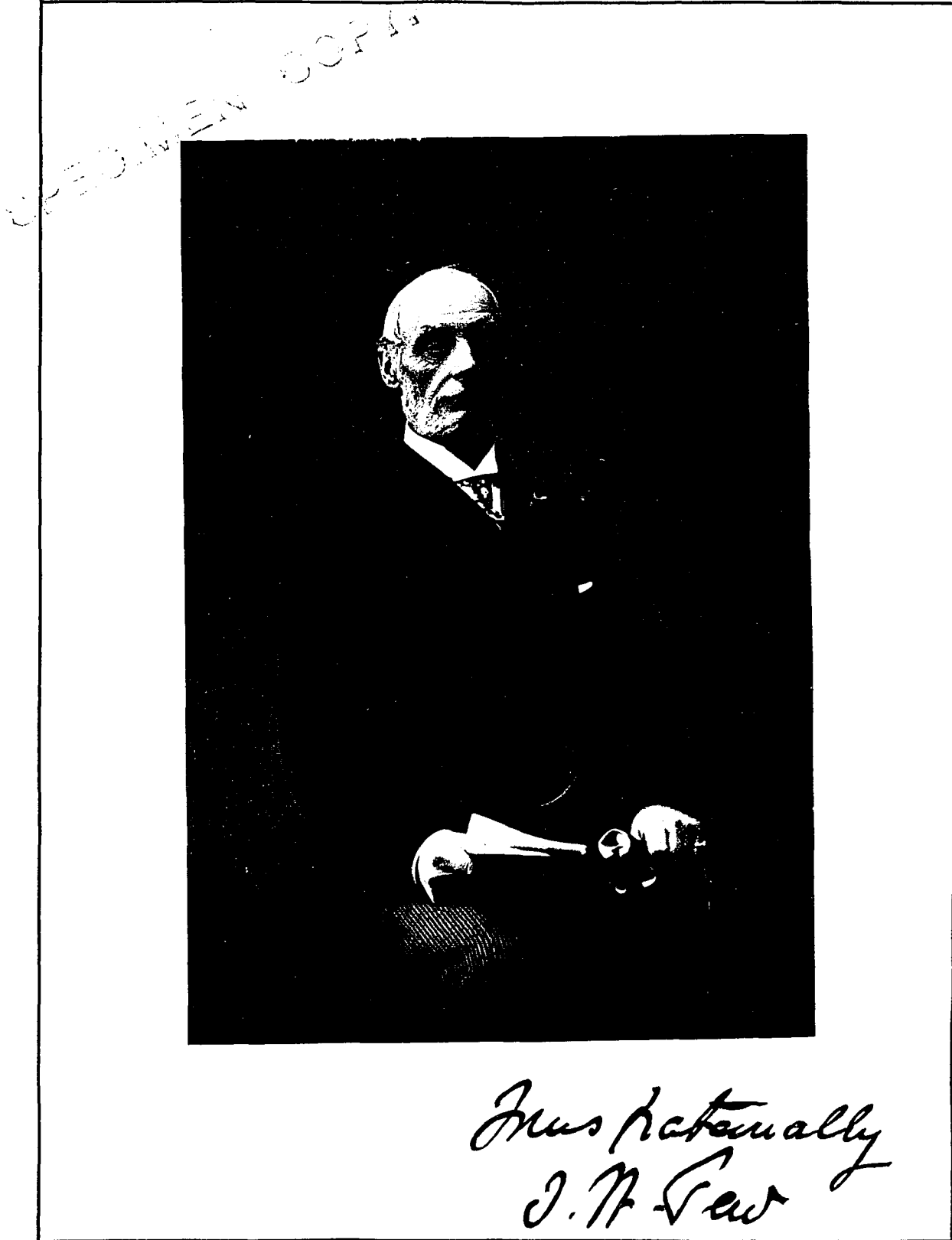
WHEN the Bradford Historical and Antiquarian Society visited Pontefract twelve months ago, Thomas William Tew, the Provincial Grand Master of West Yorkshire, sought out Richard Holmes, the antiquarian writer, of Pontefract, and between them, in the space of six short weeks, wrote an historical work of one hundred and nine pages of closely-printed matter upon the antiquarian structures and communities of the locality, including the Priory of St. John, the historical Castle from which the town takes its name; the Dominican, or Black Friars of Pontefract, the Hermitage, the celebrated Bubwith House, and St. Nicholas Hospital, a charity easily traced to Saxon ages. The book was printed by Richard Holmes himself, and a copy presented to each member of the society as a souvenir of the visit.

As you leave the railway station at Monkhill over a modern embankment which crosses the ancient Mill Dam, the remains of the Swillington Tower of Pontefract Castle, rebuilt by Thomas of Lancaster in 1322, faces you on the left hand as you descend to the town, about half a mile to the south-east. Excavations have been going on for years, and every now and again foundations of unknown parts of the Castle are exposed to view. But within the walls the landscape gardener has had a free hand, and the impene-

trable stronghold upon which Henry de Lacy, the great Earl of Lincoln, spent the best part of his life in improving and strengthening, and within which two Royal prisoners—James I. of Scotland and Charles, Duke of Orleans, taken at Agincourt—were incarcerated, has been, with its terraces and keeps, embellished with modern lawns, flower beds, and gravelled paths. Chaucer lived here, and wrote some of his best poems in the Round Tower, and Edward IV. started hence to the fatal engagement at Towton. The market "bus" from the hotel in the market place, with its freight of villagers coming in to "shop," is put along at a rattling pace as its pair of horses gallop up the hills and down the hills without any restraining hand from the north-country coachman, who pulls up suddenly at the "Red Lion," and vouchsafes you the information that he will be happy to take you back again, if "you be a goin'."

You have seen the market place of Pontefract sleeping under a scorching July sun, when nothing more lively than a crawling errand-boy sweltering under a well-loaded basket has only just saved the thought that Sleepy Hollow has been reached, or that you had pitched, even in smoky Yorkshire, upon a little town apparently dead to everything but memories. It is a little livelier now this Saturday afternoon, with one or two conveyances driving in from the "suburbs." The country folk come to fetch their Sunday dinner, and the gradual stream of pedestrians who move to and fro through the simple doorway, with nothing more pretentious than a well-worn brass plate, immediately opposite the entrance to the "Lion," from which you take a cursory glance up and down. It is the local branch of Messrs. Leatham and Tew, West Riding Bankers, and Treasurers to the County Council and the War Office; and you cross the street and enter in search of one better known than any other man for miles round. The bank parlour is a parlour of a hundred years ago. The circular mahogany table, black with age and frequent polishings, reflects the rays of a struggling August sun, and the patternless oilcloth which covers the floor has never borne a speck of dirt in the mind of living man. But perhaps nothing takes you back more readily to the roystering Cambridge days and the golden-sanded floor of old Bill Templeton's than the "Windsor" armchairs, polished with the breeches of four generations of customers of Messrs. Leatham and Tew. Upon the coloured walls hang the portraits of four successive proprietors of the bank, but they have stopped short since about 1876. You think, whilst you listen to the chink of gold upon the counter outside, what a jolly party these old Quaker-gentlemen would make if you could drag them from their frames and seat them round the table, which must in reality have been fingered by them in the flesh. Perhaps some of them could tell you the history of the blunderbuss and brace of horse pistols which adorn the overmantel in the banking room, a glimpse of which you gather as you inquisitively make a survey of the place.

Through the small-paned "bow" window looking out upon the highway of Pontefract—Pomfret the natives pronounce it—you watch the passers-by darting in and out from the old archway of the old Moat Hall, which spans the road to the Castle lower down the town, and when you turn you find the Provincial Grand Master with extended hand waiting to welcome you to West Yorkshire, and the establishment over which he rules. And it is with his first glance that you thank a mighty providence the



MR THOMAS WILLIAM TEW, J.P.
Provincial Grand Master, West Yorkshire.

social requirements of Lombard and Threadneedle-streets have not yet issued their edicts among the northern hills of Yorkshire. A West Riding black cloth suit, and a red tie, form the business habiliments of a Yorkshire banker, and how far they transcend above the "frock" costumes of the southern cities only comparison can decide. The cameo pin he always wears in his neckcloth has an Italian history, and his button-hole is never without a flower. To a well-made frame, six feet in its stockings, picture a head with strongest character written on every feature of its face, and you have a man firm of purpose, decisive of action, and kind to a degree, and such a man is Thomas William Tew.

He was initiated thirty-four years ago in the Scarsdale Lodge (681) of Chesterfield, and in '62 was a founder and first W.M. of St. Oswald's Lodge at Pontefract, the chair of which he again filled the following year. Two years later he obtained his first provincial honours by being made by the Marquis of Ripon a Past Senior Grand Warden of West Yorkshire. In 1869, for the third time, he became W.M. of St. Oswald's, and six years later was Deputy P.G.M. of his province, whilst in 1885 he succeeded Sir Henry Edwards, Bart., in the Provincial Grand Mastership; and never has any provincial appointment been received with greater favour by the brethren of any province.

It was in 1738 that the history of West Yorkshire as a province commenced. In that year it is officially recorded that the Marquis of Carnarvon (afterwards Duke of Chandos) Grand Master, appointed "William Horton, Esq., for the West Riding of the County of York." This honour was but briefly enjoyed, for in the "Constitutions" for 1756 we find mention of the appointment in 1740, of "Edward Rooke, Esq., for the West Riding of the County of York, in the room of Horton, deceased." Great obscurity rests on a considerable number of years following, and the office of Provincial Grand Master most probably remained practically in abeyance until the year 1774, when the whole county was placed under the jurisdiction of Sir Thomas Tancred, under whose presidency an attempt was made at York to effect a communication amongst the Yorkshire Lodges.

The learned John Noorthouck, in editing for the Grand Lodge the celebrated "Book of Constitutions" for 1784, mentions Sir Walter Vavasour, Bart., as Provincial Grand Master for Yorkshire, doubtless in succession to Sir Thomas Tancred. In 1784 he was followed by Richard Slater Milnes, who was succeeded in turn by Robert Pemberton Milnes. In the "Grand Lodge Calendar" for 1813, the name of this brother still appears, and we have no record of a further change until 1821, when the County of York was divided into two provinces: the North and East Ridings for the first time constituted a distinct province, under the jurisdiction of Lord Dundas (afterwards Lord Zetland), and the West Riding again, under Viscount Pollington (afterwards Earl of Mexborough).

The West Riding of Yorkshire, as a Province, was re-established in 1821. It was formally constituted at Wakefield, April 3rd, 1823, and Lord Pollington installed as Provincial Grand Master. He died on Christmas Day, 1860, having held the office for nearly forty years. The next in the Provincial Grand Mastership was the Right Hon. Earl de Grey and Ripon (afterwards the Marquess of Ripon), who was installed at Leeds on May 22nd, 1861. Lord Ripon resigned office early in 1874, and on April 21st

in the following year Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Edwards, Bart.—first initiated in Lodge No. 61, Halifax—took his place, succeeded in the course of events by Bro. Thomas W. Tew, under whom the Province now musters close upon 4,000 members, 1,050 of whom are Past Masters.

Bro. Tew is also a P.Z. of the Wakefield Chapter, Grand Superintendent of West Yorkshire, and Past Grand Principal Sojourner (Eng.); is the very eminent Prior of the Knights Templars of West Yorks, a member of the Red Cross Knights of Babylon and of the Order of St. Laurence meeting at Rochdale, of the thirtieth degree holding their assemblies at 33, Golden-square, London, and of the Talbot Rose Croix, whose home is at Sheffield. He is a J.P. for the West Riding of York, and Chairman of the Petty Sessions of Osgoldcross; a Founder of the United Northern Counties' Lodge, 2126, meeting at the Inns of Court Hotel in the Old Lincoln's Inn, Holborn, and a member of the illustrious Quatuor Coronati, has founded a Masonic Library for West Yorks at Wakefield, and has contributed very largely in books and MSS. (one of which bears his name) to its now valuable collection. A chairman and president of numberless local institutions for the welfare of the young, he reserves his club life for the solemn attractions of the Junior Carlton and the St. George's, whenever his Masonic or social duties bring him down South, away from the delights of the Wakefield Masonic Literary Society, of which he is the earnest working President.

The Provincial Grand Master of West Yorkshire has never aspired to Parliamentary honours. So much the better for Masonry; so much the better for his self-respect. His father, who died at Crofton Hall, was a Justice of the Peace and a Deputy Lieutenant, and his grandfather was the Deputy Judge of the Honour Court of Pontefract. His own country seats are The Grange, at Carleton, just out of Pontefract, Rawcliffe, and Wiggington, in the North Riding of the county. He farms himself extensively; but he tells you, with a sigh, that his landed experiences are not very profitable. All this, however, is forgotten in his great passion for Masonry; for during the last fifteen years, ever since he became Deputy to his predecessor, William Thomas Tew has been seen actively at work at almost every consecration and stone-laying connected with his Province: indeed, out of fifteen consecrations of new lodges, he has officiated at fourteen, and has only once missed, on the death of his father, a meeting of Provincial Grand Lodge. Of course, his Installation as P.G.M. in 1885, when he was placed in the chair by the Deputy Grand Master, the Earl of Lathom, is his proudest memory.

Bro. Tew is not an orator, but his fine voice can fill a large hall, and, whenever he speaks, be sure there is no lack of listeners. And this is what he told his listeners on the 24th of April, five years back, in the *Albert Hall of Leeds* :—

I cannot but express the regret with which I have vacated the office of Deputy Grand Master; but circumstances over which I had but little control, combined with the pressure and good wishes from many quarters, have induced me to accept the most honourable position it was in the power of the M.W. the Grand Master to bestow—that of this Provincial Grand Mastership. In 1875, I accepted the Deputyship only for three months, and at the request of Sir Henry Edwards, until he could appoint some more appropriate Brother possessing the entire confidence of this Province, to fulfil Bro. Bentley Shaw's responsible duties. Little did I think that probationary term was to extend for ten years, and now perhaps longer, subject to your judgment, or until that time when all links must be sundered in this

world, and engagements terminated. You then took me, a comparative unknown Mason, only thrice W.M. of "St. Oswald's" Lodge, No. 910. I have tried to win your confidence and to merit your esteem. If I part with these bright and sparkling jewels in the office now accepted by me tell me your opinion frankly; because only by the universal assent of the Craft, and the co-operation of the Provincial Grand Officers, could this government of Masonry be conducted with satisfaction to the West Yorkshire Lodges, and the affairs of this Province administered with the approbation of all of you. If I part with these, then, let me retire, and carry with me into that retirement the esteem of faithful allies and friends. To keep your affections and loyalty will be the work of my proudest efforts.

* * * * *

This silver trumpet must not itself sound the deeds of Masonry too loudly or too long, lest the ear tire of its own laudations: but we can echo this aspiration that it may be our good fortune to emulate these works of the past, and that the future may be so prolific of noble works of usefulness and good-will, that all outside our mystic circle may appreciate the excellence of our efforts to render this Brotherhood extensively serviceable to our fellow-creatures. A Brotherhood animated by such sentiments is, I am constrained to say, worthy of all that estimation which the language of eulogy can bestow upon it. To be permitted, then, to share in this emulation of generous principles is indeed an honour such as the Sovereign on the throne might think not unworthy of participation. To guide the energies of such a philanthropic Order is an aspiration of the loftiest kind. Into this position of responsibility you have enthroned me to-day.

The chain placed around my neck strengthens the links of attachment that have bound me to you for the past twenty-five years in bonds of friendship more indissoluble than ever. The Collar will be the symbol to remind me of another's wants; and the Apron, that badge of mutual co-operation between us, to labour for the welfare of the Craft, without distinction of office or without asperity of opinion, only to be laid aside when, by the mutability of time, these things are cast away—"When this mortal must put on immortality"; when "death is swallowed up in victory"; when the tomb of transgression is burst at the Resurrection dawn; and when, by the mercies of the "Sun of Righteousness," we are permitted, in the "Grand Lodge above, to shine as the stars for ever and ever."

To find whether these promises and hopes for the future have been attained, it is but necessary to inquire of the first Master Mason you meet in his Province. He is almost sure to know his Provincial Grand Master personally. He will tell you how his Chief has contributed most valuable and instructive addresses to the brethren over whom he presides, and takes every opportunity on every possible occasion to impress upon the Craft the beauties and advantages of Freemasonry, and that his perfect geniality, *bonhomie*, universal kindness, and good nature have won the heart of the most loyal and devoted Province of English Freemasonry to H.R.H. the M.W. Grand Master. A Vice-Patron of the R.M.I. for Girls, Vice-President of the R.M.I. for Boys, a Vice-Patron of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, and Life Governor of the Leeds Benevolent Masonic Educational Association, William Thomas Tew takes the warmest interest in the greater affairs of the Craft. He is frequently to be seen at Grand Lodge occupying one of the chairs in the absence of its proper owner. Perhaps this genial Yorkshire gentleman has no ambition beyond the Masonic welfare of his Province. As he sits with you this long afternoon in the little parlour of the bank discussing the weightier questions of the hour you detect the extraordinary enthusiasm he possesses for all things Masonic; and all things antiquarian, for he will stop suddenly in his conversation to persuade you to call, before you leave Pontefract, on his neighbour and friend Bro. Holmes, who has worked in antiquarian and Masonic matters for many years with his patron. And, then, through many other matters you come to the Pension Indemnity Fund, and wonder what the Craft would have done in its dilemma had not the foresight and tact of West Yorkshire supported Bro. Tew, who came to the rescue with an offer to advance the £2,500 until such time as the Craft would pay him back.

"If nobody else will trust the subscribers of the Boys' Institution a couple of thousand pounds, I will!" said the Yorkshireman. Though the offer was not accepted, the brethren of his Province came to their Master's call and subscribed their quota of £2. 10s. a Lodge, and a bit over. What West Yorkshire does in the person of its Grand Master, it does quickly, thoroughly, and well. The very kernel of sincerity in the beliefs of Freemasonry is centred round William Tew, and extends to the limits of his Province. It is a Province full to the brim of sound Masons, and the soundest of them all is its Provincial Grand Master, who loves his generous Province, and who is himself a brilliant light in all that shines on English manhood and English Freemasonry.

THE SESSION.

BEFORE our next number is before the public the session of Masonic work will have commenced, and Senior Wardens will be thinking of the fast approaching moment when the early dreams of their ambition may be realised, and they may imagine themselves at the head of their respective lodges to rule and govern during the ensuing year. In the absence of any guidance from Grand Lodge, it has proved somewhat fruitless to entrust the dignity of the Craft to the tender mercies of many Worshipful Masters, who, with the spirit of emulation strong upon them, endeavour to outstrip their predecessors by introducing a greater number of candidates to Masonry, and "put in" more business during the session. It is to be earnestly hoped that the view of the Masonic press—or, at any rate, a portion of it—upon this momentous question of fit and proper candidates may take the place of a very necessary action on the part of Grand Lodge, for until the ruling body do take this matter into its sound consideration, the calamitous overcrowding of Lodges with men totally unfit to conscientiously undertake the obligations of the Order will still go on. The antidote to this is, of course, class and exclusive Lodges; and it becomes very evident that in the minds of many Masons they are necessary to ensure the respectability of the Craft. One cannot gain a very extended idea of what the rank and file of Masonry consists of by visiting just a few of the "crack" Lodges from time to time. One must get out into the highways and byways of the Craft to meet with those extraordinary sights which would shock even a hardened man of the world. No slur upon the gentility of any brethren need be inferred by greater care being used in the election of men to join us, for even if it became as difficult to enter Freemasonry as it is to enter a respectable London club, where in most cases the utmost care is given to elections, there would be less necessity for gentlemen to obtain the formation of class Lodges. If it is a matter of having something to do in Lodge, it is much more interesting to listen to a tracing board lecture than the working of either of the degrees; and the history of the antiquity of Masonry is vast enough to furnish thousands of topics for discussion or for instruction in any Masonic Lodge. The mere gabbling of a set ritual, learned as a school-child learns his lesson, is not Masonry, it is not religion; it becomes a farce for getting over a certain period of time whilst the "banquet" is preparing at a neighbouring "pub." All this

may be very surprising to many people who see only so much of Masonry as is confined to their own Lodges, or those of their immediate friends; but it becomes humiliating to those whose range of acquaintance is somewhat wider. Worshipful Masters, then, with the co-operation of the veterans of a Lodge, should no longer delay some concerted action in this matter, by making it a rule that some previous enquiries should be made of every candidate brought up for admission to the brotherhood of Freemasonry, and unless they find him a man of sound education, whose position in life warrants his connection with an Institution claiming charity as its watchword, and whose social connections may be spoken of without a blush, then let them politely refuse to open those gates which seem to be so effectively guarded when an initiate first crosses the threshold of the Craft.

THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.

By J. VALLENTINE, P.M.

THE history of Freemasonry presents a most interesting study to its followers; the mystery that surrounds its foundations, the uncertain traces of its progress, the changes that have taken place in the character of its ritual; now a pure and simple system of allegiance to God, then Jewish, then probably allied to Catholicism, then of a Protestant character, and now happily cosmopolitan. Yet, notwithstanding its all-importance; notwithstanding the benign influence of its teachings; notwithstanding its sowing broadcast the seeds of Love, Charity, and Truth—those powerful factors in humanity—and influencing the affairs of mankind, there is no art, no science, no discovery, no invention, the history of which is so little known as that of Freemasonry.

It may be true that Freemasonry is a system veiled in allegory; but when we attempt to lift that veil we find a seeming impenetrable darkness beyond it. The sands that have covered great cities and monuments of old are being removed, but sufficient light to enable us to trace the early history and progress of our Order has not yet reached us. The student of other arts and sciences has some gracious memories that shine like stars, guiding and encouraging him on his path, increasing his devotion to the pursuit he loves. The painter can refer, with glowing pride in his art, to his Apelles; the sculptor to a Phidias; the geometrician to Euclid; the mechanic to Archimedes; the physician to Galen; the lawyer to Justinian; the orator to Demosthenes; the poet to Homer; but, alas for Freemasons, the history of their Craft depends almost altogether upon tradition, and tradition too often, but sometimes justly, is regarded as a fable. Of it may be repeated those lines in Ecclesiastes i. 2, "There is no remembrance of former things"; and doubtless many might add, from the 8th of the same chapter, whilst thinking of much relating to our Order, "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing."

As regards Freemasonry from mediæval periods to the present day, the Masonic student is more fortunate; for, thanks to the energy and perseverance of such writers as Gould, Hughan, Lane, Oliver, Sadler, and others, much of its history from those times is so delineated as to be more

easily grasped by those who covet its possession. But there are still many crannies and many corners into which it would be well if the light could reach.

As to the commencement of the Order, its foundation and propagation, we have many suggestions—Adam, the Patriarchs, Solomon, King of Israel, the ancient operative Masons, Cromwell, Charles Stewart, Sir Christopher Wren, and a long list of others. The most important theory, however, was (and it was propounded, too, by men whose learning and genius is beyond all doubt, and whose opinions demand respect) that Freemasonry existed before the Creation. Dr. Oliver, one of the most devoted, erudite, and loving of Freemasons, writes:—"Ancient Masonic traditions say, and I think justly, that our science existed before the creation of the globe, and was diffused amidst the numerous systems of which the grand empyrean of universal space is furnished." Dr. Dodd, in a Masonic oration, said:—"Though it might owe to the wise and glorious King of Israel some of its many mystic forms and hieroglyphical ceremonies, yet certainly the art itself is coeval with Creation, when the Sovereign Architect raised on Masonic principles the beautiful globe, and commanded that master science geometry to lay the rule to the planetary mould, and to regulate by its laws the whole stupendous system in just unerring proportion rolling round the sun." Preston is of opinion that Freemasonry existed from the creation of the world. Mackay says: "Freemasonry is in its principles undoubtedly coeval with the Creation, but in its origination as a peculiar Institution, such as it now exists, we dare not trace it further back than the building of King Solomon's Temple. To Noah, God was merciful, and to the Patriarch and his posterity was to be entrusted the knowledge of the true God." Smith, Provincial Grand Master of Kent, claims for Freemasonry an existence at the same early period, and quotes, referring to Paradise, the lines:—

"Here Masons first their secrets did impart,
Had to mankind revealed their sacred art,"

from the extracts of the opinions of Drs. Dodd and Oliver, the importance attributed to geometry in the construction of this our world will be perceived. But they are not alone in these opinions. Josephus writes: "Let no one, upon comparing the lives of the ancients with our lives, and with the few years which we live, think that what we have said of them is false, nor make the shortness of our lives at present an argument that neither did they attain to so long a duration of life, for those ancients were beloved of God and lately made by Himself, and because their food was then fitter for the prolongation of life, might well live so great a number of years; and besides God afforded them a longer time of life on account of their virtue and the good use they made of it in astronomical and geometrical discoveries."

The importance attributed to geometry reaches a higher point of absurdity when we read that Borenius, a Chaldæan writer, apparently well known to ancient historians, says:—"Shortly after the Creation, there appeared, out of the Red Sea, an animal like a fish, called Oannes. This animal conversed with mankind in the daytime, and delivered to them the knowledge of various arts and sciences. He taught them to erect temples, and instructed them in geometry." Mackenzie says this fish was afterwards

worshipped as the god Dagon, and was also considered to be the whale of Jonah. It may be remarked that one of the Anglo-Saxon gods represented a man standing on a fish. Whether this has any allusion to the particular fish must, of course, be but a conjecture. However, the god Dagon was represented as being half man, half fish. Ovid, in his "Metamorphoses," Fable 5, Book 2, represents Jupiter, after Heaven and Earth had nearly been destroyed by Phaëton's inability to control the Horses of the Sun, as "surveying the vast walls of Heaven, and carefully searches that no part impaired by the violence of the fire may fall to ruin."

Grand Master Nimrod, as he has been termed by some writers, is given by them as the first founder of Masonry. He is said to have sent sixty Masons to the King of Nineveh, his cousin, "and then was the Craft first founded there, and the worthy Master Euclid gave it the name of geometry." In this statement there is some little difficulty in reconciling dates, the period of Nimrod being about A.M. 2000, and Euclid not having been born until about A.M. 3700. But dates appear hardly ever to have been an obstacle to the old historian, and particularly as regards this same "Master Euclid."

(To be continued.)

Gathered Chips.

There are times in a man's life when the humanity and divinity within him seem to be most antagonistic, showing their strongest contrast.

To administer to the wants of a brother is but the expression of sympathy which our natures learn through our human dependence upon a higher power; we give in return as we have received. We pity and aid in distress because we have experienced the heartache and pain, while the tears often flow in remembrance of our own sorrow; our love goes out toward our fellow-beings because we desire their love; our humanity craves human love; it endures, it pleads and labours that it may turn the affections of the hearts most dear. This has its immediate reward; it is but the following of our natural inclinations; it is the human side of our nature.

But when this love is demanded in return for the blow of selfish injustice which rankles and burns in the heart and calls for the return blow, 'tis then the higher instincts are called upon. For a moment the hand of indignation reaches for the sword of retaliation; our wounded feelings writhe and bleed, crying out for retribution.

While with the sweat of passion upon our brow we bend over our foe, then God's winged messenger, forgiveness, quick reaches down and wrests the weapon from our hand, while that divine spark within us cries out, "Forbear! this is thy brother. Withdraw thy human judgment and let thy soul deal with him." We hesitate and question. Why should not wrongs committed here be repaid measure for measure? Need we question long? Listen while the Psalmist sings of God's pardon, "I'll forgive your transgressions, and remember them no more," and again we hear him say, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." This covers all conditions, all crimes.

However, behind this free full pardon there lies a condition an agreement between us and the Grand Master on high. If we come to Him with all the imperfection of all our lives we must come forgiving and forgetting all our brother's shortcomings and wrongs to us, not the world's form of forgiveness, which for a brief day smothers back the hot words and bitter resentment, to whet its wrath against the opportunity when the "ancient grudge" may be avenged and satisfied, but rather that noble pardon that leaves no trace of anger, no wormwood in memory's chalice. Then shall we dare to ask that we be forgiven of Him as we have forgiven those who have transgressed against us.

If in viewing our lifework with His unerring square, the Master should show us the defects, should test with a heavy stroke our weak points, finding with unsympathetic scrutiny the imperfections, and to our pleadings and excuses He coldly grants forgiveness but assures us we cannot be received on the old terms of trust, our neglect is not forgotten. Where would we find darkness deep enough to hide us in our shame and sorrow? And yet this is inevitable, if God's deep searching eye finds buried deep in the dark recesses of our hearts the unpardoned debt of a brother. Does He not note a smile of exultation at a calamity of some unfortunate while our Pharisee hearts have felt it was an answer to our desire for a repaying of some old debt He owed us? We as brothers should often weigh and estimate the enormity of our wilful outrages against a just, pure God. Let us look at the past with its darkness and unfaithfulness, at the present with its weakness and unworthiness, then the insecurity of the coming years, whose trials and temptations we know not. My brother, does not our higher nature cry aloud, "Oh! fools and blind. Why shut the glory of the East out of your future?"

We are not free and accepted Masons till we gather all the petty resentment, all the hatred, all memory of wrong, and lay them upon our heart's altar, and burn them there; God's power within will fan the flame till all is dead ashes, and in that smouldering heap will be the dross of our natures; the heat of that flame will refine us, and we shall be free, since we have learned to forgive as God forgives.—
The Royal Craftsman.

* * *

It has been an established custom among Masons, upon occasions such as and similar to the present, for some qualified brother to set forth, in definite and explanatory terms, the reasons and motives which have impelled the renewed and augmented effort made to extend the area of Masonic work, and to develop its ramifications in the world's field of action. Oftentimes these occasions have been utilised for the purpose of expounding the principles and aims of the Craft, of elucidating and explaining its *raison d'être*, and maintaining its claim for very existence. And in an age when intellect and culture demand that every effort made to secure an individual and peculiar existence, shall at least prove the value and the utility of its claim—when the balances of incisive judgment are called into use, and are vigorously employed to weigh the virtues of every organisation demanding recognition at the hands of an enlightened and discerning public—in such an age, I say, if never before, does it become our necessity to satisfy ourselves, as well as those outside the Masonic circle, that the Order exists for noble aims and honourable

ends—that its means and appliances are commendable and satisfactory to such as are of a liberal and equitable tendency—and that its *régime* and authority are of such a nature as to prove highly beneficial and productive of happy results to those who follow its precepts in actual truth and sincerity. What then is Freemasonry, and wherefore its existence? Verily an important and serious question, my brethren, and for the rightful answering thereof deserving a treatment which neither the present time nor the ability of your lecturer can provide. But inasmuch as an answer is demanded, let his very inexperience for the nonce supply the necessity in part, leaving its more ample treatment to the care of able and zealous Craftsmen, who will in the near future, we trust, add their contributions to the already significant weight of testimony borne by a scholarly and studious past. Briefly and authoritatively stated, Freemasonry claims to be a peculiar system of morality veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols. This so far has been the recognised definition of its aims and purpose. Born in the remote past, it undoubtedly had its origin in the combination of skilled labour for the purpose of cultivating the arts of the mechanic and builder; but to-day, shorn of its strictly manual and operative character by the improved and different methods whereby the knowledge and craft of the mechanical arts become disseminated, it has assumed a retrospective character, in which we apply the terms and phrases of the builder's art to the cultivation and practice of a moral life. In this garb Masonry presents herself to the world to-day.—*J. E. Thomas.*

* * *

Masonry teaches this, that the first and last business of every human being, whatever his station, parts, creed, capacities, tastes, duties, is morality. Virtue, virtue, always virtue.

If public opinion be the “nearest approach to irresistible power,” does not the Craft exhibit to-day the spectacle that “Unity is irresistible strength?” The strength of Masonry lies in the individual opinion of every member's nature to make the philosophy and charity and morality of Freemasonry an educator of his character and a discipline to his mind and heart.

Let novitiates realise that Freemasonry declares itself to be a cosmopolitan, loyal, peaceable, Jehovah-fearing, law-abiding brotherhood, the resort of good men and true, and let Worshipful Masters make the Lodge a centre of intellectual life and devout aspiration after “whatsoever things are honest, and are of good report,” and then the newly-made intelligent Mason would not find Masonry a weary monotony, or the attendance in his Lodge a misery.

In these practical days, men outside our mystic circle estimate value by results, and it remains with us Masons whether they shall regard our Craft as one “continually given to all good works” or a mere mummery profession and childish playing with things and names, if not something worse; or they shall be compelled to admit that it is something demanding the approval and confidence of honest, serious, and intelligent men, who yearn after Masonic brotherhood, love, and friendship.—*Thomas W. Tew, P.G.M.*

* * *

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures.

Sawdust.

Bro. W. W. Baker, P.M., The Abbey Lodge, Westminster, 2,030, has resigned membership, and sailed for America.

* * *

Bro. Henniker Heaton, M.P., was among the passengers of the White Star steamship, *Majestic*, which sailed on the 20th ult. from Liverpool for New York.

* * *

Upon the question of objections to the initiation of an elected member, the Grand Lodge of Colorado decides that an objection after election, and before initiation, should have the same effect as an unfavourable ballot—“The candidate to be declared rejected, and the money returned.”

* * *

The Provincial Grand Lodge of Oxfordshire will be held on Monday the 20th October, and as it will be the last opportunity afforded the members of meeting the P.G.M. the Right Hon. the Earl of Jersey, previous to his departure for South Wales to assume his new duties as Governor, a full assembly of brethren is naturally looked for.

* * *

The Right Hon. the Earl of Lathom, Prov. G.M., has arranged to hold the meeting of the Provincial Grand Mark Lodge of Lancashire on Friday, 10th October, at Southport.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of West Lancashire will take place on October 1st at Preston. The Provincial Grand Master, the Right Hon. the Earl of Lathom, will preside, and business of great importance is to be transacted. There will be no fewer than 104 Lodges represented, the province of West Lancashire being the chief Masonic province in the world, both as regards the number of Lodges and the numerical strength of the members.

* * *

Northampton will have reason to be proud of its new Masonic Hall, which approaches completion. It will, when finished, form one of the most perfect buildings of its class, considering the size, in the country. The social aspects of the Craft have not been forgotten, for there are three large reception rooms, and the floor of the Lodge-room has been specially laid for dancing.

* * *

The installation meeting of the Ethelbert Lodge (2099), Canterbury, was held on the 12th ult. at the Masonic Rooms, Canterbury. Bro. E. A. C. Larkin is the new W.M.

* * *

Bro. William Rawsthorne is the W.M. of the Duke of Edinburgh Lodge (1182) for the year ensuing.

* * *

A quarterly communication of Grand Lodge of Scotland was held in the Freemasons' Hall, Edinburgh, on the 7th ult.; Bro. James T. J. Elliot, of Wolfelee, was acting Grand Master in place of Bro. Sir Archibald C. Campbell, Bart., M.P., G.M. It was reported that the Lodges in

Ross and Cromarty had recommended Bro. Sir Hector Munro, of Foales, Bart., for appointment as Provincial Grand Master of Ross and Cromarty, and that the Grand Master had heartily endorsed this recommendation. On the motion of the Grand Committee the Grand Lodge gave effect to this recommendation.

* * *

The consecration of the Alan Lodge (2368) at Alderley took place on the 6th ult. The ceremony was performed by the Provincial Grand Master the Right Hon. Lord Egerton of Tatton. The Lodge was opened by Bro. Thomas Marwood, P.P.S.G.W., acting D.P.G.M. After the dedication of the Lodge, Bro. the Hon. Alan Egerton P.M., W.M. designate, was presented to the installing Master, Bro. Thomas Marwood, and duly installed first W.M. of the Lodge.

* * *

The eldest son of Bro. Colonel Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., was proposed by his father as a candidate for initiation at the last meeting of the Burdett Lodge (1293). May he follow in the footsteps of the Provincial Grand Master of Middlesex.

* * *

The tenth annual meeting of the Dorset Masonic Charity was held at the Masonic Hall, Weymouth, on Thursday, 31st July. In the unavoidable absence of Bro. W. W. Dugdale, the Chairman, the chair was taken by Bro. Tillwood Milledge, the Vice-Chairman. Letters of regret at inability to be present were read from Bros. Montague J. Guest, P.G.M., W. D. Dugdale, and others. The Hon. Secretary announced that the Right Hon. the Earl of Eldon, a Vice-President, and one of the original Trustees of the Charity, now wished to be relieved from the Trusteeship, but had kindly sent a further donation of £25 towards the funds. After the Committee had accepted Lord Eldon's resignation, though with great regret, Bro. W. E. Brymer, D.P.G.M., was unanimously elected to fill the vacant post.

* * *

On Wednesday, the 30th July, the annual meeting of the Provincial Grand Chapter of Kent was held at Sittingbourne, a number of companions from all parts of the county being present. The official business was performed at the Masonic Hall, a banquet being afterwards held in the Town Hall, Earl Amherst, Grand Superintendent, in the chair.

* * *

The inauguration of the Grand Lodge of Tasmania took place on the 27th June, the Rev. R. D. Poulett-Harris being installed as first Grand Master by Lord Carrington, assisted by Lord Kintore, Chief Justice Way, and Sir William Clarke. In the evening a banquet in celebration of the event was held in the exhibition building. There was a large gathering, and the proceedings passed off most successfully.

* * *

At a special meeting of the York Lodge (236), held on the 5th ult., at the Masonic Hall, Duncombe-place, the business was the election of Trustees. Bros. C. M. Forbes, W.M., in the chair. The Secretary read a circular convening the meeting of the Lodge to the effect that the Lodge was called together to elect and choose "as many Trustees

as will make up the number of ten Trustees out of the subscribing members of the said Lodge in accordance with the provisions of the deed of conveyance of the Lodge premises, bearing date 18th February, 1863." Eventually the result of the voting for the Trusteeship was as follows, the W.M. declaring the brethren "elected with a clear majority in each case," according to the report of the Scrutineers:—Bros. J. Biscomb, S. Border (P.G.R.), Geo. Garbutt, Geo. Kirby, M. Rooke, J. S. Rymer, Sir J. Terry, and Jos. Todd. After a vote of thanks to the Scrutineers, the Lodge was closed.

* * *

On Wednesday, the 6th ult., a Masonic Service was held in the parish church, Warrenpoint, Ireland, the offertory being devoted in aid of the Irish Masonic Orphan Schools. The proceedings were held under the auspices of the St. John's Lodge (697). A substantial sum was realised for the schools.

* * *

The adjourned meeting of the General Committee of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys was held at Freemasons' Hall on Saturday last, the 9th ult., Bro. Richard Eve, Past Grand Treasurer, Patron, occupying the chair. During the proceedings the Chairman introduced the newly-elected Secretary, Bro. James Morrison McLeod, who was congratulated as he thus formally entered upon the duties of his office.

* * *

The dedication of the Masonic Temple, Denver, Colorado, took place on the 3rd July, and a handsome souvenir of the event has been issued in the shape of a printed account of the ceremonies. Bro. Wm. D. Todd, G.M., assisted by the Grand Officers, dedicated the new Masonic Temple and Grand Master Todd and Past Grand Master Bro. H. P. H. Bromwell, of Illinois, delivered addresses. The Temple Fund began with the small sum of \$360, in 1873, and reached the large sum of \$475,000. The cost of the Temple and furniture was \$250,000, and of the lots on which it is erected, \$225,000. Our Colorado brethren have every reason to be proud of their home for the Craft.

* * *

We regret to announce the death, on the 1st ult., of Bro. Robert Collier, P.M., &c., at the advanced age of ninety-two. Our deceased brother was initiated in the Lodge of Loyalty, (320), Mottram, on the 5th of December, 1821, being at the time twenty-three years of age, and was installed as Worshipful Master in 1837, and again in 1848. He had held office in his Lodge of one kind or another for no less than fifty-one years, and was the oldest Freemason in Cheshire.

* * *

Many members of the Craft will be glad to hear of the initiation of Bro. Edward Rake, son of the late Bro. George Rake, of Portsmouth. Bro. Rake, who carries on his father's architectural work, bids fair to become as widely known and popular as his father.

* * *

The Executive Committee of the Glasgow Grand Masonic Bazaar met on Monday, the 4th ult., under the Presidency of Colonel Sir Archibald C. Campbell, G.M., when considerable progress was reported. The Chairman intimated that he had succeeded in securing as Vice-Patrons

of the Bazaar the following additional members of the Royal Family :—H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence and Avondale ; T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh ; T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught ; H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.

* * *

From the *Australian Freemason* we learn that the "Masonic Cases" which have been pending in the Ohio Courts during the past two years are a humiliation, if not a disgrace, to Masonry. The attorney—a Mason, for the defendants—is said to have compared a Masonic Lodge to a "social club," and argued that a Lodge possessed a dual existence—one entirely being fraternal, and the other incorporation under the civil law! What an utter perversion! What a confusion must have arisen in this Mason's legal and Masonic education. May Masonry in Australia never degenerate to the level it has apparently reached elsewhere.

* * *

Vanity Fair says the appointment of Lord Dungarvan to be Provincial Grand Master of the Freemasons of Somerset is a decidedly good one. From his Oxford days Lord Dungarvan has been a very keen Mason, and has won his way steadily through the various grades. He has a high reputation in his county as a keen sportsman and straight rider, and is a captain in the county yeomanry. Altogether, his appointment is decidedly popular.

* * *

We learn that the annual Provincial meeting of the Mark Masons of Northumberland and Durham has been fixed to be held in the historic city of Durham, on Tuesday, the 21st prox., exactly three weeks after the Provincial meeting of the Province of Durham Craft Masons, which is fixed for Tuesday, 30th inst., at Stockton. The Mark Provincial meeting will be of particular interest this year in being held at Durham, the place of residence of its distinguished P.G.M.M., the Rev. Canon Tristram. The learned addresses upon Mark Masonry, upon which Dr. Tristram is the greatest living authority, and which the Provincial Grand Master delivers at such gatherings, are looked forward to with considerable interest by the members of the Mark degree, and in all likelihood there will be a great muster of them at Durham in October.

* * *

Bro. Sir Morell Mackenzie is a diligent and methodical worker at his profession. It is said to be an easy day for him when he gives less than fourteen hours to his professional duties. Bro. Mackenzie is like an American in the value that he puts upon time. He says: "I like the Americans because they know what time means; they waste no words, go straight to the root of the matter, and they know as well as I do when the conversation is at an end."

* * *

On the evening of Tuesday the 12th ult., at a meeting of the Royal Connaught Mark Lodge (409), held at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, the Right Hon. Sir W. T. Marriott, M.P., was duly advanced to the degree of Mark Master Mason. The ceremony was performed by the Grand Secretary Bro. C. F. Matier, P.G. Warden, who came from London specially for the purpose.

A meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Dorset was held on Tuesday, the 26th July, at Beaminster. In spite of unfavourable weather, there was a large number of brethren present, the Lodge-room being nearly full. Every effort had been made by the W.M., officers, and brethren of the Beaminster Lodge to secure the comfort of their visitors, and the result was very satisfactory to all concerned. R.W. Bro. Montague Guest, P.G.M., presided, and was supported by Bro. J. M. P. Montagu, Rev. W. M. Heath, Sir R. N. Howard, and a large number of present and past Provincial Officers.

* * *

The Christchurch Press of July 7th says:—"The opening of a Lodge under the Grand Orient of France, as reported from Wellington, raises a nice point in Masonic jurisprudence. The Grand Orient of France having denied the existence of a Supreme Being, fraternal relations between the English, Scotch, Irish, and American Constitutions, and all daughter Lodges hailing under them, have been suspended. But it is a cardinal point in Masonic jurisprudence, well founded and admitted, that wherever territory is occupied by any Supreme Grand Lodge no other Grand Lodge can establish Lodges. New Zealand having recently established a Grand Lodge, this colony is occupied territory, Masonically speaking, and therefore no other Grand Lodge has a right to work there."

* * *

An American contemporary points out that Masonic temperance is not simply abstinence from strong drink, but temperance in thought, words, and actions. By temperance we do not only circumscribe our desire for intoxicants, or abstain from putting the bottle to our Brother's lips, but we are taught to be temperate in words and to govern our tongues. Words passionately or intemperately spoken may do us, as well as our Brother, more injury, may cause more grief and sorrow, and bring more reproach on Masonry, than intoxication.

* * *

Bros. Clifford, P. McCalla, Robertson, and Horner, Grand Masters of the Grand Lodges of Pennsylvania, Canada, and Louisiana, represented their Lodges at the meeting of Grand Lodge at Freemasons' Hall on the 3rd inst., and were saluted with the honours due to their rank. They bore testimony that Freemasonry was conducted in the countries they represented on the same lines as in England. In the name of the Grand Master, Bro. Colonel Marmaduke Ramsay, District Grand Master of Malta, moved a resolution of regret at the death of Bro. the Earl of Carnarvon. The motion was seconded by the Past District Grand Master of Bengal, Bro. Hugh D. Sandeman, who, in April, 1875, obligated the late Earl of Carnarvon as Pro. Grand Master. A copy of the resolution, which was carried unanimously, was ordered to be sent to the Countess of Carnarvon.

* * *

It is doubtful if the advantages accruing from the suggested "closing up" and re-numbering the Lodges are sufficient to compensate for the numerous troubles and complications likely to ensue.

* * *

The annual Installation Meeting of the Harmony Lodge (2180), Otahuhu, N.Z., was held on July 1st, Bro. Robert

Garrett, W.M., presiding. The attendance was very large, fully fifty of the Auckland brethren being present, including Bro. George S. Graham, Deputy Grand Master E.C., and the officers of the District Grand Lodge. Bro. John Hunt was installed W.M. for the year ensuing.

* * *

The Provincial Grand Lodge of Sussex will meet at Eastbourne Town Hall on Friday, 24th prox., when, in the unavoidable absence of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, P.G.M., Bro. Sir W. T. Marriott, Q.C., M.P., Dep. P.G.M., will preside. The P.G.M.'s numerous engagements will prevent him visiting his province until early next year.

* * *

On Sunday, the 31st ult., the Freemasons of Leicestershire celebrated the 100th anniversary of the issue of the warrant constituting "certain brethren named therein" a Lodge of Freemasons by the style of St. John's Lodge, Leicester, now figuring as 279 on the register of Grand Lodges. About 200 brethren, including a number of visitors, attended service at St. George's Church, Leicester, and were happy in listening to an eloquent sermon on the occasion preached by the Rev. C. J. Martyn, P.G.C., England, and D.P.G.M., Suffolk. The congregation was a very large one, and the route to and from the church was lined with spectators. The offertory, which amounted to about £40, was in aid of the Children's Hospital, Leicester.

* * *

Comp. William Vanderhurst, Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of California, presided at the 36th annual convocation held in San Francisco in April last, when fifty-three out of sixty-four chapters were represented, the number of subscribing members being 4650. The receipts for the previous twelve months reached 5259 dols., and the expenditure 9285 dols., of which, however, 4374 dols. were invested in Stock of the Masonic Hall Association, so that the actual expenditure only amounted to 4911 dols. The General Fund is returned as being close on 13,500 dols. Comp. T. H. Caswell remains, as before, Grand Secretary, but the Grand High Priest elected for the current year is Comp. Franklin H. Day.

* * *

The proceedings of the thirty-fourth communication of the Grand Lodge of Kansas for 1890 shows that there are 300 Constituent Lodges in the state with a membership of 16,000, with peace and harmony within its borders. The dissemination of the work and lectures by custodians has been discontinued, and the Grand Master is empowered each year to appoint a Grand Lecturer. The Masons of Kansas city are about to build a temple to cost 500,000 dols.

* * *

We regret to announce the death on the 1st instant, of the Grand Master of the Templars of Canada, Col. J. B. Macleod Moore, at his residence at Prescott, Ontario. The work of Grand Master will be carried on by M.W. Bro. James A. Henderson, the D.G.M.

* * *

The installation meeting of the High Cross Lodge (754), Tottenham, was held on the 27th ult. Bro. E. Lovell, W.M., presided, and Bro. L. E. Wilson was the W.M. elect.

* * *

At a regular meeting of the United Northern Counties

Lodge (2128), held on the 2nd inst., at the Inns of Court Hotel, Holborn, several distinguished visitors from America were present. A sum of £13 was voted from the Lodge funds to the R. M. I. for Girls, in order that the arms of the Lodge may be inserted in one of the lights of a new window in the Centenary Hall.

* * *

At the monthly meeting of the Portsmouth Temperance Lodge (2068), which was held on the 16th ult., notice was given the Lodge of the necessity for removal to other premises, and a meeting was announced for the consideration of a suitable building. An address was voted to be engrossed and presented to P.M. Bro. T. Tufnell, who is leaving the town. Bro. P. H. Emanuel, W.M., presided.

* * *

The installation meeting of the Duke of Clarence Lodge (1834), Portsmouth, was held on the 26th ult. Bro. H. Cawte, P.P.J.G.W., was acting W.M., and the visitors included Bros. J. W. Gieve, Provincial Grand Treas.; G. F. Lancaster, Assistant Provincial Grand Sec.; S. W. Haydon, W.M. (342), B. H. Mumby, W.M. (1069), Wm. Miller, W.M. (1428), G. K. Smith, W.M. (1705), W. F. Westerman, W.M. (1776), E. Austin, W.M. (1903), P. H. Emanuel, W.M. (2068), J. W. Morant, J. Peters, and S. Peters (1069), George Ellis (ex-Mayor of Portsmouth), and others. Bro. John Wesley Gardner, the W.M.-elect, was duly installed by the acting W.M., in a most impressive manner.

* * *

The monthly meeting of the Committee of Management of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution will be held at Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday next, the 10th inst., at four p.m.

* * *

The new Hull Masonic Club held its first house dinner on the 22nd ult. Bro. F. N. Grotian, M.P., the president, was in the chair, and directors and brethren to the number of thirty were present. After the toasts, an adjournment was made to the smoking-room, where a "smoker" was held. The membership list of the club now numbers about 250, and both the President and the Chairman, Bro. F. Blackbourne, appealed to the members to make the club as widely known as possible.

* * *

A petition for a chapter under the English Constitution has been forwarded to the Grand Chapter of England, from the Transvaal, South Africa, signed by the most influential Masons on the Rand, and the list of foundation members has also been largely signed. Comp. William H. Miles, who is well known to the Masons of Hampshire and Dorsetshire, more especially at Bournemouth, Poole, and Swanage, has been selected as first M.E.Z.

* * *

A circular has been issued by command of Bro. Sir W. J. Clarke, Bart., M.W. Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of Victoria, in which that distinguished Brother expresses his desire that as a token of respect to the memory of the late Bro. the Earl of Carnarvon, to whose advice and assistance in bringing about the union of the different Constitutions in the Colony the Grand Lodge of Victoria is so greatly indebted, members of Lodges in the jurisdiction will wear mourning for a period of three months from 1st July last.

From the *World*:—"Of all the wicked attacks on the Prince of Wales, the worst has been made within the last few days in a newspaper letter purporting to describe H.R.H.'s life at Homburg. The writer says: 'French works on strategy and a huge pile of Blue-books always lay on a chair by his side.' The eggs which these books 'lay' surely must be addled. The writer must be colour-blind. 'Blue'-books? Yellow is the colour always used by MM. Dentu, Charpentier, and the Librairie Nouvelle.

* * *

Bro. Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Isaacs, and his lady are spending the vacation at the Hôtel Métropole, Brighton, where they purpose remaining for another four weeks. There will be no autumn ball at the Mansion House, and the "functions" of the Mayoralty are to end with the Fruiterers' dinner. A great portion of the *Memoirs of my Mayoralty* is already in type; it is dedicated to the members of the Corporation and the City Companies; and Messrs. Kegan Paul have arranged to publish Sir Henry Isaacs' volume within a few days of his vacating the civic chair.

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D. ROGERS (Cirencester).—A clever and good man indeed, but he never, we believe, thought much of Masonry, or rather Freemasons, and never entered a Lodge but once after his passing. We tried to obtain an article from him upon this very subject, but he wisely, we thought, refused to cast any strictures upon a body of which he was a member.

"INNER GUARD."—We can supply a certain number of the back issues only. The new volume starts with this issue. We intended publishing a summer number, and had reserved a romantic story for it, but circumstances changed our decision, and the story—denuded of its Masonic trimmings—has been purchased from us by the proprietors of a London illustrated weekly.

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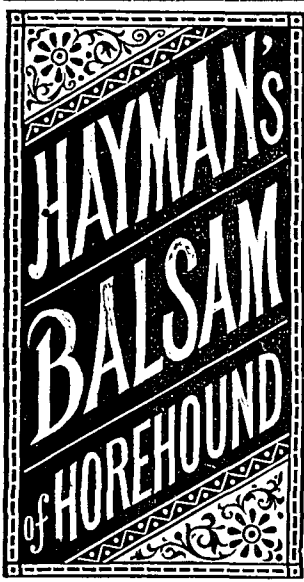
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